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Painting by Sigismund Ivanowski

Illustration for "The Violet"

SHE TORE AWAY THE VIOLET AND A HANDFUL OF ITS LEAVES

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An Answer to Pessimists

BY DAVID F. HOUSTON

(During his eight years of service as Secretary of Agriculture and Secretary of the Treasury under President Wilson, Mr. Houston won a deserved reputation for wisdom and calm statesmanship. What he says is always worth listening to; and never more so than at a season when confidence in public officials is at low ebb, politics are debased, and cynicism and apathy are widespread. We commend his refreshing article to the thoughtful attention of Harper readers. —Editor's Note.)

FOR four years, from 1914 to 1918, the political, economic, and social world sustained a shock of tremendous intensity and proportions. The wreckage is all about us. Emperors and empresses, kings and queens, and other hereditary potentates in more than twenty communities have been killed or deposed or have abdicated. In Southern and Eastern Europe a crop of dictators has appeared. They rule over half the area and a third of the people of Europe; and even in a few of the most advanced nations the political structures have been shaken to their foundations. Cabinets have been swept aside and parliamentary bodies are in a state of suspense or are under suspicion as to their competency. In fact, government in most parts of the world is under fire. Ships of state are waterlogged or rudderless.

In our own country there is no little

doubt and uncertainty. In every direction one is confronted by the pessimist. Criticism of public officers and bodies is the favorite indoor sport. As Congress assembles or as the presidential election approaches, the seasonal shiver runs through the body politic. The argument runs this way: the Senate and the House of Representatives have deteriorated; they are full of cheap demagogues courting the popular favor, intent mainly on holding office; and the country is bureaucracy ridden, each bureau seeking to expand its functions and causing a rapid centralization of government and mounting expenditures. The people themselves do not escape. The Solicitor General of the United States tells us that they have lost their sense of values, that they have moving-picture brains, that true civilization cannot be made of such stuff, that the people are not

interested any more in the serious business of government, that there are not ten men in the nation who could fill a hall with people to hear a political discussion, that such a campaign as that of 1896 would be impossible to-day. He reminds us that the true test of progress is the opportunity offered for the growth or decay of the average man, and points to the age of Pericles as the time of the noblest civilization. At this time Attica had less than half a million people, ninety per cent of whom were brutish slaves! Truly a noble civilization!

Let me quote a brief, well-considered criticism:

There is a great deal of gayety, splendor, and as I think, extravagance in the manners and habits of our cities. The old notions of republican simplicity are fast wearing away, and the public taste becomes more and more gratified with public amusements and parade.

Congress has become a scene of dry, metaphysical reasoning or declamatory eloquence; the real business of the nation is left undone, or is badly done. There is no rallying point for any party. Indeed, everything is scattered. Republicans and Democrats are as much divided among themselves, as the parties formerly were from each other. I do not regret the change. I have long been satisfied that the nation was in danger of being ruined by its intestine divisions; and, fortunately, among men of real talent, and real virtue, and real patriotism, there are now few, if any, differences of opinion. But a new race of men is springing up to govern the nation; they are the hunters after popularity, men ambitious, not of the honor, so much as of the profits of office—the demagogues whose principles hang laxly upon them, and who follow not so much what is right, as what leads to a temporary vulgar applause. There is great, very great danger that these men will usurp so much of popular favor that they will rule the nation; and if so, we may yet live to see many of our best institutions crumble in the dust.

I have told you, I believe, that I have done with party politics; that my heart is sick of the scenes of strife, and sometimes of profligacy, which it presents. I have no

desire ever again to enter the contest for popular favor.

Already there is considerable stir and whispering as to who is to be the next President. It is thought that XXX will not be a successful candidate. It seems that the great objection to him is, that he is retiring and unobtrusive, studious, cool, and reflecting; that he does nothing to excite attention, or to gain friendships. He contents himself with doing his duty without seeking any reward.

Does this not have a familiar sound? Does it not reflect the views of many readers? How long has it been since you heard some one wonder what those idiots in Washington were going to do next?

That statement, with "Democrats" substituted for "Federalists," was the utterance of Mr. Justice Story of Massachusetts in 1818.

There is nothing new in these criticisms. We were amused a few years ago when Senator John Sharp Williams announced his retirement from the Senate and said that he "would rather be a dog and bay the moon than continue to be a member of such a body." Another Senator said, "The Senate is no longer a place for a decent man. I shall escape from it as soon as I decently can with the same pleasure that one would fly from a charnel house." That was Clay speaking in 1837. Even our Chief Executives have not escaped. Doubtless you could recall some uncomplimentary references to Presidents Wilson and Harding. You will hear some to President Coolidge. I recall this statement made about one of our Presidents: "The occupant of the presidency is little more than a murderer. He is treacherous in private friendships, a hypocrite in public life and an impostor who has abandoned all good principles or never had any. He is a sort of non-describable chameleon-colored thing called prudence." This was in compliment to George Washington. I am reminded of this also: "Learned fools are of all the greatest as well as the

most indocile. Political sophists until lately have been calmly despised but never trusted with power. Into the hands of such children it has never before been thought prudent to put knives. If to punish the manifold sins of this nation God's displeasure dooms it to be delivered over to projectors and philosophers we can only calmly take our punishment." This was in compliment to Thomas Jefferson. Again I read: "The President is a monster whose choicest aliment is human blood." This amiable reference was to Andrew Jackson; and there were contemporary critics who called Abraham Lincoln a gorilla and a buffoon.

The truth of the matter is that people at all times have freely and recklessly criticized their rulers, charging them with incompetency, and that the baser elements among them, embracing many who profess to be social leaders but who have acquired money faster than they have acquired brains and morals, have taken peculiar pride in imputing immorality to their public servants. It is scarcely necessary to remark that their representations have been as unwarranted and unseemly as they have been discreditable to their authors and distributors and to us as a nation.

No generation can ever see its great men. To each generation all great men are dead. There are to-day no Clays, Calhouns, or Websters; and yet I am free to say that I have known public men whom I would rather follow than Clay, Calhoun, or Webster. I would rather follow Grover Cleveland than John C. Calhoun; Woodrow Wilson than Henry Clay; and Richard Olney than Daniel Webster. This may be heresy, but I am open to a challenge. And I am certain that our level of training and the adequacy of our public institutions, legislative and executive, as well as the tone and standards of our public life are higher to-day than at any former period in our history. The fact is that much of the criticism we hear of

our politics is mere partisanship and noise. Politics with us seems to be compounded of about seventy-five per cent noise, misrepresentation and bunk, and of about twenty-five per cent, or less, of reality and substance. If you doubt this let me recall to your minds the tremendous furor that was raised over certain important measures enacted into law within the last ten years, including the income tax, the direct election of senators, the eight-hour day, the Federal Trade Commission, the Seamen's Act, the Federal Reserve Act, the Tariff and the Tariff Commission Acts, and remind you that all except the last three of these would have passed by the votes of the opposition alone.

The noise proceeds from the professional politician and the blocks, from groups of people whose capacity to make noise is out of proportion to their numbers and talents. They are incessantly on the job; and, since the great mass of the people say nothing until election time, these noisy groups not infrequently succeed in convincing Congress that they are the American people. These blocks will not, of course, in the long run get away with anything any more than they have in the past; and I may remark that they have been with us from the beginning. George Washington warned the people against blocks. The only thing new about them is the spelling of the name. To-day they do not spell it b-l-o-c-k, perhaps because they do not like its intimations. The dictionary defines a "block" as a bulky solid object, a hindrance, a blockhead. And anybody is a blockhead who imagines that the American people will permit any block or combination of blocks to place its will over theirs. The present blocks will disappear as others have before them. History shows one thing very conclusively. It is showing it in Russia now. It has shown it in many other countries, namely, that no one class in society has sense enough to govern a nation. No one class, whether

it be the aristocracy or that other foreign thing called the proletariat, which is used by the same people who spell it "b-l-o-c," has sense enough to govern all the other classes. It cannot impose its will peacefully and it cannot long have its way by violence. For it to attempt to do so in a democracy is treason to the majority.

If our public servants and institutions are so unsatisfactory, and have been more so in each generation preceding this, how did it come about that the United States to-day, on the basis of any test you wish to apply—certainly on the basis of every material test—is in a position of world-leadership? Note the salient facts. Her wealth is as great as that of the states of Central and Western Europe with double the population; her national income is equal to theirs, and 60 per cent of it accrues to individuals with incomes of \$2000 or less and 52 per cent of it to wage earners. Her banking resources equal the pre-war wealth of France. Here 28,000,000 of her people have savings of over \$18,000,000,000 as against 80,000,000 people in Europe with savings of \$9,000,000,000, or \$650 a person here as against \$100 in Europe. Here there are 72,000,000 insurance policies outstanding for over \$55,000,000,000, an amount greater than that for all the rest of the world. This country has nearly two-fifths of all the railway mileage of the world, and the railroads are owned by over 860,000 people, with a million more financially interested through the ownership of bonds. It has half the gold of the world, 83 per cent of the automobiles, and 63 per cent of the telephones. More than 290,000 persons own the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and there are 19,600 owners of common stock and more than 137,000 holders of preferred stock of the Associated Companies, in addition to 175,000 who are financially interested through ownership of bonds of the Bell System. It is interesting to note, too, that of the

employees of the Bell System more than 47,000 are stockholders and 100,000 are in the process of acquiring stock. There are 155,000 owners of the steel corporations and many million holders of Liberty Bonds. Wealth in America is democratized; and insurance, transportation, and communication belong to the people.

In this country more than 11,000,000 families, embracing more than 50,000,000 persons, own their homes, and 3,500,000 farmers own farms covering more than 65 per cent of the private land in use. The homes and soil of the nation belong to the people.

The United States spends more for education than all the other nations of the earth for which I can get statistics. Education belongs to all the people and is directed to their service.

And yet this nation has only 110,000,000 people. Europe has 476,000,000. What is the explanation?

The first part of the answer was given by Washington when he said: "The Unity of Government which constitutes you one people (that is a people spread over an immense territory with freedom of intercourse, communication, trade, and of the utilization of natural resources) is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is the main pillar in the Edifice of your real independence; the support of your tranquillity at home; of your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that Liberty which you so highly prize." Contrast this picture with that of Europe, where 26 nations occupy an area only a little larger than ours, 14 of which have an average area smaller than that of South Carolina, and an average population less than that of Ohio—26 economic-tight compartments with their jealousies, their particularistic policies, their customs barriers, their hostile states of mind, and their military array! Can you imagine this country transacting business divided into 26 such compartments? Suppose New Jersey had its

own separate government with all the European attendants. Should we know how to transact business? If we had been so circumstanced, from the outset, we should be as backward industrially to-day as are most of the nations of Europe; and until Europe effects a readjustment it will continue to commit economic suicide.

The second part of the answer is found in the essence of our institutions and practices. It is found in our principles of rule of law, the rule of all the people, and the acquiescence and the will of the majority expressed in orderly fashion.

Lincoln gave the third and larger answer when he said that the thing which has held this country together and made it strong has been the promise given that the weights would be lifted more and more from the shoulders of the average man, that he would be given an equal chance, and that he would have an opportunity to make the best of himself and to enjoy the fruits of his labor; in other words, democracy, with its decent regard for the average man.

And democracy with its concern for the average man is still a new and a very rare thing in the world. It is mainly a matter of attitude but it is also a matter of concrete expression. It exists in reasonable measure only in these United States, in Switzerland, and some of the colonies of the British Empire. There are many proofs of the existence here of democracy. There are many proofs of its absence in a large part of continental Europe. It does not yet exist in the greater part of Europe. The essential thing in civilization as we understand it, does not exist there. "The meaning of civilization," Walter Page wrote, "is the extent to which it will improve the average man. The mere right to vote and to hold office is not democracy. They are only details—equality of opportunity is democracy. The idea that we were brought up on, therefore,

that Europe is the home of civilization in general is nonsense. It is a periodical slaughter-pen—Europe is medieval—the masses of Europe are dumb as cattle."

What regard is shown for the average man in Southern and Eastern Europe, from which we have received about half of our foreign-born population? Educational statistics are illuminating. They reveal the fact that the masses of people in those sections of Europe still sit in darkness. There illiteracy ranges from 33 per cent in Hungary and 59 per cent in Spain, to 69 per cent in Russia, and 79 per cent in Serbia. Until Europe comes to recognize that its men and women are its greatest undeveloped resources, and takes steps to remedy the conditions, it will continue to commit economic suicide and to perpetuate the foundations of disorder.

I do not mean to suggest that education is necessarily a test of worth and responsibility. It cannot make something out of nothing; but it is an enormously valuable asset to an individual who has in him the necessary raw material. A high percentage of illiteracy in any nation constitutes an indictment of its rulers and its people. It is symptomatic of many things, and it raises a question as to whether there is not something fundamentally the matter with people who after centuries have failed to receive from their rulers the necessary facilities or have not had the desire and the courage to take for themselves what they need.

I note some apprehension in this country as to the extent to which we are becoming educated. It is intimated that we are becoming overeducated, that we shall have nobody left to do the heavy work of the nation, and that we must constantly recruit our population with the ignorant labor of other nations. A committee of the American Bankers Association recently asserted that the educated American seeks the "white-collar" end of the professions and leaves the country dependent upon foreign

labor to wield the pick and the shovel. The Italian Ministers Association of New York City recently announced its opposition to literacy tests because it believes that "illiterate laborers are the best laborers" and that "objectionable characters usually have some education." This is significant coming from such a source.

These people are getting more out of an experience than there is in it. They show an undue optimism as to the inherent ability of the masses and the wonders which education can work. I suspect that we are in no danger of having a population of tens of millions, each individual qualified to become a captain of industry. There is nothing new in such views and arguments. They are as old as slavery. Abraham Lincoln exposed their fallacy seventy-five years ago when he said:

By the "mud-sill" theory it is assumed that labor and education are incompatible, and any practical combination of them impossible. According to that theory, a blind horse upon a treadmill is a perfect illustration of what a laborer should be—all the better for being blind, that he may not kick understandingly. According to that theory, the education of laborers is not only useless but pernicious and dangerous. In fact, it is, in some sort, deemed a misfortune that laborers should have heads at all. Those same heads are regarded as explosive materials, only to be safely kept in damp places, as far as possible from that peculiar sort of fire which ignites them. A Yankee who could invent a strong-handed man without a head would receive the everlasting gratitude of the "mud-sill" advocates.

But free labor says, "No." Every head should be cultivated and improved by whatever will add to its capacity for performing its charge. In one word, free labor insists on universal education.

I agree with Lincoln. I am not prepared to surrender my most cherished conviction that only through true education may the masses of men hope to attain higher levels of right living, efficiency, and well-being, and demo-

cratic institutions be assured of stability and permanence. "Educated mind is the guardian genius of the Republic." The people of a nation may be badly or wrongly educated, but they will never be over-educated. I have known men who were wrongly educated but I have never known one who was over-educated. I am willing to risk the dangers of an over-educated nation and to take the chances of its finding a better and easier way if necessary to get its rough work done, but I am not willing to face the hazards of democracy based on hordes of ignorant drudges. I do not accept the view that a nation to be prosperous must perpetuate ignorance: the price of prosperity would be too high. Nor do I assent to the theory that by increasing our population we can more easily take care of the work of the nation. More people do not mean less work—just the reverse. A nation grows by what it feeds on.

It is simple nonsense to say that we need a large foreign immigration to secure an increase in the number of our farmers and sustain our agricultural life. In the first place, foreigners as a rule do not go to the farms. Less than 10 per cent of our farmers are foreign born and less than 10 per cent of our foreign born are farmers. And the percentage of foreign-born farmers was less in 1920 than it was in 1910.

In the second place, we do not now need more farmers. Some of our most acute financial and economic problems have grown out of the fact that our farmers are producing more than they can market at profit. There is an ignorant notion that there can be an unlimited number of farmers. This might be true if every farmer produced only what he consumed and was self-sufficient. But to-day the farmer produces many times what he consumes. We need just as many farmers as will produce what the market will take at a price which pays them to produce it, and no more. Economic forces will maintain in the long run a proper balance between

our urban and rural population and production.

I am opposed, therefore, to this nation's admitting rapidly large numbers of people from the illiterate countries of Europe, not merely because of the educational and economic burdens which they would impose, but also because of what their illiteracy signifies: it signifies a fundamental difference of experience, of attitude, and of habits of thought. Such people are different, and if we admit them rapidly in great numbers we do so at our peril. Even now nearly half our urban population is foreign born and of foreign-born or mixed parentage. In thirty-three of our largest cities almost two-thirds of the population belong to these elements, and three-quarters of that of New York City. Furthermore, three-fourths of the foreign-born population are urban, and six millions of them are from Southern and Eastern Europe.

I am not unaware of the fact that powerful forces are operating in all parts of Europe which will effect fundamental changes and improvements. I have never been and am not now pessimistic about Europe. I have never thought that European civilization was going to be wiped out. European civilization has been about to be wiped out every few generations for centuries. It should have disappeared when Athens fell, when Rome fell, during the Hundred Years' War, in the time of Cromwell, and in the time of Napoleon; but it did not, and the student of history knows that the process has been one of evolution and of dispersion. "The thoughts of men are widened with the process of the sons."

The great tragedy through which Europe has passed will not be without its compensations. Already there is much light in Europe. There are indications everywhere that the matter of regard for the average man has been measurably set forward. They are found not only in programs for education and in progress toward land

ownership by the masses, but also in a rapid spread of liberal institutions and the rule of the people. The average man in Europe is coming into his own.

There was evidence of his progress in many directions before 1914. Liberal groups were numerous in Central, Southern, and Eastern Europe before the war, but they were obscured and suppressed by weight of custom, by medieval institutions, and by shrewdly devised machinery. Let us take Prussia as an example. Her institutions were the embodiment of medievalism; and she ruled Germany and dominated Central Europe. Her King was the Emperor of Germany and to him all the Prussian Ministers were responsible. By him the composition of the Upper House of the Prussian Diet was prescribed. It was medieval and archaic. It was the stronghold of the Junkers, the landed gentry, and the big industrialists. It could always be relied upon to support the King in any reactionary measures. The Lower House was scarcely less a citadel of conservatism and privilege. Its members were chosen indirectly by electoral colleges. In each electoral district all the voters were divided into three classes according to the taxes paid, the number in each class paying a third of the taxes and electing a third of the delegates. In most cases a few large landowners and industrialists therefore elected two-thirds of the delegates and controlled the result. The masses of the people had no "look-in." It is not surprising then that of the 428 members elected to the Lower House in the last election before the war 316 were conservatives and reactionaries.

Now everything is changed. The King-Emperor is gone; Prussia is a Republic; the medieval Upper House has disappeared; all privileges and advantages of birth, caste, and creed have been abolished; universal direct suffrage and the secret ballot have been established; and of the 459 members of the present Lower House the great majority are liberals and radicals. The

same picture holds for all the other German States and for Austria and Roumania. Even Turkey has a single popularly elected assembly; and Russia will before long emerge from chaos with improved institutions and with an opportunity through the coming generations for her people to show whether they can be trusted with freedom and are capable of self-government.

In Europe, then, the people are more and more taking control of their governments. At present they are at least nominally in control except in Southern and Eastern Europe. The meaning of this should be plain to Americans. It was expressed recently by Mr. Elihu Root as follows: "When foreign affairs were ruled by autocracies or oligarchies the danger of war was in sinister purpose. When foreign affairs are ruled by democracies the danger of wars will be in mistaken beliefs. The world will be the gainer by the change, for, while there is no human way to prevent a king from having a bad heart, there is a human way to prevent a people from having an erroneous opinion; that way is to furnish the whole people, as a part of their ordinary education, with correct information about their relations to other peoples, about the limitation upon their own rights, about their duties to respect the rights of others, about what has happened and is happening in international affairs, and about the effects upon national life of the things that are done or refused as between nations; so that the people themselves will have the means to test misinformation and appeals to prejudice and passion based upon error."

It was emphasized by the late Ambassador Page when he said: "Under no other system (than democratic) can the world be made an even reasonably safe place to live in. For only autocracies wage aggressive wars—aggressive autocracies, especially military autocracies, must be softened down by peace or destroyed by war." . . . "Kings and privilege mongers, of course, have

held the parts of the world separate from one another—they fatten on provincialism, which is mistaken for patriotism." . . . "We'd forgotten what our forefathers learned—the deadly dangers of real monarchs and of castes and classes."

These ventures, of course, may fail. There may be backsets. Considering the amazing difficulties under which these liberal movements were launched and with which they have been contending, it is singular that they have not already been swamped. It is remarkable that the reactions attempted have not succeeded. That there may be other reactions which will succeed and persist for a period, the course of history would suggest. Of course, at best the movement toward effective popular government will be slow. Historic processes must be measured in generations or centuries. As to whether the German people in particular, if they control their government, will maintain a higher standard of governmental decency and international seemliness there may be some doubt. They have not yet given evidence of a high order of political instinct. The capacity of those in power for doing the wrong thing at the wrong time, for doing the obviously stupid thing, seems to know no limit; and apparently they do not have to labor to do it; they can rely on their natural impulse. But they can do no worse than their medieval Junker predecessors, and it may turn out that they will do much better. With encouragement and support they and the other peoples of Central Europe who are emerging from medievalism may ultimately develop beneficent arrangements and practices. Such an outcome is not beyond the bounds of probability.

Is not this nation interested in their success? Has it not held itself out as the guiding star of liberty? Has it not expected that its example might in time be followed by the nations of Europe? Has it not longed for this very period in Europe's history? Can it afford not to understand at least the aspirations of

the people of these nations and the happenings there? And in such manner as an intelligent and great people may finally determine upon, may it not give impetus and support to the liberal movements of a great continent? Giving or withholding them and the manner of giving them are matters of serious moment; for in them may be involved the issues of peace or war.

As I am not an alarmist about Europe, so I am not a pessimist about the United States. I assume that I have made that plain. The United States is certainly the strongest nation materially in the world. In spite of the critics, I believe it is also in a position of leadership in all the fundamental idealistic, moral, and spiritual forces which make a nation great and constitute a worthy civilization. It seeks as its highest aim to have a clean national household from cellar to attic. Its paths are the paths of peace. It has good will for all peoples and its charity is abounding. It has its crudities, but they are the incidents of a young and growing democracy. Its finer flowers are yet to appear. But it does hold out more hope for the man who wishes to get on than does any other nation. It seeks to give each man an opportunity to make the most of himself and the best use of his

faculties; and, in fuller measure than any other, it assures him the fruits of his labor. The rapidly growing ownership of all forms of property by the masses and the widespread well-being evidence the extent of its realization of its purpose. Here the property of the individual is protected by more guarantees than anywhere else in the world. It is safeguarded not only by the Constitution, by statutes, and by courts, but also by the wide diffusion of wealth and by a degree of economic stability which nations in Europe will not approximate in generations—and, above all, by the temper and spirit of our people. The United States is to-day the safest investment in the world.

But our experiment in government by all the people is unique. It is the only one which has had a reasonable trial to date. It has succeeded so far because we have had a competent people. It will continue to succeed provided only we maintain a competent people. And if our gates are wide open to people from the illiterate countries of Europe, and those people flock here in too great numbers and too rapidly, we may find ourselves in trouble. The right kind of people can run any sort of government. The wrong sort of people cannot run any kind of government.

The Fish-Kite Festival at Peking

BY LAIRD SHIELDS GOLDSBOROUGH

TWISTING and diving the fish-kites play,
 Orange and crimson, purple and gold.
 The kites and the laughing crowds are gay,
 But the mandarin nods. He is old, so old.

He has seen the fish-kites fly before,
 With a reed to prop open the mouth of each,
 That the breeze may swell them with windy store,
 And he thinks how men swallow an empty speech.



THE BOARDWALK, ATLANTIC CITY

All Things Considered

BY ELAINE STERNE CARRINGTON

ON the boardwalk at Atlantic City is a slovenly row of shops, their clapboards scratched, their paint scraped off, their surface smeared with rust stains. In one of these Joe Lusk kept a store. On the sign in front was painted, "Sun-glasses—Postcards—Souvenirs—Toys—Canes—Jewelry."

It was a small shop, clean as a whistle inside, its counters of cheap jewelry carefully dusted, its two long center tables arranged to best display dolls, sand toys, colored balls, shovels and pails, picture books; its window full of pennants, fur-trimmed moccasins, shell beads, and leather bags.

Joe took a great pride in the place, but it was almost too much for him to handle alone. He was no longer in the first flush of youth. The rheumatism in his back was bad. He thought seriously of get-

ting some one in to help him, some one alert, brisk, young; but he did not. He was too accustomed to hoarding his earnings against rainy days. He liked to count over the savings he kept in a black safe in the back of the shop, and dream about the house he would some day buy for his wife.

He and Mina lived at Darley's Hotel on Pacific Avenue, "open all year, rooms a dollar a day and up." It was only a short walk from there to the shop. They had been at Darley's for years. He had grown fond of it. It was like a big family. The Bowers and Fingles and Karps had been there before him. They were friendly, good-natured people, and Mina liked to gossip to the wives in the daytime; after dinner she and Joe would go up to their room. It was small, but they were used to it and did

not mind the torn curtain and the stained rug. They did not even object to the double bed sagging in the middle. The only ornament in the room was a photograph of Belle, Mina's daughter by her first marriage. It hung in a large gilt frame on the wall.

Sometimes, when out of a job, Belle came down from New York to visit them, but not often. She was vivid and impudent and young. She wore skirts to her knees and sheer silk stockings. She had a collection of earrings and chains and jangling bracelets—red, green, jet. Her yellow hair was bobbed and curled to make a hundred tiny ringlets, her curved lips carmined. She was pert to everyone, especially Joe. He could never think of any answer to her sallies.

One day he came home to dinner and Belle was there. He could have told it without seeing her—Mina's usually listless manner was so full of eagerness. She seemed to borrow color from her daughter. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks flushed. She had on a silk dress she had bought when she was married. Joe was glad to see her happy, but he hoped Belle would not stay long. He put the question soon enough.

"When does Belle have to go back?"

Mina's eyes glowed. "You won't believe it, Joe, but she's here for good."

Joe was brushing his hair in front of the mirror preparatory to going down for the Wednesday night chicken-hash and boiled potatoes. He let the brush clatter to the floor as he whirled.

"For good? For *good*?"

Mina nodded. She could scarcely contain her joy.

"She didn't like her job. The boss got too fresh. She wouldn't stand for it. She says she's heard of a fine one down here that she can get. She's going around to-morrow."

"But where's she going to stay?"

"Here. Right here with us."

It seemed she was installed in a room across the hall. Joe, sniffing as he passed it on his way to dinner, already detected her pungent perfume. He could hear her

whistling inside as she moved about. He frowned and looked at the sleeve of his shiny coat. She was sure to make that coat the butt of a jest in front of all creation. He went heavily down the stairs.

She was late. The news had spread around Darley's that Miss Belle was back. There was the undercurrent of excitement of a crowd awaiting a celebrity. He heard Adolph Fingle whispering about her to a newcomer at the next table. Old Pop Karp, who dined alone and afterward carried a tray up to his wife, was pinching his necktie into place and drawing out his cuffs. The Bowers girls' sharp faces were sharper. They hated Belle and stiffened perceptibly as she appeared in the doorway. Her birdlike glance took in the room—the tribute of admiration. It seemed to send her spirits soaring. She nodded to Mrs. Darley at the table by the door.

"Hello, darling, see you got the same potatoes you give me last year. I remember the shape of them."

She entered on the wave of laughter, followed by Mina, a glowing acolyte in the wake of a priestess. Belle patted Joe's shoulder with her pink-tipped hand.

"Well, Old Joey, where's your manners? In New York they pull out the chairs for the ladies."

He flushed angrily and waited for them to seat themselves. Belle dropped lightly into her chair like a butterfly settling on a flower. "Don't get up, though. Mom's been telling me all about your rheumatics. You're getting anno domini, Joe. How do you like my beads? Ain't they chick?"

She held out a string of roseleaf pink ones for him to admire. Then before he could answer she waved to Pop Karp.

"Hello, Pop. Everything jake with you? Going to blow me to the movies again?"

She greeted half a dozen friends who called to her. Joe hitched his shoulders irritably. He caught the eyes of the younger Bowers girl. He thought she

looked sympathetically at him. He decided she and her sister were the only sensible persons in the room. The rest were grinning at some new sally of Belle's, encouraging her, hanging on her replies. Joe broke in at last.

"Mama says you got a job."

Belle, in the midst of describing a party she had been on with two live wires from New York, stopped long enough to nod.

"Yes, sweetie, I'm going to manicure the pickles on Heinz's pier!"

When dinner was over she slipped her arm through her mother's.

"Come on, mom, let's jazz up the boardwalk, you and me." She looked back over her shoulder at Joe. "Stand still a minute, Joe, will you, and leave me see have I got any powder on. That coat of yours makes a swell looking-glass." It had come, but his lips found no reply. Hours afterward he would think of one—burning, withering; but now he was mute, red of face, helpless. Pop Karp behind him chuckled.

"Some baby! Got to get up early in the morning to slip anything over on her."

Joe went slowly to his room. He found Mina putting on her hat.

"Will you go too?" she asked. He shook his head. She was bubbling with eagerness. "Belle looks fine, don't she? You'd think she'd be run down the way she works so hard and long hours, but she's put on flesh, hasn't she? Now that I got her here though, I'll see she don't stay up late nights. That's what makes lines. If she gets her good rest she ought to keep her looks for another twenty years."

He stretched himself on the bed. At the door she paused and said, "Tired, Joe? Got one of your backaches?"

He shook his head. "I'm all right."

"Maybe the air would do you good."

"No. Going to bed."

"If you like, I could rub your back a little and let Belle go out by herself."

"No. You go along."

"You should get somebody in the

store to help you, Joe. It's standing on your feet all day does you up."

"I should make a million dollars and retire."

He yawned, pretending great weariness. She hesitated a second, then waved to him. "Well, bye-bye."

She was gone. He rose and stared down at the street from behind the lace curtain. It was all he could do in summer to get Mina to walk as far as the ocean front and back, but Belle had only to beckon . . .

After a little he saw Belle and her mother emerge. Belle was laughing at something, a frosty vapor rising from her lips. Mina joined in. He never made her laugh that way. He moved back so they would not see him and watched them out of sight. When he turned Belle's picture mocked him from the wall. He had an impulse to hang it face in. He smothered the impulse and picked up the evening paper. Mina always read it aloud to him. Instead, he read it to himself. Mina found him with it in his hand when she came home.

At the end of two weeks Belle was still without work. One morning Darley stopped him in the hall and whispered:

"What about your daughter's board, Lusk? I sent her a bill but—" and he shrugged his shoulders. Joe saw red.

"You send her another. Send her one every day. If she don't pay it, put her out. I'm not supporting her yet. Not so you can notice it."

He went to Mina about it.

"She owes for two weeks. She ain't paid a cent since she come here. What are you going to do? What's she going to do? You don't expect me to pay it, do you?"

Mina's eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, Joe, the child has had such a hard time."

"Hard time? Lying in bed until noon every day and out every night with boardwalk loafers?"

"You don't know how she's tried to find work."

"She wasn't trying much yesterday. I seen her coming off the dancing pavilion with one of them. She don't want to work. All she wants to do is to gad up and down the boardwalk and show herself off—that's all she wants to do—she—"

"Oh, that ain't so, Joe. I tell you—"

"I'll show you whether it's so or not. I can get her a job. I'll call her bluff. I'll show you all she's here for is a good time."

"You wouldn't say that if she was your own daughter. You forget she's my—"

"I don't forget I'm expected to pay her board bill."

"You don't need to pay that. I got a little saved up."

"Yes, and you'd take every penny you got to blow in on her."

"That's my pleasure. I'm not asking no favors of you."

He stared at her. This was Mina. This woman with a hard, flushed face. He shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't want to fight no fight with you. She's your daughter. You can't see wrong in her. Well, maybe there ain't none. I'll pay the bill this time. You save what you got."

He saw her face soften and her lips tremble. She took a step toward him.

"Joe, it ain't like us to have words. It seems a stranger talks to me and not you. I get so mad my mouth goes faster than I want it to. You been so good to me, Joe, and to Belle, too. It's only when you call her names I get mad. You could call me what you like. I almost wish you would. You been so good to me. I don't forget easy how Belle's father treated me. Dirt. That's what I was. Dirt."

She was crying, her hands over her face. He patted her shoulder.

"You forget about Belle's father. He's dead and I'm alive. You forget about him."

When Joe came home next evening he had news. He called to Mina from the top of the stairs,

"Mina, Mina, where's Belle? I got a fine place for her."

Mina came to her door.

"Not so loud, Joe. Do you want everybody in Darley's to hear you?"

"What do I care? It's a fine place in a big hotel. When I tell her—"

"She ain't home. She went out to look for something herself."

"Well, she's through looking now. I ran into Bachmann at lunch. You know Bachmann, he's head porter at the Savoy. I stopped him and I says, 'Say,



HOURS AFTERWARD HE WOULD THINK OF A REPLY, BUT NOW HE WAS MUTE

do you know of any swell job for my wife's girl?' He asked me how old was she and then he says there's a lady in the hat store under the hotel wants somebody to help her and asked him did he know of anyone. Belle can go there to-morrow morning and get work."

Mina's face reflected his pleasure.

"That's just like you, Joe, to fix everything."

She smiled up at him. He was very glad. He wanted to keep the smile there. He burst out impulsively,

"Let's you and me go somewheres for dinner. What do you say?"

"Oh, not to-night. I told Belle—"

"Never mind what you told Belle. I want to blow you to a big dinner and maybe the movies after."

She hesitated, then nodded quickly. "All right. I will."

They passed down Darley's steep flight of steps into the crisp cold of a winter's evening. It had begun to snow, soft little flakes melting as they touched the ground. Joe took Mina's arm. It seemed to him, now that the elation had left her face, she looked tired. He felt a sudden tightening in his throat.

"Makes me hungry, this cold," he said, brushing the flakes from his eyes. She nodded.

"Me too. I get sick of Darley's."

"We ought to go out oftener."

"And pay board at Darley's too? What for?"

He laughed. "Nobody can say you don't make every penny count, Mina."

"Why wouldn't I? You work hard enough for 'em, don't you?"

He warmed under her praise. It was like old times. They walked along in silence, past a row of boarded-up houses. Their neat contour caught his eye and delighted him; their row of little steps, their wide porches, their overhanging eaves.

"Some day we'll have a house like these ones."

Mina nodded. He went on musingly, "A nice house, hey? where we can sit

in front of our own fire—no gas logs, neither."

Mina added, "I'll have a kitchen and a girl to cook for us like I'll show her to. I ain't forgot how to make beef stew so's it melts in your mouth, no, nor rhubarb pie."

"It's a dining room I want. No people yelling about the food, nobody sticking their noses into your business, no tables to bump into but your own, no faces to look at but yours."

"And Belle's," she put in softly.

He straightened up. "Always Belle. Couldn't you never leave her out for once?"

"How, Joe? Ain't she mine?"

They entered Louis' Submarine Grill, stamping the snow from their feet, patting it from their shoulders. The big room, ablaze with lights, was filled with people. They were led to a table near the dancing platform.

Mina said, "It's nice here," and settled back in her chair. Joe looked around him. "Why, there's Belle!"

Mina whirled and he pointed to the platform. In the embrace of a tall, stoop-shouldered youth was her daughter, her cheek against his, her slim body clasped tightly, her eyes half closed.

"Doing some fancy dancing, ain't she?"

Mina flushed. "They all do it that way nowadays. That's nothing."

She noted with a throb of pride Belle's slenderness, her grace, her beauty. When she disappeared amid the mass of moving figures Mina waited breathless for her to emerge again, watching with a rapt expression her own creation.

"She ain't particular about her partner, is she?"

Mina bridled. "What's wrong with him?"

"Oh, not so much, only I seen him around quite a lot. Benny's his name. Sometimes he works at Wittner's, the salt-water taffy place; mostly he shoots pool over at Bill's."

"What if he does? That don't prove nothing against him, does it?"

"No. Only he's not much."

The music stopped. Belle looked up at her partner with shining eyes as he clapped thunderously. She pirouetted on her toes, light as thistledown, impatient, eager. The music started again, he caught her to him. It seemed to Mina that they moved like reeds before the wind, backward, forward, sideways; Belle's short skirts, shorter at a sudden dip, her heels never touching the floor.

"Ain't it wonderful, though, that my child could dance so?" Mina sighed. "How does she ever learn them steps—all the time new ones, and she don't worry, look how she's laughing."

She was, her little blond head tilted back, her lips provokingly near her partner's.

"I seen them on the stage that good, but never on the floor."

The music stopped, Belle's partner whirled her round so suddenly that her feet left the ground, then he set her down. She turned her face toward the table at which Mina sat, then she jerked his elbow and pointed to her.

"There's mama," she said, "and Joey."

She came toward them, fanning herself with her hand. Benny followed. She stopped beside Joe.

"Well, old Pippin, what ever made you loosen up enough to blow her to a feed?"

He felt his face redden. Mina protested quickly.

"It's me that won't ever go out, Belle; Joe—he's always asking me."

"Go on," she teased, "he'll squeeze a penny till the Injin does a back flop to get his breath."

Mina said, "I don't know your young man, Belle."

And Belle pulled him forward, "It's only Benny. You don't miss much."

Benny grinned at this, but added nothing. He was a light-haired, light-eyed boy, slouching loosely behind her, his hands in his pockets.

Mina patted the chair beside her. "Sit down and get your breath. I got something to tell you."

"Can't. We got a heavy date somewhere at nine."

"But I got news for you—good news."

"Joe's bought a battleship out of his savings to take me on a trip."

"No, no. But he's done something for you. It's a job. You can start in to-morrow."

"Who can?"

"You can. It's in a hat store."

"Not for little Eva. Think I'd sell back of a counter?"

"See," said Joe, "didn't I tell you? See?"

Belle turned on him. "Who asked you to rustle a job for me?"

Mina trembled. "I told him to," she said. "I told him how you tried so hard to find work—" She stopped. Belle looked at her insolently through her lashes.

"You did, hey? Well, lay off it then. When I get a job I won't have to thank Joe for it."

He was savage at her tone. "See? What did I tell you—what did I tell you?"

"What *did* you tell her? Go ahead and say it, why don't you? You're always trying to set her against me. Don't I know it? Sure, I do. What do I care? I ain't beholden to you for nothing."

"Belle, Belle," Mina's voice pleaded. "Don't talk to Joe so, and him so good to you—"

"Good? Him? Don't make me laugh! He'd like it if you never set eyes on me again."

"Sure I would. I'd like it fine!"

"See, what'd I tell you?"

Mina was crying, "Oh, that you should shame me here in front of strangers!"

Joe broke in, "You go along now with your Benny. It don't do your mother no good to get all worked up like this."

Belle tossed her head. "I'll go all right, but not because you asked me to. Come on, Benny."

Mina struggled to control her tears. "You won't be out late, Belle, you

won't keep up dancing all night like you did . . ."

Belle moved away without answering. Mina caught her breath sharply. "You shouldn't have spoke to her that way, Joe."

"I shouldn't have?"

"No. It only gets her mad to have you boss her around and she talks without thinking."

"If you'd bossed her around a little more yourself, maybe she'd think once in a while."

"She won't take it from you, Joe, not being her father."

"She won't take it from no one. She's no good."

Mina rose and gathered up her wraps. She jerked her arm into her coat, but he sprang up and laid his hand on her shoulder:

"Sit down. Listen. I won't say no more, only don't get sore. I didn't mean nothing. You stay here now and let me eat in peace. I got some rights."

She wavered, the tears in her eyes. Then she sank in the seat. "I don't know what gets into the both of you," she sighed. "You're just like cat and dog. She

shouldn't talk to you like she does, Joe, I know that, but she don't mean a thing by it. Honest. Underneath she's as good as gold."

When they started home it had stopped snowing and had grown much colder, sharp, bracing. Joe felt his spirits leap suddenly. He felt reckless, sparkling, jubilant. He wished he could find words to express his animation. He could spar with Belle now. He could reply to her thrusts. He drank the cold air into his lungs.

Mina plowed along beside him, her chin buried in the collar of her coat, her shoulders curved over. He was sorry for her because she could not feel the gladness he felt. He had been as tired as she before dinner, but not now. Not now. The little row of houses that had first caught his eye loomed up. They gave him an inspiration.

"Mina, let's buy a house."

She turned her face, pinched with cold, toward him. Her nose was red, her eyes half shut.

"What's the matter with you, Joe? You walk so fast I can't get my breath."

"Do I? That's because I feel good. I feel fine. I want a house, Mina, and so do you. We always talk about it, but we don't never get it. Time goes on and we get older. Why not buy it now?"

She stared at him, then shook her head. "You act like you're crazy."

He laughed. "I ain't. But it come over me to-night that we don't half live. We got a little money saved up."

His eyes caressed the row of frame cottages.

"It's what we need. It'll give you something to do all day besides talk to a lot of old hens. It'll give me something to do at night besides go to my room and read."

"And if Belle comes—"

"Let her. What do I care?"



MINA ALWAYS READ THE PAPER ALOUD TO HIM.
INSTEAD, HE NOW READ IT TO HIMSELF

What's mine is yours and what's yours is mine. Mina, will you look to-morrow?"

She nodded. Her eyes reflected his agerness.

Mina stopped into the store next day, and waited until he had tied up a package for a customer. She dropped into the chair he placed beside the counter.

"I met Mrs. Darley just as I was going out and I told her maybe she could have our room. You could have knocked her down with a feather. 'You move?' she says, 'I'd sooner believe was going myself.' Then I told her about the house. It'll be all over Darley's by to-night."

He had never seen her so happy. Years seemed to have rolled from her shoulders. She went on:

"Belle's coming back here for me after she goes to the hotel. She says she'll take the place and try it. I knew she didn't mean nothing last night. She was only showing off in front of her young man."

She rose to her feet. "I'll go look at the house, Joe. If Belle gets here before I'm back, tell her to wait."

He went to the door with her. He wanted to watch her as she walked away from him, to marvel at the alacrity with which she moved. It was a miracle. Nothing less. It was what she had always needed—some purpose—some plan.

He opened the safe. He wanted to feel the money between his fingers, the power which would grant his wish and hers. He could see the street door from where he sat in the black recess. No one entered. It was very still. He lifted the bills and weighed them in his palm.

"Ten, twenty, thirty, thirty-three, thirty-eight. . . ."

He laid one pile aside and began on the next. Suddenly the sunshine was blotted out. He looked up startled. It was Belle. She advanced toward him.

"Hello, Rockefeller, where'd the loot drop from?"

He thrust the money back in the safe. She was silent, but he knew she was

watching him from beneath the drooping brim of her hat.

"Your mother said for you to wait here."

She shrugged her shoulders and wandered out into the store. He followed her.

"Do you start in to-morrow?"

She shook her head. "Nope. Somebody gyped me out of the job. Got there first."

"But Bachmann told me—"

"Well, I don't care what Bachmann told you. It's all off."

She stretched her arms above her head and yawned. "Back to Broadway for mine. I'm sick of this dump, anyhow. Dead as a doornail."

He tried to hide his relief. . . . A little house for two. . . . She went on, "I guess I'll go to-day. What's the use in waiting? I got a letter from a friend of mine this morning. Says to beat it back on the double quick. I'd better see what's on her chest."

He warmed to her. Soon she would be gone. . . . A little house. . . . It ran through his head like a refrain.

She leaned against the counter, indolent, graceful, aloof. At that moment Mina entered. She called out to them:

"You should have seen the house I've been to look at. What a house! Gas stoves and white washtubs and a little room all glass where you can eat your breakfast."

Joe came forward. He braced himself for what he was going to say. "All right, Mina. You tell Belle about it quick. She's gotta catch a train and—"

"Catch a train!" The light died out of Mina's face.

"I'm going back to New York," said Belle briefly.

"Back to New York? Now?"

"Oh, I'm no small-town hick. I like the bright lights. Besides, I can't get a job here."

"But Bachmann—"

"He's cuckoo."

Joe interposed, "The place is gone, Mina, and Belle thinks—"

She turned on him. "What do I care what she thinks? She'll stay here. What pleasure would I get out of a house if she was to go back to the city and maybe a little room on a shaft? She says she's here to stay. She's going to stay. Maybe she didn't get a job today. All right then, she'll get one to-morrow."

"But Belle don't like it here, she—"

"She likes it if she's got work. Nobody don't like it when there ain't no money coming in. You found her a job yesterday. You can find her another one to-morrow."

Belle shook her head. "I wouldn't take a place here if it was handed to me on a silver plate. I got some things in sight. One or two parties'll help me out when I get back. I should worry."

Mina's face grew white. "But you came here for good."

Belle shrugged her shoulders. "I've changed my mind."

The tears rolled down Mina's cheeks. Joe clenched his hands until the nails cut into the flesh.

"Listen, Mina, if Belle wants to go—"

Mina whirled on him. "Yes, and you want her to, don't you? How do I know what you've been saying to her while I been out? I find her here when I come back ready to leave. You want her to go. All right, then—if she goes, I go too."

Joe stared at her. "Say, what's the matter with you, Mina, are you crazy? Is this the first time she's left you? What do you act up so now for?"

"Sure, she's gone before and every time it cuts the heart out of me. Always I am worrying for fear she is sick or run over. Always I am afraid she does not eat enough, or wishing she would write to me. It's like part of me is here and part wherever she goes. That's what you get for being a mother. Always there are two people—yourself and your child."

Belle's cool voice broke in, "Say, mom, cut the comedy. If you feel that way about it I'll stick around awhile. But I got to get some work. If only . . .

Say, maybe Joe would give me a job right here in the store. That would suit me right down to the ground. I kind of think I'd like to handle this line. How about it?"

Mina answered for him. "Joe, Joe, do you hear what she says? She ain't going! She don't want that I should worry my life away. She'll stay and work in the store. Just when you need somebody. Just when I told you to get a helper."

Looking from one to the other, Joe was conscious of being trapped.

"I don't need nobody," he said in a low voice.

"All right." Belle was pulling on her gloves. "Then I'm off. And that's final." She stopped and planted her hands on the counter and leaned her lithe body toward him. "I suppose I'm not tony enough to wait on your swell customers. Is that it? Well, on the level, do you think I'd work in this one-horse joint if it wasn't for mama? I would not!"

Mina turned to Joe imploringly. "Will you let her go? Will you send her away when you know how I feel? Why don't you speak to her, Joe? Why don't you tell her you will try her out? Can't you do that much?"

He protested weakly:

"It don't do for relations to work together."

"Have I ever asked anything of you, Joe? Have I ever said you should do this or do that? But now I ask you, I beg you to give her a chance. You'll see how she'll build the business up."

"It don't need building up."

"How she'll bring in big trade. She's smart, she is. Maybe soon we could have a bigger store."

Joe looked at the neat shelves lovingly.

"I don't want no bigger."

"Please, Joe, to make me happy."

He wavered, his eyes fixed miserably on the ceiling.

"To please me, Joe."

He turned from them impatiently. "All right. Have it your way."



"AIN'T IT WONDERFUL THAT MY CHILD COULD DANCE SO?"

They went out together and he was left alone. He did not get to Darley's until dinner was almost over. He ate by himself, staring down at his plate, leaving the food untouched until it was cold.

A change came over Joe. Mina took him to task.

"Why don't you talk no more? Why don't you tell me how Belle gets on? Why can't you say nothing, only pull a long face?"

He did not answer. To the guests at Darley's he was taciturn. He ate his breakfast at a lunch counter. From dinner he went straight to his room. From Belle she could learn nothing. Two weeks in the store brought the same reply from her, "Oh, it's all right."

Mina tried again. "Why do you sit

there, Joe, like you're dumb? I should think with a helper you wouldn't be so tired at nights."

"Helper!" the word in all its bitterness, escaped him. She did not miss it.

"What's the matter? Don't she learn right? Remember it's a new line for her. It takes time."

"Sure," he said, untying his shoe. As he bent down she noticed how gray his hair was, how weary he seemed. She was alarmed and shaken. She caught his arm.

"Listen, Joe, I got a right to know what goes on."

He looked at her for a minute without answering. Then he bent down to his other shoe.

"Every time I get a knot in here it won't untie."

Her patience was tried. She snapped out, "Does Belle do good?"

"She's your daughter. Why shouldn't she?"

"Yes, but for what you pay her could you get any better?"

"How do I know? I ain't tried."

"She's there all day long, ain't she?"

He hesitated, fumbling at the laces. "Yes. Yes. She's there."

"She waits on customers and dusts the shelves and puts the goods away, don't she?"

He faced her. "Why do you ask me all these questions?"

"Why shouldn't I? Ain't it my child? Don't I want to know how she gets on? Ain't it natural I'd ask you?"

"Why don't you ask her?"

Next morning Mina entered the store. She came in so quietly he did not hear her. He was reaching up on a shelf and when he turned round she was there.

"Hello," he said, "what's the matter with you?"

"Where's Belle?"

He hesitated. "How do I know?"

"Did she go out?"

"She ain't been in yet."

"It's eleven o'clock."

"Yes."

Mina's voice was very gentle. "Sometimes she don't get here until eleven?"

"Sometimes."

"But she leaves the house early enough."

He was silent. She continued, "And you didn't say nothing?"

"No. I didn't."

Mina's eyes filled with tears. "It ain't right."

She stood beside the counter, her face flushed. He laid his hand over hers.

"Don't you worry, Mina. It's all right. She don't like it in the store. There ain't much to do. What if she goes out sometimes? I don't say nothing."

She shook her head. "You pay her for her time. It belongs to you. She

thinks she can make an easy mark of you. I won't have it."

He smiled at her. "Nobody don't make a easy mark of me. Don't you fret none about that."

Mina went home. In the afternoon she entered Belle's room and waited for her. Sheer pink lingerie was piled on the chairs. A Japanese kimono embroidered with scarlet flowers lay on the floor. Beside it was a satin bed-slipper. Mina found its mate under the bureau. A dress that needed mending hung over the foot of the bed. In spite of the room's disorder, Mina felt its charm. It never failed to stir her. Belle had hung gay chintz curtains over the windows. She had made a bureau cover of the piece that remained. She had bought a cheap grass rug for the floor. Her perfume clung to two tiny lace pillows on the bed. They were rumpled as though her head had just left them. Mina smoothed them out tenderly.

On the bureau were photographs of youths, three of them, and in the mirror was stuck a postcard showing Belle and Benny in a wheel chair. Mina studied it closely. She thought it was very lovely. Belle's bobbed hair caught the sunlight like a halo and she was smiling up at Benny. With a sudden impulse Mina tucked it into her blouse.

At five o'clock Belle came in. She had on a black hat that Mina had never seen. It set off her face perfectly. Something in its tilt added piquancy. Mina determined to ignore the hat.

"I want to talk to you," she said.

Belle regarded her for an instant, then crossed to the bureau, preening in front of the glass, drawing the brim farther down over her eyes, trying the effect of rolling it up in front.

"I went to the store to-day."

Belle tossed off her seal coat and rummaged in the drawer for some thing.

"You wasn't there."

Mina waited a minute or two patiently until Belle had clasped about her throat a string of crimson beads. She

epped back from the mirror to observe the effect.

"Where was you?"

At this she turned on her mother. How do I know? Can't I go out a second without having you put me through the third degree?"

"You wasn't in yet."

"Who said so?"

"Was you?"

"I s'pose Joe told you."

"He didn't say nothing till I asked m. Then I find out you are late every day and leave early."

"Well, what about it?"

Mina's indignation rose. "What about it? What about me? How does look for me to beg him that he should give you a place and tell him how fine you'll be and then you go away whenever it suits you and stay as long as you please?"

Belle sat on the edge of the bed, one leg curled under her; the other, shapeless, slender, silk clad, dangling to the ground.

"Listen here, did I want the job? I did not. I took it because you raised such a holler to keep me here I thought you meant it."

"I do mean it. You know—"

"I know you been listening to Joe. Well, go ahead and listen, only don't tell me about it. If you do I'll quit. And when I quit this time I won't come back. You tell him for me, if he don't like the way I work all he's got to do is to try so."

She rose suddenly. "Say, I'm not going to stand Joe squealing on me. Not by a long shot. You tell him I won't be back. I'll clear out to-night." Mina caught at her dress. "No, no, Belle, don't do that. He didn't say nothing. It was all me. It wasn't Joe. You never'd hear a word out of him. He says it's all right if you come a little late. He says it don't make no difference."

Belle tossed her head. "I wouldn't do a thing from him. He needn't think I would."

She drew on her coat, paused to flick her nose with powder, to rub carmine on her lips, then she picked up her bead bag.

"I'm sick of the whole business," she said. "Sick to death of it."

And she was gone. Mina sprang up to follow, but when she reached the stairs she heard the front door slam. She went back to her own room. Joe was home. Something in her face arrested his attention.

"What is it, Mina?" he asked. "Has that girl been worrying the life out of you again?"

"Oh, no, no. I'm a little—a little tired, that's all."

He came close to her and lifted her chin so that her eyes were forced to meet his.

"Mina, you're no good at lying. You oughtn't to try it with me." Then he smiled.

She said, "I waited for Belle to tell her she wasn't doing right by you."

He did not speak and she went on, "For my sake you will be patient with her, Joe? After a little she'll get broke in. Just now she's all crazy with this Benny. She's afraid he should be kept waiting a minute. Girls is like that. They have no head when they have a feller."

"Sure I know," he said. "Just like you was over me."

The line between her eyes vanished. "Just like I was over you, Joe."

At half past ten next morning Belle came to work. Joe, waiting on a customer, called to her:

"Reach me down them blocks from the top shelf, will you?" To which she answered, "Oh, get 'em yourself."

A few minutes later they were alone. Joe's face was red, his voice unsteady. He walked to the door and held it open.

"You can git out of here," he said, "and quick too. I stood enough from you. I wouldn't go through such a time again for a million dollars. You're a girl with no heart. You make your

mama, what would give her life for you, suffer something fierce. It's time she knows what you are. You get out of here and don't show up again, and if that Benny feller ever puts his nose inside this door I'll have him arrested, and I bet it won't be the first time neither."

When she had left him he found himself trembling like a leaf. He had to sit down to still the pounding of his heart! That girl to talk to him the way she did! . . . For days he had fought with the desire to unburden himself, but he had not because of the pain he knew the disclosure would bring. But now he would tell Mina. He would tell her instantly.

He shut up the shop, a thing he had

never done before. He caught up his hat and coat. He almost ran the short blocks to Darley's. He found Mina in their room, mending a dress of Belle's.

"I fired your daughter," he shouted as he stood panting in the doorway. "I fired her quick and I wouldn't have her back if she was to crawl on her hands and knees to me."

He rushed on, "Have I said a word against her? Have I told you how she acts from the first day she comes there? Well, I'll tell you now. She don't want to look for nothing. Rather than get up from a seat she says to customers, 'We ain't got it.' You asked me did she dust the shelves. Sure. And how did she? I come in to find two glass mugs and a flower vase smashed one morning. 'I done it cleaning,' she says. 'Don't never clean again,' I hollers. That suited her fine. But I kept my mouth shut about it until to-day. Right in front of somebody she says she won't get something for me. 'All right,' I says, 'I stood enough.' I told her to get out. She's gone now and she's no good neither."

He was breathless, mopping his face. Mina had dropped the dress, she leaned forward, her hand clutching her breast.

"Gone? You say she's gone?"

He stared at her. "Didn't I tell you!"

"How do I know if she'll come back or not?"

"I hope to God she never comes back."

She thrust him aside. "If she goes away like this, Joe Lusk, I'll never forgive you as long as I live. Never."

She was already in Belle's room. He heard her give a cry. He ran in after her. She stood in the center



"HELLO, ROCKEFELLER, WHERE'D THE LOOT DROP FROM?"

of the room, her face as white as chalk.

"She took her things," she said. "While we talk, she packed herself up."

"Good! That's what I wished she would do."

She did not reply. He tried once more to make her understand.

"So I have to bring proof in black and white that she's no good. That she don't give a damn for nobody only—"

"Stop," she cried. "I heard enough from you about my child. You drove her away from me. It's like she always said, you had it in for her. I was crazy, yes, to let her work in your store. I might know you would make up things against her to get her out of it, that you'd try to poison my mind. But you can't do it. You couldn't, not if you was to make up a hundred lies. I feel in my heart what she is. If you talk from now to the end of your life I wouldn't listen no more. You drove her away. You done it. You done it."

He swung on his heel and left her. He felt the smart of tears in his eyes. How she had looked at him! It was as though a wall had sprung up between them. He felt old and tired and the shop seemed a long way off. He walked the streets unseeing. After a while he reached it. The door was unlocked. He wondered dully at his carelessness in leaving it so. He entered. It was still inside, still and warm. He dropped into a chair. His legs felt weak. At last he rose slowly. He would close up the store for the day. What did losing a little trade matter? What did anything matter? He moved slowly about the counters, covering them with long gray cloths, then he went to the back of the store. There before the safe he paused, his heart suddenly skipping a beat.

The safe was open, the drawers pulled out. He fell on his knees before it. Gone . . . everything. . . . He clawed frantically at the compartments. No money . . . nothing . . . he dropped his head in his hands and cried like a baby. He got up slowly, leaning on the

safe for support, and as he did so his hand brushed a paper on the top, caught down with a weight. There was writing on it. He picked it up. It read:

So you threw me out? Well, I guess you're sorry you did now! Go ahead! Put the police on the track. Only think of mama when you do.
B.

Belle. . . . The letter swam before his eyes. "Go ahead. Put the police on the track." . . . would he! would he! He gloated at the thought, then he stopped short. When Mina saw this . . . he almost laughed aloud. Made up things against Belle, did he? Told lies about her? Tried to poison Mina's mind . . . he'd show her. A letter in Belle's own writing.

He was drunk with elation. He ran up Darley's steps. He called to Mina as he mounted the stairs. There was no answer, but he hurried to their room. She was not there. She was in Belle's room where he had left her, seated in a chair by the window. She did not look up as he entered. He called out:

"Mina, Mina, I got a letter from Belle."

At that she sprang up. He kept the letter crammed down tightly in his pocket. He would lead up to that.

"She's run off with that Benny feller."

Mina stared at him. "Eloped?" she gasped, "married?"

He nodded. Suddenly she dropped to the bed and burst into tears.

"Thank God!" she sobbed, "thank God!"

"For what?"

"You say she's married with Benny. Then she's all right. She ain't just gone off mad. If I didn't know she was all right I'd kill myself."

He paused, the letter half drawn out. "Quick," she cried, "let me see what she says."

"Wait a minute. Wait a minute." He was uncertain how to proceed.

"Give it to me. Why do you torture me?"

He shook his head. "I can't," he said. "I—I tore it up."

She looked at him with stricken eyes. "How could you! Oh, Joe, how could you!"

"I didn't think," he stammered.

"Well, think now—think what it says. You remember that. How did it start. Where did you find it?"

"It was in the store. She put it there."

"Yes, but what was in it? Tell me from the beginning."

"It says—" He swallowed. Actually her face looked hungry for the news, as though she would tear it from him.

"Hurry. Hurry."

"It says . . ." he looked away, "it says all her foolishness was because of her going to be married."

"What did I tell you? I knew it. I knew all her crazy ways was that."

"It says she couldn't tell nobody because—because of Benny's people. They wasn't to know."

"She could have told *me*."

"No. She was scared. She says she was—awful happy and didn't want you to worry none and—and—sent her love."

As he finished his voice broke. But Mina did not notice it. Her face was glowing with a warm, deep joy.

"My little Belle gone and got herse married. . . . It don't seem she's b enough. My little Belle. . . . It w only the other day I was wishing for baby like the neighbors got—wanting wheel her out and show her off . . then knowing she was coming, feelin her inside of me moving soft like . . getting her dresses made and her cap and socks . . . waiting for the day . And at last it come. . . . God! . . But you hold out because she's almo there. . . . Then she is there and yo forget everything—everything—ever thing only her. . . ."

He came close and patted her shoulder.

"I got to get back to work," he said gruffly.

She caught his arm. "Listen, Joe let's us take the little house now. When Belle gets back from her trip—"

She stopped, smiling up at him. He winced. "Not yet awhile, Mina. I dunno. I got used to Darley's . . a house would be such a expense . always repairs to make, and coal—dunno as I want one."

He kissed her cheek and went down stairs. At the corner of the street he took Belle's letter from his pocket and tore it in bits.

Sunshine in England

BY ALICE DUER MILLER

WHEN the sun shines on England it atones
For low-hung leaden skies, and rain, and dim
Moist fogs that paint the verdure on her stones,
And fill her gentle rivers to the brim.

When the sun shines on England shafts of light
Fall on far towers and hills and dark old trees,
And hedge-bound meadows of a green as bright—
As bright as is the blue of tropic seas.

When the sun shines it is as if the face
Of some proud man relaxed its haughty stare,
And smiled upon us with a sudden grace,
Flattering because its coming is so rare.



THE WASATCH RANGE, EASTERN RAMPART OF SALT LAKE CITY

Salt Lake: The City of the Saints

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

THE city of Brigham Young has had, up to date, a fate as peculiar as people. The only way in which I can state it satisfactorily to myself is this: the Gentile world has had a Mormon complex, and Gentile visitors to Salt Lake City have been so busy staring at, and whispering about, the Latter Day saints and their ways and works that they have never lifted their eyes higher than the highest spire of the Mormon temple. The illiterate ask, even in this par of grace, if it is true that Mormons have horns; the average soul wonders in its secret heart if polygamy is still practiced; the intellectuals immediately busy themselves acquiring "dope" on the political situation. But the romantic citizen, experiencing Salt Lake for the first time, goes about registering something between awe and amaze. Of all the people I have known who have been to Salt Lake City, none has ever taken the trouble to say that it is, simply, one of the most beautiful towns on the planet. The Salt Lake newspapers, in

their engaging Western way, talk about "selling" Salt Lake, and promoting three-day stop-overs in place of twenty-four-hour waits. According to them, Salt Lake is a place where, between the grandeur of the Royal Gorge and the oddity of the Yellowstone, people stop and change trains. The newspapers do not like it. They see no reason why Salt Lake should not have its fair share of tourists. They say, rather pathetically, that the finest scenery in the country lies within a five-hundred-mile radius if you take Salt Lake as a pivotal center. I was always wanting to drop into a newspaper office and beg the staff not to bother about pivotal centers and radii. The way to sell Salt Lake is to tell the truth about it: namely, that in itself it is one of the most beautiful things in the world. Short of San Francisco Bay, I know of no urban setting in the United States to compare with this. As for selling it—tourists, beauty-bent, should pay out their solid substance for Salt Lake, and keep the

small change for the national parks. (No disrespect is intended to the national parks.)

The unexpected hits one harder than the foreseen fact; and day by day we felt like Balkis, who said, "The half was not told me." Nothing had been told us—except how much the Mormon Church counts, or does not count, in national politics. That spacious valley lying between the snow-topped Wasatches on the east and the dreamy Oquirrh on the west, the far glitter of the Great Salt Lake on one horizon replying across the miles to the streams that flash their silver down all the countless canyons of the Wasatch Range—that valley, wide incredibly, and filled to its distant brim with green that turns, at the edge of the Rockies, to the purple of the north and the blue of Italy: no—no one had ever mentioned that valley. We had heard and read—who has not?—of the Lion House, and the Beehive House, and Amelia Palace (torn down now) and the Tabernacle and the Temple; but I had never heard of the canyons of the Wasatch Range, or what the simple word "sunset" can mean in Salt Lake City. Many people have discussed the Mormon Temple æsthetically, pro and con, but no one had ever told us of the thrill to be had by winding down the tortuous defiles of Emigration Canyon to the very spot where the pioneers emerged to look out over the valley, and Brigham Young said, "This is the place." We had always known that Salt Lake City was "interesting," but the rest had been silence. Truly, we have all had a Mormon complex.

Salt Lake *is* interesting; and there would be no sense in pretending that it is not the Mormon Church which has given it its interest, as well as much of its beauty, situation apart. Brigham Young, unlike Joseph Smith the Prophet, was not much given to revelations; but he was assuredly a great pioneer, and a man of powerful and constructive mind. To Brigham Young it is due that

the barren valley over which he gazed from the mouth of Emigration Canyon is now so densely green with trees; to him we owe the wide and noble streets of the city—never, from the first, allowed to grow up haphazard; he and none other was responsible for the first and promptest irrigation in the Western desert. God himself may have sent the sea gulls (it is a penitentiary offense to kill a sea gull in Utah) to save the crops from the locusts and the Saints from starvation; but it was undoubtedly Brigham Young who taught the people that their prosperity must come from agriculture. The gold rush of '49 followed close upon the first Mormon exodus, and if the state was to prosper, they could not spare their young men to the California gold fields. So mining was forbidden to them—and, in consequence, Utah is very different from Nevada. I am told that individual Mormons do now concern themselves with Utah Copper; but at least they were withheld from mining long enough to make the desert blossom like the rose. They are still, preponderatingly, an agricultural people. Brigham Young meant that they should be. He had notions, one supposes, of founding an independent state in that wilderness which belonged vaguely to Mexico and practically to anybody who cared to take it. It was his curious luck that, entering Utah in 1847, he should have been confronted with the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848. One cannot tell precisely what would have happened had he had a few decades, instead of few months, in which to consolidate his little empire. That is one of the fascinating conundrums of history. In spite of his coarse, dour features, his unlovely personality; in spite of his thirteen wives and his two hundred and fifty-odd descendants in the late war—in spite of all his moral aberrations and his patriarchal lack of charm, Brigham Young was a great man, who did his strange but significant part in making the West.

There was a time when apostate Mormons were listened to, by ladies' missionary societies, with as passionate an interest as "escaped nuns." I do not know if the fashion still holds. Nor am I to be taken as speaking lightly of a "Mormon menace," if such a thing there be. A great deal has been said and written on both sides of the controversy. We ourselves could do no more, in a brief stay, than scratch the surface of the Mormon question; especially as, even among Gentiles of long residence, you hear quite different attitudes expressed. When the educated Gentile population of Salt Lake, which has every reason for solidarity, does not agree within itself about the power and purposes of the Mormon Church, what is a mere Easterner to think?

The social situation is more or less what you would expect. On the whole, Gentiles and Mormons do not mix much. I have heard even that denied; but the fact that the membership of the country club is only ten per cent, or less, Mormon in character, tends to bear out the general statement. Socially, the analogy would seem to be with the Quakers in earlier generations in the East. The peculiar tenets of the Mormon faith would keep "good" Mormons out of a Gentile whirl. All vices—including tobacco, tea, and

coffee—are forbidden the strict Mormon. You cannot live the social life with people who eat and drink and amuse themselves in a totally different way from yourself. Take the little matter of "endowment robes," which good Mormons must wear. I have never seen

these "L. D. S. garments," except vaguely, in advertisements and shop-windows, but I believe they are theoretically both thick and high—certainly things that would preclude the wearing of evening frocks. I know that strict Mormons of the old-fashioned type do not permit their daughters to wear low-necked and short-sleeved dresses—whether because of the endowment robes, or in the general interest of morals, I cannot say. They have many of the social tenets of the narrower Protestant sects. At all events, the Quaker analogy would seem to come in again. The younger people have been hard to hold; they have become inevitably more worldly—

more "Gentile." Very recently the Church has had to change the ruling about the endowment robes: permit thinner stuffs and more fashionable models. I daresay the young Mormons who want to wear B. V. D.'s and crêpe de chine lingerie do not, in their secret hearts, believe that the trump may sound at any moment, and



THE SEA GULL MONUMENT

that when it does sound they must, for salvation's sake, be found in physical contact with the endowment robe. Who, indeed, shall say what the young Mormons believe? And the Mormon question—if there is a Mormon question—depends on that. Some Gentiles think that, as the young folk grow up into other intellectual and social atmospheres, the bottom will drop out of Mormonism. Other Gentiles think that even the generation that drinks and smokes and takes Joseph Smith lightly will still feel a real solidarity with its elders when it comes to an important issue; that, in the last analysis, they will always vote with the Church or act with the Church. They point also to the uninterrupted stream of Mormon converts.

Meanwhile, the social virtues of Mormonism have counted in a sturdy and industrious stock. Consider a few details of pure Mormon belief, in their merely social aspects. Complete abstinence from liquor and tobacco is by no means necessary to health; but no one can say that it is physically bad for an agricultural race living in a good climate. Joseph Smith tried to make the Saints turn over all their worldly goods to the Church, but could not pull it off; so tithing was introduced as an inferior substitute. If you are going to surrender all your surplus, and one-tenth of everything you make, to the Church, you are going to be thrifty, because you are going to have to count your cash very carefully. A Church, moreover, that insists on sexual purity in its young men as well as its young women is doing no disservice to the physical welfare of the race.

There is every inducement to the good Mormon to marry young. If you do not marry, you do not enjoy the highest privileges of heaven. Remember that if you are a strict Mormon, you are married not until death shall part you, but for time *and* eternity. In the highest heaven of all—I do not pretend to understand the mystical complications

of their scale of existences; it sounds like a sort of crude Gnosticism—the family is perpetuated precisely as it was constituted on earth. From careful reading of both sides of the case, one gathers that Joseph Smith instituted polygamy for very mixed reasons. But this doctrine of salvation, as one sees, can easily have become, later, a justification of polygamy. If you cannot become a god (as good Mormons claim) without being married, of course you are going to marry. If you have children of your own, not simply this perilous adventure of terrestrial life, but for an eternity of bliss, of course you are going to have children. Race suicide has never, I believe, been a Mormon complication; and one of the favorite picture post cards is covered with the little faces of children and labeled "Utah's Best Crop." In the earliest days, the men must, as in pioneer communities, have outnumbered the women; and while every woman under polygamy, could have been so one's wife (even if only a spiritual one) there may have been men who were reduced to the prospect of being only "ministering servants"—not gods—in Heaven. (I had always heard, mysteriously, that it was only women for whom paradise was thus conditional—what would make polygamy very practical in politics indeed; but the Book of Doctrine and Covenants seems to make it clear that the "unsealed" male is better off than the "unsealed" female.)

From the very first, however, emigration to Utah was differently managed from other pioneer emigration. In other words, there has been from the beginning a steady stream of converts imported into the state; and there have been, from the beginning, great numbers of female converts. Any new or quiet religion gathers many more women than men into its nets; and Mormonism has had no exception. The supply of women was proportionally larger in Utah, from the first, than in any other of the Far Western territories.

Church declares, and I have never heard it denied, that when polygamy was going strong, a man was allowed to take a second wife without the consent of the first, or without satisfying his ward bishop that he was able to support her and the children she might bear him. No good Mormon wife who knew her petrine and Covenants, and was aware that the Lord said to Emma Smith (Joseph's first wife) on this subject, would refuse her consent to later marriages on her husband's part, for on her consent depended her happiness in a future life. But I have never seen another fact stated, which would seem to be an equally obvious collary: namely that a primitive pioneer

community the men who could afford plural marriages would inevitably be the strong men of the group—men who had made good against obstacles. It would not be the weakling stock, the failures, that would increase the population, on those terms. W. Hepworth Dixon declared, in the '60's, that no Saint was really looked up to in Salt Lake City who had not three wives. Certainly the many wives, the scores of children, would hang on to the strongest and most gracious. That provision was a rough and ready approximation to our modern sterilization of the unfit." About the election of converts, in these days, I do not know; whether the Mormon missionaries take all who apply or not. (The Mormon Church, by the way, has never admitted negroes.) But though Utah was the first foreign country to



THE MORMON TEMPLE IS CLOSED TO GENTILES

receive a translation of the Book of Mormon (every Protestant sect sooner or later storms the gates of Rome) the bulk of their immigrants come from northern Europe—the British Isles, the Scandinavian and Teutonic countries. The Mormon Church is not troubled with Mediterranean detriments. It gets its white converts out of Protestant Europe, which is very good for the population of Utah. The problems of Ellis Island do not exist in Salt Lake City.

So much for some of the luckier by-products of Mormonism in Utah. Polygamy, of course, is past; but these other teachings still prevail. No group of people has been more consistently accused of violence and bloodshed than the early Mormon pioneers. Their feuds with other American citizens began far east of Nauvoo. When

Francis Parkman, as a young man, took to the Oregon trail, both his own party and the genuine emigrants were as afraid of encountering Mormon trains as of encountering Pawnees or Crows. The Mormons bore a black reputation from St. Joseph to the Rockies. Yet as early as 1833 Joseph Smith was announcing that God himself established the Constitution of the United States. By 1843 he was receiving revelations to indicate that shedding innocent blood was the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost. He had more than one revelation to affirm the absolute duty of obedience to temporal governors and the law of the land. The record of Mormonism is a very clean one in the matter of response to the country's call. They have never evaded military service—not since the Mexican War took from them young men they could ill spare. It is a tangled story, difficult to reconstruct. The earliest Mormons, one makes out, were largely frontier types, with the vices and virtues of the frontiersman heavily underscored. They seem to have been a sturdy, rough, illiterate lot, some of them hit hard by the wave of religious hysteria that was, in the 1820's and 1830's, taking such strange forms in our country; others, no doubt, as ready to make Mormonism a pretext for seeking their fortunes westward—and seeking them ruthlessly—as anything else. The companions of Joseph Smith apostatized freely; each of the three original witnesses to the golden plates and the Urim and Thummim apostatized, though the Church declares that they never denied having seen the golden plates. In spite of all sorts of convenient revelations, Joseph Smith had his troubles. There were even highbrows among the Saints who objected to the English of the divine messages; and Joseph had to have a special revelation to deal with his critics. (The Lord said, in effect: "If they do not like the style of my revelations, just let them try writing revelations themselves, and see if they can turn out any-

thing as good." No one except a Mormon is going to believe that the Lord said it; but one cannot deny that it is the perfect retort to most literary criticism.) A few sturdy Saints, however, stood by; and Brigham Young was probably a better leader for the great exodus than the Prophet would ever have been.

The only sinister thing remaining about Mormonism, one would say, is its solidarity. As a political bloc, it may be a menace. Any bloc is. And though the young Mormons of the third and fourth generations may break away into liberalism, there is the steady stream of converts, all so much of one social stratum that you come to feel there is, physically speaking, a genuine Mormon type. The younger American Mormon is like any other American; but most Mormons of foreign stock look like—and are—sons and daughters of the soil. As far as the future of Mormonism goes, it is pull Dick, pull devil, between the virtual apostasy of the intelligent young and the constant addition of sincere converts. Who can tell which way the balance will tip in the decades to come. They have the strength of all narrow religious sects: the stubborn strength of the man who refuses, for what he considers conscience' sake, to listen to reason. Their peculiar tenets (now that polygamy is out of the way) are no more absurd than many others held by various sects whose name is not a curse to them. Their faith combines a primitive simplicity with odd outcroppings of mystical nonsense. Like everyone else they claim to be the apostolic Church and many of their most peculiar vagaries are mere literal interpretation of Biblical injunctions. The Bible is an extraordinary book; and if you take all as equally inspired, you can find some very queer things to base your beliefs on—especially if you draw heavily on the Old Testament and the Apocalypse. I confess that I have never read more than a few pages of the Book of Mormon; but I know the Doctrine and

Covenants (which are much more important) fairly well; and balderdash for balderdash, give me the Doctrine and Covenants, every time, in preference to most of the handbooks of the newer religions.

Baptism for the dead is one of the most curious of their practices—and in some ways the most intelligent. No convert likes to think that his unconverted parents or ancestors are missing paradise. The Mormon convert, if he cares to pay the fee, need never have that uncomfortable sense. Basing their doctrine on certain texts in the New Testament, they permit you to enter the Temple and stand as baptismal proxy for your great-grandmother who never heard of Joseph Smith. She then in-

herits Heaven. It does not need to be a relative: George Washington and Benjamin Franklin, I believe, have both been baptized by proxy; and if you cared to follow up the good work of the whitewashing school of historians, you could, I suppose, be baptized for Queen Elizabeth or Lucrezia Borgia, and be sure of meeting those ladies, as good Mormons, in Heaven. This is only one of many things in the Old and New Testaments that the Latter Day Saints have taken over literally; and whether or not they meant it for a clever move, it is a clever one. To adopt a new faith must always give one a vicarious regret for the loved ones who died before they could know salvation. It would greatly palliate the strangeness



SALT LAKE IS ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CITIES IN THE WORLD

of a new religion and a new country if you knew that those who sleep in the distant soil of home could, by your agency, be made free of the paradise you have won. How widely the advantage is seized is shown by the fact that the handsome Church Offices house one of the finest collections of genealogical records in America—surpassed indeed, I believe, by only one other. Wherever you come from, you can be pretty sure of finding in that library any genealogical information that has been published concerning the place of your origin. It is worth noting, too, that the Church, in spite of its rigidity, has never admitted that the souls of little children could be damned.

Some prejudice exists among many Gentile inhabitants of Salt Lake City against patronizing Mormon institutions—the Z. C. M. I. (Zion Co-operative Mercantile Institution) or any business place that writes “Zion” or “Deseret” over its doors. Being a mere traveler, I naturally chose out the Mormon bank and the Mormon shops from the ruck of others. The Mormon bank officials are, in type, like nothing so much as Quaker merchants of the old school; the shop people are, to the casual stranger, simple and amiable folk. The prejudice against dealing with Saints appears to have had usually an origin, a first cause, dimly political. Sometimes it has been rooted in the suspicion that the Saints do better by their own than by the outsider—which, I dare say, is true. A bloc is a bloc, wherever and whoever. Besides, when you have anything of your own so mighty and mysterious as the Mormon Temple, you must feel a peculiar comradeship with the only other people who are allowed to enter it. The interior of the Temple must, by all accounts, and judging from official photographs, be extremely ugly and not at all impressive. But so long as they keep the public out the public will be impressed, for the Temple is externally a very fine and a very striking building, and it is not in

the human heart to gaze upon it without being violently intrigued. The fact that only Mormons in good standing can enter it, and that even they must enter shoeless and by an underground passage (for the Temple has no outer door) only makes you want to go in all the more.

The present Mormon situation would seem to be about this. The Church has a marvelous organization, a complicated and very efficient hierarchy. All the affairs of the good Mormon are known to his ward bishop, and thus the Church keeps its hold on his practical existence. The Church is a vast, rich, and admirably run business concern, and can of course control the politics of the state of Utah. Its hands are at last off the state University; and in many ways the Church shows itself cannily willing not to isolate itself menacingly. There is some talk at present, among Salt Lake Gentiles, of a revived anti-Mormon party, but it is to be hoped that it will come to nothing. For the fact is, naturally, that the Americanization process is going on all the time. Not only are the Mormon immigrants excellent citizen material, apt to apprehend quickly and easily American ideas, the young American Mormons are American first of all, and subject to moral and social decisions of the great American group. The elders keep inevitably, some smack of the peculiar people about them; but they can pass it on, for America will have way with the convert, even more definitely than will the Church. The Mormons are proud of their history, exceedingly proud of the pioneer. They do not show the frequent American disregard of their origins, and that is a good thing. Brigham Young is highly respected as a great state-builder; he has his monument opposite the Temple Block, his monument at the mouth of Emigration Canyon. But they are going in for the equivalent of canonization: they have torn down Andrew's Palace, which is a significant fact.

elics of the pioneers are piously kept—urniture, implements, ill-fated hand-arts, and the like—but rather in the spirit of Old Deerfield, one would say, than in any sectarian fervor. That the Church is a very close corporation, no one, I think, would deny; but they came out of the wilderness when they gave up polygamy. That was the symbolic and fateful struggle. Having bowed once to the law of the land, and, they will continue to do so. The young missionaries they send out into all the world will bring back converts, yet they will not themselves be unaffected by exploring the planet; and while they are converting the foreigners into Mormons their own Mormonism becomes more liberal with those very contacts.

"I am not a religious man," said our Mormon driver, as we wound up Emigration Canyon; "but I always carry this round with me." He handed over a Maori Testament. He had spent four years in New Zealand, Australia, and the South Seas, and his four years had served him lavishly in lieu of a university. He had mastered Maori; he had also mastered a beautiful English accent and diction; most of all, he had mastered much knowledge of human beings. We followed with our eyes the dizzy trail of the pioneers on that last terrific lap of their trek; saw

how here they had had to let their ox-carts down by ropes, how there they had doubled on their tracks to circumvent the mountain steepness. "Brigham Young was a great man," said our Mormon friend; "a very big man indeed. Of course"—with a little nuance of disgust—"I don't hold with his views about polygamy; but he surely was a great pioneer." He was, indeed; one of the greatest; and why should any Utahn, Mormon or Gentile, forget it?

Life for the dwellers in Salt Lake City seemed to us outlanders full of promise and delight. In the first place, they have beauty and climate on their side. They have few rigors to bear. "It is cold for two or three months," they say, looking up at the snow on the Wasatches. "Of course, it isn't like your Eastern cold. And it's hot in July and August; but it's a dry heat, and the nights are cool—not like the East."

The atrocious extremes that we

put up with in a calendar year are a kind of legend in the West. You are often made to feel—though courtesy is unmarred—that they do not quite understand why you consent to endure your existence at home. If you were truly inventive, you could find some excuse for removing yourself to a happier clime. "There was a man," meditated a young Utahn, "who said he didn't have to work: he could starve. Well, I



THE BRIGHAM YOUNG MONUMENT

don't have to live in the East: I can starve." Exactly. But most of us have not the courage actually to try those conclusions.

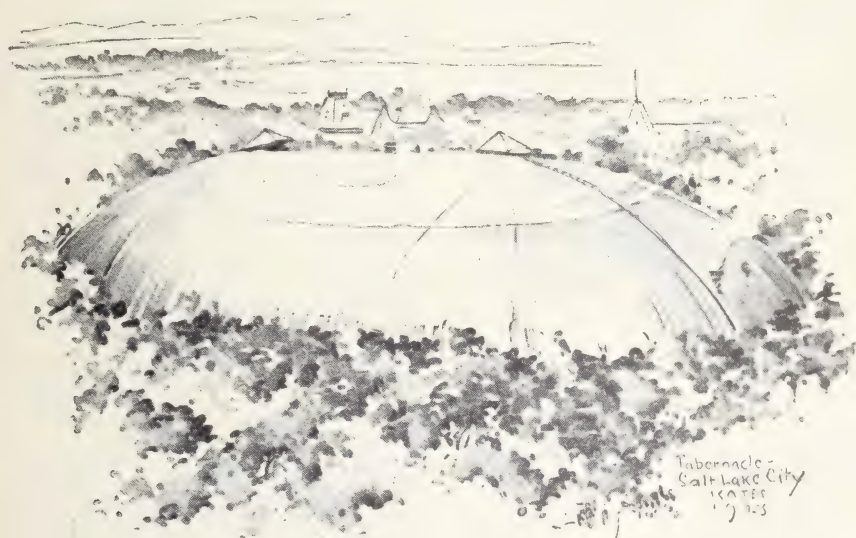
Consider for a moment the elements of life in Salt Lake City. Climate and situation, in the first place. Room to build your house (and building is cheap) where you can be in perpetual sight of some of the loveliest mountains in the land. Wide streets and magnificent vistas; the fine State House crowning one of the many hills. The sportiest golf course in the country, with one of the most charming of orange-colored country clubs, beneath the Wasatch Range. The constant vision of the Mormon Temple—in itself no small boon. The fruits of the earth grown for you by Mormon farmers; and irrigation giving you, at small expense, all the flowers and grass and trees that you desire. And not only the Mormon Church to make life interesting, but—think of it—the Mormon converts to make the servant problem easy! It is not in the human heart to be satisfied with monotony, even of perfection; and destiny has thrown in for good measure the uniqueness of the Great Salt Lake and the canyons of the Wasatch Range. Are you hot, or do you want to fish? Then run your car up Big Cottonwood Canyon and stop at Brighton, eight thousand feet up, among the pines. Do you crave a summer resort? Ogden Canyon will serve you. A mere afternoon's drive with a view at the end? Parley's Canyon is just back of the country club, City Creek Canyon just behind the State House. Your sky-line boulevard is hard to match, even in a country where all cities have them. Do you desire a historic thrill? Go up Emigration Canyon, stop at the Pinecrest Inn, and consider the pioneers. Must you shoot big game? You will find it, buffalo and all, on Antelope Island. Does your vulgar heart crave something in the nature of Coney or Asbury Park? Saltair will furnish you forth,

beside a sea in which you cannot sink. Must you turn tourist? Well; you are at the "pivotal center" of the finest scenery in the country, and a short train journey will take you to the Yellowstone or the Colorado Rockies. Bingham, over there in the Oquirrhys, is said to be the biggest copper mine in the world, and you can visit the Inferno at your will. You cannot have the Navy in Salt Lake City, but you can and do have the Army. Camp Douglas is a large post, and khaki is all about. You even own the heavyweight champion of the world—and I noticed that, however deprecatingly civilized folk might speak, they never failed to point out Jack Dempsey's house when you passed it. A very nice house it is, too, and apparently a very decent sort, the champion

Romance, for us Americans, must live in the consciousness of how vast and varied a land is ours. Europe is an old story, and we shall not match the legend here. But to some of us, romantically patriotic, a new state of the Union is as exciting as a Balkan country. Centralization has not gone so far that one state is like another. Yet there is a curious, intimate urge (not in the least like that of the tourist in foreign land) to know them all. To be sure, you must be both romantic and a citizen, to feel that urge. But most of us, after all, are both. A book has been written of late entitled *The Genius of America*. It should scarcely agree with the able and learned author as to the definition of that genius. But that there is such a thing no serious American can deny, and for us Easterners the sense of it becomes most vivid, most quickening when we have climbed to the high plains and reached, or crossed, the Great Divide. In comparison with the Far Western states—still territories with the memory of this generation—the East seems very old. We cannot easily recapture now the days of our plasticity, when we too, under the hands of the founders of the Republic, were in the making.

Here, in the Far West, one can see the American spirit at work. You see both what has been and what is. Utah is one of the most illuminating of states. "Americanization" comes to mean little to us on our crowded Atlantic seaboard. If I may be forgiven the homely metaphor, food must be masticated before it can be assimilated; and we have bitten off more than we can even chew. The Far West has, in the nature of things, had fewer elements to deal with, and assimilation can be spoken of. American institutions, if given a chance, do mean something and do accomplish much. It took courage and it took vision to conquer the great spaces; and courage and vision were both at hand. The genius of America, to some extent baffled and dormant east of the Rocky Mountains, has been steadily, uninterruptedly occupied beyond them. No groups could be more different than the groups who successively trekked westward: gold-seekers, Mormons, engineers, lumberjacks, ranchers, farmers; yet somehow they have collaborated, unconsciously, to make the West. They were crude, but they were brave; and the genius of

America (which, I take it, is a genius not for "profound moral idealism" but for liberty) was strong in them. The Mormons trekked west, as the Boers trekked north, in the hope of the utter freedom that comes with isolation. They could not have it—any more than the Indians could have it. Then they turned their hopes to statehood; and it was very long before they might have that. Their early history is full of blood and hatred; state after state cast them out, and to their enemies they returned full measure. The Church cannot wholly rehabilitate the Mormon pioneers into mere martyrs. But even this peculiar people had resident within its breast something of the American spirit, an aptness for American ideals. In so far as they attempted to be violently coercive, the genius of America denied them. That your own freedom means the other man's freedom, they have apprehended. Liberty is a searching, a far-reaching, even a subtle ideal. The young Mormons, free of the fanaticism of the founders, are Americans simply. America has somehow conquered the intolerance of the Mormon pioneers, as, if it has any luck, it will



THE TABERNACLE WHEREIN THE FAMOUS ORGAN PLAYS DAILY

conquer the Ku Klux and all other groups determined to compel whom they cannot convince.

It may be that the Mormon Church was responsible, for example, for the recent anti-cigarette law (though such laws have been heard of in states that had not the excuse of a divine revelation against tobacco), as it may be that the Ku Klux Klan was responsible for the law that suppressed the private (which means the parochial) schools in the state of Oregon. But the anti-cigarette law was somehow quashed in Utah; and no one seems to think that anti-Catholic laws in Oregon can live through a referendum. The Mormons discovered that the privilege of statehood meant something: they had to give guarantees. On the whole, the privilege seemed to them worth it. You cannot redeem a desert into fertility, create out of rock and sand a community where men shall have abundant food, shelter, and safety, where children shall grow up to a goodly heritage, physical and intellectual, where property shall be safe and labor have its reward, without, in the process, laying hold on the essentials of American life. Utah is a very hard-working state, and hard work has taught it what is worth working for. Fine schools; good water-supply; comfortable homes; the power to build a beautiful State House and turn back to the State Treasurer a surplus out of the appropriation. (They are really proud of that, and you cannot blame them. In how many Eastern states has it ever happened?)

That some Salt Lake Gentiles are bitter and suspicious, there is no question; but you will usually find that there has been some sort of political disappointment back of their bitterness. Though Gentiles out-number Mormons in Salt Lake City itself, Mormons preponderate greatly in the state at large—yet the Church has recently lost any control of the state University, though there are plenty of Mormon students enrolled in it. They have their own

Brigham Young University at Provo; and a flourishing L. D. S. business college in Salt Lake. But if the young Mormon wants a real academic education, he goes to the University of Utah or the University of California or some other such institution; and the L. D. S. business college is patronized by Gentiles as well as Saints. The present president of the Mormon Church is said by many people to be a fanatic; but he does not seem to be increasing fanaticism among the Saints. "This generation of Mormons is like anybody else," some native and resident of Salt Lake City will tell you. The next one says, "I have a lot of friends among Mormons—I'm very fond of them, and see a lot of them; but of course they will always hang together politically." One man says, "The young Mormons have broken away, and the Church can't last, except as a business organization." Another person says, "The educated young people are growing more liberal all the time; but the Church isn't liberal, and it is growing in numbers because they make so many converts." I traced the terror of converts in one instance to the immense Mormon success in the Hawaiian Islands. My interlocutor was much surprised to learn that the proselytism is confined to the Kanakas, who are themselves a dying race. All the people I have quoted are either born or bred Utahns; one is as well informed as another. What the good ladies of Salt Lake agree in admitting is that the Mormon flapper—in the contemporary sense of the word—does not exist. "They do look after their young people better than we do," they sigh. We can see how that is. As a police system, the Mormon organization works admirably. The little ward churches are scattered about, one every few blocks. Sunday morning services and Sunday school are held there, not in the Tabernacle. The ward bishop, the teacher, the elders look after the tithes, the attendance, the general conduct of the faithful.



SALTAIR BEACH IS THE CONEY ISLAND OF UTAH

The Latter Day Saints—so rigid, so unconceivably narrow, in some ways—have had some saving elasticities. They have always cultivated music assiduously—good music, too. Also—even more important, perhaps, for the young people—they have always, like David, danced before the Lord. Brigham Young built his theater before he built his Temple, and made his own daughters act, in order to encourage a high opinion of the actor's profession. Maude Adams, as you know, was born in Salt Lake, and began her career there. Music and dancing and the theater are a great help in keeping the younger generation occupied and amused. The Tabernacle organ and the Mormon choir are both overrated. The preaching of the apostles is disappointing, and the Tabernacle service unimpressive. The congregation is less reverent than any congregations I am used to. They giggle more, and talk more, and yawn more, and nurse the babies more openly. Their religious awe is probably reserved for the ceremonies in the Temple. What is not unimpressive is the crowds that file daily into the Tabernacle at noon to hear the organ recital. All the tourists are there, naturally; but Gentiles are

outnumbered by Mormons. The Mormon farmer and his family who have come into town for the day; up-state Saints who have business in Salt Lake, or are taking a holiday; faithful residents, overweeningly proud of organ and organist—they pack the galleries behind locked doors, and listen to Bach and Mozart and Wagner. Every program includes “classical” music; it includes also variations on some simple air known to the most countrified; it always begins with the Star-Spangled Banner, and always includes the “favorite Mormon hymn,” the words of which are printed on the back of every program. The medley is very characteristic of Church policy in general. They will educate their people with classical music; they will call attention to their patriotism; they will appeal to the humble with “Silver Threads among the Gold”; but they will never omit the favorite Mormon hymn—written by Emma C. Snow Smith in 1848. So you pass from a Bach fugue to the strains of

“In the heavens are parents single?

No: the thought makes reason stare!

Truth is reason; truth eternal

Tells me I've a mother there.”

Use of the Mormon Tabernacle is freely granted for political and other public meetings—with the sole condition that, whatever the occasion, the Mormon choir must be present and must sing.

What does the Church do with its money? That is a question one inevitably asks, sooner or later. There is no priestly order to support; all are laymen. The missionaries pay their own expenses—in the case of the very young men, the parents pay them—except for the return ticket, when missioning is done. If you are sent to China for three years you buy your own transportation, and you support yourself while there. The Church pays only for your passage home. Where do the tithes go? Well, there is the Temple Block to be kept up; the music, too, is expensive. And there are new Temples to erect. Temples cost a great deal. The Temple in Salt Lake cost less than some others, though it took forty years to build. (But all labor on it was freely given!) There are four in Utah; a new one in Alberta; one in Laie, Hawaii; one building at present in Arizona. They intend to build the finest of all in Independence, Missouri, because Joseph Smith declared it to be Zion. That is a necessary if expensive gesture. Temples, nowadays, run well over a million; and Temples they must have within reach of any considerable group of Saints. All the really important things—the “ordinances,” etc.—are carried on in the Temple: baptism, “sealing,” marrying (I am told a marriage ceremony takes all day), and the like. The Church has recently had to buy the inn at the head of Emigration Canyon, and operate it at a loss, because the Canyon in summer is inhabited by Saints who resented having a roadhouse in their vicinity. The Church must have to do a good deal of private financing of its agricultural members in hard times. The real problem for the Church is, perhaps, the tithing problem. They could afford to let the young people liberalize themselves doctrinally; but

with too much liberalism goes the refusal to pay tithes. The Church is rich—though just after the war it nearly went on the rocks—but it will not continue to be rich unless the tithes pour in. The genius of America, which is absorbing and influencing the intelligent young Saints, is not a genius that impels to the paying of tithes to any church, or to the disclosing of a man's private affairs to his ward bishop. The early Mormons themselves drew the line at the kind of communism which Joseph Smith endeavored to impose on them in 1831. “Owing to persecution, and to the selfishness, pride, and disobedience of men it was not permanently founded. . . . The lesser law of tithing was given then in lieu thereof, in the year 1838. This law requires the person to pay, first, his surplus property to the Bishop, and after that, one tenth of his annual income.”

Are the present-day Mormons going to keep the lesser law? Most Gentile incline to doubt very much that their prominent Mormon friends abide by it completely. That there is trouble about the tithes is unquestionable. Certainly the “surplus” does not always go to the bishop. The Prophet's purpose was explicitly that no man should be richer than another, and that any property above the necessary minimum for supporting life should be given up. It is obvious to the most casual investigator that, though there may be a high subsistence-level, some Mormons are richer than others, and spend the “surplus” on themselves, precisely as Gentiles do. The future of tithing is very dubious. The Presidency, of late decades, has not gone in much for divine revelation, though belief in revelation prophecy, and the gift of tongues remains one of the prominent articles of the Mormon faith. When the great crisis of 1890 was upon the Church, President Wilford Woodruff had no new revelation about polygamy; he merely made a solemn declaration that the Church had ceased to teach or practice

it. Polygamy passed long since; endowment robes and abstinence from tobacco and coffee are going; Mormons marry Gentiles, outside the Temple. But the real crash will come when the tithes stop. And Americans do not give up their surplus, or pay tithes, unless they want to. If the Irish-American has for the most part escaped the domination of his clergy, the Mormon-American is not going to stop forever under the tutelage of his wardbishop.

Salt Lake City is old, as non-Spanish towns go, in our Far West. But mere comparative age could not have given it its superior dignity and beauty. The trees have had time to grow—but it was Brigham Young who had them planted immediately. Helaid out the city, in the beginning, on the grand scale. He fetched water down from the canyons. As soon as he could afford to build for permanence, he built well. The Tiffany Company has contributed to the interior of the Temple a large stained-glass window representing

the Father and Son appearing to Joseph Smith. Most of us will never see Tiffany's conception of that interesting event, but we can see the exterior of the Temple, which had no famous architect. Under Brigham Young's direction, they dragged the great stones down in ox-carts from Little Cottonwood Canyon; twenty years later, they had a railroad to help them carry the granite; twenty



BIG COTTONWOOD CANYON

years after that, the Temple was finished, and it remains the romantic and historic heart of the city. From below, the gilded statue of Moroni is merely the topmost pinnacle of the great pile. But if you wish to come under Moroni's spell, dine at sunset on the roof of your hotel, opposite the Temple Block. Each moment is lovelier than the last. Your eye rakes three points of the compass; from the Wasatches behind at your left, round to the Oquirrh and the Great Salt Lake before you, to rest on Moroni rising at your right hand, his trumpet pointing to stars you cannot see. It is Moroni at nightfall who would convert me to Mormonism, if I were to be converted. He seems to have very little to do with Mormon his father, or Joseph

Smith his prophet, or the hill Cumorah, or the golden plates; but a great deal to do with human aspiration. Out of a forbidding faith and a lurid history has come the figure of the angel at sunset.

One hopes that there will always be enough tithes, or enough profit on beet-root sugar, to keep Moroni gilded and secure in his commanding position. If they took all the tourists to dine on the roof of the Hotel Utah, reservations on the Yellowstone Special would not be easy to get. I know that if to me were intrusted the task of "selling" Salt Lake City, I should not talk about pivotal centers and radii. I should merely say, in the words of Brigham Young, "This is the place."

This Was the Crag

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

HERE on this shifting ground the pebbles slip
 Careless and hard beneath our aching feet;
 Hand clutching hand where lip once clung to lip,
 Eyes driving eyes to sorrowful retreat
 Where once we stood upon eternal rock,
 And planned how we should build together here
 A house that neither time nor flaw nor shock
 Might ever shake while year succeeded year.

We stand where we stood then: the same trees rise
 Beside the river, and the hills roll back
 Until they rest against remembered skies;
 This was the crag we climbed, and there the track . . .
 Beneath our feet the careless pebbles slip,
 Hand clutching hand where lip once clung to lip.

The Violet

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN

Catherine the Great, walking one morning in the park at Tsarkoye, saw the earliest violet of spring. She called a member of her suite and ordered him to have a sentry placed on guard lest anyone pluck it.—Russian History.

DAY broke. The royal park of the summer palace at Tsarskoye-Selo loomed stark in the light as a forest yet almost wholly in bud. Nowhere did the radiance fall lovelier than upon a glade in its depths. Along one side a path of pleasure ran; on the opposite, old fir trees stood grouped closely. Out in this bare spot, a few steps from the evergreen boughs, a round tuft of thickly growing leaves had lately reared itself out of the vernal earth. On the rim of the tuft next the sun there opened in the lawn a violet.

The Empress of all the Russias came walking through the park, trust of it on her face. Impress of a world of things that bore her no malice, that reproached her with no misdeeds, that shook her with no concern. This was a morning four when her Imperial Majesty sometimes broadened her shoulders for the weight of empire by leaning upon lives which have no burden; when into theanimate stronghold of her fettered clanking years—all Nature's bolts withdrawn and secret passages set open—she let flow the spirit of the earth's return to boyousness and youth.

At such hours she walked farther in advance of her attendant ladies-in-waiting and officers or nobles of the court than etiquette at the summer palace required. She preferred that none watch her countenance during her frank pleasure, pass vitiated judgment upon her purer emotions. One face for Nature, one for human nature—that she had earned; that you would better learn.

Traversing a spot of forest beauty, she checked her footsteps with attention suddenly concentrated upon a woodland object on one side of the path. A moment later she went over and stood looking down upon it—the earliest violet—looking with eyes of violet blue that could be so tender, so terrible; that still searched despairingly within herself for fresh evidence of the Spring of life when all they could behold there was the passing of life's Autumn.

Her suite had paused, observant of her behavior but not curious, since it was her Imperial Majesty's habit during these strolls to linger, to loiter, to deviate in her course, quite as she had grown accustomed to pursue caprices wandering from the throne.

She now turned her glowingly beautiful face toward the group of figures standing back there in gorgeous contrast with the austere nakedness of the Spring woods. By a slight bend of the august head she signaled an officer to approach. Not altogether, though one of her attendants this morning, could she have trusted or have liked him; but then, who, albeit she still loved and loved again and again as is Nature's insatiate decree for some sad women—who in all the world was there now that she could any longer trust? As he paused before her, with a keen movement of the eyes, in words few and cold, she directed his notice to what had attracted hers:

"Have a sentry placed on guard beside this violet. It will become his duty to see that no idle stroller pluck it. And you will not entrust the execution of this order to another. Yourself, bring one of the guardsmen here and tell him in my very words the wish of his Sovereign. And leave us at once upon this errand,

lest that be done before that be done that would prevent it."

The officer rapidly recrossed the park in the direction of the glade, bringing a young guardsman. He had been angered by the disrespect with which her Imperial Majesty had laid upon him her command. Moreover, her assignment of him to the petty detail of carrying out this latest of her many whims had deranged his plans for a pleasanter morning. Angry still, he was now making haste to return that he might take part in certain convivialities.

Three paces behind him the youthful footguard, following like a dog trained to heel, kept the swift stride. He had not understood why so over-ranked an officer, hastily entering the barracks yard, and as chance would have it stumbling upon him, had instantly wheeled and bidden him come along. His first thought had been of punishment—light but heavy enough—to be inflicted for some breach of discipline. Memory had been asked whether it had anything to give up and memory had answered yes, and had given up a number of things. Nevertheless, as he had started to follow, he had laughed. Good-natured, happy, conscious of being neither gravely guilty nor gravely delinquent, behind the furious officer's back silently a moment he had laughed.

But when he perceived that he was being led away alone into the park—why into the park?—he was struck with terror. Enemies—had he an unknown enemy?—possibly some rival for Kyra's love? Who from highest to lowest attached to the palace but stood in constant peril of envy or jealousy, intrigue, ruin?

As the officer kept straight on his way, drawing him into the depths of the park where none could witness whatever was to take place, his limbs, his senses, every resource failed him except imagination, and imagination held up only the picture of a secret horrible death. When, sometime, he was found lying there in the brush, brains blown out or vitals run

through, who would say a word? A serf more or less such as he out of the millions of them—who cared?

He stumbled weakly along, pitched heavily forward, his face overspread with pallor, his eyes dark with the pathos of those who believe that Fate has overtaken them, innocent though they are.

The officer strode into the glade, wheeled, clapped a hand upon his sword hilt and pointed groundward toward a spot some yards off:

"By Her Imperial Majesty's order you are to stand guard over those—those flowers. No one, strolling through the park, is to be allowed to approach them or to pull them. If anyone attempts it, thrust him back. If he perseveres, thrust him through. Mount guard!"

The soldier, unnerved by terror, heard but did not believe what he heard and did not move. The officer's rage—meant for Her Imperial Majesty—he understood to be directed at him. An unsoldierly duty like that!—mockery before murder. He swayed on his legs.

The officer rushed at him and struck him a blow on the side of the head which sent him reeling several paces. He staggered back for another blow—his dumb Slavic acceptance of whatsoever life meted out to him. The officer caught him by the arm, thrust him forward, steadied him in the place he should stand, shook him violently as though to settle him there, then hurried back to the path whence he repeated his charge.

"Her Imperial Majesty's order: Stand guard over those flowers! In the morning or this afternoon she may pass here again. If anything has happened to them, I shall be summoned. If I am summoned, I shall summon you."

Several yards away, he looked back. Once more and for the last time, from as far as he could see through the park trees and shrubs, he looked again.

There the guardsman stood, his eyes riveted on him, his ghastly face a white blur against the dark background of the firs, the silvery sunlight falling faintly across his big shoulders.

Zubof stepped cautiously out from behind the evergreens. His ugly, trusty face wore a look of bewilderment and he shot glances of fear in the direction the officer had disappeared. Leon uttered a low cry of joy:

"Zubof! You here!"

"I saw him when he hurried into the barracks yard and out again, taking you with him. I followed at a distance to find out what he was going to do. What is the meaning of it, all this?"

Leon set his musket down and leaned heavily, weakly, upon it and laughed. Color was returning to his face, as calmness to his heart, that he was not to die.

"I thought he meant to murder me—some lie!"

"If it was not a lie!"

Leon looked at his comrade in doubt for a moment, then turned and pointed:

"I am to stand here to guard these violets—it is Her Imperial Majesty's pleasure: she does not wish them to be pulled."

Now long ago and often in the guard-room and in other rooms where the soldiers talked of the same old things that soldiers talk of everywhere, Leon and Zubof had listened to gossip of how Her Imperial Majesty loved the more scandalously the older she grew and of how she called the more frequently for changes of young lovers. They even felt a flattered personal share in the report that oftener than elsewhere now she looked to the footguard or to the horse-guard or to any other guard which gathered into itself from over the Empire Russia's strongest men. They themselves not long before had witnessed the ceremony of certain young gallants of the barracks, having donned their most becoming uniforms and oiled their hair and recommended themselves to the surrounding atmosphere by the use of perfumes, taking up striking positions where they could not fail to be noticed by Her Imperial Majesty as she walked slowly past them on her return from church! With enamored wonderment they had hung upon the very particular

story that, as each successive favorite was transplanted from the circumjacent human outdoors (of ordinary temperature) to the palace hothouse, he was there, by Her Imperial Majesty's order, guarded day and night lest anyone else approach him and pluck him.

To rumors such as these and to other scandals worse by far Leon and Zubof were grown used and were grown hardened; the Court of Russia had grown hardened, if it needed hardening; most of the courts of Europe had at least grown used.

But a footguard stationed by some sad throb of Her Imperial Majesty's heart to guard a wild violet of spring—this was conduct fresh to experience and to this their natures were uncorrupted. So that barbarians as they were, serfs, soldiers—two of those strange children of Russia whose wild play of emotion none can foretell and the white lotus of whose tenderness rises, it may be, from the blackest mire—they stood looking into each other's eyes in silence.

Each at the moment saw boyhood yonder, yonder, in a Russian village, with its near-by forest, and saw violets in the woods of Spring.

Leon was not disappointed: Zubof, touched by memory, without a word started to pass behind Leon for a closer look. Leon placed his big hand against his chest and stopped him.

"No, no! Those are my orders, Zubof. Don't go any nearer."

"Things might have been worse!" laughed Zubof, looking round him with relief. "Now, if they find out that I have been absent without leave," he added, fear gathering in his eyes; and with a friendly nod he started on his return. Leon stopped him.

"One thing, Zubof! Go to see Kyra! Find her wherever she is, or get word to her somehow, and explain that I shall be kept here all day. I was to be with her, and if she waits and I do not come, she will imagine one wrong thing or another—may believe I am with some one else! She is always jealous, too jealous,

too jealous! Do this! It means more than I can tell you."

He showed distress. When last with Kyra he had had of her their love's fulfillment. Since, she had denied him even the sight of herself until to-day.

Zubof reflected that this delay would increase his peril, and if caught, his punishment. But he promised and started again more precipitately. Again Leon stopped him.

"Tell Kyra that I sent her word to slip away and come to see me here! That I shall be looking for her all day, every moment all day!"

Zubof was off for the third time and Leon stopped him for the third time, walking beside him and forgetting the spot he must guard.

"Ask Kyra to bring along something to keep me alive: I shall be here without a mouthful. That officer will be thinking of his own stomach. To bring something for herself also, enough for us both, and we will eat it together, she and I, here in the park—near the violets. A basketful! Caviar, raw herrings, sardines! A sturgeon pie—mushrooms and truffles—some cold pig with horse-radish! Things like that. Two roast fowls—ham—salted goose—cucumbers and turnips! Tell her to see that young pastry cook—the one who is in love with her—and have him give her some of the pastries and jellies and cakes that he is making to-day for Her Imperial Majesty. He has done the like before. And oranges and pineapples! And *kvas*—and *meod*—and sherry—*klowka*—hydromel—rum—champagne! Kyra must understand," he went on with swelling humorous swagger, "that her Imperial Majesty has appointed me guardian of her wild flowers in the park and from this time on will wish me to have better food and better wine! Fill the basket, tell her, with the best in the palace kitchens. Her Imperial Majesty would have it done if she knew—and she would have that officer shot! She is like a mother to us guardsmen."

Zubof, impatient at being detained,

had yet stood listening and laughing, his own palate hungrily responsive to the joints and wines that heaped the picnic basket. At this juncture his face became charged with fear.

"Officers! Behind the pines!"

Zubof fled.

They were almost upon the sentry as they came round into view—two officers of the crack regiment of the *Chevaliers Gardes*: resplendent in long jack-boots, leather breeches, tunics of white, and silvery cuirasses and silvery helmets surmounted by the Russian eagle.

One was not quite sober, the other even less; and as they supposed themselves unobserved and unheard in this remote part of the park, they were talking and laughing loudly, jostling and jostled in their unsteady walk.

Instantly at sight of the sentry pacing slowly to and fro, they stopped in dead silence. With countenances darkened by suspicion, they exchanged remarks in undertones. Then they approached, and the soberer of the two, across the reserve which separated a Russian officer and noble from the Russian serf, demanded the reason of his being there. The sentry stepped challengingly before them and proclaimed the Imperial mandate in soldierly words curt and rough. They well became, he thought, his own new rank as autocrat of the place and hour.

When they heard, each sought the other's eyes, and as each scrutinized the other's expression they broke into coarse laughter. The less sober expressed to his companion the hope that the violet, after having enjoyed for a little while Her Imperial Majesty's exclusive favor, would not die of the colic.

Russian guardrooms would have enjoyed the slur; the courts of Europe would have understood. Over in France her illustrious thinker D'Alembert, ever in a brain overcrowded with philosophy had found room for it and entertainment. For when Her Imperial Majesty, standing at the palace window on the Neva which Peter had built to open upon

Europe, when she, standing at that window and looking across at Europe, most of all at France, had invited Voltaire and Condorcet and other scholars to become her guests at the court of St. Petersburg, D'Alembert had shaken his head and laughed. "I think I'll not go," he remarked; "so many distinguished people die of the colic in that country!"

As the drunken officer uttered his jest he started to pass around the sentry, thinking him no barrier to his own rank and privilege. The sentry interposed his musket.

"No one is to be allowed nearer."

With an oath the officer struck the sentry a blow in the face: "Tell a Russian officer what he shall not do!"

The sentry with a quick violent thrust of his hand pushed him over backward. The other officer caught him as he fell and the two struggled together—the one to free himself, the other to draw him away. For other voices were heard approaching, clear silvery happy voices of other strollers in the park; and whatever one wished to do in such a case, one wished, if in his senses, to do it unobserved: in the Russia of that age you best revenged yourself in secret.

The sentry, enraged by the pain of the blow and wounded in his pride of place, broke through military discipline.

"I do not tell an officer what he shall not do! Her Imperial Majesty tells him; and if he is not enough of an officer to respect her wish, I am to make him. That is my duty here."

"Another day for you!" muttered the soberer officer, struggling with his comrade.

But the other, freeing his right arm by a furious effort, jerked from his tunic a jeweled pocket revolver and fired at the sentry's head. The bullet cut a bough of one of the fir trees behind him; it fell over and hung by a strand of its bark.

The skin of the sentry's face had been broken by the blow. He staunched the flow of blood as he followed the struggling officers a few paces, then stood

watching them as they withdrew. They were withdrawing hurriedly. Other strollers stood looking on, eye-witnesses of what had been interference with Her Imperial Majesty's whim and pleasure.

The sentry, turning at last, saw three little Grand Duchesses grouped in the path and wide eyed in innocent wonder of what they had beheld.

The eldest was all ermine and silver and blue, Russian ermine, the loved Russian blue, the blue of the Russian sky overhead that Spring morning. The next in age stood decked in ermine and rose color and bands of palest gold. The youngest, embedded in her white nest in her carriage, showed only snowwhite. As the Russian hare turns snowwhite in winter, she seemed not yet ready to yield to any persuasions of the coloring year.

The French nurse had heard the pistol shot, had seen the blow, had caught the sentry's insult to his military superiors. But it was an age of duels and of dark never-explained events happening in lonely places. The counterpart of such an occurrence might have taken place before her eyes in her own park, the *Bois*. Still, questions were in her mind as the sentry walked quietly toward her, and he saw them.

"We were fighting about a violet," he explained, with boyish candor. "This morning Her Imperial Majesty found a violet here in the park," he turned and pointed, "and she had me placed on guard over it. That drunken officer would as soon as not have amused himself by stamping on it. If I had reported him he would have had me poisoned or tortured or assassinated. If the blame had fallen on me I'd have been court-martialed and shot."

"Come!" he said to the two little Grand Duchesses as he read a wish in their wide-eyed silence, "you shall see Her Imperial Majesty's violet!"

Placing himself between them, his musket pinioned under an arm with the point of the bayonet trailing behind, he took the hand which each with quick

confidence gave him and slowly led them forward.

They approached within arm's reach of the flower.

"You see it?" he asked, looking down at them, in tender pride of proprietorship. The little Grand Duchesses, their breathing all but hushed through awe of his rough barbarian earnestness, answered—with polite disappointment—that they saw.

As he led them back the eyes of the nurse rested upon him with love. Love of something in him that was human, that one is glad to think of as being in the world. This emotion of hers, beautiful and warm, cast its spell over him. As he let go the children's hands he hesitated before her, then put his arms round her and kissed her.

She called back to him, shaking her head and laughing as she moved away with the children:

"The embrace was not for me! You imagined I was some one else! You are in love!"

He stood looking after her in guilty happy silence; her words left a fragrance along the forest path.

Rough noises at his back caused him to wheel about—this day it seemed his fate to be startled once and again by things coming upon him from behind.

Moujiks they were, seven of them, shuffling rapidly along as seven bears might huddle tumultuously in a trail; heavy bearded, shaggy haired, red shirted, coarse, unkempt, brutish—on their way to the palace. A squad of its army of scullions; scavengers of skillets and kettles and pots and pans and scraps and slops; human waste toiling in the lower regions of the palace to remove—or devour—the kitchen waste. They took notice of him but did not care: what to them was his being there as being elsewhere or being nowhere? He noticed them but cared neither for them nor for their fate.

His thought returned to the little Grand Duchesses. In his rough palms he still felt the pressure of their affection-

ate, confiding, delicate little high-bred hands. They were going, they told him, to ride on the lake in one of her Imperial Majesty's stately gilt barges; and he saw them in imagination as they reached an arm of the lake and passed in snowy procession over the bridge of rarest blue Siberian marble. Then they were going to the palace to meet their mamma and other little Grand Duchesses with their mammas. Would they assemble, he wondered, in the great room of blue and gold, its walls and furniture incrustured with lapis lazuli, its floor of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl? Or in another room whose chandeliers, cabinets, figures, and fixtures were all of the loveliest shades of amber?

Kyra it was—Kyra, one of the army of serving maids when the court moved from the winter palace in St. Petersburg to the summer palace at Tsarskoye-Selo—Kyra it was who described to him the magnificence of some of the rooms. How many they were! The façade of the building on the garden-side stretched nearly a quarter of a mile!

A serving maid, not a Maid of Honor! He was glad. Maids of Honor were the soiled themes of barracks-yard and mess-room scandals, as being much too near Her Imperial Majesty not to be too much like her.

Where was Kyra now in that vast inner forest of splendors? Would Zubof reach her with this message? There were ways. The whole palace was a fortress of secret intrigues, from Her Imperial Majesty down to moujiks: intrigues that covered Europe, intrigues that snatched a bottle of champagne, intrigues that brought breathlessly together two young lovers in a room.

Slowly he turned back to the blossoming spot, the duty to guard which chained him as by the leg this day so that he could not reach the intrigue of his own desire. Sentrywise he began to walk back and forth, back and forth. All at once his nature had another awakening: he stood looking round him at the green-
ing woods of Spring—true Russian forest,

for the park measured more than twenty miles around.

Well he knew the forest, for he was the son of a gamekeeper on the estates of a Russian nobleman, and until made soldier, his life and his duty had lain mostly there—in the forest with his father.

Each time he turned in his sentry walk he had directly in view, twenty yards away, a young tree in fresh full leaf, the others near by either budding or not yet budded. He went across to it and drew down a bough and shook it, making the leaves dance along the stem. When a boy, sent to the forest for mushrooms or berries or acorns or what not else, he would break off some such bough and go along with it in his hand, the gayer for its company. He snapped off a tuft of leaves now and stuck it in his head-piece, to nod there like a wild plume for Kyra to smile at.

Going back to his place, he caught sight of a darker bough, the hanging fir branch which the officer's bullet had cut in two. He smiled. When in the dead of winter some furred nobleman from the capital had killed his big game the half-frozen peasants who had been the game-beaters broke off evergreen branches and waved them, dancing about in festive spirit. He was glad to have the emblem of victory hanging there near him all day: he would give it to Kyra when she came and tell the story of it.

Once he went up close to the tuft of violets and with the point of his shining bayonet pressed the leaves down to one side: other buds were on their way, another would blossom in to-morrow's light. Once into the glade through the silvery air a pallid butterfly came wandering and with long searching leaps of its wings bounded this way and that. He felt lonely and playful in his happiness and fain to speak to any creature.

"Take care," he said, "don't you go too near! Those are Her Imperial Majesty's orders! She is your Imperial Majesty too!"

Not in a great while did any more strollers pass anywhere near and deepest stillness lay upon the woods; for the constant countless sounds of growing Nature—little pushings and thrustings and burstings open and other displacements—are too fine for human ears. Naught had he to listen to but the constant noise of his big coarse boots, trampling dry twigs, or kicking leaves which the winds had loosened since the last snow had melted; for the weight of the Russian snows presses the crumpled foliage of Autumn flat against the earth, and thus the leaves lie, when snows have disappeared, until the winds have ruffled and raised them.

Under his boots the brittle bare black twigs and gray matted foliage looked like winter still; but with a sidelong sweep of his leg he cleared some twigs and leaves away, and up through the soil tiny whitish, yellowish, greenish buds and blades and stems were rushing as thickly as sprouted seeds in a glass-covered hotbed. With incredible swiftness the Russian earth would soon be softly, brilliantly carpeted for its familiar summer.

Spring! And as when in the remote depths of some forest the male, having found the spot where they would build, gives out upon the bright lonely air his call to his mate hurrying on from the south—all day at intervals repeating his call, if by chance she have already come—so he during the slow hours uttering there within himself, or aloud for his ear, his own musical note, his note of pairing: "Kyra!"

Looking often at the young tree before him in its mantle of tender green, at the root of which she was to sit on a mound of evergreen boughs which he would cut for her:

"Kyra!"

Sending often his quick glance down every open vista of the park, scrutinizing each distant stroller, most eagerly, each female figure, with hope that it would turn out to be his mate hastening to him:

"Kyra! Kyra!"

Listening to the noises of his boots on the dead twigs and leaves, under which the dead of Spring was resistlessly rising; resistlessly rising as well in him:

"Kyra! Kyra! Kyra! Kyra!"

Earth soon to be strewn with colors and fragrances and interlaced with songs because once more for a brief season Life was at play with Love. Up from far southern lands the double snipe flying straight to its Arctic nest again. The hare darkening hitherward out of its unubial whiteness, frisky at the sign. In the rose of dawn the rush of wings of the blackcock toward his parade- and proof-ground, white-velvet vested, blue-satin coated, loving all. In the treetop the capercailzie gone blind and deaf with ecstasy of his high hour. All forest creatures understanding alike and at heart the same. He borne along with the rest of them:

"Kyra!"

The sun, which even when highest is never high at Tsarskoye, had turned nightward. Zubof, unless thwarted or arrested, must long ago have delivered his message. Their rations in the mess rooms his fellow-guardsmen long since had hungrily swallowed down. Restless with hunger himself, wretched with fears, back and forth, back and forth he strode rapidly, his eyes sweeping in all directions the open spaces of the landscape. If his message had not reached Kyra! She would seek at the appointed hour their secret meeting-place and wait; at last she would steal away. He watched in imagination her changing face the while she sat there and he did not come; he penetrated her thought as, forlorn, she rose to go: to herself betrayed, already deserted. Long, so long, she had repelled his wooing, fearful that he meant but that: the summer palace knew so little else.

"Kyra!" he shouted, in a transport of relief and joy.

She was looking at him from the op-

posite side of the row of fir trees, her hands holding two of the lower boughs apart, thus framed within their forest reality. Startlingly disclosed there— young, tall, slender, swarthy, lovely, proud; meeting his eye without a smile or a word.

"How long have you been here?" he asked first of all, struck by the look on her face which had none of the excitement of one who has just eagerly arrived.

With a quietness foreign to his knowledge of her, she answered:

"How many hours have I been here? Almost since Zubof brought your message. How many years? Ever since I can remember."

With her eyes fixed inscrutably upon him she withdrew her hands, and the boughs like heavy curtains closed over her.

"Kyra!" he exclaimed in consternation at some disastrous change in her and sentry duty forgotten, he started headlong round the firs. Halfway, checked by a sense of danger, he sprang back and watched now one end, now the other, of the barrier row of trees.

She came round slowly and, with the step of one who drags light feet heavily, she crossed the bright glade, going straight, as by some ancestral wildwood habit, to the young tree spreading its shelter of trusty leaves. There, with the naturalness of races who are accustomed at summer season to be much on the ground, she seated herself against the trunk of the tree, facing him in silence.

She had laid aside her menial garb as a serving maid at the palace. She had come thither not as a serving maid but as a woman, as a being sovereign to herself; the garments and ornaments she wore thus bespoke her. She sat there also—having been born of the travail of wandering races and the cross-purposes of wild generations, Tartar, Muscovite, Hebrew, Gipsy—she sat there potent and fragrant with the mysterious charm of women of the East.

On her heavy black hair above the del-

ate black eyebrows rested an Oriental cap or turban of yellow silk. Old earrings, like the moon curved against the evening sky, dangled from her ears. A pearl armband with lights and shades of gold hung about her shoulders and lay on the ground on each side of her, so that its long fringes flowed as the sheen of waters over the gray, black winter firs and leaves. Her arms and bust were roundly outlined under the softness of black velvet, except where the smoothness of satin was inlaid along the covered throat. Bright crimson was on her skirt. Antique bracelets encircled her wrists, suggesting ancient chains of the wearer's too wilful freedom. In the temple of the bare throat, suspended by a thread of gold, hung a small jewel—the coveted place no doubt through the travail and cross-purposes of one woman after another now lying in far scattered, long-forgotten graves.

Thus she had come to him, withdrawn her hostility from him, wearing her riches to hide her wound.

Time and again, forgetful of duty, he turned toward her, then, remembering, hurried back; time and again he implored her to tell him why she was angry. Only once did his pleading agitate her out of her implacable calm: she threw her hands backward over her shoulders and catching up the shawl, drew it forward more closely under her bare throat; the movement suggested the completer averting of herself bodily away from his eyes.

Then he ceased beseeching her to declare why she was offended. Then he resumed hastening toward her and, torn between love and duty, hastening back. Innocent to himself of having wronged her and not by anything in her imagination to be made guilty, he confronted her across the open space as mute as she. Then, persisting in silence, she drew from her pocket delicate needlework and began to embroider as if alone at a lattice window in some moment of leisure, sure, he, wrapping himself in silence, lifted his musket into position and

began to pace to and fro as if alone on guard before the barracks-yard gates.

At this unforeseen roughness and obduracy the needlework after a long interval dropped to her lap. Was the new stubbornness in him a sign that since they were last together he had ceased yielding—now that she had yielded all; evidence that she had already lost ground in a nature where she had thought but to have won complete possession?

The needlework dropped to her lap. She spoke first, not to be the longer affronted and humiliated by his flaunted rudeness.

"Has Marta gone?"

Her words crossed the space between them—low, somber, bitter with irony, tremulous with suffering.

He wheeled toward her, listening.

"I did not wish to surprise Marta and you here—alone together."

His good-natured face cleared of its cloud. He smiled in a careless way.

"What is it about Marta?"

The air of innocence was to her a new baseness in him.

"When you sent for me, did you not send for Marta also—since you must have us both for your pleasure?"

He laughed.

"What is it about Marta? I did not send for Marta. What is this about my having you both?"

She studied him with gathering scorn.

"Must you be told?" She lifted one hand, the fingers separated, and across the tips she counted with a finger of the other:

"One day, two days, three days, after you were with me you had Marta in your arms, you were kissing Marta."

His face darkened. "What enemy has made evil out of that?"

"A loyal person to me!"

"It was nothing."

"What was nothing?"

"Putting my arms round Marta."

"Did you tell Marta it was nothing?"

"Marta understood."

"Did Marta tell you she understood?"

She confided to me that you had made love to her!"

He tossed his head and laughed outright with gay unconcern. The tuft of young leaves in his headgear rustled as in a light wind.

"I had no desire to make love to Marta. It was the thought of *you*."

"Did you tell Marta it was the thought of me?"

With each word she outwitted him. Within himself, if silent, he was well content. When he spoke he made trouble for himself. She pressed her advantage.

"Zubof found Marta and delivered your message to her. She brought it to me; and she, Marta—Marta, I tell you—laughed that you had sent for *me* to come and feed you here in the park. Amusing yourself openly with me while you were in love with her! Exposing *me* to the danger, sacrificing *me*!"

"Kyra!" he called out in sternness, "I love *you*! You know I love you. Nothing could keep you from knowing."

She laughed in mockery.

"I fondle Zubof or Feodor or Sergei or Andriev or some other guardsman and come and swear it was my thought of *you*!"

He could not match her in words but he remained uncontrite and unabashed.

"Oh!" she cried, "it is because you are Russian." She spoke as though she drew away from her own Russian birth and sought safer, higher ground in her other commingled races—Tartar, Hebrew, Gipsy. "You are Russian, and the Russian always keeps fine words for whatever he does! He always looks innocent to himself! He betrays any virtue in the name of some other virtue and he betrays love in love's own name—as you do now!"

He answered slowly, looking round him at the woods of Spring and up at the cleanness of the sky as though they—the forest and its stainless curtain—attested the rightness of his nature.

"I did not make myself Russian and I do not know how I am made. Nor do I know why I feel as I feel and act as I

act. But I do know that I love you, that I love no one else. And because I love you, I love more the young tree under which you sit. I love more the violet guard. I love more Her Imperial Majesty. I love more the guardsmen who are my friends. I love more boyhood memories of myself and the memory of my father. I love passing strangers more. Because my love of you has made the world more lovable."

Not so could he have spoken, had he not been deeply moved, the things he strove to utter being his defense. Hitherto he had appeared weaponless against her words, which like skillful swords cut his own words to pieces one by one as fast as they issued, leaving him in her eyes a disarmed and false and sorry figure. Till, half angered by this so morbid desire of hers to demean and wound him, he had found deeper voice to summon to his cause what lay beyond her attack—the nature of great love itself, his love: which, when it takes possession of a man, may so touch and soften and gladden him that those around are cast in a kindlier light and the world comes to have a new meaning and a new happiness.

But the nature of great love itself, he said not so, not so. Other maid of the palace had not become more companionable to her but less; admirer among the guardsmen not more attractive but less. He, Leon, now that she had given herself wholly to him, virtue even, he, Leon, was everything and the rest of the world was not more lovable; the rest of the world was naught. As sometimes may be the nature of a woman's great love, which does not spread abroad as a new beauty upon the wide and tranquil sky but contracts into a solitary handbreadth of cloud where the flame is.

She had hastened to the park not to picnic with him as a faithful sentry to a violet but to reproach him with his faithlessness to one who loved him and whose virtue he now had upon his conscience, as she had hurried along mean

me asking herself: after the reproaches, what then? Give him up? No, pleaded her love, that could not, could not, be. Willing to him the same? No, repined her love, how could that ever be? Yet the one or the other do she must; and throughout those wavering hours helplessness to choose had held her back.

Meantime through the evergreens she had watched him as he walked to and fro, being a lonely beauty of love on his face, hearing him call her name over and over to himself, softly, musically. At one such moment, yielding to impulse, she had drawn the boughs apart, disclosing her presence.

Now, as he essayed to show how his love of her stirred him in different ways of tenderness for others, she shook her head and she grew the whiter. When he ceased, she was ready to visit upon him the irreversible judgment of those dumb hours:

"Promise to leave Marta alone. Make Marta understand that it was with her you trifled and that to me by love you are bound—to me only. Promise no more play with Marta, nor with any other of the palace maids, nor with any other woman in the world. Now that I am yours, you are mine—you everything to me, I everything to you. Promise!" She bent far over toward him. Her hands under her shawl caught and held one another as to hope—hope which was nigh despair.

With no consenting sign, long his eyes rested on her; then, countenance as clear and voice as careless as ever, he answered her in quietness:

"Made I those promises, I would break them if I ever wished to break them. I am what I am. Promises could not make me what I am not."

"You will not promise?" she asked, her voice almost unheard.

"I will not promise," he answered stoutly once and for all.

She bent quickly over to her lap, burying her face out of his sight in her hands. He went on in his open-minded way.

"A little thing happened here in the

park this morning. A nurse came past with some children. I told the children of Her Imperial Majesty's command. They wished to see the violet and I took them by the hand and led them up to it. When I brought them back the nurse received me with a smile. I was standing close to her and, with longing for you, I put my arms around her and kissed her."

She lifted her face out of her hands and sat scrutinizing him as with freshly shocked, fully aroused intelligence and understanding: that even after sending for her, even while waiting for her—during those moments!—he had not desisted, he had indulged his amorous ways with yet another, the first woman in sight, a mere passer-by: in composure he now told her this.

Old warm tender things went out of her face; he saw them go. New things came into it; he saw them come.

"Had I reached here a little sooner I might have seen the nurse in your arms! I might actually have witnessed the familiar spectacle of your love—of *me*!"

Her words made you think of light, dry flakes of snow.

He faltered, then persevered in finishing his story in candor to the last.

"The nurse understood. As she walked away with the children she called back to me: 'The embrace was not for me! You imagined I was some one else! You love!'"

She threw back her head and laughed—laughed loud and horribly. Once before he had heard a woman laugh that way—only once in his lifetime. There had been a lynx hunt in the dead of winter and late that night, after the heavy feast and heavy drinking, one of the hunting party, a nobleman of wealth, had engaged his father to drive to a distant camp of dancing gypsies. He had begged his father to take him along. The gypsies were asleep. By rich promises they were persuaded to dress, to serve wine, to dance. The dancing reached its climax with the coming out of the gypsy whom alone the nobleman had

come to see. She was used to have drunken Russians throw their stuffed purses to her, throw jeweled rings. She danced to this one; he drew out his bag of gold mesh and tossed her a coin and rose to leave. She walked to where the coin had fallen, stood over it, threw back her head and laughed, and kicked the coin back at him. All the homeward drive that laughter had been in his ears—a woman's laughter at a man, such laughter—and now he heard it again—laughter like it—horrible laughter at him.

It was as if the barbaric woman, sitting under the green tree, had with the proud fierce instincts of her blood risen and kicked back at him the coin of his words—his price to her for having danced to him the dance of her youth, innocence, love.

She did actually rise. She sprang up and as the shawl slipped from her shoulders, she threw it round them again and turned away—what more was there to hear or to say? Toward the footpath running to the palace she moved swiftly. Then from some fresh impulse which counted not consequences but would wreak itself upon him for its brief moment, she returned and lingeringly reseated herself. She had assumed a manner as unconcerned as his own.

"Another of those little things—your little things—happened in the park today. As I was on my way here, two soldiers stopped me. I told them I was looking for a young guardsman whom Her Imperial Majesty had placed as sentry to a violet. They laughed and one of them put his arms around me and kissed me, then the other took me away from him and put his arms around me and kissed me, and both asked me where the violet lived. I told them."

He halted violently in his sentry walk, his figure squared toward her, rigid. Into his face rushed his wounded respect for her; he reddened with some immeasurable, unutterable wrath of shame. Into his ears faintly from a distance began to

pour the sounds of a universal tumult from his friendly forest, anger of its wild creatures who to themselves were always clean in their loves; they had heard her all of them, wherever they were, and the whole forest was in an uproar.

She feigned to play with the fringes of her shawl, letting them run between her fingers like golden waters, smilingly in tent on them, amusing herself.

Barely could he mutter in an undertone thick and husky his repudiation of her story:

"That is not true. That did not happen."

She continued, tossing upward the fringes of the shawl and catching them in her palms like yellow sands:

"Did I accept their caresses? Yes. Was I offended by what they thought of me? No. Once I loved some one and gave myself to him. He took me, then in a day did not want me any more. Could the rest greatly matter to me? Not greatly. Did I much care who was second? Not I. Third? Not I. Shall I not some day belong to whomsoever may meet?"

He heard yet did not hear. He heeded but did not heed. He called out to her more loudly and commandingly by virtue of all that was true and steadfast in himself and by virtue of what was not his right to what was true and steadfast in her.

"Tell me it is not true about those soldiers!"

Up and up and up she tossed the fringes of her shawl, beginning to watch him keenly with a fine kindling triumph.

"Some day I shall not have this," she said, holding up a fold of the shawl, "nor this," she said, reaching down and lifting and letting go the bright new crimson skirt, "nor this," smoothing the velvet on her arms, "nor these," touching the bracelets on her wrists, "nor these" touching the earrings in her ears, "nor this," laying a finger on the jewel in the dimple in her throat. "In rags coarser and fewer the farther I go I'll travel on the road—the road he set me in."

Well he knew the road she painted. Beside himself and desperate in his hurt, he cried more imploringly:

"Tell me it is not true about those soldiers!"

She laughed and kept her glowing eyes on him as if she were even drawing nearer to him in desire.

"What any longer have you to do with me and the soldiers I may like? In their arms hereafter. Never again in yours. You betrayed. They will understand. They will have their pleasure and pay my price—till I take theirs."

More agonizingly, he wailed as over something that had been loveliest to him and was being lost:

"Say it is not true, Kyra! Tell me! Tell me! Tell me!"

More brutally she struck him as in the ice with her reply:

"What have you to do with the soldiers who will love me in their honest day—an hour?"

He had come halfway across the open shade toward her, oblivious of all else. As her reply smote him he wheeled sharply and walked back to his faithful place. From there he waved his arm in the direction of the palace.

"Go!" he ordered. He drew himself up proudly, his musket in position, and resumed his sentry walk, alone henceforth with his duty to Her Imperial Majesty.

She had not expected this. Whatever defect, if any, she may have hoped for from her unplanned words, she had not expected to be accosted as some coarse guardsman repulses a woman of the streets who is beneath his desire.

As from an inconceivable blow she sank behind the young tree: it did not cover her figure, it hid her face.

Moments passed. He began to send uneasy glances in that direction. Distant strollers crossed the park. If nearer eyes should pass and discover the situation! If Her Imperial Majesty should come again, as the officer had said, on her afternoon stroll! More moments went by and he stood silent and un-

decided. More, until hardly he restrained himself. More until he shouted:

"Go on away!"

She stepped out and advanced toward him with light feet.

There are things within our natures so silent, so shy, so native to uninhabited places, that when along some unaccustomed path we come upon them unawares, though they are really there, yet they seem unreal. It had seemed unreal for Her Imperial Majesty, weighted with the cares of Empire and with the deeds and misdeeds of her own life, to pause that morning and turn her face away from her companions at sight of a wild flower. It had seemed more unreal in two Russian peasant soldiers to look into each other's eyes in silence for a moment with thoughts of boyhood and of violets in the spring woods. It seemed most unreal for her now to pause before him and make the request she made, putting constraint upon herself to address him much as though he were a stranger:

"I wish to see the flower a moment. Do not question why. May I pass?"

He wheeled upon her:

"You wish to see a violet! You!"

His look and language were all that could mean ridicule and insult. He flung out his arm again toward the palace in dismissal of her.

She uttered a low, wild cry, searching his features with dilated eyes. Pressing her hands to her head as under a heavier blow, she turned and ran from him. Yet several paces off she paused, hesitated, wavered, then came strangely back, asking strangely:

"Give me the broken fir bough behind you—my emblem."

"Yes," he muttered, "it is your emblem!"—he thinking of it as hanging at the end of the path of death.

He strode to the evergreen and jerked off the dangling limb. The rustle of garments startled him and, turning, he saw her rushing toward the violet. He sprang toward her as with his own mournful death cry. He threw at her the bough of thorny fir, threw it into her

face, at her eyes, to sting her, blind her, confuse and retard her for the briefest instant.

Her hand stretched downward toward the flower, her fingers were closing about the leaves. With a desperate lunge of his body, his arm thrust far forward, he drove the bayonet into her hand and pinioned it against the earth. Then he jerked the blade out of the flesh, and pushed her heavily away in horror of her treachery and her deadly purpose.

"Would you have me shot?"

Ashen pale, with trembling hand he wiped the crimson stain quickly from the bayonet-point and it glittered silvery again across his shoulder as he stood over her.

She screamed with the agony of her pain. She screamed in the rage of her defeat and failure. She ran back to the tree and threw herself down behind it as in collapse from a swoon of her senses. Then he saw her violently tear strips of her undergarments and bind her wounded hand. Then she sprang lightly up and crept toward him.

"Go back!" he shouted. "Stand back!"

She came on. Her face looked gray and set and hard as stone. Her eyes measured him with calm triumph as powerless in her hands.

But all at once a change swept over her. The poor little lovers' quarrel was nothing, her wounded hand was nothing; with terror in her eyes at sight of something behind him, august and most dreaded and terrible, she dwindled into what she was—a maid from the palace, caught here in the park in a rendezvous with a guardsman at his post of duty.

"Oh, Leon!" she cried piteously. "What will become of me? Her Imperial Majesty with her suite!" and she ran weakly toward him for tender protection.

At those joyous words he faced about. While yet for the first bewildered instant his glance swept the empty landscape, she darted past him, tore away the violet

and a handful of its leaves, caught up the broken fir branch, and with deerlike fleetness sped along the path toward the palace.

Far she sped, then stopped and looked back. She held high and waved at him the flower; she held high and waved the broken bough, symbol of death as well as of victory. She came nearer and danced and waved them in wilder triumph over him. She came nearer, nearer, nearer. She came so near that across the space she raved at him:

"I shall tell that you gave it to me—gave it!—gave! I shall tell Zubof and the guardsmen shall know. I shall tell Marta and the maids will know. I shall tell my Maid-of-Honor and Her Imperial Majesty shall know—that you gave her violet to one of the maids. If Her Imperial Majesty doubts, the violet will be brought to her in a vase for proof."

She came nearer. She came close and dinned her taunts into his brain. She came up closer. She looked into his face: into his eyes.

Then she turned and fled, noiseless, from what she had done. He stood there, to himself alone with Fate.

He stirred after a while and cast his glance this way and that.

A young tree stood opposite him; he did not know how it came to be there. His mind somehow moved toward it, taking his body along. He left his musket where he had let it drop. It wasn't his musket; he didn't have any musket. He didn't have any post of duty. He didn't have anything to guard.

As he sat under the tree he remembered, it seemed to him, how one spring morning long ago he had first seen this tree waving its leaves in the sunshine and he had gone to it and pulled down a bough and broken off a tuft of leaves and had laughed and stuck it in his head-gear. There had been a story he would tell when he was an old man: that when Catherine the Great sat on the throne of Russia, she had one morning found a



Drawn by Sigismund Ivanowski

THE WORLD HAD CLOSED ON HIM

violet in the park and had chosen him—*him* out of all the guardsmen—to guard it for her. There wouldn't be any old man; there wouldn't be any story. He took off his headgear and stared at it; what was the tuft of leaves doing, sticking there still? It wasn't his headgear; he didn't have any headgear. He didn't have anything. He didn't have anywhere to go. The world had closed on him: he was outside the gates. To-morrow—there wouldn't be any to-morrow, there would only be the part of to-morrow that ended with the flash of guns leveled at his eyes.

He sat looking about him in the evening light.

Blackness of the Russian night, soft purple-velvet canopy of its sky, sharp-pointed jets and spangles of its close-set stars; then cloud, no stars, a heavier pall of blackness below.

On the stillness of the glade in the park, far in the night, the noise of slow footfalls upon twigs and leaves as of some creature light-footed and hesitant and timid as a hare—having somehow arrived through the darkness at the entrance to the glade and long pausing there to listen; then making its way a little distance and pausing to listen again.

"Leon?"

After a while:

"Are you here, Leon?"

Presently the sounds of one down on hands and knees, the audible dragging of a woman's skirts over the ground, the crawling this way and that in search of something or of some remembered spot; finally stillness. The voice once more:

"Leon? I know you are here. I waited at the barracks-gate and you did not return there. I looked everywhere and I asked everyone."

No sound of any movement anywhere.

"Do not refuse to speak to me! Come, touch them, count them—the leaves I snatched. They are scattered here, with their blossom, where they grew. It shall be known that 'twas I who plucked them—that you were not unfaithful. The wound in my hand will prove you were true."

The listening, the waiting, the pleading again more brokenly:

"Come and put your arms around me! No soldier in the park this morning touched me: that did not happen. All I said to-day, all I did was but the madness of my sad heart. It is not true: I saw no soldiers."

Would nothing satisfy him, melt him, make him relent, bring him to her from where he was?

Sounds of crawling again, more slowly, this way and that, a long time. A hand striking against an object hard and cold—the butt of a musket.

"Then you *are* here, Leon! You are—!"

She slid her fingers swiftly along the bayonet, then jerked them violently away at what she touched.

Then crawling again, faster now, the hands sweeping the air round and round, the fingers groping over the ground, till alongside the fir trees they touched a big coarse boot up on end. Two coarsely booted feet under the low branches, leaves and twigs kicked all about.

Two sentry feet—quiet.



HE HAD NEVER SEEN THIS PART OF THE CITY BEFORE

A Singapore Day

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

HE had skimmed about Singapore in a jinrikshaw all the morning. He wanted to find Mr. Kow Watt Loon. That Chinaman was as elusive as the glamour of the East. And he was not used to 'rikshaws. He was sure he looked a lazy fool when being dragged about in the heat on a high perch and a pair of silent wheels by a sweating fellow creature. It had been nearly a week before he could summon the courage to travel in a little cart drawn by another man. It made him feel like the hated subject of a revolutionary cartoonist's satire.

He could not find Mr. Kow Watt Loon, who kept a pawnshop somewhere in Singapore, so he had been told, where Kelanton *sarongs* of silk were to be found

occasionally, rare *krises*, and silver bowls from the Lingga Islands. Not that Mr. Loon would be sure to sell those things if his shop were found and if he had them, for he was reported to be suspicious and morose—an embarrassing shopkeeper who would forget all his English and decline to sell to you if he disliked your appearance. But Mr. Loon could not be found, and a city near the equator is much more extensive, relatively, than a city with a wholesome climate. Singapore's streets in their heavy and slumbering heat seemed to his despairing eye prolonged to an impossible distance. Oh, Heaven! Where was this Mr. Loon?

This coolie was the third experiment

that morning with a 'rikshaw. Young Bennett from London, in his quest of the romance of the East, watched below him the old man's back-muscles playing under the glistening drab skin. He ought to tell the old fellow to walk—to stop. It was too hot for this game. Besides, the coolie didn't know where to go, though he pretended he did; no doubt he was merely running about. They always did that. The first, picked up near Raffles Place, was a bronze giant, a wonderful youngster, whose hat was a round straw thatch with a pinnacle. As soon as he was spoken to he made cheerful noises of understanding, lifted his shafts in confident play, took a strange side-turning promptly (how lucky—this fellow knew!) loped off swiftly, and they were completely lost in ten minutes—though Bennett did not know that at the time. His coolie loped along swiftly but leisurely. That running figure and its style would have inspired the poets of old Athens, but in the romantic East it was only a blob of life. The sun and the easy gait infected the passenger with a haughty languor. The coolie's pale blue-cotton shorts and shirt became dark and limp with sweat; but the fellow ran on, deliberately, unerringly, taking unlikely byways into queer seclusions where brown life poured in noisy torrents. Evidently this fellow knew where to go . . . but did he? Or did he just run on? Where the devil were they? Brente! Stop! As cheerful as ever, sweating but fresh, that coolie did not appear to know where he was, and evidently his glad smile would be unchanged even in death. He was an imbecile.

The second coolie, who had stopped to be entertained by the language thrown at the first, was a lean and elderly man, and big veins corded his arms in a mesh. His torso was bare. He ran his 'rikshaw elsewhere, occasionally looking back over his shoulder doubtfully at his fare. He was shy of any street in which he saw the khaki uniform of a Malay or a Sikh. That journey came to nothing in a strange market place in the middle of a

horrible smell. The coolie walked to a kerb; there he gently rested his shafts, turned and shook his head dolefully, and held out his hand for largess.

Another hour wasted! It was blazing noon, and a row of Chinamen were squatting in the shade, eating slops with two sticks from basins. They did not even look up. The naked children at play did not appear to see him. Nobody in Singapore knew anything, and did not care what happened to anybody. He had never seen this part of the city before. Was it Singapore? It might have been the grotesque country of a dream, all these people inimical shadows who did not even glance at their victim, and he the only live man, caught in an enchantment, lost and imprisoned in an illusion where the face of things had a meaning which he could not guess, though it was important for him. The man from London wiped the perspiration from his hands, and looked round. A high wall was opposite, with a gateway, and crouched on the top of the wall, on either side of the opening, were two big bulls in pink stone. In the shadow on the pavement beneath were heaps of colored rags, fast asleep. Was that a temple to Siva? It was then that the third 'rikshaw man entered the dream, stopped and looked at Bennett as though he knew at once the man for whom he was seeking, and drew near seductively. This figure of evil, its face pockmarked, had only a rag about its loins, and his 'rikshaw was a self-supporting wreck. Well, it would serve to escape from those pink bulls and that unmoving smell. By luck, too, they might pass into a part of the city he recognized, and then he would be released from the spell and wake up. But he went farther, and saw nothing that he knew. He was abandoned under some coconuts, and outside the city, by the look of it.

The road was empty, except for a bullock cart at a standstill. A haze of little flies quivered about the sleepy heads of the two animals, and the shadows under their bellies were black. The

dark folk, Klings and Malays, who padded by occasionally, were probably in another world. They were certainly not in his. He could not speak with them. The heat was so still and heavy that he felt he could not move in it, especially as he did not know which way to take.

"Can I help you? Are you looking for anyone about here, sir?" The voice was so like Oxford that it exorcised the spectral East completely; for a moment it steadied his bewilderment in the midst of what was quick, but was alien and enigmatic. He was too surprised to answer at once, but in the shade of those palms stared at a young fellow who was so attractively dressed in neat and unctuous white, with a flourishing black silk bow to a collar not in the least stained, though the heat was many hours old, that Bennett felt mean and soiled in the

regard of that friendly curiosity. Bennett explained. He was lost. He had been unable to make the 'rikshaw men understand. What he wanted now was the Europe Hotel.

"Some distance, the Europe. This is the Ayer Panas Estate. Sorry, but our cars are out. Would you come with me? Then we can telephone to your hotel."

They went off through somber avenues of sleeping trees. Their trunks were scored with pale scars, and under the wounds were stuck small glass cups. His companion said nothing, but strode briskly forward. The crepuscular aisles were deserted, though Bennett noticed that he and his companion were not alone in that silent and shadowy plantation. But what were the figures he could see in the distance he did not know. They might have been dryads, those slender and motionless forms in robes of



THE ROAD WAS EMPTY EXCEPT FOR A BULLOCK CART

scarlet, orange, and emerald, who were intent on some ritual among the trees. They were retired into the twilight quiet of the aisles, and seemed unaware of the intruding Englishmen. But Bennett was startled by one of those figures. It had been hidden by the gray column of a tree near the path. As he went by it raised its head, with its piled black hair and a gold comb diminishing its dark and delicate face, which had a gold stud in the bold curve of a nostril. Her drowsy eyes looked at him, but he remembered only the spot of gold in her nose and the astonishing orange of the silk wound round her lithe figure.

They came to a house in a shrubbery of crotons, and ascended a flight of wooden steps to a veranda. A Malay was there, crouched in the portico; but he might have been inanimate. His gaze was fixed beyond them. And the house was deserted. Their footsteps made an embarrassing din on the boards. Bennett with his brisk friend, who seemed to know exactly what to do, went to an upper room, open to the air on three sides, and overlooking everywhere the green roof of the plantation.

A tiger skin was on the floor. Its head grinned toward the door in shabby and fatuous defiance. Dusty native weapons were disorderly on the wooden partition at the back. There was a picture of Salisbury Cathedral hanging next to a photograph of a dead elephant with a man nursing a gun sitting on its head.

"Wait a minute," said the young fellow in white, and went to the most noticeable object in the dingy and neglected apartment, a bright telephone instrument. He leaned against the wall in superior and casual attention with the receiver to his ear. While waiting like that, suddenly and brusquely he spoke to Bennett.

"I say, sorry, what's your name?" Then he turned in a tired way to the instrument, murmured softly and allusively to the wall for a few seconds, and came away. "That's all right. The car will be here presently. I must go.

But you wait here. Whisky and soda on that sideboard. Make yourself at home"—and he was gone.

Bennett sat down. Singapore was an unexpected sort of place. He felt imprisoned now in the silence. Nothing moved. There was no sound but once, when a wasp as big as a bird bolted in heavily, blundered and hummed among the wooden rafters, and went again so straight and suddenly that Bennett thought something in the overhead shadows had flung it out. He began to feel bitter about that romance of the East. Sometimes it seemed lost in a brooding quiet, or else it stirred into episodic and irrelevant activity directed to God knew what. He put his sun helmet on the floor, wiped his brow, and regretted the childish folly which had sent him to look for what perhaps did not exist on earth. What did people mean by romance? What was it? How could it be found in 'rikshaws and rubber plantations? He could not get the hang of Singapore. Ships, temples to all the gods, coconuts, and men and women of so many different colors that they could not talk to one another. And who was that fellow who had just gone out? How did he come into the picture? It was a life which went on outside his own, and he could not follow it. Didn't even know that fellow's name. He might have been created among those trees just to let a Londoner know that the East, though it pretended never to observe him, yet wanted him to understand that he was making a fool of himself in a place not his. He might as well have some of that drink.

The siphon made so immense a noise that he thought the invisible watchers must hear it and send another messenger to mock him politely. He began to drink gratefully.

"Mix me one," grumbled a deep voice.

He almost dropped the glass, and looked round in a little panic. He could not see anybody. A lounge chair with its back to him stood by the veranda at the far end the of room. He went to it.



HE SAT LOOKING AT THE TUMBLER THOUGHTFULLY

An old man, with a mass of riotous white hair and a white beard stained brown about the lips, reclined there at full length. His eyes were shut. His open shirt showed gray hair on his ribs. "Did you speak?" asked Bennett.

"Of course," said the man, without opening his eyes. "You heard me. I want a drink."

Bennett brought it. The old man sat up sideways in his chair with surprising celerity, opened his eyes at the glass in sullen criticism, and emptied it at once. He sat looking at the tumbler thoughtfully, while Bennett stood by, hoping that the car would arrive soon. Then the bearded figure looked up at him and surveyed him with dark disapproving eyes.

"Who are you?"

Bennett felt very modest. "Oh—nobody—just out from London. I found this estate by chance—got lost, you know. A good friend here, whose name I don't know, has telephoned for a car."

"Well, Mr. Nobody, sit down. No. Get me another drink. Put more whisky in it."

Bennett was meekly obedient.

"Now you can sit down. Go on. Sit down."

Bennett felt that the heat of the day was much worse as he took a near chair. The stranger flung up his glass again with the suggestion that the liquid must fall into a hollow, held the tumbler away from him, turned it about reflectively, put it on the floor, and lay back, closing his eyes. He sighed. His feet were bare except for a pair of crimson slippers which hung loosely from his toes. Bennett listened through five minutes of tense silence for sounds of an approaching car. The figure reclining on the chair then opened its querulous eyes, raised its head, and spoke.

"My name's Hopkins. Ever heard of me, Mr. Nobody?"

"No, sir. I'm afraid not. I'm only just out, you see."

Mr. Hopkins chuckled in his beard. "Then don't stop unless you want to."

"Never heard of me," mumbled Mr. Hopkins several times. "Never heard of me."

"This old fellow," thought Bennett, "is not in his right mind, and here I am, told to wait till somebody comes for me, though I'm not sure that they know I'm here. How can I keep this graybeard amused? He's a truculent old ruffian." Bennett looked out over the tree tops in the sun. The crowns of some palms were individual above the mass of green. They were lifeless. A bird or something was calling "Raup, Raup." What could he talk about to an old reprobate like that?

"What ship did you come out in?" asked Mr. Hopkins, playing with the end of his beard.

"A Blue Funnel—the *Helenus*." The young man relapsed at once into a bankrupt memory.

Hopkins stared at him fixedly, as though waiting. "Well, is that all? But I suppose it is. You came out, and here you are. That's how it's done. Not in my time, though. Not when I was alive."



"ONE OF 'EM LOOKED AT ME AS HE CAME ABOARD"

"Have you been here long, sir?"

"Me? I've been here too long. Seen too much for some of them. They'd like me to go now. I'm old Hopkins—but what's the good of talking to you? You just came, and here you are." Mr. Hopkins rubbed his bare ribs plaintively. "The ships I knew just couldn't come and go." He leaned forward with one of his sly chuckles, and looked round furtively while secretly enjoying a recollection. "I was in the *Nellie Bligh*." He nodded his head at Bennett, and watched for the full effect of this news.

Bennett smiled awkwardly, but nodded back to his companion appreciatively. It was better to keep him in a good humor.

"Yes. You don't know what ships are like, not you fellers. Nor men. No Billy Ringbot now." Mr. Hopkins began to shake in silent laughter over something that had occurred to him.

"Oh, I don't know, Mr. Hopkins. I've heard about the clippers, and Whampoa, and Java Head. But I never saw a sailing ship during all the voyage out. Not one. And yet I know the East India Dock Road, too."

Mr. Hopkins looked startled for a moment. "Poplar," he mumbled. "You say you know the Dock Road! And not a sailing ship." His beard about his mouth continued to move, as though he were talking to himself.

"The *Nellie Bligh* came out from Poplar," mused Mr. Hopkins. "So did I. But not in her. She found me in Java because—well, because I was there." The old man looked very artful and amused.

"She picked me up at Surabaya. She was in the coolie trade to



"I LIFTED HIM CLEAN BY HIS PIGTAIL"

the Chincha Islands then, and her skipper was a Chilean. She was going to China to take in coolies. Ever heard of the trade? You were paid for what you delivered. So it was no good taking just enough to fill the ship. Some died."

Bennett smiled politely at this little joke. "Some died, did they?"

"The *Nellie*," went on Mr. Hopkins, "was not the ship to choose if you knew a better. I didn't. She was all Dago, but there are worse things. We got up to China—are you listening?—I say we got out all right. She found her own way, though she nearly finished up on the coast of Peru. The wind fell and she was set ashore on a current. . . . What a damnable nuisance those big wasps make! There's another just come in. . . . Did you hear of a man named Smollet in London? I'm

told he's often in the papers, very important, and gives a lot to the missionaries. So he ought. Buying off his dad below, I suppose. His dad was in the coolie trade. I know. I didn't do so bad myself. But the missionaries get nothing out of me. I wouldn't worry over a few Chinks more or less. They're not human. We took in three hundred on the *Nellie*. One of 'em looked at me as he came aboard. After that I went to have a look at the hatch gratings—I wanted to see whether they were sound and handy."

Mr. Hopkins sank back languorously on his long chair, closed his eyes, and lapsed into silence. His long bony hands were folded meekly on his bare chest. Somewhere outside a bell sunk in the depths of the foliage began to toll. The silly story was finished, Bennett

thought. There was a smell which reminded him of incense. Mr. Hopkins' cane chair creaked. Where was that car, to get him out of this?

The old man began to drawl again. He spoke with his eyes shut, as though wearily confessing his sins. He looked like a dying man, too, Bennett thought, for his white beard hung from cheekbones that were projecting eaves, and the skin of his long hooked nose was so white over the sharp bridge that a touch might have broken it. His eyes were pits, with white bushes overhanging their shadows. One of his slippers fell to the boards.

"It was lucky we sighted the Pelew Islands. Our old man might have passed muster for a sailor with a fair wind and plenty of room. If ever he knew where he was he must have guessed it. But he was the Admiral of the Pacific in good weather. Three days after we sighted the Pelews, near eight bells in the morning, the *Nellie* was doing so well that I wasn't so sorry as I had been that I'd left Java when I had to. I'd forgotten we had any Chinamen aboard. Just as eight bells was being struck there was a howl below, like a man knifed. Then I heard a rush. I looked down. The Chinks were swarming for the deck. They hung on the ladder like bees, and were armed with boards they'd stripped from below. The first of 'em was scrambling over the coaming close to me. I lifted him clean by his pigtail and dropped him on the others." The old man smiled in his sleep. "We made those hatch gratings fast, somehow. We got the Chinks booked, and wolves would have looked prettier. Their faces were turned up, and they were howling at us. Then a pistol went off. That Dago in his gold lace had come at last. He was trembling and whimpering, and firing pistols into those faces. It made the noise worse. The Chinks began to leap and scream." Mr. Hopkins paused and arranged the hair about his mouth slowly.

"As one jumped, a shot caught fire to

his shirt, and it was funny to see the way he tore the burning rag off his arm. But it wasn't so funny when I saw that chap pushing through the crowd, blowing on the rag to keep it alight. I half guessed his game, and grabbed a pistol for a go at him. He dropped, but another Chink snatched the burning rag from his hand, and got away with it"—Mr. Hopkins opened his eyes in a smile—"wanted to light his pipe, eh?"

A motor horn sounded in the grounds. Then a Malay appeared. "*Tuan Bennett. Motor pergi Europe.*"

"Thank you, Mr. Hopkins," said young Bennett rising slowly, for he feared it might be polite to wait for the end of the story, supposing it were not ended. "Good morning."

Mr. Hopkins did not speak. He was staring into the rafters.

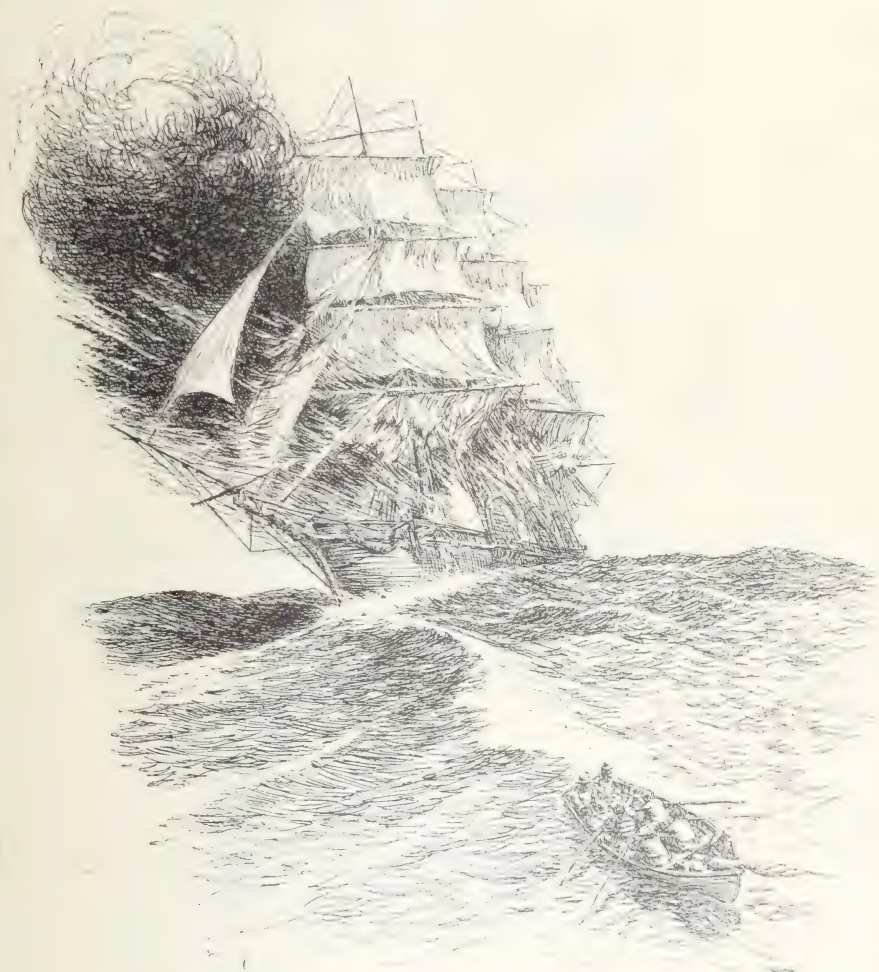
The quick journey to the hotel gave Bennett the impression that it had been in hiding just round the corner all the time. What he had seen and heard that day might have been the recollections, unreasonable, unrelated, and prolonged to no end, which are jumbled in the mind when one wakes and sees in surprise the familiar objects of the plain morning. "Another day wasted," thought Bennett. "I don't spend one more hour of it looking for romance. I doubt whether the East has got any. All gone before I got here."

He thought he would bathe, and then loaf by the veranda—waste the rest of the day looking at the world till dinnertime. He sat in that corridor, a long shady vista of wicker chairs and marble-topped tables, where men and women of his own kind, as much apart from the East as he was himself, gossiped idly as though waiting for the how when they could escape. Apologetic Chinamen in white uniform were gliding about like ghosts, ministering to weary guests. The broad thoroughfare outside moved in silent eddies of jinrik shaws and motor cars. A gigantic Sikh domineered with the traffic at the corner. Across the road, fringing the

urf of the esplanade, flat-topped trees were in crimson bloom, a line of gigantic ambeaus. Through their columns he could see the roadstead, a plain of burished pewter to which was fixed the black shapes of a few ships, a bark, some *campans*, coasting steamers like toys, high-pooped junks, all distinct and remarkable, even when they were far out toward the indigo islands beyond. The sun was setting. Immense purple clouds piled from the horizon like the vapors of a planet which had burst, smoke too heavy for any wind to disperse, and shot with the glow of exposed internal fires. They were high enough to kindle the sky. The sky was burning. Lightning was exploding in the summits of the

clouds. The ships and the sea were suddenly caught, too, and the surprised faces of the watchers on that veranda reflected the glow of a vast catastrophe. The fires died. The islands congealed to cold iron. The only light was the quivering opalescence of the storm in high clouds. A group of Chinamen went by, shadows carrying lanterns, beating a tom-tom, and shrilling on curdling instruments.

Bennett, almost fearful without knowing why, looked round at the guests assembling. They reassured him. The electric fans were spinning above them. They were drinking cocktails. He thought he would go and dress, but then saw a man signaling to him, and recog-



"ALL WAS QUIET AGAIN, EXCEPT FOR THE FLAMES"

nized his nameless young friend of the morning. Beside him was a lady whose little head, in a shadow, seemed lively and detached above a rosy cloud of flimsy silk upon which fell the light of a glowlamp. Bennett went over. Another man was at the table, but Bennett did not look at him.

"Well, you got your car all right?"

"Yes. You helped me out of that trouble nicely."

His friend laughed, and turned to the lady to explain the fun of it. "Found him on our plantation, near the Kling compound, looking for the Europe." Bennett smiled shyly, and the lady glanced at him with tired and faintly insolent eyes. "Why ever was he doing that?" she asked indifferently, looking away across the room.

Bennett said, with an attempt at humor, that he was looking for the romance of the Orient. The lady did not appear to hear him. She began a conversation in a low tone with her companion. Bennett was about to leave, with an excuse, when he felt his arm nudged, and saw Mr. Hopkins beside him in the next chair, severe and correct in evening dress, his white beard and hair scrupulously groomed.

"Hullo, Mr. Nobody," he rumbled. "Strictly proper and comfortable here, cocktails and all. Have one?" He plunged a bell, and, when the Chinese apparition appeared, merely looked at it. The apparition vanished, but almost at once returned with two little glasses containing a golden liquor in which were scarlet cherries on match sticks.

"I didn't finish that story. You were in a hurry to get away, but you can't go now." Mr. Hopkins pushed over a cocktail, holding away a finger on which was a remarkable topaz. "Men who just come out, and here they are! But you can tell Poplar about the *Nellie Bligh*, when you get back. They may wonder where she went. And you can say I said so. Hopkins—there's been lots of Hopkins's, perhaps even in my family."

The old fellow had an interval of secret mirth. The young man opposite, and the lady in roseate muslin, were conversing in oblivious animation. "Wasn't that Chinaman just getting away with a burning rag when you ran out? I couldn't stop him. And the Dago, who was a fool, thought we had finished with the mutiny. But he soon knew better. He knew when he saw some smoke coming up by the forehatch. Of course, Chinks are almost reasonable creatures. Almost reasonable, Mr. Nobody. We couldn't let them roast, could we? Of course not. Not if we wanted to put the fire out. Our Dago had the puzzle of his life before him. The Chinks were below us again, clamoring to be let out, and pointing back at the fire. They thought they'd got the right argument that time. And that Dago was going to do it, too, and save his ship, I suppose, with hundreds of murderous maniacs round him. Not when I was there, though. Not when I had a gun. Let 'em roast. There's lots of Chinks, but only one Mr. Hopkins, and the Pelews were only three days back. I don't think, Mr. Nobody, you've ever seen anything like it. But by the time we had the boats provisioned and away all was quiet again, except for the flames. We made the Pelews. Anyhow, my boat did. I never heard what became of the other two."

The lady in rose laughed prettily. Bennett, shocked, stared at her instantly, but she was not looking at Mr. Hopkins. The other pair had a joke between them.

"Well, come along, you two. Dinner!" Mr. Hopkins rose, a tall patriarch, a venerable image of disillusioned wisdom and unexpected justice. The young man rose too, and moved his chair to allow the lady a path to the dining room. He turned with a polite smile to Bennett. "Let me hear when you've found any romance in the East. But don't come looking for it on our plantation. We haven't got any there."



Half-Told Tales

by
Henry van Dyke

Decorations by
Wm. Fletcher White





T A L E O F T W O W O L V E S

HER PRINCES ARE LIKE WOLVES, RAVENING THE PREY. — EZEKIEL 22:27



HE Wolf Pack had ravaged the towns and terrorized the region round about for four years. Then brave and decent folk got together and broke up the Pack and drove it out. But the wolf-leaders, Old Grizzle and Young Gray, escaped on blood-stained paws and took refuge in the grounds of a pious Small Neighbour, who was very particular about his legal rights. ¶ To him came the Community Council, and said, "Give us up those two wolves, that we may deal with them according to the law." ¶ "By no means," said the Small Neighbour. "I belong to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Criminals. My estate is a sacred asylum. Besides, look at these two poor creatures, how harmless and playful they are! They chase each other around like kittens, and if one nips the other nothing happens except an amusing yowl. They are converted and very religious. They afford innocent entertainment to many visitors, and bring me in some profit. I shall not surrender them unless you force me, and that would do disgrace to your own principles." ¶ The members of the Council, not being very subtle in these matters, looked at one another with Lloyd George eyes, (the colour of which is changeable) and doubted what to do. ¶ "Very well," they said, "you shall keep your dangerous pets; but you must keep them securely. Remember, you are responsible." ¶ "I am responsible," answered the Small Neighbour, adding under his breath, "so far as may be consistent with my duties as an innkeeper." ¶ Meantime the garden gates were left unlatched. One morning at dawn it was told that Young Gray, (who was a Werwolf,) had slunk away to his native jungle. Old Grizzle, gritting his teeth and slaving, paced nervously up and down behind the hedge. Along the borders of the northern forest joyful yappings were heard, and wild ululations of the other wolves. ¶ The Small Pious Neighbour sat on his stoop placidly smoking. "Remember," telephoned the President of the Community Council, "you said you would be responsible." ¶ "Tell him," said the Small Neighbour to his wife, "that responsibility has its limits for an innkeeper, and whatever happens we shall remain neutral." ¶ So he reloaded his pipe,—and the Community Council, their guns.



A PARABLE OF WEDLOCK

BE YE NOT UNEQUALLY YOKED TOGETHER.—II COR. 6:14



HAT famous representative of colonial aristocracy and breeder of prize cattle, the Prince of Bordentown, visiting Cape May, fell heavily in love with a gay, charming, young Princess of the Sea, and wooed her with such ardor that she consented to marry him, and they went to live in his ancestral mansion.

¶ But in due time, his ardor cooled down to the mean temperature of the region, and her gayness was touched by drouth and frost. In the third summer, she met the young Duke of Seals at the shore, and yielding to his refreshing importunities very improperly went off to sea with him, and so disappeared. ¶ The Prince of Bordentown, ardent once more but in a reverse fashion, besought the Bishop of South-Central Jersey to pronounce an annihilating anathema against the errant Princess. ¶ "Softly, Sir," said the Bishop, crossing his plump right knee over his plump left knee, "this is a matter which demands consideration. Did you make any promises to the late Princess when you persuaded her to marry you?" ¶ "Oh," said the Prince of Bordentown, "I suppose I did,—a man will promise anything at such a time to make his point,—a salt-water swimming pool lined with marble, an air-plane which could also be used as a submarine, unfailing devotion, and a gay time every day." ¶ "Of course you kept these promises," said the Bishop, crossing his plump left knee over his plump right knee, and smiling benignly. ¶ "Well, not literally and exactly," replied the Prince of Bordentown, "for I found that they were incompatible with my hereditary duties as a raiser of prize cattle and a strict churchman. I thought that the late Princess ought to accommodate herself to the customs and traditions of Bordentown." ¶ "H'm," said the bishop, uncrossing his legs, and looking with level eyes at his petitioner. "You thought the contract had only one side; she must remain charmed and charming, while you were at liberty to become dull, morose, and neglectful. Let me tell you, Sir, that the word 'obey' in the marriage service, has no such tyrannical meaning. A divorce no doubt the State will grant you lawfully, for the lady has grievously transgressed. But an everlasting anathema the Church will hesitate to pronounce in a case of marriage under false pretences."



TALE OF LEARNING BY EXPERIENCE

HE THAT INCREASETH KNOWLEDGE INCREASETH SORROW. — ECCLES. 1:18

“MASTER,” said the Young Fisherman to the Compleat Angler, “pray tell me how I may learn to distinguish the fish which is called a Fluke from that which is called a Flounder.” ¶ “Both of them,” said the Compleat Angler, “are flatfish; but the one is naturally flat and the other is temperamentally sharp. You can learn by experience to distinguish between them.” ¶ “But how shall this method be applied,” asked the Young Fisherman, “and how may I know that my studies have been crowned with success?” ¶ “Success,” replied the Master, “is a comparative matter. But in this particular question, if you chance to catch a flatfish, you may explore his mouth with your finger. If he bites it off, you may be sure that he is a Fluke.” ¶ So the Young Fisherman caught a flatfish, and explored its mouth with his finger, and was sure that the fish was a Fluke. ¶ “This is a certain way of learning,” said he, nursing his hand, “but it is costly.”





TALE OF THE EMBANKMENT

Though in a land of peace thou art secure, yet how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?—JER. 12:5



HE mad river had gone down; the land lay desolate. The sky was yet dark and lowering, and the people feared another deluge. Then said the Wise Man, "Let us build an embarkment. It may not be impregnable; but it will safeguard us for a while; it will give us time before the waters overwhelm us. Let every man bear a hand." ¶ But the Strong Man answered, "No! I am too busy. I must not be entangled. Besides, I am safe, for my house is on rising ground. Moreover your plan is foolish, and your safeguard too weak,—or too strong,—I know not which. I foretell that it will come to nothing!" ¶ So the Strong Man withheld his hand. But the embarkment was built. And the rains descended and the winds blew and beat upon it, and the waters rose and raged against it, but it stood, though shaken. ¶ "I told them it would be a poor thing," said the Strong Man. "But now I wonder whether it might not have been better if I had labored on it!" ¶ So he sat watching the embarkment, with fear and trembling in his heart, and half an inch of water in his cellar.





A M A N P R A Y I N G

MEN OUGHT ALWAYS TO PRAY AND NOT TO FAINT. — LUKE 18:1



MAN saying his prayers in a quiet corner of the woods was disturbed by two voices disputing near at hand. As he felt unable to pray without giving his whole heart to it, he paused in his devotions, and went to see the disputants. He perceived that one of them was an obese Orator and the other a lean Scientist. ¶ "Sir," said the Orator, "man is the noblest work of God. Look at me. Do I resemble an ape? Nature is a mystery. You are personally insulting and atheistic in endeavouring to unveil her secrets by what you call evolution." ¶ "Sir," replied the lean Scientist, "I admit that your present resemblance to an ape is dubious, for your weight would forbid arboreal habits, though your manners are slightly simian. But will you tell me why you think I deny or dishonour my Maker by trying to understand the way in which He made me?" ¶ "You are irreverent," shouted the Orator, "you disregard Holy Scripture, which says that the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground." ¶ "On the contrary," replied the Scientist, "I accept that statement absolutely, and seek to verify it by tracing the method of formation." ¶ "You despise the oracles of God," cried the Orator. ¶ "You seem to ignore the works of God," answered the Scientist. ¶ "Was your grandmother a monkey?" roared the Orator. ¶ "Certainly not," said the Scientist, "the latest evidence shows that monkeys were our ancestral foes. But permit me to enquire whether your grandfather was a mud doll set up against the fence to dry?" ¶ "You know nothing about it," shouted the Fat One. "Very little," answered the Thin One, "but I am trying to learn, whereas you make a boast of your ignorance." So they passed down the forest disputing. ¶ "They seem quite angry," said the man, "and I think the thin one had rather the best of it. But that is no reason why I should not go back to my quiet corner to finish my prayers, for I have many troubles; and then to work in my garden, for it is a hard year."

The New Woman-Power in Europe

BY CONSTANCE DREXEL

(At a time when the leaders among the women of America are endeavoring to give some adequate explanation of the comparative inertia of their sex in the matter of exercising the franchise, and with a National Election impending, Miss Drexel's presentation of the situation in Europe is of uncommon interest and timeliness, showing as it does that the women of many European countries have already taken advantage of their opportunities and are exerting a decided political influence—Editor's Note.)

NO more vital question in its possibilities for the future is facing humanity to-day than whether women will remain in their seclusion or come forward to take a part in public affairs.

To make it seem doubtful that women will take advantage of the new avenues opened to them may be a shock to the western world, especially when one starts from the undeniable premise that one of the most tangible results of the world war was the advancement of the status of women the whole world over.

But, paradoxical as it may seem, in several European countries at least, an unbiased observer must record the fact that by no means are women rushing toward their new fields of conquest and achievement. Germany is the other extreme. Women are counting heavily in political affairs.

But in the Latin countries, in France and in Italy for example, public sentiment is farther away to-day from the new conception of woman's role than at any period since before the war—this in spite of the impetus gained from women's co-operation in the war, and the gratitude of the men for their help in winning the bloody struggle, which placed women in the Latin countries in a strategical position to ask for, and obtain, almost anything. Besides having stood by the men, the women also had displayed remarkable and surprising ability, not only in business management and in executive positions, but in performing heavy physical labor. Men

could no longer scoff at woman's weakness nor charge her with inferiority. The war gave woman her opportunity.

Women too, even in the Latin countries, seemed delighted with their new freedom. So, all in all, there came a tidal wave in favor of a wider conception of woman's role which, six months after the armistice, resulted in an overwhelmingly favorable vote in the French *Chambre des Deputés* (May, 1919) giving French women full suffrage rights. But the Senate has never carried the measure and finally turned it down last autumn. Now the pitifully small group of French suffragists have their work to do all over again with little prospect of success, largely due to the indifference of the French woman herself. In Italy, though a step has been taken in Mussolini's proposal granting municipal suffrage to certain groups of women, the situation is practically analogous.

And the reason? Why have Latin women, and to some extent, the women of England as well, failed to follow the example of their sisters in northern Europe and in the United States? Why have they turned their backs on the opportunity of participating in the affairs of men?

Naturally, the *impasse* in which Europe is finding itself has had some influence. With every nation sitting on the brink of disaster and likely to go over the precipice at any moment, women have hesitated to be like fools, stepping in where angels fear to tread!

Nevertheless, the reason lies more deeply imbedded in human nature than that. In the Latin countries at least women have decided that they prefer the old role handed down through the ages from cave-men days, through the civilizations of Greece and Rome, to the new conception of woman's responsibilities. They have decided to let men run things and to remain silent as to their own point of view. They have relinquished the opportunity of playing a solo part in public life because they were afraid thereby to become less attractive to men. The Latin woman has decided that she still prefers to concentrate on marriage, and to have a man look after her rather than to try to look after herself. She firmly believes that enlarging her activities only mitigates her chances of what she considers her personal happiness. She views the masculine women in the Scandinavian countries and hears of the divorce cases in the United States. "Bah! not for us," is her answer. Economic independence if you must, but not in preference to dependence on a man!

Nevertheless, there are at least two European countries where one must look for high lights in a picture of the position of women to-day. Those countries are Italy and Germany. In Rome, where I attended the Congress of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance and where I spent an additional month to complete a study of political, economic and social conditions, woman suffrage was a topic of the day.

During the four years of the war Italian women worked in the factories and in the fields; they were called upon to occupy places and to assume responsibilities from which they had always been kept away. Men in politics, who had heretofore ignored the work of women, were profuse in their eulogies over what had been to them a revelation of woman's ability. Meanwhile, the suffragists, although busy with their war work, continued their campaign, but without success, as it was claimed that

Italian women could not be granted any political rights since they had no civil rights. However, the Sacchi law of 1919, recognizing the civil capacity of women, opened the way for the granting of political rights.

Therefore, in 1919, the chances for woman suffrage were of the highest. Men still were impressed by women's endurance proved in the war; women were enthusiastic over their new freedom. Only a few months after the armistice, a bill for full woman suffrage was presented and discussed in the Chamber. Premier Nitti did not accept the law as proposed, but offered another, the only difference being that political rights should be withheld from prostitutes. After a discussion lasting three days this bill was adopted by the Chamber by a very large majority.

As the Senate was known to be favorable to woman suffrage, women awaited the discussion there without any fear of the result. But alas, because of political complications setting in, notably the question of Fiume, the Chamber was dissolved, and though no law existed against such a procedure, custom forbade a new Senate from discussing a bill voted by a Chamber which had been dissolved. However, women's rights still were *à la mode*. It was with little difficulty that in 1920, a few months after this check, the Chamber voted, two hundred and forty against ten, a bill somewhat less generous than the other. It granted, instead of full suffrage, municipal suffrage and eligibility to city councils to all women over twenty-one. But bad luck stepped in again, and Parliament once more was dissolved before the Senate had time to vote on the project.

After that, the chances for "equal rights" grew dimmer and dimmer, and public interest waxed colder and colder, especially in view of the complicated internal political situation, with ministries falling unexpectedly overnight. At last, in October, 1922, the Fascisti took over the government, and Benito Mussolini was made Prime Minister.

Women still interested in the "cause," remembering that when the constitution of the Fascisti was drawn up in 1919 full suffrage for women was included, were disconcerted by the decided anti-suffrage views adopted by Mussolini when he came to power. It was only with the greatest difficulty that he was brought round to give any sort of governmental approbation to the woman suffrage congress. But he finally was persuaded, came over handsomely, and made an opening speech in which he promised that his government would give a few categories of Italian women the right of municipal suffrage. Hardly a month had passed before he obtained the approval of his cabinet, which in turn presented to Parliament a supplement to the new electoral law making women over twenty-five, with certain qualifications, eligible to municipal suffrage as follows:

1. Those decorated with a military medal or with the *croix de guerre*.
2. Those decorated either with a medal of civil value or with the medal given to those who have rendered special service to the Public Health or to primary education.
3. Those who have been granted paternal authority in the family or been given the tutelage of their children.
4. Those who have passed through the primary school or have been admitted to the first class of a public school or institution recognized and approved by the government, or who can successfully pass a corresponding examination.

The third category will comprise many mothers and widows of officers and soldiers killed in the war. The fourth qualification is an educational one, designed to keep out the peasant and working-class women who have not attended school even up to eleven years, many of whom can neither read nor write, and thus might be too subservient to clerical and other influences. The law gives women no entrance, or political influence, in national affairs, not even granting the right to vote for members of the Chamber of Deputies. What a difference from

the bill for full suffrage rights which swept through the Chamber in 1919 and failed to pass the Senate only through a political accident! The contention that the sentiment favoring the new position of women is waning rather than growing in Italy is thus supported by this contrast.

I have already indicated the cause—the desire of dependence rather than of independence, and the firm belief among both men and women of the Latin countries that dependence is jeopardized by independence! That view was constantly brought to the fore in contact with all circles of society, but nowhere more effectively than from a woman who, for the past thirty or forty years, has been prominent in the movement for women's rights. An active member of the Socialist Party (into which women have been admitted since 1894), she was a close associate of Mussolini in that party in Milan, and was one of the first to follow his new ideas resulting in the formation of the now all-powerful Fascist party. It is known that she still is a power in the inner councils of Fascism.

"What is the reason for what you call this waning of interest in the new conception of woman's role?" I asked her.

"Because of the loss of so many men the competition for marriage here has become keener since the close of the war," was her reply. "Italian women have looked over the ground, so to speak, and have come to the conclusion that Italian men do not like women who talk politics or know too much. Hence they are afraid to express themselves, and do not want to run the risk of ruining their chances of pleasing the men!

"Ah," she added, striking at another age-long human attribute, "women who through force of circumstances if not through choice must forge ahead, have indeed a very hard time. If they are ugly and do not try to be attractive, they are criticized for lack of feminine qualities. If they strive to please, they are attacked for trying to win through personal charm rather than through

ability. It is the same everywhere, is it not?"

Yes, it is, all over the world!

But one must not leave Italy without calling attention to the immense cultural opportunities open to woman and to her strong position in the teaching forces of the nation. Whereas in the United States the best universities and many professional institutions are available only for men, all universities in Italy are freely open to women, who study side by side with the men. Women are highly honored in the educational world, one half of the teachers of the secondary schools being women. They are found also among the full-fledged professors of universities and technical schools.

Perhaps no more striking example of the high regard in which women teachers are held is to be found than in the case of those having illegitimate children. Italy has no law for the research of paternity. No woman may lay claim on any man for the recognition or the support of a child born out of marriage. A woman is prohibited by law and custom from having knowledge of or access to methods of birth control, or to save herself from the results of such intercourse, yet she is helpless in face of the *fait accompli*. However, a woman teacher who, some twenty-five years ago in Milan, had such an experience and had the courage to acknowledge it and challenge the authorities to oust her from her position, was sustained in her efforts, the case even reaching Parliament. Since then it is no uncommon situation for a woman teacher to bring up a child out of marriage and to remain a member of the teaching force.

Indeed, the increasing indulgence with which the unmarried mother is being viewed all over Europe is one of the direct results of the war. Faced with the shortage of men, everyone knows it is impossible for many women to look forward to regular family life. Society was faced with two alternatives, either to make it possible for woman to protect

herself by making her mistress of her own body, or to let nature follow its course. In the Latin countries at least, the tendency is toward the latter alternative. The shortage of children resulting from such a devastating slaughtering match as the world war is a factor in the situation.

But it is in Germany and in the Scandinavian countries that one will find the participation of women in public affairs an accepted fact. In Germany—where the three k's of the Kaiser: *Kinder, Küche, und Kirche* (Children, Kitchen, and Church) comprised the alphabet of every well-regulated German woman's life in the days before the war—there has been a sudden, radical change.

In fact, a constitutional and parliamentary mentality is relatively recent in Germany, and took root in masculine consciousness much later than in other countries. As a result, women displayed no concern in political rights or duties at a period when the suffragist movement was already manifesting itself in Anglo-Saxon nations. It follows, therefore, that the sudden transformation which, through the revolution in November, 1918, granted to women at one fell swoop complete equality in civil and political rights was unexpected and unprepared for. It did not come about through feminine efforts, but was due to the vision which prevailed on the masculine side in the unhesitating effort to incorporate all democratic ideas in the victorious revolution.

It was an immense task to reach twenty million new women electors in a few months, but so quickly did the women rally to the new idea that they voted very heavily for the first national assembly, the one which was to write the new constitution. The figures are:

Registered Voters		
Men	Women	Total
15,016,114	17,710,872	32,726,986
(46 per cent)	(54 per cent)	
Those who voted		
12,471,167	14,572,345	27,043,512

Of the actual number of registered voters casting their ballots, therefore, only one-tenth per cent more men than women voted. In some cities, notably in Bremen and in Hamburg, the feminine vote attained 89.6 per cent against 8.7 per cent masculine. In all these figures, however, the greater proportion of women in the population must be taken into consideration. Of a total population of 60,412,084, the division stands 28,779,498 men and 31,632,586 women.

The elections to the newly created Parliament—Reichstag, June 6, 1920—saw a slight diminution of interest on the part of both men and women voters. When it came to the elections for state parliaments (corresponding to state legislatures) the women dropped below the men, as they did to some extent in municipal elections. Taking the state of Baden as an example, though one must add that political life has been always intense there, 55 per cent of the registered voters voted, of which 61.7 per cent were men and 50.4 per cent women. In the largest city there, Frankfurt a/Main, of 57.5 per cent of the registered voters who cast their ballots, 60.1 per cent were men and 55.3 per cent women.

Compared with the much smaller percentage of women who vote in the United States, it will be seen to what an unusual extent German women are taking advantage of their new position. This is all the more remarkable because they have not the clubs and organizations and dinners and public meetings so numerous in the States for the study of public questions. They say they have neither the time nor the means for them.

But the activities of German women and the advancement of their position in the new Reich are still more pronounced when one considers the large number of women members in the Reichstag, the state parliaments, the provincial diets, and the city councils. There are thirty-six women in the Reichstag,* as

compared with three in the British parliament and one in the Congress of the United States. There are one hundred and sixteen women elected to the various state parliaments and provincial diets, as follows: 41 in Prussia; 10 in Baden; 2 in Brunswick; 6 in Saxony; 3 in Hesse; 3 in Mecklenburg; 2 in Thuringia; 5 in Württemberg; 8 in Bavaria; 12 in Bremen; 17 in Hamburg; 6 in Lübeck, and 32 women members in the various provincial diets of Prussia. In the city councils, corresponding somewhat to boards of aldermen, the latest figures are not available. In 1919, however, 1400 women members were elected in the towns having a population of 10,000 inhabitants or over. Taking into consideration the small communes as well, one authority places the proportion of women members in the municipal councils at 11 per cent.

Women also are being called into the economic councils of the Reich. That is to say, five women are members of the Reichswirtschaftsrat, a provisional economic council comprising 326 representatives of various professional groups, in proportion to their numerical strength and importance. Of 44 delegates from employees of commerce, one is a woman. From the consumers' group 4 delegates are women, representing housekeepers.

But the vital question to be answered is: What have the women accomplished? What has been their contribution? Perhaps some may voice the opinion that one should look for the answer in the cities and communes; but the consensus would be that it is in the Reichstag with its 36 women members that one ought to search for light on the position of women and what they have done.

It was in the writing of the new constitution for the German Republic by the provisional national assembly (to which 37 women were elected) that women for the first time had the opportunity of directly influencing legislation. The principle of personal, civil, and

* Germany has no Senate; the upper body, Reichsrat, consisting of about fifty appointed representatives with little more than veto power.

political equality between the two sexes is established in a few brief articles, of which the principal ones, aside from that establishing equal suffrage rights, are as follows:

Art. 109: In principle, men and women possess the same civil rights and duties.

Art. 119: Marriage rests on the equality of rights of the two sexes; maternity has the right of protection and assistance from the State.

Art. 121: The law must assure illegitimate children the same conditions of physical, moral and social development as legitimate children.

Art. 128: All citizens without distinction shall have access to public office, in accordance with conditions as fixed by law and in the measure of their ability and experience. All provisions which might result in the exclusion of the feminine sex are abolished.

Art. 163: To every German citizen the possibility of earning a living by working shall be assured.

So much for the constitution. Following are some of the measures enacted by the first national assembly through the efforts of the women members:

Law for the assistance of women at time of maternity.

Law for control of cinematographic films, which calls for the co-operation of women and whose application has already brought beneficial results.

Law for the protection of women employed in hotels and restaurants.

There were others, but let us turn to the efforts of the women deputies of the Reichstag since June, 1920, all designed to effectuate the principles of equality between men and women established by the new constitution:

Law providing for the eligibility of women to Chambers of Commerce and boards of trade.

Revision of the law concerning the Stock Exchange, permitting the admission of women.

Law for the service of women on juries.

Law opening judicial careers to women.

Child Welfare Act of June 1922, the most comprehensive piece of legislation—aiming at the physical, mental, and moral welfare of every child in the nation—ever attempted by any government.

Social Hygiene Act of June, 1923, one part aiming at the eradication of venereal diseases, the other part dealing with prostitution. Regulation of prostitution would be abolished and licensed houses closed.

Passed by the Reichstag, this law was vetoed by the Reichsrat, owing to objection to one of its minor provisions, *i.e.*, that of permitting treatment of social diseases by other than licensed physicians, because it was feared the doors would be opened to "quacks" of all kinds.

During my visit to the Reichstag I learned that the committees on which women members predominate are working on other public welfare laws, such as a revision of the old family laws and a new educational policy for Germany. But the Child Welfare Act, and the proposed Social Hygiene Act alone are sufficient to support the contention that German women have done more to change the complexion of legislation, and one might even say to influence the trend of collective and individual life, than the women of any other country.

That statement might be disputed by citing the example of the Scandinavian countries, but not when the element of time is considered. It must be remembered that the Scandinavian countries were not at war, and that the modern conception of women's position has been in vogue there for many years. There is at least one field in which the Scandinavian women have set the pace so far: they have done more to improve the position of the married woman, under the law, than has been accomplished anywhere else. Though the ref-

erence is to the new Swedish marriage and divorce law, the provisions will likely be worked into the code of Denmark and Norway, as there is a movement to attain a uniform legislation.

That this new law has been most carefully worked out is to be gathered from the lapse of time since the first part, that dealing with marriage and divorce, was passed by the Swedish Riksdag in 1915; and the second part, dealing with the relative rights and duties of both parties to a marriage, in 1920.

There is only one kind of marriage, consummated by an optional ecclesiastic or civil ceremony. It can be dissolved quite easily, on the agreement of both parties. First, the court must pronounce a judicial separation for one year. Then, when proof is pronounced before the court that the parties have not lived together during that time, a final decree *nisi* is granted. If only one party wishes to be divorced, the court must see to it that adequate reasons, first for separation and then for divorce, be produced. Grave and continual disagreements, drink and neglect of maintenance, adultery, venereal diseases, and desertion may be advanced. The court can decree which of the married couple is better able to care for the children. As for "alimony"—in the same manner as the husband is bound to support his wife, the wife can be made to contribute her share in the maintenance of her husband. The law is ultra-modern, making it simple to end a marriage if both parties are agreed to do so, but nevertheless, there is some attempt at mediation, whereby a clergyman or other person appointed by the court has to try to conciliate the husband and wife petitioning for divorce.

That part of the new marriage law dealing with the personal and economic conditions of marriage was voted by the parliamentary session of 1920. It abolishes the guardianship and ownership of the husband and makes the wife a personally free being, disposing of her energy and administering her estate

with exactly the same rights as her husband. On the contraction of marriage the estates of both the husband and wife are combined, unless it is distinctly agreed that each retains his or her property. But the theory is to make one collective estate of which the husband owns one-half and the wife the other, yet each continues to administer his or her portion, giving an account to the other of his or her administration. This is necessary because, in case of divorce or death, each party to the marriage has a right to half of the accrued property. What is administered for the common interest of both is called the "husband's and wife's marriage portions," and is not private estate, which may be retained by a marriage settlement, by gift or will, given under the condition that it shall be private property.

But the feature that has caused the most widespread attention is the legal right of a wife to a fair proportion of her husband's earnings—not as a gift, nor as a means of merely supporting her under his roof, but as her just due under the law. If a woman earns outside the home, she has a right to her own earnings, but if she spends her time running a home and bringing up her children, that also is considered "earning money" which the husband and father is bound to give her, or she can apply to a court for her fair share. This places an economic value on the mere business of being a wife which raises the status of house-keeping and home-making to that of a profession.

All in all, the law's administration and its results in the happiness of family life are being watched with keenest attention, and the new Swedish Marriage Law is already being considered in many respects a model for those who believe in the development of a womanhood freed from the chains of ancient tradition and custom.

In the new nations sprung from the war, one finds almost as great a change in the position of women as in Germany.

Poland, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania all have granted full suffrage rights to their women on equal terms with men, Hungary on less favorable terms. But the activities of the women in Czecho-Slovakia have been the most pronounced. The proportion of women taking part in the elections for the Chamber of Deputies in 1920 is shown by the following table:

Total population: 13,611,235; 7,052,717 women; 6,558,518 men.

Entitled to vote

Women: 3,653,760 (52.82 per cent)

Men: 3,264,196 (47.18 per cent)

Those who voted

Women: 3,320,650 (53.4 per cent)

Men: 2,900,128 (46.6 per cent)

Fourteen women M. P.'s were elected, and 3 to the Senate. In the city and small town councils, 12 per cent are women, some towns having women mayors or deputy mayors.

Not only have the women in Czecho-Slovakia been active in the elections and in Parliament, but their efforts have resulted in an important group of laws, as follows:

Law affecting the legal position of women in marriage and stipulating cases where divorce might be demanded (1919).

Laws regulating working hours (1918); establishing equality of salaries and pensions for men and women teachers in primary schools (1919); establishing equality between men and women teachers in the upper primary schools; permitting women teachers to continue after marriage (1919); bettering working conditions for home work (1919); regulating the organization of special professional schools for women and fixing the conditions for the teachers therein (1922); concerning the supervision of children given to the care of strangers, and of illegitimate children (1921).

Laws granting subsidies to working women at the time of maternity (1919); forbidding the sale of alcoholic drinks to juveniles under sixteen (1922); combating venereal diseases (1922); providing for the construction of sanitary houses and protecting tenants (1922).

Glancing over this list, one might question the statement that the women of Germany have done more to advance their position and to affect the complexion of national and individual life than those of any other country in the brief period of time since the close of the war. It is, therefore, necessary to point to a state of affairs which has considerable bearing on the situation. Germany practically is prohibited from having an army, navy, or air force; the race for armaments and questions of defense are almost a closed question in her national existence. Therefore, this gives the woman's point of view and her program of human welfare legislation a greater opportunity for expression and realization than in those countries—one might say all other countries—so much of whose time, thought, money, and energy still are consumed, either through inclination or force of circumstances, in the questions of national defense and race for armaments.

It may be a cause for astonishment in some quarters to learn that in England, adding Scotland and Wales, women have failed both to change their political, economic, and social status as effectively as in other countries or to affect the legislation of their country very sensibly. Indeed, most people are under the impression that English women have the vote on the same terms as men. Such is not the case. The act of February, 1918, fixed the age of thirty for women instead of twenty-one as for men, and there are other restrictions. Whereas any male citizen of that age may vote simply from the fact of six months' residence, even a business residence in a district, a woman must qualify as a resident by being a proprietor or a tenant of furnished

quarters. There is a strange contraction in the act passed eight months later, in December, 1918, which makes women eligible for election to the House of Commons on the same terms as men—that is, twenty-one years of age or over.

Since this opening of the gates, the only reform carrying sweeping changes is the Sex Disqualification Act of 1919. It does not remove all legal inequalities, but it does stipulate that no person may be disqualified by reason of sex or marriage from filling any public function, from being appointed to any civic or judicial office, or from engaging in any career or entering any association legally recognized. No reason of sex or marriage may be invoked to exempt a person from being a member of a jury. On the other hand, the law provides the reservation that the admission of women to official positions may be regulated or restricted by special conditions, and that the admission of women to juries may depend on the decision of a judge or president of a court that the jury be composed entirely of men, or entirely of women.

Other reforms included in the list of what women in England have accomplished are decidedly trivial. The women of England have not been able to gain admission for their sex in the upper House of Parliament, or to make any dent in the Divorce Law, which gives legal sanction to a double standard of morals in permitting a husband to sue for divorce on the ground of adultery alone, but obliging a wife to prove other grounds in addition, even though the sanctity of the family home itself has been broken by the man. It is a fact that in England, as in no other country with the possible exception of the Scandinavian countries, one gains a distinct impression of antagonism between the sexes—that is, on the part of the male.

It is true that women's private organizations in England are strong and

numerous. They are run on similar lines with those in the United States and for much the same purposes. And now that the new government of the Labor Party is giving women greater opportunities in Parliament and public affairs, more may be expected from the women of England. For it is a fact that the countries where women have been most successful in making a real impression on the trend of events have been those where they have flung themselves into the political parties, have elected a bloc of women to Parliament who stood shoulder to shoulder on certain reforms and sought action in the political arena instead of trying to watch the game from the side lines.

In resumé, although the women of the United States may not yet have exerted the influence expected, and although the women of the new republics in Europe have forged ahead to a remarkable degree, yet it is unquestionably in the United States that one may expect a new turn in the movement to bring about a modern evaluation of woman's sphere of activities. With over 2,000,000 more men than women in the population, with freedom from irksome economic pressure because of the wealth of the country, the women are tending toward a solution of the question which will be probably a combination of the view that "Woman's place is in the Home" with the theory that, to win a home, and to win a home worth having, women must have equal rights which will allow them full opportunities for self-development, and for training to help them cope with the world as it is.

That is the middle road between a state of affairs where women remain in ignorance and seclusion and one where women attempt the same duties and responsibilities as men. No civilization as yet has accepted or operated under a middle of the road conception of woman's role; it may be that, if adopted, happiness and well being not yet dreamed of will be attained.

Autumn

BY ROSE WILDER LANE

THE weather was milder than she remembered it. She had remembered October days crisp with frost and bright colored with autumn leaves. The voices of farmers had sounded strong and round, the horses' harness had merrily jingled, and the wagons had rattled over frozen ruts in the street. A smell of apples had jolted from them. Every detail had remained in her memory through all the years. The road coming under the oaks from the high-shouldered brick schoolhouse, the wooden bridge where horses' hoofs had sounded hollowly, the long upward slope past little houses painted white or yellow, and the jog in the street at the top of the hill—these were like beloved objects worn by much handling. They had been part of her thought of Harry, and somehow, under all the other occupations of her mind, she had always been remembering him.

The weather made the difference. The little town that had been purposeful and energetic was limp in lukewarm dampness. Brown leaves fell heavily, and did not rustle underfoot. A stain of moisture spread on her glovelike kid shoes. How strange to be walking here! Her shoes, and her frock, and the coat with its collar and clever cuffs of *kolinsky*, were strange. "*Mais, il vous va à merveille, mademoiselle!*" Who was this stranger walking here in clothes from the Place Vendome? Would no sharp edge of reality pierce through this dream and with its pain wake her to knowing who she was?

Rose slipped a hand into the crook of her elbow and gave her arm a little squeeze. "It's good to have you home again, Evie," Rose said. "I was scared

at first you'd be so changed I shouldn't know you, but you aren't changed a bit. You're just the same old Evie you were when—" Rose's voice stumbled, and went on quickly. Rose had thought of Harry.

But there was no longer any pain in that. She had put the thought of him away from her, desperately, for so long, because she could not bear the pain of it. During those years, in some mysterious way, its power to make her suffer had gone. Remembering him had become a part of her so deeply rooted that to tear it out would make her bleed to death. She had wanted to tear it out. Loyalty had not restrained her, nor sentimentality about love. Quite simply, no other man could be to her what Harry was.

They came to the top of the hill, she and Rose. The new cement sidewalk began here, and there before them was the Square, its wooden hitching-rails replaced by iron ones. Farmers' wagons were thick around it, their wheels in mud. Under pale sunshine the street was pathetic. A country road, at home in woods and hazel thickets, it was miserable before false second-stories and harsh brick fronts. The farmers, who had once seemed bold and hearty men, wore now the sad aspect of those whose lives are eaten away by the land. Peasants. In every country the same bowed shoulders, crippled hands, and wintry smiles in cheeks of leather. Oh, piteous strugglers that we are, upon the indifferent earth! Something in her put its arms round them all, to weep with them. But a little smile came out to run along her lips and hesitate in their corners.

Yes, after all the years and beneath

all the differences they had made, she was still the girl who had strolled past this Square on moonlit nights, coming home with Harry—the serious girl whose cheeks had shone with scrubbing and whose serge dress, trimmed with pink baby ribbon, had cost so many anxious days of sewing.

Rose still wore a "best dress." She was wearing it now, for this was a great occasion. Rose was taking her famous sister to a reception given by the wife of the banker. The farmers stepped stiffly aside to let them pass, and followed them with oblique glances. Rose was proud and excited. She was wearing a new hat from Paris, France, brought by her famous sister, and beneath it two spots as red as rouge burned in her cheeks. Rose, too, was a stranger. One saw only the outside. One saw, with aching fond amusement, this climax to her long social striving.

"I hope you'll be awfully nice to Mrs. Mason, Evie. She'll be hurt if you don't. She's read every one of your books, and she was so nice to me last summer when Mrs. Hornbrook was so mean. Just because she comes from Kansas City, that Mrs. Hornbrook thought she could just run this place and she'd have taken the Embroidery Club right out of my hands if Mrs. Mason and I hadn't got together. I know it doesn't seem important to you, Evie, after all the places you've been, but to me—"

"Rose dear, if you only knew how unimportant I am in all the places I've been!"

"You aren't, Evelyn! Knowing Cabinet Ministers, and Princes, and everything! You're the most important person that ever went out of this town. I want you to remember that, I want you to remember it every minute!" Rose's voice was shrill with earnestness.

But who knew what Rose really was, deep, deep underneath? Rose, who had not been jilted; Rose, who had married Bob and borne her children and been—happy? One saw only the outside of

Rose—the new house with a bathroom, the little car, the trip to Los Angeles, where, for a dollar, she had seen everything from a sight-seeing bus. That was the successful Rose whom others saw. There was another Rose whom only Rose saw, when she had shut all the doors of herself and sat peaceful in loneliness. It was this Rose who did not speak of Harry.

This was the corner by Latimer's store, where he had stood with other boys on summer evenings while she went laughing past with other bareheaded girls on imagined errands. Here unchanged was the gravel walk that went by the old unchanged white church.

"Latimer's sold out," said Rose. "It's a wholesale feed-and-grain store now. The town isn't what it used to be; it gets deader every year. I guess it's the mail-order houses; they've killed everything. Mail-order houses and automobiles."

"Our old-fashioned little towns seem doomed," she answered. "The small stores can't outlive their economic usefulness."

All the time, silently, she was talking to the other Rose. "You need not be tender with me now. Truly, truly, all the old hurt is gone. So much of it was vanity—seeing pity in all the eyes, and I so young and naked to them. Oh, a great deal of my pain was vanity. How amusing we are, in the tragic solemnities of our little lives! Yes, but—I do love him. I've never been able to get over that. But I am not ashamed or hurt or struggling about it anymore. It is just something one accepts, even with gratitude for the little that it is. And I have built myself a good life. There is one thing you could tell me, perhaps, if we spoke aloud. Why did he do it? I have never understood that. Because he loved me, too."

The giant oak was gone, the oak whose shadow in the moonlight had sheltered the awkwardness of their first kiss. She smiled at that memory now, as a mother smiles at the funniness of a child.

But the oak, now only a ghost, wakened two other ghosts who lingered in its vanished shade.

They had sat pressed together by the crowd on the benches of the church. The smell of oil lamps and of sweat was in her nostrils. Light and color and white faces blurred before her eyes. For hours they had risen and sung, sat and prayed, controlled by the exhorter's passionate voice. "Come to Jesus, come to Jesus! Come and be washed in the blood of the Lamb!" Sobs and cries rose round them. Weeping, on their knees, calling to God for help, the girls she knew struggled with their sins. "Come to Jesus, come to Jesus!" She trembled, tears ran down her cheeks. All of her melted into one ache of longing. Somewhere, waiting for her—"Jesus is calling, Jesus is calling you!"—unimaginable power and glory and joy! A thinning resistance held her still until one intolerable shriek broke it. Shaking and blinded, she stumbled to her feet—and felt his hand firm on her arm. "Let's get out of this," said his unshaken voice.

He had taken her from that orgy into the sanity of darkness and stars. Breathing the clean air, she was grateful and ashamed, like one rescued from degradation. She trembled, clinging to him, more entirely his than she knew. But he must have known. He said, "Religion is all right, but that back there—it isn't healthy." Always, with a word, he could show her what she had known. For a long time they had walked up and down past the oak, talking. "I feel I want to do what I can to make the world better," he said. She was reproved. Her ambition to escape and to accomplish great things was selfish. His was noble. At that moment she had first loved him.

Yes, there had been in him a fineness, a strength, that she had never found again. His steadiness had never failed her in the crude years of their growing up together. Never until that last inexplicable month that had ended with his marriage.

"But how cleverly you managed it!" she said, to the end of Rose's long story of Mrs. Hornbrook's defeat. An automobile passed, flinging mud from its sucking wheels. Far in the depths of her were echoes of that crude and terrible battle: the intolerable pain of jealousy that tore her like claws; the night of wind and freezing rain when she lay and beat her hands to bleeding on the icy ground, waiting to hear them pass together; the question, never answered, "What did she give him that was finer and deeper than I could have learned to give?"

Automobiles stood in a row before the banker's many-gabled house. Rose's breath came fluttering. "If only our car hadn't been laid up for repairs!" The picket-fences were gone, too; there was no gate to click behind them. But there on the lawn was the old cast-iron dog, holding as always an empty flower-pot on his rusty head.

She and Rose were going up the walk to the scrolled porch of the banker's house. The house was conscious of its importance on this afternoon; it wore an air of festivity as farmers wear Sunday coats, and figures moved as if embarrassed behind its staring windows. Strange. When there had been a picket gate it had never clicked behind them. She and Rose had never been invited to the banker's parties; their father was the drayman. Now the house was agitated because of her coming. The drayman's daughter was stiff with self-consciousness, and some one else within her smiled, and some one else was bored, and everything was strange. Her finger pressed the bell.

There was desperation in Rose's clutch on her arm. "Oh, Evie, I just can't let you—without telling—please don't be mad at me—Harry," Rose gasped, "He's going to be here."

She stared at Rose's rounded blue eyes. This must be what writers meant who wrote, "The blood drained from her cheeks." There was a tingle in her fingertips. Because of the dampness the

door was sticking in its frame, and through the glass scrolled with frosted flowers she saw the banker's wife in undignified struggle with it. She heard the laughter of the gods. The door opened with a jerk.

She had been told that he was in Washington. She should have remembered that Congress was not in session.

The banker's wife was nervous, and her face was red. Perhaps tight corseting, perhaps the struggle with the door. "I am pleased to meet—to welcome our noted authoress," said the banker's wife. The others said, while looking at her with shy keenness, "I am pleased to—pleased you're home again." Some added, "Are you going to stay here now?" He was not in the parlor, where women who had been girls she knew sat on rigid chairs. What atrocious wallpaper! "Are you glad to be home again, Evelyn?" "You look just the same, you haven't changed the least bit." "Well, now you're here we hope you'll stay a long time." No, he was none of the men who stood together as if for self-defense in the doorway to the back parlor. But surely, surely, she would have recognized him instantly. Rose was garrulous. "Well, as I tell Evie—"

What was she doing here, in this *petit bourgeois* atmosphere? Her chair pressed gilt scrolls against her knees, held her upright as in a vise. Inside the constraint of her self-conscious muscles something ran about wildly, trying to escape. The smile on her face was hardening like a mask. Her polite voice repeated, "Yes, I am glad to be here again." A phonograph ground derisively in her mind, setting the words to a tune. "Yes, we have no bananas"—That was what they did to Handel's Messiah. How piteous they were, the eager young girls she had known! They looked at her helplessly through eyes dulled by commonplace. They, who had been so sure and happy, were wistful now as she had been.

At any moment he would come.

Was there no end to meaningless

phrases? The young and eager girls were still there, behind softening cheeks and thickened bodies. They were like animals born in captivity, wistful behind inevitable bars. They wished to ask her the news of the far places, but they did not know how. "Give us the scent of wind on mountain tops, and the taste of the fears and the kills you have known in the jungle," that was what they wanted to say, while they spoke phrases without meaning: "Paris is awfully wicked, isn't it?"

His step was on the porch; she would have known it anywhere. Her blood answered it with a leap, as it had always done. The mask of her face broke. The banker's wife was struggling with the door. A little smile scampered over her lips and quivered in their corners.

He was unchanged. The same Harry, he stood in the doorway of the parlor, and his smile expressed the same confidence and good humor. "Well, folks—!" The old, remembered heartiness in his greeting! Their voices answered him in chorus.

Her chair was no longer uncompromising in its rigidity, it seemed soft to her relaxing body. A fountain of laughter flung a jet from her throat. Love him? Love that man? She did not love him. She had never loved him. The laughter of the gods swelled to a roar at this climax of comedy. So all our tragedies become comedies in the end? Farce, broad farce. Here were the girls, who had risen, fearing they had not done the proper thing, and sat down again in imitation of her!

His clasp, the warm one of the successful politician, enfolded her fingers. How could he know that the sparkle in her was not for him? Indeed, there was something of the moving-picture actor in all American politicians. This was delightful. Her gesture settled him in the chair beside her.

He had still the habit of running his fingers through his thick hair. Then they sought a watch-chain no longer looped across his front. His talk

sounded well to the ears for which it was intended. He had ideals, purely emotional. Words like Mother, Home, and England struck in him a chord of noble feeling. He was inconsistent, illogical, and usually right. One must admit that minds made by newspapers were more normal than those of independent thinkers; human beings were created to feel in crowds. His kind was the preservative of nations, institutions, customs, morals. Every Sunday morning he would eat the same thing for breakfast. No doubt he was an admirable husband and father. No doubt. If one were to ask him, "What do you think of women in politics?" he would clear his throat and answer seriously, "Well, of course, I believe that woman's place—" All the time, a wilder sense of freedom was intoxicating her.

The banker's daughters gave them each a plate on which was set a cup of coffee beside a slice of brick ice-cream and a slice of layer cake. Oh, of course! "Refreshments." The talk became animated, as the end of the reception was perceived. She had forgotten to be nice to Mrs. Mason. It was not difficult; Mrs. Mason stammered in her pleasure. "I've always thought I c-could write, myself," Mrs. Mason confided. "Things come into my mind, sometimes—Do you ever run out of ideas for stories? I—I'd be glad to give you some, if—"

She thanked Mrs. Mason. Now all at once everyone rose, with an outbreak of farewells like a chattering of sparrows. Everyone was shaking hands with everyone else. They crowded the hall where the banker's wife stood by the open door, smiling in relief. They overflowed upon the porch and their voices sounded shrill on the quiet air as they had sounded long ago at the end of a schoolday.

She went down the walk with Rose. Beside his car Harry hesitated. He thought of taking them home in his car. Then he thought, better not; it might make talk. He held his hat in his left hand and took her gloved fingers in his right. "Good-by, Miss Evelyn, it's been

a pleasure to meet you again." A timid look came for an instant to the surface of his eyes—his vanity looking out to see if it were hurt. But no, it could see nothing, and whisked into hiding again. Better let sleeping dogs lie, he thought.

"And I'm very glad to have seen you, Harry. Good-by."

In the moist air there was now a promise of frost. Behind them automobile engines complained of the prodding of self-starters, then one by one rushed down the street. The last team of horses at the hitching-rails tossed their heads with jingling of bits. The buildings round the Square seemed to huddle together for warmth. In the yards of little houses women with knitted scarfs over their heads were bringing in wood. Rose hurried. "I'm afraid I'll be late getting supper," Rose said in a strained voice.

"Never mind, Rose, I'll help you," she said, giving Rose's arm a little squeeze. Better than joy or happiness was this sense of wholeness, of oneness with herself. With pleasure she felt her muscles moving as she walked. There was exhilaration in the chilling air. Her feet marched to the rhythm of a tag of verse: "I will run and stand in the wind on the hill, now that I am lone and free."

Late that night she was still too much alive to sleep. Supper had been mirthful, Rose and Bob answering her laughter until the children grew hysterical in their milk cups. Evening had been prolonged round the lamp after the children had been forced to bed. Now she was alone, and sitting by her window, wrapped in a dressing gown, she looked at the moon in the cold sky. A branch of cherry tree made a Japanese print across it. She knew that her door was opening softly before she heard the whispered, "Evelyn?"

"Yes? Come in, Rose."

"Where—? Oh, I thought you'd be in bed." Rose stood hesitating. Then in the darkness, that Rose whom only Rose knew spoke shyly, "Evie—you aren't mad at me, are you?"

Softly, softly, not to frighten her way. "No, I'm not mad at you. Come and look at the moon."

Moonlight fell on Rose's thick body, uddled in a shawl over her nightgown. The night was still, and bare twigs were delicate against the sky. "It's pretty, isn't it? I like to look at it. . . . Evie, didn't mean to be mean to you. You're the only sister I have."

"Yes. I know."

"It—didn't make you feel bad?"

"No."

"You see, Evie, all that was a long time ago. I've thought about it so much. I thought it must be the reason—Evie, I hate for you to be an old maid. You miss so much. I thought if you could only see him again—and I knew talking to you wouldn't do any good." He was trembling. "Don't you think, maybe now—?"

"Rose dear, how did you know?"

"I'm awfully glad." Their hands clasped in the shadows that veiled their faces. "It doesn't much matter who, Evie—who you marry, I mean. Just so he is a good man." The secret Rose came shyly again into her voice. "Men are only what we make them, you know. In our minds, I mean. What they *really* are—But you find they are just as—lost and—fumbling, as we are. And they cling, like children. So you have to be brave for them. It doesn't last, the—feeling you have at first. They say that

at the last, when your children grow up and go away and have their own lives, that then—I don't know." Rose leaned her forehead against the cool pane of the window, her voice spoke quietly to herself. "Maybe we are always alone, really."

There was companionship in that knowledge shared.

Rose shivered, drawing the shawl closer. "I declare, the nights are getting chilly. You'll catch cold, sitting in that thin thing." Her fingers felt it expertly. "What is it?"

"It's an *abba*—the Bedouins wear it. The silk? Handwoven; I got it in Damascus."

"Oh, Damascus." Rose's mind slid absently over that jeweled word. "Sure you have enough covers on your bed?"

Alone, Evelyn lay with hands clasped above her head. She felt the weakness and the surging energy of convalescence. Her life had been wasted? She smiled. Dear Rose, poor Rose. Wise, illogical Rose, urging marriage now. To each human being one thing is solid, stable, an anchor to which to tie. That is the thing not yet examined. How merry and busy Rose would be, too, when the children were grown and she was free! So all the ecstasies and the heartbreaks come to one end, and the end is freedom from them all. Freedom. And the good years still to be lived!

America's Responsibility in the Far East

BY WILLIAM HOWARD GARDINER

IT was only eleven days after the great earthquake in Japan. Relief supplies were being rushed from Shanghai to Yokohama, where most of the American and British naval forces in the Far East had been concentrated for rescue work. On board the *Shuntien* we were waiting at the mouth of the Yangtze for a typhoon to pass so that we might sail, when from out of the murk to seaward came a flotilla of Japanese destroyers. Our score of passengers, mostly official and business residents in the Far East, glanced at them and remarked, in effect "Ah! A demonstration in force"—whereupon they returned unconcernedly to their novels and games of bridge.

That a flotilla of destroyers had been dispatched from Japan at that particular time to one of the troubled regions of China was noteworthy from several angles. But the laconic comment of those sojourners in the Far East showed above all how oft-repeated experiences had inured them to manifestations of that one dominant factor and essential sanction in Far Eastern affairs—armed force.

This fact was profoundly impressed on the present writer by many political and military authorities throughout a personal survey he made during the summer of 1923 from Japan to Java, of the Far Eastern politico-naval situation. And at the outset it may be said advisedly that that situation has been affected *only for the moment* by the appalling cataclysm of the Japanese earthquake.

To state the major consequences of this in a few words: About four hundred thousand persons were killed—a number much less than one per cent of the

Japanese population and much less than the annual net increase of that population. If we bear in mind the superabundance of people and the dearth of dollars in the Far East, then, from the point of view of an Oriental nation, this terrible loss of life is of less moment than the great destruction of productive property. The economic plant destroyed is being rebuilt, in the main, by internal and external loans; and it is expected that the increased efficiency in operation of the new plant, built as a whole, over that of the old plant, sporadically developed, will meet the larger part, if not all, of the charges for reconstruction loans. So the Japanese may find themselves in a better economic position than before the disaster.

In naval matters, apart from obsolete vessels and "small fry," the Japanese lost only one new light cruiser, the *Naka*, and one unfinished battle cruiser, the *Akagi*, which was being converted, under the Naval Treaty, into an aircraft carrier. Within a month after the earthquake the building of a similar light cruiser was started at Kobe; and one of the two new battleships which the Japanese were to demolish under the Naval Treaty is being substituted for the *Akagi*. Persistent reports from Japan that the great battleship *Mutsu* was lost may be dismissed; for the writer saw her and her only sister ship, the *Nagato*, afloat four weeks after the earthquake in Yokohama harbor, and showing no signs of injury. So the Japanese fleet was not seriously injured and may be expected to be as powerful as ever within less than a year.

But the earthquake destroyed the

only great powder factory in Japan and also the vital fuel oil reserves at the Yokosuka naval base. Consequently, until fresh supplies of powder and of oil could be bought, the Japanese navy could not fight for any length of time; and certain Japanese realists were appalled as they realized that thus other Powers had been presented with an "opportunity" similar to that which the Japanese Empire had seized to force its Twenty-one Demands in 1915 on distraught and defenseless China, and which the Japanese Premier, Count Okuma, had described as "the opportunity of a century" for Japanese imperialism. But China and the world at large sent only relief forces, supplies, and funds to the Japanese in the hour of their calamity and momentary weakness.

The Far Eastern situation might be described under four major headings: Chinese political incompetence and consequent general helplessness; Japanese activity and virtual omnipotence from Kamchatka to Formosa and into China; European impotence—from Java and Singapore up and throughout the Far East; American responsibility—originating eighty years ago and now centered in the Philippines.

The self-destructive incompetence that now engulfs China has its sources far back in the declining decades of the Manchu dynasty—and in the inconsistency, not to say the fatuousness, of decades of American Far Eastern policy. Here it must suffice to suggest only that its immediate cause is the present form of government in China—a factional politico-military oligarchy, miscalling itself a republic—which will prove to be merely a passing phase out of which, if China can survive for several decades, will rise a real leader who will give his country a government natural and fitting to its civilization.

Japanese potency and European impotence are vividly suggested by the following words from the latest history

of the Japanese Empire that has been written in England:

Great Britain may contemplate Japan as a commercial rival (in all quarters of the globe) . . . who, in a future that is not very remote, may be found a competitor that will test her industry, ingenuity, and enterprise to the utmost. If Japan must still take a backward place in the commercial arena of the world, she can already claim one in the very front rank of the great military powers. Indeed, she is perhaps already the greatest, when judged not only by the size and quality of the forces that are at her immediate disposal but by the completeness of her organization in every possible detail, and by the provision she makes to meet all contingencies long before they can arise. As a nation, she is saturated with the spirit of militarism.

After describing the high spirit and outlook of the Japanese, the historian continues:

Great Britain now holds her Far Eastern colonies, the great commercial depots of Hongkong and Singapore, entirely on the sufferance of Japan. From either she could be ousted as speedily as were the Germans from Kiaochow, and it is even possible that Japan might not be always indifferent, in view of her new [panasiatic] doctrine, to events in Great Britain's Indian Empire. The pact of the Pacific binds her as it does ourselves, but the history of the most Christian nations shows how illusory are international covenants as instruments for the limitation of national covetousness or ambition . . . can anyone dare to cast a stone at her if, in the future, she finds it imperative in her own interests to strengthen herself at the expense of other Powers in the Far East? It behooves Great Britain, therefore, to retain her goodwill . . .*

Thus an Englishman, in England's latest history of the nations, when recognizing Japanese power and British impotence in the Far East, bows to the Rising Sun. But he seems to have overlooked the potentiality of the United States in the Pacific, if only we face our responsibilities.

In more explicit terms, those who are really experienced in matters of Far

* *Japan*, by J. H. Longford in John Buchan's "The Nations of Today," p. 8.

Eastern international grand strategy have long since recognized that Japanese policy, though it may shift one way or another as circumstances develop, is ever directed toward an ultimate purpose. In the broadest sense, this purpose is to obtain the hegemony at least of Eastern Asia and of the Pacific.

To this end two quite different plans are known to exist. The Territorialist Plan looks primarily to the impetration and progressive conquest of as much of the continent of Asia as possible. The absorption of Korea, dominance in Manchuria, the adventures in Fukien, Shantung, Mongolia, and Siberia, and the attempt of 1915 by means of the Twenty-one Demands to turn China virtually into a vassal state are incidents of the unfolding of this plan. Nor should Japanese incitements to insurrection in India be overlooked.

In contrast to this is the Maritime Plan. It is perhaps not generally realized that, during the last fifty years, the Japanese have completed their hold over all of the insular barrier to Eastern Asia from Kamchatka to Formosa, and that they now control all of the islands of the Pacific north of the Equator except the Aleutian Islands, the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines, northern Borneo, a few small and scattered American or British islands, and the coastal islands proper off China and off the American continent. Some ten years ago there was displayed in the Tokyo Museum a map that showed *all* of these islands—and even Lower California—as within the prospective Japanese realm. Though obviously stimulating to patriotic ardor, this map has been withdrawn long since, presumably as being indiscreet.

So far as is known to the writer—from many authoritative sources in the Far East—the full scope of the Japanese Maritime Plan contemplates the progressive extension of Japanese control along the insular barrier to Eastern Asia, down to its southern terminal in the

Antipodes and round into the Indian Ocean.

It may be objected that such a project is altogether fanciful because of the British and Dutch tenure of intervening positions. The power of the Dutch to defend their Far Eastern possessions against external aggression is negligible. And when we examine the English statement just quoted to the effect that Britain holds Hongkong and Singapore on the sufferance of the Japanese, there seems to be solemn substance in it.

In point of fact, Britain has been without capital power of magnitude in the Pacific since the rise of German naval power obliged her to concentrate her fleets in home waters. To-day the turmoil in Europe would prevent her from detaching an adequate force for the Pacific. Furthermore, Britain has not got at Singapore, or anywhere else in the Far East, such naval-base facilities as would be essential to the maintenance of a considerable capital fleet in the Pacific on a war basis. And even if she had such facilities, the very outbreak of serious trouble east of Suez beyond doubt would engender such conditions in India and along her eight-thousand-mile line of communication to Singapore that, at most, she would be able to maintain there only a regionally defensive force—which would be inadequate if the Japanese could gain a base, say, in the southern Philippines, and could guard their line to it. The conclusion seems inevitable that the European Powers are incapable, by themselves, of offering effective opposition to an advance of the Japanese along the insular barrier.

Returning to the Japanese plans, it should be recalled that the Japanese first completed their hold on all the outer insular barriers from Kamchatka to Formosa, between 1874 and 1895 and then began the conquest of the hinterland to that part of the barrier in pursuance of the Territorialist Plan they had learned from Prussian military policy. Much progress was made in this

direction until about 1920, by which time several unexpected things had happened.

In 1898 the Philippines had passed from Spain into the strong though relatively inexperienced hands of the United States; and after 1905 European power had virtually vanished from the Pacific. Though the outbreak of the European war in 1914 gave the Japanese Territorialists "the opportunity of a century" which they were not slow to seize, the collapse of Germany in 1918 demonstrated the fallibility of Prussian policy. Meanwhile the Japanese were beginning to find that the practice of such policies in Asia aroused many unexpected obstacles and necessitated in several instances an expenditure of energy more than questionable.

The consequence of all of this was that the Territorialist Plan suffered a partial eclipse, and a Japanese recession from the continent began about 1920. For at least the supporters of the Maritime Plan had persuaded the Japanese supreme authorities that the Maritime Plan promised substantially the same results as the Territorialist Plan, namely, the virtual monopoly of Eastern Asia, but by isolation instead of by conquest; that the Maritime Plan promised much more, in that it looked to the hegemony of the Pacific as well as to that of Asia; that, instead of necessitating the conquest and permanent policing of Asia, it required, in view of European impotence, only the removal of the United States from the Philippines and thereafter the progressive extension of Japanese control over virtually defenseless and more or less isolated islands; and that, therefore, the energies of the Japanese Empire should be concentrated on the development of the navy rather than of the army—and on the freeing of the Philippines.

Such is the order of the day in high Japanese circles; and such are its purposes.

It places before the United States the undivided responsibility of determining

the future of the Far East, of the Pacific, and of much more on our ever-shrinking globe.

In the face of such a responsibility, it would seem fitting to review our policies and practices in the Far East in order that our future conduct there may be as appropriate as possible.

Somewhat as the principal Powers in Europe have struggled for centuries against one another for preponderant power there, so the extensions of their activities to the Far East have been characterized by rivalries to secure preferential opportunities for commercial profits. In those rivalries diplomacy, the show of force, and war have played prominent parts. And toward the close of the nineteenth century the Japanese Empire—having succeeded, where China failed, in escaping the role of victim—joined in the contest, intensifying its record of impairments of sovereignty, of sequestrations of territory, and of subjugations of peoples primarily for preferential economic opportunities.

The first commercial treaty of the United States in the Far East was with Siam in 1833. But instead of seeking preferential opportunities, it provided that Americans were to enjoy economic opportunities merely equal to those granted to other nationals. By a show of naval force in 1842, we secured similar concessions from the Chinese when the British were seeking special concessions at the close of their Opium War; and these Chinese concessions to us were embodied, in part, in the Treaty of Wang Hiya, in 1844, incidentally to which our Open Door Doctrine was inaugurated. In 1853 and 1854 we opened the Japanese Empire to the modern world—again by a show of naval force. Subsequent commercial treaties with it and the revised treaties of 1858 with China connoted the maximum area of theoretical application of our Open Door Doctrine, which aims that all nations should enjoy equality of economic opportunity, so that none need

impair the sovereignty or sequester the territories of others.

During those decades American opportunities and interests in the Far East had been developed in the face of intense rivalries to a remarkable extent by our insistence on being conceded opportunities merely equal to those conceded to others. Whenever necessary, we had supported such equitable insistence by a show of adequate armed force. And by thus supporting such a policy firmly, we had done much to decrease inequity and to raise to a more equitable plane the conduct of affairs in the Far East. But from 1861 until 1898 we neglected the Far East, our energies being diverted from it by our Civil War and by the subsequent internal development of our own country.

Meanwhile the British Empire, the Russian Empire, and France sedulously prosecuted their politico-military campaigns for special privilege in China. In 1894 the Japanese Empire entered this arena actively and won its first modern war against China. But then the Japanese were so weak and the European Powers so strong in the Far East that the latter were able with impunity to deprive the Japanese of important items of their spoils of victory. Yet the advent of this ambitious though relatively weak local contestant in the dismemberment of the Chinese Empire so stimulated the activities of the European contestants that the great diplomatic "battle for concessions" developed at Peking.

At that time European power was the transcendent factor in the Far East. It was composed, however, merely of extensions to that region of the relative status of the leading nations in the European balance of power. But developments elsewhere began to show the British that they would have more urgent need in other parts for the sanctions on which their premier position in the Far East rested. So they stimulated the American Government, whose interest in the Far East had just been

reawakened by our acquisition of the Philippines, to revive our Open Door Doctrine, which the British themselves had been prominent in disregarding.

This facilitated our obtaining in 1900 from the principal European Powers and from the Japanese Empire separate professions of accord with our Doctrine. But whatever hope such professions promised for an end to the struggle for preferential opportunities was soon dissipated; for the initial Anglo-Japanese alliance of 1902 furnished England's Oriental ally with a shield behind which to move with impunity; and the consequent Russo-Japanese War virtually eliminated Russia as a first-class Power in the Far East and added immeasurably to the self-confidence and actual power of the Japanese.

During these developments American diplomacy was active in the Far East, incidentally making the mistake of enabling the Japanese to end their war against Russia victoriously before their finances were exhausted and before slow-moving Russia could mobilize its full strength. But when the Japanese committed such a flagrant violation of the Open Door Doctrine and of their own solemn promises as they did when they absorbed Korea, the United States closed its eyes to the occurrence.

Meanwhile the rise of German power on land and sea had forced the concentration of British and French strength in Europe, preparatory to the great war, which European statesmen saw, years in advance, was virtually inevitable. So with Russian, British, and French power gone from the Far East—in as much as they no longer would express material force there—the kinetic power of the Japanese Empire, the potential power of the United States, and the impotence of the newborn Chinese Republic were the major factors in the Far Eastern situations immediately before the outbreak of the European war.

It is difficult to believe that, if American statescraft then had been as realistically clear-sighted as that of the Euro-

European Powers or of the Japanese Empire, we should not have made every effort to substitute American naval power in the Far East for the European power withdrawn of necessity from there; and this in order to give to our Open Door Doctrine—and to the international equity it connotes—the sanction that subsequent events proved was essential to maintain it and to maintain peace in the Far East. But we did nothing of the sort. Consequently, when the long-expected European war broke out in 1914, there was virtually no material obstacle to prevent the Japanese Empire from working its will on the defenseless Chinese Republic.

In view of our record since 1861, it is not surprising that we merely filed mild paper protests against the enforcements of most of the Twenty-one Demands in 1915, whereby the Japanese sought to turn China virtually into a vassal of the Japanese Empire—in spite of the Open Door Doctrine and of Japanese subscription to it. And when the consequences of those Demands were under discussion at the Paris Peace Conference in 1919, our President-Delegate took no effective step to contravene those consequences; nor did he seek to prevent the Japanese from retaining the former German islands in the Pacific that brought them nearly half-way across the Pacific and directly across our lines of communication with the Philippines.

According to some pacifist theorems, abstention on the part of China, the European Powers, and the United States from forcefully opposing the Japanese expansion should have assured peace in the Far East. But unfortunately, upon the inauguration of the late President Harding, in March 1921, there came to hand detailed, specific, and conclusive evidence of a technical nature that the Japanese were making intensive preparations for a naval war in 1924. On the other hand, at that time in the United States

there was most positive demand for a retrenchment in Federal expenditures, and there was emotional clamor for disarmament such as usually occurs in victorious countries after a great war fought supposedly "to end war."

To solve this dilemma, among other things, the Washington Conference was called "with a view to reaching a common understanding with respect to principles and policies in the Far East" such as to permit of a limitation of naval armaments by agreement between the United States, the British Empire, the Japanese Empire, France, and Italy. It produced six treaties of which we need here consider only three.

The Four-Power Treaty, now in effect between the United States, the British Empire, the Japanese Empire, and France, provides that if the rights of any of these four Powers in relation to its insular possessions and dominions in the Pacific are threatened by the aggressive action of any outside Power, then the four Powers shall confer together as to measures to meet the situation. This treaty also provides that if a controversy arises between any of the four Powers themselves as to said insular rights that is not settled by diplomacy, then the subject shall be referred to a conference of all of the four Powers. To quote the Report of the American Delegation to the Senate: "The present Treaty promises not an agreement of any sort, but merely consultation." It also ended the Anglo-Japanese alliance but not the Franco-Japanese alliance.

The Nine-Power Treaty reasserts the oft-professed Open Door Doctrine and lifts it from the level of separate diplomatic exchanges among the Powers about China to that of an explicit and solemn engagement, signed simultaneously by China and by all of the Powers except Russia now especially interested in the Far East. Unfortunately, up to the moment of writing, France has not seen fit to ratify this treaty, though her Delegates signed it more than two years

ago. So as yet it is no more in effect than a contract which has not been properly countersigned.

Assuming, however, that France will ratify the Nine-Power Treaty, we still shall be confronted by the implications from the actual record of the Open Door Doctrine in the Far East. In substance this record is that professions of adherence to the Doctrine have been made innumerable times by many Powers during the past eighty years, but that such professions have been violated in practice when the Open Door Doctrine was not supported at least by the potentiality of force where the latter would be effective. This gives added importance to the Naval Limitation Treaty now in effect.

Before the Washington Conference the total tonnage of effective American, British, and Japanese combatant vessels of all kinds—built, or for the building of which appropriations had been made—was in the ratio of about 6-5-3; and the corresponding tonnage of their effective capital ships was in the ratio of about 6-4-3.

At the opening of the Conference the United States proposed that the tonnage of capital ships, of aircraft carriers, of virtually all other surface combatant auxiliaries, and of submarines be limited so that, after specified scrapplings and replacements, the ratio in each and all of these four classes would be 5-5-3. But where such all-inclusive combatant fleet-limitation was sought, only the limitation of the sizes of the capital ships and of the aircraft-carrier classes was secured, thus leaving all Powers entirely free to build any number of such auxiliaries as cruisers and submarines, provided only that no such individual auxiliary exceed 10,000 tons or mount a gun of larger caliber than eight inches. Indeed, the Japanese refused to agree even to this half-measure of fleet-limitation unless we agreed to their proposal that all insular fortifications and naval bases west of Alaska and of the Hawaiian Islands should not be developed beyond

their strength at the close of the Conference.

Politicians and laymen seem to have given little consideration to this limitation of insular fortifications and naval bases. But, in contrast to lay opinion, strategists generally agree that it is of the utmost importance. For many of them recognize that this limitation was really the major objective of the Japanese at the Washington Conference. In fact, some American strategists foresaw that the Japanese would attempt to secure just such a limitation; and this because a limitation of forts and bases would make it especially difficult and costly for the United States fleet to reach Far Eastern waters and to operate there protractedly; and it would leave most of our dependents—of our possessions and of our other interests in that region—virtually without either land or sea defenses.

As the Naval Limitation Treaty more than cut the power of our capital fleet in half, reduced its ratio from 6-4-3 to 5-5-3, and greatly increased the difficulties of our expressing an effective measure of naval power in the Far East, it seems impossible to consider the Naval Treaty as supporting the Four-Power Treaty or the Nine-Power Treaty—from our point of view.

On the contrary, these three treaties, taken together, seem to be in accordance with our traditional procedure in the Far East during the last sixty years; namely, to make political paper gestures there which we leave to "moral force" to support, although armed force has ever been the dominant factor and essential sanction in the Far East, and although the recent record of realities in the Far East has shown a marked recession of equitable policies before the advance of forceful practices.

In brief, our record in the Far East has had two phases: At first we supported equity with force whenever there was need of the latter and until about 1860. By so doing we bettered both our own interests and general conditions in

at part of the world. But since then we have merely dallied with the Far Eastern situation, seeming to be satisfied by the consistency of advancing the same paper program—from which, as a rule, we withheld the support essential to its realization.

The consequences of this omission on our part were not so serious while the European Powers maintained enough naval force in the Far East to curb the growth of Japanese power. But the effect of omission for which we must bear the undivided responsibility is that we did not substitute the restraining influence of American naval power for that of European naval power when conditions in Europe obliged the Europeans to withdraw the weight of their fleets from the Far East.

The outstanding result of this last omission on our part is that, whereas the Japanese were barely able to overcome the Chinese in 1895 and the Russians in 1905, by 1915 they had grown so strong as to attempt to turn all of China practically into a vassal state; and now they are virtually unopposed and all-powerful in the Far East north of the Philippines—where, for the moment, the small island at the mouth of Manila Bay blocks their whole southward expansion.

This brings us to a consideration of the responsibility confronting the United States in the Philippines and to the question of how the United States may maintain and support its position there to maintain peace in the Orient.

The outstanding circumstances relative to the Philippines may be summarized as follows: While the Japanese have had a large measure of success in impregnating the continent of Asia, and while they have attained virtual omnipotence within a radius of say, fifteen hundred miles from Tokyo, good and sufficient reasons have developed for their suspending present prosecution of their Territorialist Plan in favor of their Maritime Plan—which latter looks to their pushing their control southward

along the insular barrier and isolating Eastern Asia by controlling all strategic points of communication. This prospect is of exceedingly great future importance to Britain and to the Netherlands, neither of which can defend her equatorial possessions. But it is of more imminent importance to the United States: for the Philippines are the immediate obstacle to the next essential step in the grand plan that the Japanese have selected for their imperial expansion in the Pacific and in Asia.

Under such circumstances it would seem patent that the Japanese, from now on, will concentrate every effort toward bringing about such conditions that the Philippines will no longer block their empire building. And here it is well to recall that, immediately after the Japanese took Formosa in 1895, they became keenly interested in the efforts of some Filipinos to throw off the rule of Spain; and they were bitterly disappointed when the Philippines passed into the stronger hands of the United States. In fact, from then on Japanese activities of all kinds in the Philippines have continued to be of great concern.

It is under such circumstances and influences that some advocate giving the Philippines their independence. Here it should be said frankly that, while it would be possible for the United States to withdraw entirely from the Philippines and to turn them adrift, it is impossible to give the Filipinos self-governing independence as we understand it; and this for the very simple reason that the mass of the eleven million inhabitants of the islands are utterly incapable of throwing off the rule of the handful of professional politicians who have been allowed to entrench themselves in the government of the Philippines—by methods and with results to themselves that would make an old-time Tammany chief turn green with envy. The present question is not one of independence for the Filipinos. It is merely whether they shall be governed by a lot of Spanish and Chinese half-breeds with or without

the restraining influence of the United States.

There cannot be any doubt but that if this restraining influence were withdrawn—and if the Philippines could be isolated from all external dangers—the internal rivalries of such as the three-quarters Spanish Quezon and the three-quarters Chinese Osmena would embark the Philippines on a career compared with which that of Mexico would appear one of extreme tranquillity and prosperity. Nor can there be any doubt but that, if by some miracle the Filipinos could set up a government of approximate internal orderliness and stability, it would be undermined and overthrown by external influences even more rapidly than was that of the ancient Korean realm when it stood in the path of the Japanese Territorialist Plan just as the Philippines now stand in the path of the Japanese Maritime Plan.

Since the Washington Conference Filipino casuists and their partisan fatuists have taken to pointing to the Four-Power Treaty—which “promises not an agreement of any sort, but merely consultation”—as guaranteeing the security of an independent republic of the Philippines. But in doing so they serenely overlook the fact that the Four-Power Treaty refers only to the rights of each of the four Powers in their own several “insular possessions and insular dominions” and not in any way to any territory which is not an “insular possession” such as the Philippines now are, or an “insular dominion” such as New Zealand. And even if the Four-Power Treaty could be stretched to cover an independent republic of the Philippines—which never could hope alone to defend itself against the Japanese—it would be well to bear in mind the English historian’s statement quoted above that “the history of the most Christian nations shows how illusory are international covenants as instruments for the limitation of national covetousness or ambition.”

On the one hand, the well-meant but

fatuous fancies of many Americans, in and out of office, are responsible in no small measure for the deplorable internal political conditions and for the consequent backwardness of economic development that now characterize the Philippines. On the other hand, the failure of the United States to apprehend and to meet the realistic trend of events in the Far East in recent decades—as we have seen above—is in no small measure responsible for the unrestrained growth of such extremely menacing external conditions as those to which the Philippines now are exposed.

To withdraw the restraining influence of our internal administration on Filipino politicians would be a glaring manifestation of lack of any decent sense of responsibility to the mass of Filipinos. To turn the Islands adrift now that they are the outstanding obstacle in the chosen path of Japanese expansion would be a flagrant betrayal not only of the Filipino but of every interest which white civilization possesses east of Suez, from Siberia to New Zealand—to say nothing of the determining effect that our action will now have on whether the Pacific is to be a safeguard or a menace to future Americans.

The only question to be considered is how to make the Japanese realize the utter futility of entertaining design against the Philippines, or other adjacent regions, while not giving them any warrant for interpreting our action as having an aggressive intent. Fortunately we can do this—if we will.

Our ability to make obviously futile an attack on the Philippines, or on any region to the south of them, depends on our being manifestly able and ready, at all times, to focus in the Philippines naval force so superior in every essential respect that the Japanese naval force could not cover the landing of an adequate invasion force and keep open its sea lines of support—or could not maintain southward sea lines of communication past the Philippines. In turn our ability to focus such a force there a

time depends on the condition as well as the size of our fleet in every essential respect—and on its being assured of a secure haven of refuge for it in the Philippines at the end of a five-thousand-mile emergency trip from the Hawaiian Islands. And finally, the assurance of our fleet's finding such a haven as a base-region from which to operate depends on our being able to hold such a haven against any attack until our fleet and reinforcements arrive.

The great expanse of virtually landlocked water in Manila Bay offers the natural facilities for such a haven, and most fortunately, during the Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson administrations our military authorities were allowed gradually to build up a system of fortifications on Corregidor Island and in its vicinity, at the entrance to Manila Bay, such as would for a time deny an enemy entrance to the bay. Indeed, in the summer of 1923 the military authorities in the Philippines described Corregidor to the present writer as "the Gibraltar of the Far East."

Naturally, the composition and distribution of its defenses are military secrets. But it is broadly known, in general terms, that the Corregidor defenses of Manila Bay would be virtually impregnable for a while against attacks from land, sea, or air—provided that the defenses were adequately manned, munitioned, and supplied before an attack and before our lines of communication to the Philippines were interfered with.

Yet Corregidor does not defend the Philippines. Corregidor defends merely Manila Bay as an essential refit haven for the fleet. Once the fleet is based on this haven, then it is the function of the fleet to defend the Philippines at sea by taking such measures that the enemy's ability to land and maintain an invading force will be parried and destroyed.

But if Corregidor were to fall before

our fleet arrived, then the enemy fleet could enter Manila Bay and, probably, could debar our fleet from entrance. Under such circumstances we not only would have failed to defend the Philippines, but our fleet, depleted by a long voyage and without secure refit facilities, would be in a very serious situation opposed to an enemy fleet, presumably ready for battle though smaller in numbers.

Assuming that the fleet we could send to the Philippines would be larger than the one the Japanese could send, the success or failure of our defense of the Islands would depend, primarily, on the length of time Corregidor would hold out and on the length of time it would take us to prepare our fleet, dispatch it, and have it reach Corregidor, and cut the sea lines of the enemy attacking Corregidor.

As with every fortress, the length of time Corregidor could hold out would depend on the strength of the force attacking it. As its reduction not only would prevent us from defending the Philippines, but might make possible the virtual destruction of our fleet, it is safe to assume that the enemy would concentrate the maximum possible force against Corregidor as quickly as possible. To offset the speed with which he would hope to reduce Corregidor, we should get our fleet out to its relief as quickly as possible.

This means that, in every essential respect, our fleet should be ready in American waters for instant service in Asiatic waters. But our fleet is in no such condition.

Out of the eighteen battleships left us by the Naval Treaty, thirteen need to have their guns elevated to shoot at the enemy as far as the enemy can shoot at them; and thirteen need additional protection against torpedoes and air bombs. Whereas we have only 75,000 tons of modern light cruisers, we should have about 295,000 tons under the "Treaty ratio." That is, we are short by about 220,000 tons in light cruisers. And simi-

larly, we are short by about 50,000 tons in submarines.

Our most westerly so-called advance operating-base in the Hawaiian Islands requires construction which will cost close to \$40,000,000 before it approaches adequacy. And our Pacific coast has nothing approximating the supply-base facilities necessary to maintaining even our present fleet on the Pacific.

Our navy is below its quota under the "Treaty ratio" by more than 4,700 commissioned and warrant officers and by more than 10,000 men. And of late years it has been kept on such reduced supplies that both the training of the individual ships and of the fleet as a whole have been very seriously neglected.

All of these conditions will have to be remedied—and remedied so obviously

that all can see—before we can expect the Japanese to recognize that they cannot take Corregidor and the Philippines before we can get our fleet organized all out to the Far East. Yet on our making our readiness obvious to them depends our ability to deter them from attempting the next step in their Maritime Policy—to control the Pacific and thus to isolate and control Eastern Asia.

Mahan said that "The most beneficial use of a (naval) force is not *wage war*, however successfully, but *prevent war*."

Evidently we have not yet learned that obvious doctrine. For we continue to keep our navy so far below the "Treaty Ratios" that it is utterly incapable of meeting our responsibilities and of maintaining peace and equity in the Far East.

Sea Mist

BY DANIEL HENDERSON

THE sea assumes her most mysterious dress,
 And vainly homing ships her films explore
 For castled ports upon familiar shore,
 Lost now, Atlantis-like, beyond all guess.
 Harken the eerie bugles of distress
 That wail across a wilderness of hoar
 Where mighty squadrons have become no more
 Than phantoms on a tide of nothingness.

It is as if the unconquerable sea,
 Weary of ships, and weary of man's boast
 That he had tamed her tide and chained her coast
 And bound her tempests to his sovereignty,
 Bade Mist, her frailest servitor, efface
 The ramparts and armadas of his race.



LOOKING BACK, THE VILLAGE WAS LIKE A COLONY OF PRAIRIE DOGS

Julie Cane

A NOVEL—PART IV

BY HARVEY O'HIGGINS

XX

JULIE CANE said nothing to Alice about the incident of Alan Birdall's night visit to her in the Careys' playroom, having promised him that she would not tell—and being prevented by her natural secretiveness, in any case—so that he was free to cut her again at school on the following day, even when he sat beside him at lunch. She did

not question his behavior; and, to anyone else, there was nothing unusual about it. He spoke to Alice during the noon recess but not to her, and she did not raise her eyes to look at him. He let her pass his gate on her way home, without attempting to waylay her; and she did not even glance at the house to see whether he was in sight. She told her father of everything else that had occurred on her visit; and when he

asked, "How's the Birdcage boy behaving?" she answered, "I don't know. All right, I guess," being guiltily puzzled to decide how, in fact, he *had* behaved, and realizing that her father might misunderstand him.

Cane, if he saw that she had something on her mind, did not press her for an account of it. He was busy with his grand theory of things in general, and he was unwilling to descend to the details of any individual problem until he had the whole theory ready. She herself had other things to think of beside Alan's peculiarities, being greatly occupied with her studies, particularly her music, for which she had an unusual industry but no aptitude whatever. And she was the more surprised, next morning, when Alan popped out from behind the bushes and stopped her as she came up the path to the Perrin back door.¹

"Why're you making out you don't care?" he demanded.

He was scowling; he had been quarreling with his mother; but he was also pink with some emotion that was not anger, and she understood neither his expression nor his words—or, at least, they confused her. "What?" she said.

"You know what as well as I do," he hectoring. "You like me and you needn't pretend you don't. It doesn't worry me any, only I'm not going to be cheeked by *you* or anybody else." The "anybody else" referred to his mother, of course.

She did not know what to say to that. She looked away from him vaguely. He caught her by the arm and pulled her round to him. "You're nothing but a little nobody," he raged, "and if I show I like you, I'm not going to have *you* . . . You've got to be darned meek about it. You needn't think you can come it over me. I've stood about enough from you, do you hear?"

"You're hurting me again," she said, trying to free her arm.

"Well, you bet I am! And I'll keep on hurting you, if you think you can treat me *that* way. You come sneaking round me, making up to me, and then

when I show I like you, you think you can act as if you didn't care. You'll apologize. That's what you'll do. You'll say you're sorry."

He talked so fast that he bewildered her, and the hurting of her arm confused her, so that she was quite inarticulate; but he must have seen in her eyes that she was sorry for him, for he commanded in a tone suddenly confident, "Say it."

"Say what."

"Say you're sorry."

"I'm sorry," she said.

He released her.

She looked at him a moment, worried, and then she started up the path again. He caught her back. "No, you don't," he said. "You've got to do more than that." And since she did not seem to understand, he went on, "You like me, and you've got to show it. You've got to do something to show it. You've got to—You've got to *say* it. Go on."

"Say what?"

He wanted her to say the things his mother said to him when they were making up a quarrel; but he could not tell her. He gulped. "*You* know."

She knew only that he was in a shocking emotional state and she did not know why.

He ordered, "Say you're—Say I'm—your darling."

It came out in a ridiculous, hoarse, cracked, and agonized voice; and, at the sound of it, he added at once—whispering, with a fierce insolence—"and kiss my hand."

He thrust it out at her. She looked at it. She looked up at him. And suddenly there were tears in his eyes—tears of rage and mortification and shame and pity for himself, if she could have understood them. But before she had time to understand anything, he turned from her with a sob and flung back into the bushes and crashed through them out of her sight.

She stood there a long time, frowning, unhappy for him, seeing still the suffering in his face, and wholly at a loss about it. When she continued on her way up

the path, she went slowly, miserable, with no clear idea of what was the matter. Martha Perrin, at her desk in the schoolroom, looked up from the exercises that she was correcting and greeted her with the usual, "Good morning, Julia dear," as she entered. Julie replied with a pale imitation of a smile that was rather tragical. They were alone. She hung up her hat and sat down with her books at the schoolroom table, moodily.

Martha came to her at once. "What is it? What is it, Julia? Aren't you well?"

The question irritated her. "I'm all right," she said. She opened a book at random and fixed her eyes on it.

Martha reddened. A little gray-haired spinster in her conventual black, she stood gazing at Julie as helplessly as an affectionate little girl who has been rebuffed by an elder. Julie did not look up from her book. Martha went back, hurt, to her teacher's desk.

It was not merely that she was fond of Julie, and therefore sensitive to a slighting of her sympathy. Julie's re-

lations with her—and with her sister—had become much more complicated than that. The elder sister, Agnes, at first brusquely superior in her manner to the child, had been won by the sturdy way, the obedient but unservile way, in which Julie had accepted direction, instruction, criticism, or what not. Whether they were correcting her dress or her accent or her manners or the harsh roughness of her voice, Julie had taken it equally well, without offense, intelligently and sensibly. There was, as Agnes said, "no sentimental nonsense about the child." She had no fear of them. She had not fawned on them. She had resented nothing from them. And if she was grateful to them, she had shown it only by her willingness to obey and improve.

As a consequence, Agnes had accepted Julie as her particular protégée and a child after her own heart, although she had taken Julie for instruction in piano-playing only. She had talked about Julie to Martha in a way which might have made Martha jealous if Martha had not been convinced that Agnes did



CUSTOMERS WERE ASHAMED TO HAVE HIM STOP AT THEIR DOORS

not understand *her* Julie at all. Agnes, for instance, had never seen Julie smile. As between the two sisters, her smile had obviously been reserved for Martha alone. Martha had noticed that. And she believed that you could not appreciate Julie unless you saw her when her face was warmed by one of her rare expressions of irradiating friendliness.

There had begun, in fact, between the two sisters, a little unconscious rivalry about the child. They had talked of adopting her—not as a serious plan, because they knew her mother would not have sense enough to give her up, but as a pleasant speculation. "I'm sure," Agnes said, "that Father would have been fond of her." And they agreed that, even if they could not adopt her, they might train her to be an assistant in their school and so keep her with them for years. Old age was beginning to look lonely to them in prospect.

"I'm sure," Agnes said, "that if I had a daughter"—and there she stopped. She was going to say that *her* daughter would have been like Julie, but she was embarrassed by the necessity of choosing a husband of such a character that the inheritance from the father might not conflict with her own endowment of her child. "It's too bad," she said vaguely, "that one can't have children in some other way."

"I loved so dressing her," Martha put in quickly, to change the subject. "She was so shy and sweet about it."

"I hope you'll not sentimentalize her," Agnes said.

And Martha resented it. She felt, in her heart, that under Julie's difficult exterior, there was a loyalty and a passionate devotion beyond anything that Agnes could understand or appreciate. Agnes was all for Roman character, sternness and upright strength. Martha saw in Julie a support for her own need of love and kindness—a support, indeed, against Agnes's disparagement of that need in her.

She was the more distressed to have Julie refuse sympathy in her own evi-

dent unhappiness. It was almost a proof that Agnes, after all, was right about the child. And if Agnes were right——! Martha foresaw a day when Julie would advance from her classes to Agnes's, and become a superior little strong-minded Agnes, and regard her with tolerant disdain.

Her manner toward Julie for the rest of the morning was prophetically tinged with the sense of coming depreciation, and when at midday she took her pupils in to luncheon and her sister's atmosphere of Roman poise, she went resigned to the sterile necessity of behaving with fortitude and self-reliance even in the face of food.

Julie sat down, as usual, beside Alan. Miss Perrin, as usual, said grace. But then, under cover of the murmured "Amen" of the others, Julie, with her head still bowed, whispered to Alan, "I'm sorry." And he replied "Shut up!"

He had intended to say it in as low a tone as hers, but a break in his voice put a squeak in it, and it was audible to all around him in the moment of decent silence that intervened between the prayer and the return to things of this world.

"Alan!" Miss Perrin cried, shocked. "What did you say?"

There was no answer but the rustle of movement and the intake of breath that accompanied the turning of public attention in his direction. Julie looked guilty.

One of the little girls piped out ingratiatingly, "He said 'Shut up.'"

Miss Perrin ignored her. "Did he, Julia?"

Julie was silent.

"Answer me, Julia."

She shook her head. "I mustn't tell."

"You don't need to," Miss Perrin said, with approval. "I should think, Alan, that you would be *ashamed*."

"Well," he sulked, "I don't want to talk to her, and I don't want her to talk to me."

"Spoken like a little gentleman, I'm

"e." Miss Perrin was heavily sarcastic. "Julia, change places with Alice. And I hope that none of you will speak to Master Alan until he has apologized to Julia, before you all, for his selfishness."

Alan remained unrepentant under that great of isolation; Julie gave up her chair to Alice Carey and took the seat beside Martha; and it seemed an pleasant but unimportant incident. Nevertheless, it began a new movement in the tune to which life was making Julie and her young Romeo dance.

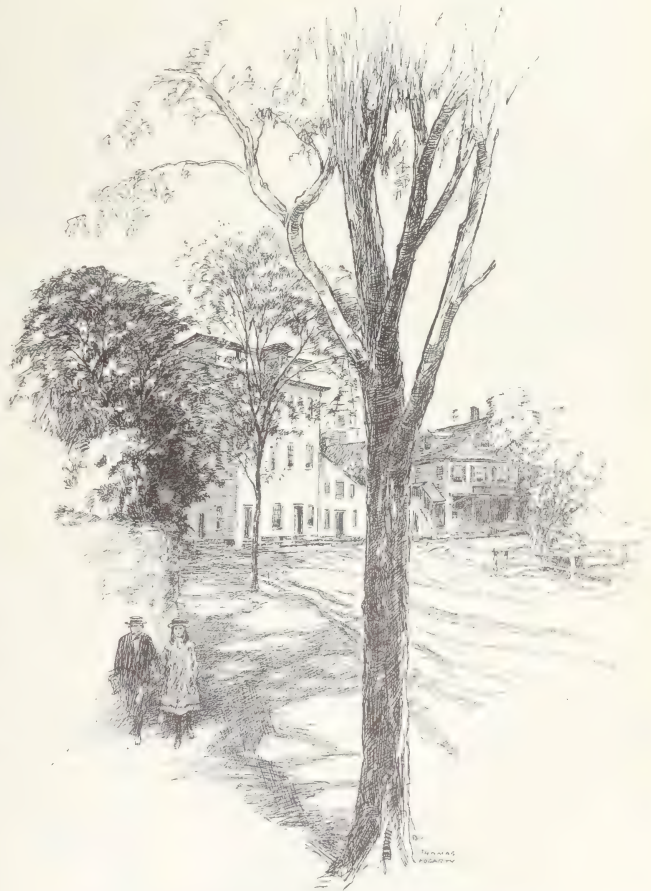
XXI

Meanwhile her father's progress toward a comprehensive understanding of things in general had become evident in no significant acts. He had changed the name of his shop to "The Old Findellen Grocery," which he had painted on his lintel and printed on his billboards; and he had put in his show window a large papier-mâché figure of a Chinese mandarin, obtained as an advertisement from a wholesale tea house. This dignitary had a balanced head that bowed and nodded on his collar bone, benevolently, for a considerable time after you had jerked his pigtail. Cane had inked a length of white string, tied one end of it to the Chinaman's black queue, and led the string through a course of staples, concealed between tins of canned goods, to a place where he could reach the other end, unnoticed inside the shop. And whenever anyone passed the window, he yanked the string: the Chinaman began to bow

and bow and bow and bow; the passer-by slowed down and stared; and Cane, watching out of the corner of his eye, whispered to himself "Ducks!"

"Ducks!" In that mystic word he celebrated the fact that his new theory of life and human conduct was proving its point triumphantly. For his new theory of life was briefly this:

According to Darwin and his school, mankind, having evolved from an animal ancestry, was still largely animal. As animals, we were all more or less moved and animated by certain animal instincts. People, as Cane had noticed, did not use their minds. Why? Simply because their instincts were more powerful than their intelligence. That was clear enough if you considered them in the mass. Looking back on Findellen



"I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT HIM"

from the hillroad, you could see that the village was very like a colony of prairie dogs, held together by a herd instinct; and every little house was an animal burrow, built and defended in response to animal instincts of love and affection. Intelligence would not keep a man or a woman working as these people worked to support a family and maintain a home. Quite otherwise. A purely intelligent man, if he decided to live at all, would preserve his liberty and limit his burdens by living for himself alone; but, being an instinctive animal, the average man could only live happily if he satisfied his animal instincts by marrying, raising a family, making friends, earning the good opinion of his fellows, and living at peace with his herd. He did not intelligently choose this course of conduct, however. His instincts moved him to it ungovernably.

That was the point—that word “ungovernably!” Man, in many ways, was like Darwin’s migratory ducks. When the instinctive impulse came to him, he could not resist it. And if you could find out what those instincts were, and get your finger on the triggers that exploded them into action, anything would be possible to you. You would, in Cane’s phrase, “have the world by the tail.”

Take the instinct of curiosity, for instance. Cane had seized on that instinct as an innocent and easy one to reach, and after much thought he had penetrated to what he felt was the trigger for it—namely, motion. If you sat perfectly still among the trees on the hill above Findellen the birds and the squirrels failed to see you. Naturally, a motionless thing was for them an inanimate thing. Only when you moved were you alive, a menace, an object of fear and curiosity. Motion, then, was the trigger that exploded the instinct of fear or the instinct of curiosity in an animal. And wasn’t it true, also, of man? It surely was.

As long as the Chinaman in the window was motionless the busy passer-by failed to notice him; but as soon as

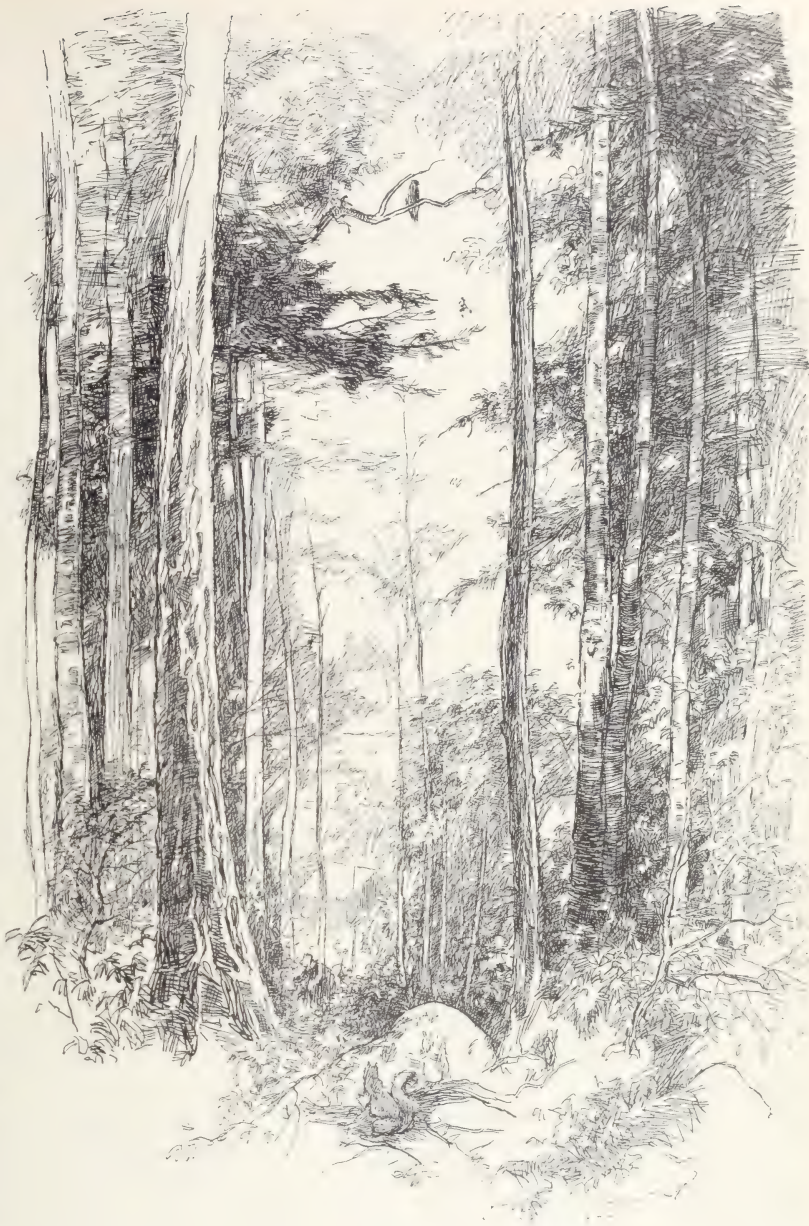
Cane pulled the shop-end of the string it was as if the other end were attached to the head of the man, woman, or child on the sidewalk. They turned at once. They stared. They responded, in fact automatically, ungovernably. And Cane found himself flooded with an unholy sense of power. He felt as if he had his hand on the lever of Archimedes with which to move the world.

He was so excited that he had insomnia and lay awake nights, planning new miracles of power. The herd instinct, now! If he could only find the trigger for that, and press his finger on it, and have all Findellen running to him like a flock of sheep to buy! How? How? Well, to begin with, he could call his shop “The Findellen Grocery.” In the vague exhausted cerebrations of the middle of the night it seemed an inspiration of genius; it would surely touch the herd instinct of the town. In the morning it looked feebler. He helped it by adding the word “Old.” That would appeal to the instinctive conservatism, the natural inertia, the fear of change which works so obstinately in mankind. So, for a beginning, he became the proprietor of “The Old Findellen Grocery” and awaited results.

They were not noticeable. Observing that most of the buyers of groceries in Findellen were women, he accumulated showcards and advertisements which contained pictures of infants, and he decorated his shelves and his walls and his windows with them till his shop looked like the headquarters of a campaign for Better Babies. Many of the women noticed the pictures favorably, but the sale of groceries was not increased. And he knew why. He saw that he had begun to use his theory before he had perfected it. “It’s all right,” he told Julie, mysteriously. “Don’t you worry about anything. I’m on the right track. I haven’t told you what I’ve been doing, but I’ve got an idea as big as Darwin’s. Don’t you worry. I’m going to stand this village on its head before I’m through.”

Yet on the whole Cane's reoccupation with scientific thought was proving bad for business. His mind was not on the dollar, and the minds of his competitors were. He had spurts of interest, in which he tried to apply his conclusions concerning the nature of man to the problems of trade, but his spurts were only spurts, brief and intermittent; whereas his rivals, seeking security in a bank balance rather than in an understanding of the laws of life, gained trade, saved money, and improved and made more attractive their shops.

It had been two years after the first telephone came to Findellen before Cane installed one. He took no part in politics and benefited by none of the local political patronage—such as supplying groceries to the insane asylum near Findellen. He belonged to none of the fraternal orders which might have brought him customers. He had quite lost touch with the congregation of old



ON THE HILL ABOVE FINDELLEN

Daniel Sowers' church. The radial trolley lines had begun to carry customers from Findellen to the larger towns. With the general use of the telephone, so many housekeepers did their shopping over the wire that Cane had to set up a delivery service; but he bought a lame horse, purchased a second-hand wagon, and hired as his driver a rheumatic old negro who needed work; and

he was cheated on the horse and wagon and betrayed by his own compassion in the matter of the driver. During the winter months, when the negro bound his feet in gunny sacks and wrapped himself in dirty horse-blankets, he looked like black death driving a bone wagon, and customers were ashamed to have him stop at their doors. It became chiefly the poorer people who dealt with Cane—because he gave them credit when no one else would—and he might easily have declined into insolvency if it had not been that Mrs. Cane, like many other religious people, needed the security of money in the bank as well as the assurance of salvation. She scrimped and saved, and vetoed his attempts to buy unnecessary stock for his shelves, and took the money from the till before he could get it, and wrung the last reluctant dollar out of the outstanding accounts.

XXII

While he was busy with his theoretical explorations into the nature of man, Julie was engaged in some experiential studies of the same mystery as it showed in Alan Birdsall; and she was the more baffled. Knowing nothing of Alan's relations with his mother, she had not even a clue to what her father would have called the condition of his instinct of affection. She could make nothing sensible of the way in which he behaved.

He had begun to devote himself to Alice Carey—particularly when Alice and Julie were together—and to slight Julie with an appearance of unconcealed dislike; but when the fat boy, Phil Mondell, adding himself to the trio, took Julie as his partner, Alan was furious. His fury was silent until Phil walked home with her from school. Then it burst out in what threatened to be a public fight on the Center street bridge where Alan, following them along the river road, overtook and stopped them.

Rage made him incoherent, but his grievance seemed to be that Phil, as his

friend, was insulting him by paying these attentions to a person who was peculiarly unpleasant to him. "You're not going to get away with it," he threatened her. "I know what you're up to, but you're not going to do it. If he keeps on I'll punch his face. I'll throw him in the river."

Phil, perspiring fluently—it was a warm June day—kept protesting. "What's the matter with you? I ain't doing anything to you?"

Alan ignored him except by implication. "You keep away from him," he ordered her, "or I'll just about kill him. That's what I'll do. You go home. Go on."

She looked at Phil. He was helpless. He could only rub his moist palms down the sides of his coat and complain. "What's the matter with you?" The creases under his eyes were wet, but she could not be sure whether it was with heat or tears.

She left them. And when she turned at the bend of the street to look back at Alan, with his fists in his pockets, was still glaring after her, and the mortified Phil was still feebly protesting but afraid to follow her.

Next morning, at the bridge where she had parted from him, she found Phil waiting to accompany her to school. Evidently he had not been able to pass that scene of his shame without some support from her; he had needed to reassure himself—by convincing her—that he had not been absurdly bullied and cowed. And he might have looked pathetic in his hangdog air of miserable self-defense if he had not been so fat. His clothes were tight on his round back, round arms, round legs. His straw hat was round above a round face. He suffered altogether from the inevitable tragedy of rotundity—that it makes pathos ridiculous.

"What's the matter with him?" he said. "I don't want to fight him. They won't let me—up home. If they know I've been fighting they lick me. I don't mind *that*. Maw, she don't hurt much."

it I don't want to worry her. Besides, ain't nice to fight. People oughtn't fight. They ought to love one another."

She knew that he was repeating what the elders had told him, and she thought over solemnly, with the respect which you should pay to the opinions of your elders. But it seemed to her that these elders ought to talk to Alan, not to Phil. Alan insisted on fighting it was useless to convince Phil that *he* should not.

She did not know what to say, so she kept silent.

"What's the matter with him?" he insisted. "I couldn't make out what he ought you'd done to him."

"He's mad because I said his name was Birdseed."

"Well, he called you 'Sugar Cane' first."

She had nothing to say to that.

"Besides, supposin' he *is* mad with you. That's no reason why anybody else can't speak to you, *is* it?"

She shook her head. They had turned to the river road, and at the far end of the vista they could see the trees which shaded the Birdsell, Carey, and Perrin estates. Phil slowed his pace to a crawl. He doesn't *have* to have anything to do with you unless he wants to, but I don't see what that's got to do with me, do you?"

"No."

"I don't want to fight him. I could kick him if I wanted to. I'm bigger'n he is. But I don't *want* to. I don't know what's the matter with him."

He gloomed along beside her, his head down, watching the distance anxiously under his eyebrows.

"It's all right for him. I s'pose his mother don't make so much trouble for him. But it ain't nice to fight anyway. An' I don't want to fight him. I *like* him. He's all right—unless when he starts something like this. I don't know what's the matter with him."

He stopped suddenly. Some one had come out of a gate in the danger zone. It was Alice Carey.

He took a long breath. "Well," he said, his eyes wavering between Julie and the road ahead, "I guess I'll wait till I've had a chance to talk to him. I don't want to get him into trouble—with Miss Perrin or somebody. You go on now, an' I'll tell you what I said to him when I see you again."

She nodded and went on. He became interested in some grass at the foot of one of the roadside elms. He approached it and picked up a twig, which he scrutinized carefully. Then, in order to examine it more at leisure, he leaned his back against the tree with an air of being unconscious that he was hidden from anyone who might come out of the Birdsell gate to see whether Julie had arrived unescorted. As soon as she passed that gate Alan appeared and followed her. He was close behind her when she caught up to Alice Carey; and he joined them in their progress up the Perrin path with a "Hello, Alice," that was affectionately friendly and a "Good morning" to Julie that was polite but reserved. Alice blushed and smiled. Julie answered him only with a steady puzzled look which he pretended that he did not see.

"I've a birthday next week—Saturday," he said. "I'll be fourteen. I'm going to have a birthday party Saturday afternoon. Will you come?"

"Why—why, yes," Alice stammered, finding the invitation addressed to her alone. She glanced, embarrassed, at Julie. "If Julie," she began loyally—

Alan affected not to notice. "Mother has some people coming from New York in the evening. We're to have a dance—if you can stay."

"You could stay with me all night," Alice said to Julie, "couldn't you?"

She answered only, "I don't know. I'll have to ask."

She was in the humiliating position of accepting an invitation that had not been given, but she was not humiliated. She knew that Alan wanted her to come, even if he would not ask her; and when Alice put an arm around her, consol-

ingly, as they went up the path she was unresponsive.

Linked together in this way, they were both stopped when he took Alice's hand and held her back where the lilac bushes ended and the house appeared. She clung to Julie, a little frightened. "I like you a lot," he said, as intimately as if Julie were not there. "You're wonderful."

"Oh, Alan!" She tried to get her hand free.

"That's all right," he said loftily. "I want her to know. You go round so much together, I don't want her to think I'm after *her*."

"Oh, *Alan!*" She thought him horribly cruel. She broke away from him and Julie, ran up the path, and dashed into the schoolroom breathless.

Julie followed slowly and Alan came with her, smiling his nervous little smile. "She's wonderful," he said. "I'm mad about her."

Julie had nothing to say—then or later. When Alice murmured, ashamed of him, "He's not nice to act like that," she replied, "Oh, well," and opened her book. She could not be sure that Alan was paying Alice such devoted attention in order to annoy *her*. And she could not be sure that it was because of jealousy that Alan would not let Phil Mondell go with her. It was easier for her to let them believe that he hated her and persecuted her. It flattered something in her to have them misunderstand—as she had been flattered to have Miss Perrin mistake her name on her first day in school. She did try, one morning, to talk of the matter to Phil, but her voice would not come; her throat, her vocal chords, seemed independently unwilling to utter the words; and, as a matter of fact, whenever she tried to give her confidence in any situation she was opposed by this physical resistance. It was one of the peculiarities of her temperament.

She had another. She was not ashamed of Phil for his cowardice, and she did not like him any the less for it.

She accepted it as quite natural that he should hide behind a tree to meet her and leave her on the way to school before Alan could see them together, and be afraid to speak to her when Alan was about. He brought her furtive gifts of candy, shamefacedly, and she said nothing of them to anyone, but it was not for shame. She was no more ashamed of him than she had been of her father when *he* brought her candy and said, "Don't tell your mother." She smiled on Phil with a real friendliness when Alan was not there.

With Alice she was in a difficult position, because Alice was afraid of her eccentric young admirer and afraid to be alone with him; she clung to Julie with an affectionate timidity whenever Alan sought her out; and since he never sought her except when Julie was with her, Julie had to play a role of silent submission to whatever insults he had to offer her over Alice's shoulder. She accepted them with an appearance of insensitive composure. If he complimented Alice, as a born New Yorker, on being different from "these village girls," she listened blankly. If he struck at her silence by remarking that a city girl always knew how to talk, she seemed to give him a large-eyed thoughtful attention. She did not respond to the consoling pressure of Alice's hand in hers when Alan was with them, nor did she make any reply to Alice's indignation on her behalf when they were alone. He brought Alice flowers from his mother's garden, and Julie did not refuse to accept some of them at second hand; when he told Alice, arrogantly, that they were for herself alone, Julie calmly gave them back. The only sign she showed of discomfort in the situation was this: she did not, as often as before, stop to play croquet on the Carey lawn on her way home; she excused herself to Alice—who excused herself to Alan—and went to find Phil Mondell waiting for her behind an elm tree down the river road.

This was the state of their sentimental



SHE ACCEPTED IT AS NATURAL THAT HE SHOULD HIDE TO MEET HER

journey when they arrived at the afternoon of Alan's birthday party. And at first it seemed that there might be a holiday truce between them, because Alan, sensible of his duties as a host, tried to be as pleasant to Julie as to all the others; but Phil, under the protection of Mrs. Birdsall and the other duennas of the day, showed an open preference for Julie, and Julie frankly smiled on him, and Alan resented it.

She had on her first real party dress—made under Martha Perrin's loving supervision—and she carried it with a striking air of self-reliant young dignity. She had a little white rose in her red hair. She had begun to learn how to use her smile. She moved through the childish shrill merriment of their noisiest games with an unconscious absorption and a sort of stately delight that made her different from all the others. Phil,

a dazzled devotee, seemed to see no one but her; and Alice hung about her like a maid-in-waiting; and Mrs. Birdsall watched her and made admiring comments on her to the other mothers and to Alan; and Alan rapidly developed into a suppressed and mannered maniac.

He tried to slight her, and she did not notice it. He singled her out for attentions, and she accepted them as placidly. He attempted to intimidate Phil, and Phil grinned and got away from him. He made a determined set at Alice and suddenly sickened of it. He struggled for two hours with the conflicting emotions of Romeo, Othello, and Hamlet. And finally he became altogether impossible.

"Don't be a little fool," his mother scolded him, aside, when he refused to play a kissing game or to let the others play it—secretly because he would not

kiss Julie himself and would not let anyone else. "You're behaving like a perfect boor."

"I'm not," he sulked. "I don't like kissing games. They're silly. Besides, I'm not going to play kissing games with *her*?"

"Her? Who?"

"That Cane girl."

She opened her eyes very wide. "Are you losing your mind, or have you never *had* one? She's worth all the rest of these brats put together. You're disgusting." And going to Julie, she put her arm around her and led her to the center of the room. "Now," she said, "we're going to play forfeits, and Julia's to be the judge; and she'll kiss anyone who wins; or, if it's a girl, then she'll choose a partner for her."

And with that Alan ran upstairs and locked himself in his room.

The game went on better for his absence. None of the children missed him and not even his mother followed him to coax him back. When it came time to sit down to the table she sent a servant to call him, and he returned pale but apparently in his right mind. He took the head of the board, and did the honors "like a little gentleman," and pulled his Christmas crackers with Ann Bainbridge on his left—a big wet-nosed blonde girl with reddened eyelids—and when Julie found the ring in her slice of the birthday cake (by virtue of his mother's connivance) he put the ring on her finger and kissed her gallantly.

His mother was proud of him. While she was playing the piano for the dance which was to end the children's part of the day she watched him admiringly and thought that he danced well, particularly with Alice Carey. And Alice's father agreed with her. He had arrived to say that his wife might not be able to come to the party, but that he would certainly be there himself; and having delivered that message, he remained, leaning on the piano beside her, watching with her, and joining in her enthusiasm for Alice and Alan. "They not

only make a handsome couple," he assured her; "they set a handsome precedent for their parents."

She laughed at him. "Your compliments are so legal they make me think of the divorce court."

It was Carey who proposed that the children finish with a Virginia reel, which he led off with Mrs. Birdsall while one of the other women took the piano. And he acted rather as if he were the man of the house when the children said their good-byes—standing on the veranda with Mrs. Birdsall and assisting her to find places in the carriages for those who would otherwise have had to walk.

By the time the affair was over Alan was hating him with a murderous venom. The guests from New York had begun to arrive for the week-end, and Carey was helping to receive them. He insisted on mixing a special cocktail for them, according to a recipe of his own, and with the second round of it, he was calling Mrs. Birdsall "Virginia."

"Well, children," he announced, "it's time you were in your beds," and he included Alan in that proprietary speech.

"Alan will take them home," his mother said, and she tried to draw him to her, to whisper that he was her darling and that she was proud of him. He evaded her and went out on the lawn to wait for the girls in the gathering darkness. He wanted revenge—any sort of revenge—for the day's humiliations. He had a mad idea of going to Mrs. Carey and saying, "You'd better send for your husband. He's making a fool of himself." Lacking the nerve to do that, he caught Alice back as they went through the hedge, and kissed her because he knew her father would not have permitted it. And a moment later he let Alice go ahead and caught Julie, and muttered in her ear, "I hate her. I hate them all. I hate them all but you."

He succeeded only in frightening Alice so that she ran up the steps into the house without saying good-night to him, and Julie followed in her usual silence. He turned back home, frus-

ated. One of Carey's flower beds lay his path, and he relieved his feelings somewhat by trampling down a clump of irises. A few steps farther on he took out his jack-knife and slashed the smooth bark of an ornamental cherry tree like young Jack the Ripper. A red moon was rising. With his cap down over his eyes and the open knife in his fist, he stalked back toward his home, behind the bushes, till he came to a window where he could see Carey talking to his mother; and there he performed a murderous pantomime of hacking and stabbing. They crossed toward the piano, out of his sight, and he hurried to the back door, and ran up the back stairs to his room, to lock himself in and cover his ears with his pillow before the music could reach him.

XXIII

It was not long afterward that Carey, at Mrs. Birdsall's insistence, pretended to go home in order to find out whether or not his wife was now well enough to join the dinner party. He knew, of course, that she would not come; she had said so after a scene in which she accused him of flirting with "that woman"; but he could not very well explain this to Mrs. Birdsall. He had said that Mrs. Carey was threatened with a headache—which was true enough, since she invariably had a headache after one of their quarrels—and he intended to return, after a decent interval, and report that the headache was worse.

He sauntered across the Birdsall lawn in the moonlight, with his hands in his coat pockets, enjoying his cigar and his thoughts. You had to ignore that sort of thing in a woman. And, after all, it was flattering. If he had been married to Mrs. B, the shoe might have been on the other foot. He was lucky.

The moonlight was so bright that he had to go through the hedge into his own property so as to be out of sight of the Birdsall windows; and, standing in the shadow of a tree on his side lawn, he

looked at the upper windows of his own house to be sure that no one was watching him there. He saw distinctly a dark figure climb in the window of the children's playroom and disappear.

He threw away his cigar and hurried into the house to get his revolver.

He was not greatly alarmed. As a lawyer who had defended criminals, he had a natural contempt for them; and with his weapon in his hand, he walked quickly and quietly to the playroom. He blew out the hall lamp outside the door—so that he might not have a light behind him as he entered—and then he turned the knob noiselessly and walked in. The room was empty in the suffusion of dim moonlight that shone in the western windows. He heard low excited voices in the bedroom, but they were children's voices. He put his revolver in his pocket and crossed to the bedroom door.

The moment he appeared there the shielded night-light by the doorway shone on him. There was a gasp and then silence. He turned the lamp round to throw light on the bed. Alan stood up to confront him. Alice had hidden under the bedclothes. Julie, partly out of bed on the far side, sat staring at him.

"Well, young man," he said, "what does *this* mean?"

It might have been a good tone to use to a witness in court, but it was wrong for Alan. The "young man" promoted him to an equality of insolence. He answered, contemptuously, "What do you think it means?"

It meant only that Alan, alone and jealous in his room, had needed revenge and consolation; he had sought out Julie—in order to make her say again that she liked him "a lot"—and he had included Alice in his visit because he knew that her father would be horrified if he heard of it. Naturally, he did not explain. He saw that Carey was reading some alarming adult meaning into the circumstances, and he was fiercely satisfied to have it so.

Carey took the lamp and approached with it. "What are you doing here?"

He had the advantage of being in the darkness while the light shone full on Alan's pale, excited sneer. But Alan, unable to see *his* face, retorted all the more boldly, "What are you doing over *there*?"

"Over where?"

"You know as well as I do. You keep away from my house and I'll keep away from here."

There was no mistaking the meaning of that, to Carey's mind; and there was no mistaking the degree of lunatical emotion that jerked the muscles of the boy's mouth. Carey turned the light on the bed. Alice was still hidden under the bedclothes, but the counterpane showed where Alan had been sitting beside her.

Julie said hoarsely, "He came to see *me*."

"I didn't!" Alan cried. "I came to see *her*. I've been here before. And I'll be here again—if you don't keep away from *my* house. You can't come it over me, I guess."

Carey changed the night-light to his other hand. "You have a sweet precocious young mind," he said. "How old are you?"

"Never you mind how old I am," Alan exulted. "I'm old enough to see through you."

Carey went back to the table and put down the light, which was shaking in his hand. "Now get out of here. Get out the way you came. And if I ever catch you so much as speaking to either of these children again, I'll break every rotten bone in your body."

"Yes, you will," Alan answered, retreating to the nearest window. "You'll do a lot, *you* will. You try getting fresh with me and I'll make things so hot for you you'll wish you'd minded your own business." He had gone so weak in the knees that he could hardly get his legs over the sill. "You," he wept, "you can't scare me. You bib-big bub-bully."

He slipped and sat down on the slanting roof of the veranda, unable to go any farther. Carey closed the window and came back to the bed.

"Alice," he asked, "how long has this been going on?"

The child, cowering under the bedclothes, was afraid to answer; and when he tried to uncover her she squirmed over to Julie, for protection, like a panic-stricken animal.

"He came to speak to *me*," Julie said.

He ignored her. "My dear girl," he said to Alice, trying to take her in his arms, "I'm not going to punish you. It was all just a boy's nonsense. I'm not angry."

His voice was false. She clung to Julie, burying her face.

"When was he here before?"

She shook her head, beginning to sob.

"Was he *ever* here before?"

"N-no."

"Has he—has he been kissing you?"

Her silence admitted it.

"How often?"

"Once."

"To-night?"

"Ye-yes."

"Well, that isn't very serious, is it?" he said. "He's just a foolish boy, with all sorts of silly notions in his head. Now we'll say no more about it. We'll say nothing to your mother or anybody else. I'll see that he doesn't worry you any more. And you go to sleep and forget all about it."

He patted her reassuringly and went back to the window. Alan had disappeared.

He turned to Julie, who was watching him in silence. "This," he said, "might be very serious for the boy if it were known. We had better agree to say nothing to anyone. Do you understand?"

She nodded.

"Are there any more boys of his sort at the school?"

She shook her head.

"Very well," he said. "I'll see that he doesn't annoy either of you again. Now go to sleep, both of you." He re-

rranged the lamp by the doorway. Good-night."

Neither of them replied.

He went downstairs to his study to light a cigar and consider the case in all its aspects before he returned to the Birdsall's, and when he arrived there he seemed only a little worried because he had to report that his wife was ill and he ought not to leave her. "Naturally," he said, "she doesn't like to be left alone. I'll come back later, if I may." And at the doorway, making his smiling apologies to Mrs. Birdsall, he said, under his voice, "Come outside a moment."

She went out to the veranda with him. One of the women slid her eyes round to the other with a significant quick glance. The other, catching it, looked demurely at the floor. The men pretended that they had noticed nothing, but all were aware that something was wrong—particularly when Mrs. Birdsall, in high color, came in from the veranda again and ran upstairs without speaking to them.

A dining-room maid looked in for her—obviously to announce that dinner was served. "Mrs. Birdsall is upstairs," they told her.

They were waiting silently round the fireplace when Mrs. Birdsall came down to the balcony-landing that overlooked the room, and gasped, "I'm so sorry. My boy's ill. I'm so sorry. It's not serious. It's just nausea. He'll be all right. Go in to dinner, *please*. I'll join you. Later."

She disappeared, in tragic haste, before they found voice to condole with her, and then suddenly they all began to talk distracted platitudes—children were such a care; his birthday party had been too much for him; a delicate boy, he never looked strong—in a decent human effort to conceal the fact that they had seen in her face something disastrous which her words had tried to hide from them.

They had finished the birthday dinner without her and they were playing cards in a subdued silence when she returned, smiling bravely, to assure them that he was better. "It was just the excitement. And the heat. I'll have to take him away—to the mountains. Tell me, can't you recommend a nice quiet resort somewhere—not society—where we can just rough it and be by ourselves?"

They recommended a number of places, trying not to look directly at her, because her eyelids were swollen.

Carey did not come back, and she made the mistake of not mentioning him or appearing to expect him. Naturally, they supposed that the boy's illness was a subterfuge—that she was running away from a scandal.

"I hope Virginia hasn't come a cropper," one of the women said, hopefully, in the privacy of her bedroom. "I've always been sure she would."

They were sure that she *had* when they found, next morning, that she had been up before them, packing her trunks. "I'm going right away for the summer," she said. "I'm paying off all the inside servants. John and the gardener can look after the place. If Alan's well enough to travel we'll go as soon as I can buy the tickets. Oh, yes, he's doing wonderfully. His fever's gone. He's sleeping now—or I'd have you say good-by to him."

As soon as they had departed for their train she sent the gardener to Miss Perrin's to say that, Alan having fallen ill, the doctor had ordered him away for a holiday. And when Phil Mondell came after school next day to ask for Alan, the veranda was bare of furniture; the blinds were down; the gardener, in answer to the doorbell, came round from the kitchen entrance to explain that the family had gone away for the summer; and Phil ran, at the top speed of relief and eagerness, to overtake Julie and tell her the news.

(To be continued)

Bare Souls. III: Horace Walpole

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

DURING all the last two thirds of the eighteenth century Horace Walpole held a mirror to the faults and follies and fascinations of the great world. He devoted his time mainly to keeping the mirror bright, polished, and gleaming, and to enjoying mirror and reflection both.

Few human beings ever had better opportunities for living such a life. Born in 1717, he stepped almost at once into the atmosphere of kings and courts. His father was a favorite and popular prime minister and a most curious and striking figure. He was a rough English squire who hunted foxes, told dirty stories, laughed, and, by judicious political corruption, governed England wisely and peacefully for twenty years. The son took little direct part in politics, had no taste for them, or indeed for any active intervention in the world's affairs. But he moved daily and always among the most prominent people, knew them not only in their state garments and ceremonial manners, but in all their fireside and bed-chamber littleness. Royal dukes were trifles to him; his niece married one. Peers were as familiar and as indifferent as other folks. When he was over seventy and tottering toward the grave, he became a peer himself. Authors and artists courted and flattered him. Great scholars corresponded with him; and he corresponded with them and with everybody, and made his letters, next to Voltaire's, the most remarkable epitome of a historical epoch that has ever come down to us.

Not that there was any profound philosophical consideration in Walpole's view of things. He made plenty of reflections, but they did not go very deep.

Nor had he the passionate ardor with which Saint-Simon probed human souls. But all that the most quick and vivid curiosity, watching from the most favorable angle, can do to portray the huge spectacle of the world Horace Walpole has certainly done.

The great events which stirred the eighteenth century can all be studied in his pages, at least in their English and in their superficial aspects. The Rebellion of 1745—that last desperate effort of the Stuarts—came close home to him, and he shows most clearly the attitude of a loyal and somewhat terrified adherent of the House of Brunswick. The vicissitudes of the Seven Years' War are indicated in the midst of London gossip and the daily doings of the crowd. The long-drawn agony of the American struggle appears in all its length, and it is to be noted that Walpole's sympathy was often with the colonists. Finally, the lurid shadow of the French Revolution hangs over the closing volumes, and here, with the conservatism natural to age, Walpole's hopes and fears were for the members of his own class and the old order of civilization; which seemed to him, as to so many others, utterly imperiled by the wild Gallic frenzy.

Not one of the prominent actors in all these tumultuous doings fails to make his figure on Walpole's wide and variegated stage. The show personages are there, the popes and emperors, the kings and queens and princes. They are all handled gaily and with precious little respect, as by one who knew their human foibles too well. The writer's nearness to royalty is insinuated, though slighted: "How strange are the accidents of life! At ten years old I had set my heart on

being George I, and . . . I was carried by the late Lady Chesterfield to kiss his hand . . . and now, fifty years afterward, one of his great-grandsons and one of his great-granddaughters are my great-nephew and niece." But royalty is a petty thing, not only in the English Georges, but in the Louis of France and the rhyming, fighting Fredericks of Prussia, and in that curious, murderous, fiendishly clever Tzarina Catherine, who ruled a vast acreage beyond the confines of the civilized world.

Then there are the statesmen, who move these royal puppets, at any rate in civilized England, statesmen who live to serve their country, when they happen to be our own relatives, or mainly to serve their own ambition, when they happen to be our relatives' enemies. They are far more interesting than the puppets; yet even they have too often wily tongues and oily hands. And Walpole paints them at full length, every one. There is his own father, and the son's energy and ingenuity in his father's defense are always commendable and usually dignified. There is the great Pitt, later the great Chatham. It is interesting to see how Walpole's personal grudge checks and colors his laudation of the mighty minister. Yet through the grudge, the energy, the large ambition, the passionate earnestness, the unfailing genius, are always to be seen. And there is Fox, all gifts and no stability. And there is Rockingham, with little more stability and no gifts. And there is North, that strangely winning yet fatal spirit, so auspicious to America, so disastrous to England, whom Walpole gibbets, perhaps justly, as "a bad minister and a selfish man, who had abilities enough to have made a very different figure."

Beside the great and serious statesmen there are the freaks and oddities who diversify solemn moments with whim and antic. A detached spectator, like Walpole, naturally takes great delight in these, and his picturesque account of them compels the reader to

share his amusement. The wayward and fantastic figures dance across the stage, those of greater note and importance, like the witty and brilliant Charles Townshend, or the social Selwyn, with his strangely mortuary tastes, and those less familiar but often more piquant, like Scrope or the Duchess of Kingston. Most singular, most clownish of all, at least in Walpole's presentation of him, is the ever-reappearing Duke of Newcastle, with his extravagant silliness, his inevitable gesture of colossal ineptitude. Take him crying, capering, cowering at the solemn ceremony of the interment of George the Second in 1760. "This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the Archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle—but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with t'other. Then returned the fear of catching cold, and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble."

Such scenes, with or without conspicuous historical figures, are scattered everywhere through Walpole's pages, and prove what theatrical delight he took in the vast, disordered show to which he had such intimate access. There are the elaborate trials and executions of the rebel Stuart lords in the beginning, there are the Gordon riots in the middle, there is the superbly picturesque trial of Warren Hastings at the end. And all between there are vivid incidents of every kind: a public wedding or a public hanging, a hot debate in the House of Commons, perhaps an earthquake, which jars the observer as well as the rest of the world, but cannot prevent his getting amusement out of it afterward, and recording odd occurrences and clever

speeches. So, from the eager, hurried jumble of his crowded days and nights the man drew an ever-renewed satisfaction for his insatiable curiosity, and commented on it with a certain breadth, if not depth, of historical generalization: "If I have tired you by this long narrative," he writes of one singular incident, "you feel differently from me. The man, the manners of the country, the justice of so great and curious a nation, all to me seem striking, and must, I believe, do more so to you, who have been absent long enough to read of your own country as history."

With the historical personages and events, there were the authors and the artists. Walpole, indeed, had little to do directly with any Bohemian society. Actual Grub Street would have offended his delicate taste and aristocratic cor-

rectness. But constant whiffs of that slovenly, unhandsome world came betwixt the wind and his nobility, and even while he held his lordly nose, he was careful to set them down. Lady Mary Wortley, to be sure, was an aristocrat as well as a writer; but she was dirty as any Bohemian, and Walpole, who disliked her, noted her dirt as well as her cleverness. Doctor Johnson was not strictly Bohemian, but he certainly inhabited Grub Street, and worse still, he was a Tory, therefore not likely to get Walpole's good word: "Prejudice, and bigotry, and pride, and presumption, and arrogance, and pedantry are the hags that brew his ink, though wages alone supply him with paper." Actors and singers and painters also find their place, Garrick and Mrs. Siddons and Sir Joshua and many another; for

London, after all, was a small town, and there was not a corner in it that Walpole's eager human instinct could not penetrate.

Yet, undoubtedly, he was most at home in the polished, courtly social world into which he was born; and its sayings and doings, its passions, its scandals, its diversions, its laughter, form the background against which his painting of larger things and people necessarily stands out. The love affairs of all these idle men and women charmed him, their marrying and giving in marriage, their running about after pretty faces and mighty fortunes, then squandering the fortunes and crowding the forgotten, old, worn, pretty faces into the gutter. What a part the two beautiful



From an Old Engraving

CHARLES JAMES FOX

innings play for him, with their wooers and their triumphs and their mishaps and their fading away! Then there are the versions of all this noisy, futile, vanishing mob. There is the masquerade, which comes in like a mania and takes possession of society, charming dukes and cowagers and brides and bullies out of their sleep and their money and their wit, if they ever had any. There are the public places of entertainment, Vauxhall and Ranelagh, where everybody goes because everybody else goes, and comes away bored because everybody else was there. And over all the medley of honeyed social dainties is sprinkled a sauce of piquant anecdotes, invented, or borrowed, or begged, or stolen, sometimes trivial, sometimes dirty, but almost always amusing and often worth carrying away.



From a Contemporary Print

HORACE WALPOLE

Only it is the gay world, the wealthy world, the happy, or should be happy world, that makes the substance of all his. The vast foundation of common human labor and privation and suffering is singularly absent. When particular cases of misery were called to his notice Walpole could, no doubt, be sympathetic enough. But the herd, the million, the grubbers below Grub Street, as individuals, were left out of his pages because they were left out of his thoughts. They existed because God had made a queer world. Probably they served their purpose. Even, if you reflected upon it, their lot was desperately pitiable, and you wished something might be done for them. Meantime, you thanked God you were not born one of them, and forgot them, till the French Revolution most indecently forced them upon your attention, and they became a horror.

So, the conclusion was that the way to treat existence was to dissipate your

worthless self in the swift, shifting, flashing, distracting pageant of life and death. You might not get happiness out of it: "I have a million of times repented returning to England, where I never was happy, nor expect to be." You might feel that your appetite for excitement and diversion was so endless that even that wild world could not fill it: "I who love to ride the whirlwind cannot record the yawns of such an age." Yet yawning in company was better than yawning alone, and to see and to hear and to tell some new thing was all that could make you quite sure that you were out of the grave.

As to the material side, it is hardly necessary to say that Walpole was always luxuriously provided for. His health, also, though not robust, was at least such as to enable him to enjoy life. As to the finer spiritual sides and needs, Walpole certainly recognized them and in his way endeavored to

satisfy them. When he wrote, at a period considerably past middle age: "I have a more manly resolution, which is to mend myself as much as I can, and not let my age be as absurd as my youth. I want to respect myself, the person in the world whose approbation I desire most," he was unquestionably sincere. At the same time his natural drift was toward the surface of things, and his natural instinct was to play with the deeper thoughts and passions, to shuffle them off and forget them. In other words, he was all his life essentially and in the highest degree a dilettante, that is, a person who somehow takes great matters in their petty aspects because he is incapable of taking them in any other way, even with the best will in the world. He looked like a dilettante, little, finical, airy, insubstantial; and to the day of his death he was one. The saving virtue in it all was that he appreciated his own dilettantism and did not insist that he was more serious or more lofty than he really was.

So you may follow Walpole's dilettantism through everything. No one will deny that he was a dilettante statesman. His father's influence and position took him into Parliament. He attended regularly for a good many years, and sometimes spoke. But it cannot be said that he affected the destinies of England, nor was he desirous to do so. His own summary of his political life cannot be improved: "I go to balls, and to the House of Commons—to look on; and you will believe me when I tell you, that I really think the former the more serious occupation of the two."

He was a dilettante author. His novel, *The Castle of Otranto*, set a fashion of mystery stories; but it is pasteboard, like his own castle and like himself. His one tragedy was rather horrible than tragic. His verses were trifles, and were meant to be nothing more. His memoirs are curious, perhaps in parts veracious, yet certainly not profound. But in authorship, as in other things, he made no claims, and while he would have

disliked to have others say what he said of himself, his modesty must be counted to his credit, even if it were not absolutely sincere. Underneath, there was always the obscure feeling that authors belonged in that horrible Grub Street, and never, never would he take up his abode in such a region, or have posterity imagine that he did. But what he could write were letters, and he knew it, and was proud of it. To be sure, they are literary and conscious letters, do not bare soul to the extent to which Lamb's do, or Flaubert's, or Voltaire's; but then there was little soul to bare, and what there was was hardly worth baring. At showing off the great, motley, glittering surface of the world, who could beat him? So, when he was eighteen years old, an age when surely most men are not preserving their correspondence, he writes anxiously, "You have made me a very unreasonable request, which I will answer with another as extraordinary: you desire I would burn your letters; I desire you would keep mine." For a dilettante author that was beginning young.

The same spirit affects all Walpole's dealings with art and artistic matters. He himself did not paint, but he was a wide and curious connoisseur. His father was a great collector of pictures, and there are moments when something like actual passion seems to flicker through Horace's own collecting, as when he writes of a work of Domenichino, "I think I would live upon a flitch of bacon and a bottle of ink, rather than not spare the money to buy it myself." Then we read, "I forgot that I was outbid for Oliver Cromwell's nightcap," and we see what it all means or does not mean.

In rural surroundings and charms Walpole's interest was much less intense and sincere than in the fine arts. He liked what his century called "a noble prospect," especially if it had a temple in it or a rustic bridge or grotto, with a few naked nymphs squatting about in verdant umbrage. He liked a

pseudo-pastoral background to a pseudo-pastoral festivity. But of solitary rambles in the fields and woods, with birds and flowers and thoughts, there is not a trace in all his fifteen volumes of letters. "I hate the country," he says frankly. It was simply a place to get away from the city and whet your appetite for going back again.

With this idea of the country in mind, he made himself the toy castle of Strawberry Hill, near enough to London to get all the gossip and far enough to get a quiet nap if you needed it. All Walpole's dilettantism was poured out on this dainty little residence. There were bits of Gothic and bits of classic, stained glass and cathedral monuments, altars and fragmentary goddesses and curiosities like Cromwell's nightcap thrown in for good measure. Royalties and peeresses and foreign beauties came to see it, and the owner showed them about with his apologetic compliment and witty embroidery, and cuddled and petted his dilettante delight in it all, and then wrote to Mann what a bore it was, and generally enjoyed himself to the fullest extent.

As it was an amusement to cultivate the arts with the distinguished ease of a gentleman of quality, so it was diverting to patronize authors and artists. And Walpole's real kindness must not be forgotten here. He liked to help and did help. If there was some carelessness and more misunderstanding in his treatment of Chatterton, it was certainly not intentional. And he did not overrate the



From a Painting by Hoppner

WILLIAM PITT

position and the value of a Mæcenas. Yet the glory of printing Gray's Odes at Strawberry was worth having. It was pleasant to be appealed to for a subscription and to give it, pleasant to be asked to speak a good word for a struggling playwright. One did these things, and they much increased one's sense of being far, far above that odious Grub Street.

It was pleasant to make light of scholarship, also, and infinitely easier than to acquire it. Walpole delighted to write dilettante books about history, and he collected curious anecdotes and bits of gossip often illustrative and of permanent value. The reputation of being a learned man was the very last which appealed to this butterfly-flitter about the bright blossoms of the world. It

would be worse even than Grub Street: "Gray says (very justly) that learning never should be encouraged, it only draws out fools from their obscurity; and you know I have always thought a running footman as meritorious a being as a learned man."

On the other hand, there is this to be said for the intellectual attitude of the dilettante: it is compatible with independence, with forming one's own judgment, such as it is, without regard to the pedantry of professors or the dogmatism of the academic mind. Why should a gentleman praise a poem or a picture because he is told to? These things are made for him, not he for them. If they please him, well and good; if not, who cares what they are? Thus Walpole often has an interesting and stimulating freshness of judgment, where a deeper thinker might be stuck fast in a rut. If Virgil bores him he says so, and even those whom Virgil does not bore may be grateful to him.

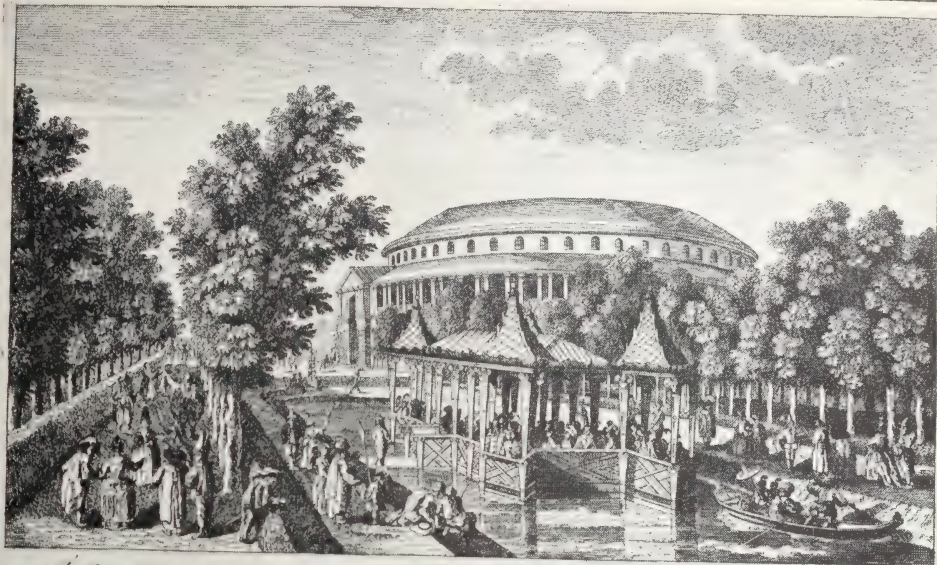
Something of the same advantage attends the dilettante in matters of abstract thinking on religion and politics. It would be preposterous to consider Walpole's ideas on such subjects as of serious importance. He would have been the first to smile at such a thing himself. He had a sort of set of fixed opinions, when you delved down to them, or rather captured them; for they fluttered high rather than were hidden deep. He wrote Madame Du Deffand, with solemnity, "I believe firmly in a God, all powerful, all just, abounding in love and pity." In politics he considered himself a moderate, enlightened liberal, believed in government for the people of course, by the intelligent class to which he himself belonged, mocked at kings and divine right and aristocratic privilege till it was seriously threatened. He liked to quote, if he did not originate the saying, "This world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel." He did not wish the game of thinking, as he knew it, to be turned into tragic feeling by those who would infuse

passion and bitterness and cruelty into the things of men or the things of God.

Walpole's dilettantism is less obvious in social concerns than elsewhere, because the whole social world in which he moved was chiefly governed by a dilettante spirit. It was not a world of real affection or sympathy, or even of a profound human interest, but simply curiosity and gossip and the haunting, unappeasable desire to escape from oneself. Dancing gave place to cards, and cards to love-making, and love-making to scandal, the whole seasoned with a perpetual chatter, spiced at times with wit, often clouded and clogged with illimitable boredom. And Walpole danced and chattered through it all, from eight to eighty. And he enjoyed it as much as anyone could, being apparently built by nature for that sort of thing. Sometimes even he yawns behind his hand, sometimes the noise and clatter grow so repellent that he mistakes himself for a misanthrope and really announces a wish to withdraw altogether. "I am so far from growing used to mankind by living amongst them, that my natural ferocity and wildness does but every day grow worse. They tire me, they fatigue me; I fling open the windows, and fancy I want air; and when I get by myself, I undress myself, and seem to have had people in my pockets, in my plaits, and on my shoulders!"

He was young when he wrote this, but it represented a mere passing mood or fancy. He returned to the throng, he could not keep away from it. Old age, of course, meant a decent assumption of repose, gave an excuse for doing nothing that you did not wish to do. But people, and the gay world, and the dilettante enjoyment of them were his life, and always continued to be so. "I have been out three times, and to-day have made five-and-twenty visits, and was let in at six; and, though a little fatigued, am still able, you see, to finish my letter." Not a bad record for a man of seventy-three.

Walpole's dilettantism is less manifest



The Canal, Chinese Building, Rotundo, &c. in Ranelagh Gardens, with the Masquerade.

Engraved from the original painting at the public house, in the Strand.

From an Old Print

A MASQUERADE AT RANELAGH IN WALPOLE'S TIME

where his affections are concerned than anywhere else. It is impossible to deny him a certain large kindness and human sensibility. This appears, at least in words as regards the more general aspects of suffering: "I welcome pain; for it gives me sensibility, and punishes my pride. Donatello loses his grace when I reflect on the million of my fellow creatures that have no one happiness, no one comfort." Such reflections should be credited, even when they do not color a life, or give rise to much accordant deed.

Also, Walpole loved his friends, so far as he was capable of it, and he himself had a fair opinion of his capacity. His mother's memory he adored, and we have seen that he was always loyal to that of his father. The rest of his family were not very much to him. But for the two Manns, for Montague, for Chute, for Selwyn, he cherished a tenderness which even occasionally was realized in self-sacrificing action. For his cousin, Henry Seymour Conway, he had a peculiar affection and an admiration perhaps not quite so preposterous as Macaulay deemed it. Yet, after all, his

own understanding of his own nature peeps out even in the warmest utterance of this special regard: "If I ever felt much for anything (which I know may be questioned), it was certainly for my mother. I look on you as my nearest relation by her, and I think I can never do enough to show my gratitude and affection to her."

One would not expect from a temperament like Walpole's any great display of love in the more erotic sense. Such love is liable to afflict all tempers and at all seasons, even where one looks for it least; but one could hardly be more surprised at it anywhere than here. There is certainly very little trace of love affairs in Walpole's correspondence. He was intimate with hosts of women, laughed with them, gossiped with them, analyzed their foibles, and on occasion commended their merits. But even when he was twenty-four he preferred crockery: "For virtue, I have a little to entertain you: it is my sole pleasure—I am neither young enough nor old enough to be in love." As to marriage,

the following passage does not display what can be called enthusiasm: "I own, I cannot much felicitate anybody that marries for love. It is bad enough to marry; but to marry where one loves, ten times worse. It is so charming at first, that the decay of inclination renders it infinitely more disagreeable afterward."

Yet when this gay, superficial, unloving, unloved life had extended to fifty years there came into it the strange, volcanic tenderness of that blind old French woman of seventy, Madame Du Deffand. This lady was the opposite of Walpole in nearly every element of character. She was cynical and bitter where he was flippant and diverted. She found everything false, and far worse, hollow where he found everything amusing. In her youth she had lived in a blind whirl of dissipation under the Orleans regency, a whirl which made Walpole's lively surroundings seem like soberness. Yet it is doubtful whether in the gayest madness of it all she found amusement or even oblivion. She had princes to make love to her, poets to sing for her, great wits to laugh with her. In her age she was blind, and though certainly not deserted, by no means the prominent figure she was in her youth. Yet it does not appear that her dissatisfaction and disgust with life were a matter of circumstances at all: they sprang rather from some deeper source within herself.

At any rate, disgust there was, vast, enduring, and almost suffocating. Lovers were false, friends were indifferent, life meant nothing and led nowhere. Worse even than the hatefulness was the tediousness and emptiness of it. Of all people who have ever lived, Madame Du Deffand seems to have suffered most from ennui; at any rate, no one has described it so elaborately, and, it must be said, so interestingly. The long afflicting days and longer nights seemed to cover her with a pall and smother her. Could one express negation more effectively than thus? "I hear nothings, I speak nothings, I take interest in

nothing, and from nothing to nothing I fare onward to the moment close at hand when I shall become nothing."

Yet when you delve under the surface-veil of cynicism and indifference to the deepest depths of this woman's soul, you find a singular nobility, a strange, haunting, searching, yearning tenderness. Like so many passionate pessimists, she was but an idealist upside down, one who asked so much of life, made so many lofty demands upon it, that nothing in this mixed and troubled world could ever satisfy her. She went patiently, obscurely seeking for something, and because the something could not be found, the sun lost its luster and the stars their charm. Here she tells the story, as she does so often: "I do not know why I was fated to grow old: apparently it is so that there might be an individual who had known all the miseries of every age: I know well what was needed to make them all delightful, but it is what I have never found."

It was love she wanted, some one to be devoted to her unselfishly, some one still more to whom she could pour out the rich treasures of her passionate woman's heart. Hear her tell it herself: "Everyone loves in his own way: I have only one way of loving, infinitely or not at all." Yet always beside the throbbing heart was the cold, questioning, mistrusting intellect. The final word of her whole life sums it up. She said to her secretary Wiart, when he wept as she was dictating her last letter to Walpole, "You love me then?" And who shall say whether she had loved most or doubted most?

So at seventy she fell in love with Horace Walpole, the fluttering, the mocking, finical, critical Horace Walpole. Was there ever a more singular freak of Eros? And how did Walpole take it? On the whole, not so badly. He was a vain creature, an intensely social creature, and like all such, he feared ridicule above all things. What would the mocking wits in Paris and London say to this sentimental, Platonic infatu-

tion of an old woman for his gay, irresponsible, loveless maturity? So he tried all he could to restrain her ardors, laughed at her a little, petted her a little, sympathized when it was absolutely necessary. Yet, with it all, he was fond of Madame Du Deffand, speaks of her with tenderness unusual for him, and evidently felt obscurely that in his frivolous and artificial life such a blaze of real passion was too rare and precious a thing to be altogether rejected or neglected.

But what she felt about him is a far more interesting study. Her judgment of him is profoundly curious, for she was one of the most acute observers of the soul that ever lived, where her own passions were not concerned. When she read him calmly she saw his weaknesses and noted them. His vanity as to his letters? How childish it is:

"Nothing is more annoying than your eternal excuses about the insipidity of your letters. Why should they be insipid? Can the letters of a friend be so?" (Ridicule? Why fear it? Why bother about it? Be yourself, be sincere, and let the ridicule go :) "You fear mortally being found fault with, and above all, being ridiculous." Yet, in spite of these rare moments of insight, generally she sees him with the coloring, magnifying glasses of her devoted affection, and he appears to her a superior being. Horace Walpole! Fancy! She admires his gift of contentment. She praises his common sense, his insight, his knowledge of the world, his knowledge of himself. She compares him to Henri Quatre, which would seem to be start-

ling enough. Then she goes farther still, and compares him to God, to be sure with a slight touch of sarcasm: "You have a thousand points of resemblance to the Divinity, but particularly that with both one never knows whether one is worthy to be loved or hated." It will probably be admitted that anyone who could make a deity out of Horace Walpole must be very far gone. What would Gray have thought of it?

The poor lady was far gone. No schoolgirl of sixteen could have cherished an infatuation more complete. She asks his advice, wants him to guide and counsel her out of his exhaustless wisdom and experience, as indeed, for all her acuteness, she was always anxious for advice and help. She is afraid of offend-



From an Old Print

MADAME DU DEFFAND

ing him, of boring him with the ardor and tenderness of her letters. He scolds her and she resents it, cannot understand his coldness and indifference. Is love like hers such a cheap commodity that he can afford to throw it away? There are times when she is driven to the despairing resolution of breaking off altogether: "You write me," she says, "that I desire only to make slaves, that I love only myself, and that as you also love only yourself, we can never agree. Very well, sir, let us disagree, and let us end a correspondence which for you has long been nothing but a persecution." But how could such a love break off? And in one of the very last letters she writes before her death, in 1780, is this exquisite phrase: "You will regret me, because it is a beautiful thing to know that one has been loved."

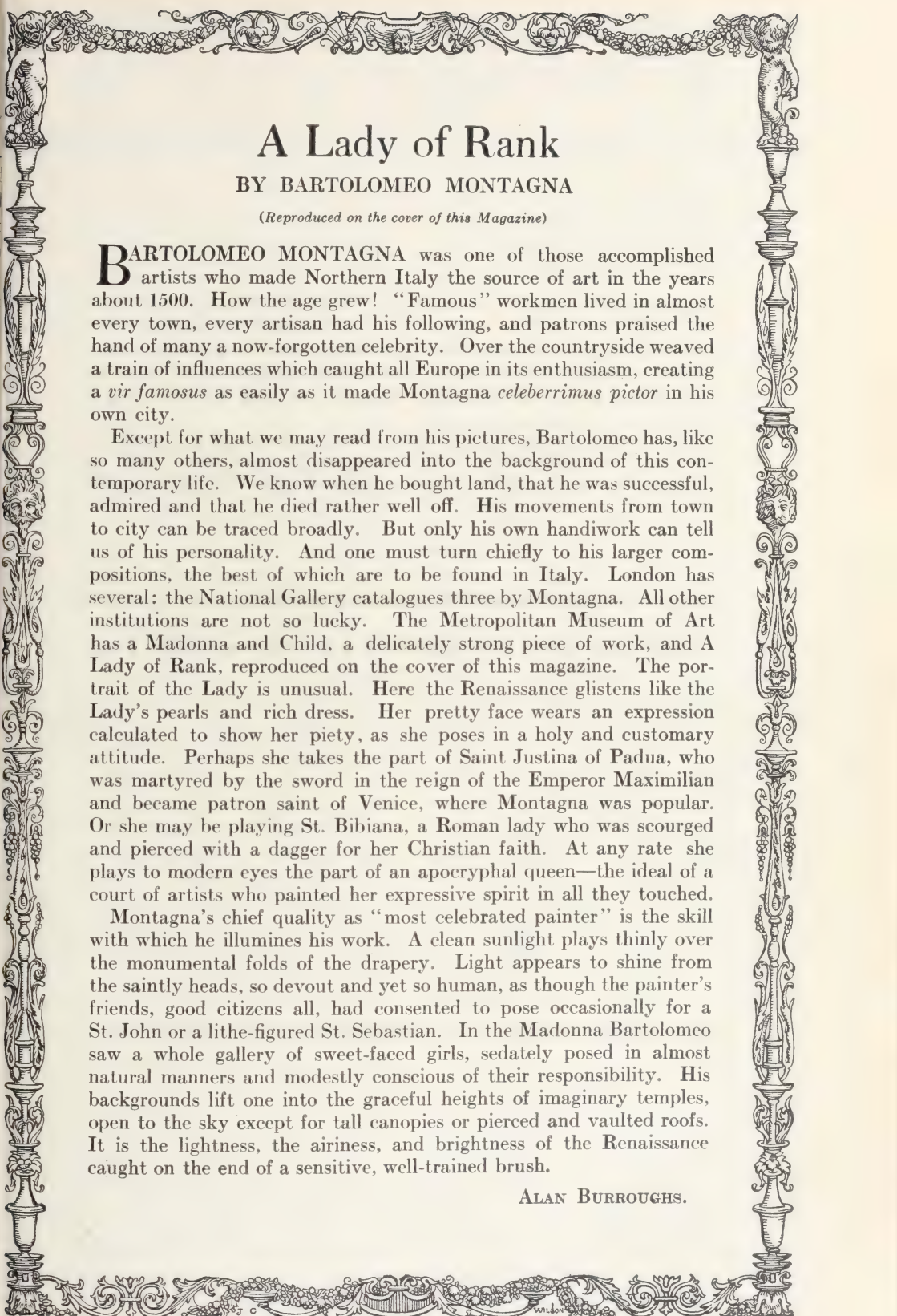
So the dilettante was profoundly and strangely worshiped. Then, as the years slipped by and Time's whirligig brought in his customary revenges, the dilettante came to worship in his turn. When he himself was seventy years old, as Madame Du Deffand had been at the beginning of her attachment, he met the two Miss Berrys, Mary and Agnes. Immediately his thoughts and interests became centered upon them, as the French lady's had been upon him, except that Walpole's affection was hardly capable of her wild ardors and immense despairs. But the girls were charming, and the gay old merrymaker of Strawberry Hill was completely charmed by them. In fact, if it was a question of ridicule, he was much more exposed to it in this affair than in the earlier one. Not, it must be said, that he made himself really ridiculous. He was too intelligent and too widely experienced in the world to do anything that the world would brand as senile, or even as quite undignified. "If you were really my wives, I could not be more generally applied to for accounts of you; of which I am proud. I should be ashamed if, at my age, it were a ridiculous attachment."

But it all gave a singular grace and

color to the fading years. Love had always seemed a toy, a trifle, like all the other serious interests of life. It was no better now; but in its way it was exquisite.

"I do pique myself on not being ridiculous at this very late period of my life; but when there is not a grain of passion in my affection for you two . . . I am not ashamed to say that your loss is heavy to me. . . . Adieu, my dearest friends: it would be tautology to subscribe a name to a letter, every line of which would suit no other man in the world but the writer." Elsewhere he signed himself "Horace Fondlewives." What would Madame Du Deffand have said? And, since he could not well marry both, it is said that he at least offered to marry one, simply that she might have the benefit of his late acquired title and be Countess of Orford after him. She had the good sense to refuse. But is it not curious to see the great dilettante of a dilettante century going out of existence with a dilettante love affair?

It cannot be denied that there is something to be said for Horace Walpole's spiritual attitude. The spectacle of the moving world is inexhaustible in interest and diversion, an endless comedy for those who take it from the thinker's angle. Perhaps the best chance of being happy, or of avoiding unhappiness, is to lose oneself in it. Yet it is a damnable reflection upon life, personal life, your life and my life, that the best thing to do with it is to forget it. And there is something to be said also for living with intense personal passion, to achieve success, to achieve glory, to help others, to make the world better. Such a passion is full of disappointment and failure and bitterness. It means tired limbs and nerves and sleepless nights. Others disregard our efforts and we ourselves despair over them. Yet, after all, if we were made for any purpose, it seems as if we were made to live really. Persons of Walpole's type trifle forever and do not live at all.



A Lady of Rank

BY BARTOLOMEO MONTAGNA

(Reproduced on the cover of this Magazine)

BARTOLOMEO MONTAGNA was one of those accomplished artists who made Northern Italy the source of art in the years about 1500. How the age grew! "Famous" workmen lived in almost every town, every artisan had his following, and patrons praised the hand of many a now-forgotten celebrity. Over the countryside weaved a train of influences which caught all Europe in its enthusiasm, creating a *vir famosus* as easily as it made Montagna *celeberrimus pictor* in his own city.

Except for what we may read from his pictures, Bartolomeo has, like so many others, almost disappeared into the background of this contemporary life. We know when he bought land, that he was successful, admired and that he died rather well off. His movements from town to city can be traced broadly. But only his own handiwork can tell us of his personality. And one must turn chiefly to his larger compositions, the best of which are to be found in Italy. London has several: the National Gallery catalogues three by Montagna. All other institutions are not so lucky. The Metropolitan Museum of Art has a Madonna and Child, a delicately strong piece of work, and A Lady of Rank, reproduced on the cover of this magazine. The portrait of the Lady is unusual. Here the Renaissance glistens like the Lady's pearls and rich dress. Her pretty face wears an expression calculated to show her piety, as she poses in a holy and customary attitude. Perhaps she takes the part of Saint Justina of Padua, who was martyred by the sword in the reign of the Emperor Maximilian and became patron saint of Venice, where Montagna was popular. Or she may be playing St. Bibiana, a Roman lady who was scourged and pierced with a dagger for her Christian faith. At any rate she plays to modern eyes the part of an apocryphal queen—the ideal of a court of artists who painted her expressive spirit in all they touched.

Montagna's chief quality as "most celebrated painter" is the skill with which he illumines his work. A clean sunlight plays thinly over the monumental folds of the drapery. Light appears to shine from the saintly heads, so devout and yet so human, as though the painter's friends, good citizens all, had consented to pose occasionally for a St. John or a lithe-figured St. Sebastian. In the Madonna Bartolomeo saw a whole gallery of sweet-faced girls, sedately posed in almost natural manners and modestly conscious of their responsibility. His backgrounds lift one into the graceful heights of imaginary temples, open to the sky except for tall canopies or pierced and vaulted roofs. It is the lightness, the airiness, and brightness of the Renaissance caught on the end of a sensitive, well-trained brush.

ALAN BURROUGHS.

THE LION'S MOUTH

THE PERSONAL HABITS AND SAYINGS OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

WHY are there so few great men? Perhaps it has occurred to you, dear reader, to wonder why so few men succeed in raising themselves above the average level? Or perhaps it hasn't. Very few things seem to occur to you anyhow. But if it did you would ask yourself why cannot we all raise ourselves above the average? The answer is, very simply, that we all can if we try.

In short, anybody who wishes to take a long step forward in the success movement should study the lives and careers of great men. And he should not study them in the dull pages of the college histories. There, only a very partial and limited account is found. He should study them in the much more human and vivid records supplied in the advertising pages of the success magazines. For example, it is very doubtful whether Bancroft ever knew that George Washington was in the habit of taking four deep breaths just before eating. If he did he never mentions it. Nor does he make any reference to the fact that Benjamin Franklin once said that no perfect breakfast food had as yet been found (that, of course, was in his day: it has been found since, as we shall see). In the same way Lord Macaulay, a man otherwise well informed, does not seem to know that Oliver Cromwell once said the secret of making money lies in scientific investment: Nor was Shakespeare aware that the cloak or mantle which Julius Caesar wore on the day he overcame the Nervii and which he wore when he was stabbed by his assassins was

undoubtedly made by the famous Knit-Right process, now so widely known.

In short, as a result of the wonder movement of success, the whole of our history is being rewritten. We are getting to know things about our great men which we never knew before—intimate, personal things that we never knew before.

And of all the historical characters whose careers are being thus illuminated, there is one who stands out conspicuously above all others—the Emperor Napoleon.

This great man enjoys in the success movement an eminence over all others. It is the aim of everybody to be a Napoleon in his own particular line of activity, and a great many are succeeding. You can see their pictures any day. There are at least thirty-seven Napoleons now doing business. There is a "Napoleon of Billiards," and a "Napoleon of Water Polo," and a "Napoleon of the Rubber Shoe Industry," and there is also a man who is the "Napoleon of Pants Designers," and another who is the "Napoleon of the Ladies' Shirtwaist Business." There is a dog who is the Napoleon of Airedale Terriers, and there is a cow who is the Napoleon of Holstein milk-givers.

In short, it is becoming a very important thing to learn how to be a Napoleon.

You have only to turn over the back pages of any of our greatest journals—the serious pages where they teach people how to live and how to sell things—to see little pictures of Napoleon inserted everywhere. Sometimes there is just his head under his hat; sometimes a full-length picture to show his hands clasped behind his back. And in each case there

some little motto which Napoleon said or some statement about his habits. From among the years and over the wastes of the South Atlantic, Napoleon is still teaching us how to live and how to sell things.

From these statements thus printed I have pieced together a component picture of Napoleon in which is shown those little personal things which made him what he was.

Anybody who wants to be a Napoleon has only to imitate these things. I admit that they are a little complicated. But even Napoleon couldn't have learned that all at once. He must have picked them up bit by bit.

In the first place, the great Emperor was an early riser. The hour of three in the morning saw him in the saddle or at his desk. "Early rising," he once said when talking of a well-known breakfast food, "not only peptonizes the stomach, but with the aid of a simple remedy obtained at all drug stores, restores tone and vigor to the lost digestion."

Napoleon also sat up late. He never ought his couch till three in the morning. "The later the hour," he once said, in referring to a new patent oil lamp, "the better the brain."

It was the practice of Napoleon to chew his food twenty minutes before swallowing it. Eating a sirloin steak took him all day. Napoleon was in the habit of eating standing up. He also ate lying down. He could even sit and eat.

Before coming to any great decision Napoleon always made a point of taking four deep breaths through his nose. While talking the great Emperor habitually kept his mouth firmly shut.

Napoleon always wore wool next to his skin. He once said, in an interview which he seems to have given to a well-known firm of woolen manufacturers in Paterson, New Jersey, "There is nothing like wool."

In the same way he always said, "There is nothing like a delicious cup of Ozo when exhausted from the pulpit and the platform."

Napoleon drank, but always with the strictest avidity.

Napoleon made little use of tobacco except in the form of snuff or cigars or cut plug.

During his exile at St. Helena Napoleon is reported to have said, "If I had taken a course in Personal Leadership, I should not have landed here."

MY FIGHT WITH THE PURPLE-GILLED BONZA

BY PERCY WAXMAN

AS every lover of the gentle art knows, the Purple-Gilled Bonza, (*Fulminata Prehensilis*) is one of the gamest fighting fish ever taken in American waters. For years it has been my ambition to conquer one of these gaudy beauties, and at last, early this spring it was my excessive good fortune to take a six-ounce "Fighting Bonza" on a four-ounce Ziegheimer split-bamboo, carrying two Democrat leaders, three buckshot, and a Soda-fountain Queen (dry) fly, made by Beauchamp of Rochampton. From the moment the Bonza rose to the fly a terrific battle took place, lasting exactly until lunch time. Then, exhausted, panting, and happy, with the assistance of Algonquin, my half-breed guide, we had him on the scales in the presence of Alpheus M. Bilge, Vice-President Connerawantissatuckettick Angling Association, Naples, Maine; Bliss B. Succotash, Treasurer Amalgamated Cranberry Growers Club of Hyannis, Mass., and Puller O. Chuck, Advertising Manager Loose Scales Company, Dayton, Ohio.

Since the report of my success has gone the rounds of the newspapers, many people have written to inquire just what tackle I used, where I caught my speckled beauty, whether I used a Volstead runner, a boat hook, or lyddite, so that I feel it my duty to give an exact account of my battle in order that other lovers of the Waltonian art—to coin a phrase—may be inspired by my success to go on, and on, in their chosen work

and not let discouragement win the day. I know that, if I had not made up my mind to persevere, I never should have experienced that gorgeous thrill which came to me on that memorable May morn as I stood on the edge of Lake Pemigewassetuck, casting my lead upon the waters.

It may be as well right here to give a complete list of the equipment needed in order to have even a fair measure of success in a fight with a Purple-Gilled Bonza, so I will allow my readers to have an intimate peep behind the scenes and see what an old-time Knight of the Rod and Line (as the boys call me) buys when he "goeth a-fyshynge." This is what I pared my whole outfit down to:

- 1 pair Jimson Waders
- 1 Radio Set
- 1 jar Maple Sugar
- 100 yds. Collapsible Silk
- 1 package Cream of Wheat
- 3 Elite Glukes (size D)
- 1 can of Baked Beans
- 3 Kugel Spinnies
- 1 pound Sliced Bacon
- 4 Senegambian Sinkers
- 1 package hooks
- 1 Keglet Internal Sunburn Cure
- ½ doz. Ickel Casters
- Automatic Minnow Pail
- Half-peck Potatoes
- 4 bottles Skin Repair
- 3 cans Sardines
- 1 case (small) Scout Pills
- ¼ doz. Ointment Remover
- 1 can Condensed Milk
- 1 Stulz
- 2 special Bonza Ticklers

On the morning of the fifth I rose with a curious feeling of elation and dressed myself in typical woodsman fashion—snug white Khaki Leroy bloomers, reinforced for rock and boat friction, blue fiber-silk puttees to keep out leeches and hay fever, two pair socks, one of Smull and the other of ordinary shoddy to counteract swift changes in temperature, light pink-and-green-striped silk shirt to avoid casting shadows, heavy lined gloves, vici-kid shoes, rubbers and

waders. After breakfast (and I here want to remark that no guide in the world can equal Algonquin in the preparation of *Foie de Veau vin blanc*, plovers' eggs Richelieu, coffee Alsace, and ham *réchauffeur*) we sped to the Lake on a quest for pickerel, shiners, or any other of the finny tribe that happened to be careless that morning.

After about ten minutes' steady casting, unhooking from trees and self, re-pairing reels, etc., Algonquin landed a three pound Stemmle, using a fabricated Minz with a two-foot leader and a ½ oz. Nolce. It may be interesting to those not familiar with this fish to state that the Stemmle rarely goes over 1½ lbs., even with your own scales, as its feeding season is very uncertain. It belongs to the smaller Cetaceans (*Cetaceæ Diminundo*), and like all of that clan, is mainly pelagian in habit, roaming loosely and finnickally throughout spring and fall, and rapidly becoming ganglionic in winter and summer. Where it spawns is known only to two men and they are both members of Macmillan's Arctic Expedition and at present out of focus. Anyhow, I think enough has been said to give you a good general idea.

Just as Algonquin had put his Stemmle to sleep with a left hook, something jerked at my line that felt like the Michigan Central and I knew in an instant I had hooked a Purple-Gilled Bonza. I laughed hysterically, as fat men do under stress, and began playing with that fish for a sucker. But no, I soon realized those tactics would not do. Quick as a flash, I drew out my electric Clange and wound it up, but that Bonza seemed to know intuitively what I was up to and fled. With the delicate tackle I had I knew it was not going to be easy to pit it against such colossal power, but I held on, nothing daunted. My breath came and went in short pants; my hands burned, my eyes popped, my mouth ran, but I held on—Heaven knows how! The Bonza plunged, he rose, he fell, he pirouetted, he giggled, he showed his fangs—but I held on! Just as I was

about to give in through sheer inhibition, Algonquin shouted, "Stop playing him and haul him in." You can imagine how I felt at those words. The sweat stood on my brow like tapioca pearls; my face was just an animated beet, when these epoch-making words of an untutored guide rang out like a loud-speaker. Without stopping to consider the why or wherefore—I took his advice—and there at my feet, on the grass by the crystal waters of Lake Pemigewassetuck, lay the finest Purple-Gilled Onza (*Fulminata Prehensilis*) my eyes had ever beheld. Tears flooded me—my gratitude was such that I knelt there and then in the wide open spaces and vowed to be a better man. And even now as I write these words, several weeks later, I can honestly say that I am just the same man I was before my Success came, for I realize that something greater than I must have held me in its grasp on that glorious morning.

TWO REALISTS

BY KILE CROOK

THE young man wrote a weighty work of stark and vicious lust and passion; no telling detail did he shirk, all wrought in realistic fashion. The young man wrote to rock the earth, to startle hell and all above it.

The old man read with gentle mirth: "Of course," he said, "but son . . . what of it?"

FATHER HIEROFONT AND THE BEAR

BY ERNEST POOLE

WHEN I was in Russia last, in the autumn of 1917, I spent some time with a Russian friend upon his little estate in the North. In the midst of revolution, by way of rest, as it were, from the present, he would often tell me at night little stories of the Russian life which he had seen when he was young; and one of the best was his account of a night when he went bear hunting with a

huge village deacon who lived not far away from his home. In this Age of Prohibition the little tale has a certain charm.

"Father Hierofont," he said, "was a shockingly enormous man. Like a great barrel he was shaped—though never perhaps has a barrel been made so huge and weighing so much as he. The bear hunting, of course, was not his profession—but always he liked to go anywhere, hunting or fishing, to be apart from his little, thin, and peevish wife, who never would let him eat and drink so much as he craved for the good of his soul. So naturally each hunting trip for him was quite a splendid feast. And so it was when he came with me.

"We were going to hunt the bear from the 'roost'—a platform of poles close by the path where the bears would come to drink in the night. When we climbed the ladder to our roost the huge Deacon pulled up a stupendous bag and opened it. And here was vodka, in the old-fashioned green-glass bottles—about two gallons of it he had. Also plenty of boiled eggs and ham, and fish smoked and baked and salted, salted cucumbers, and plenty more. One might have supposed from the size of Father Hierofont's feast that we intended to stay on the roost for many days. But this was not all. The second man, a veteran hunter, had brought as his share a fine provision of smoked game and quite a load of spirits too, while I had brought two bottles of cognac and some caviare and bread. So now when Father Hierofont saw such fine provisions for the night he was bellowing the joyous songs—until the hunter begged him to be quiet as a little mouse—else no bears would come to us. The good Deacon stopped all singing then, and with all the power of his soul he began to eat and drink. Now in the forest all was still; on the roost it grew exceedingly dark. A fresh autumn wind was softly blowing. We warmed ourselves with food and drink. From this we all grew drowsy, and finally I fell asleep.

"But almost in the morning-time I was shocked by the stupendous voice of Father Hierofont from beneath, begging most energetically the hunter down there to let him sleep and leave him in peace, for the sake of the saints; and if this were insufficient, then for the sake of all devils, too! Greatly astonished, I looked down, and I saw a scene worthy of primeval times. Father Hierofont was lying on the huge old bear down there, as upon a sofa bed, while the hunter was begging him to stand up and allow him to disembowel the beast. When at last the good Deacon understood that he was not at home but in the forest, that this was not his bed but a bear, and that the hunter was not his wife—then he rose up and crossed himself, and repeated in most solemn voice:

"Miraculous are thy works, O God!"

"In the same moment, now quite awake, he remarked that not possibly could we have drunk all the reserves that we had brought; and so at once he re-started to drink, while still praising God's miraculous works. The hunter in the meantime swiftly disemboweled the bear and went away to fetch a sledge, for the path was so rough that nobody could bring any wagon here. Soon he returned with some *muzhiks* driving two horses with a sledge; and first of all they looked at the scene and consulted how the thing could have been done. For the dead bear had not been shot! What had killed him? Then said the hunter:

"I was asleep up on the roost when I heard a most fearful crash and roar—and so soon as I jumped and looked over the edge, there was the Deacon below on the bear!"

"So now at last we understood that the bear, when going on the path, had collided in the dark against the two poles of the roost under Father Hierofont's end, so at once this end of the roost was tipping, and the enormous Deacon asleep crashed down on the beast and bursted him!"

"Father Hierofont, who had been

breakfasting now mainly on the alcohol, was ready for bed once more again. So we made him to sit down on the sledge by his dead victim; and, as we moved along through the forest, the Deacon in his huge deep voice was solemnly singing '*de profundis*.' But when at last we came near to his home he grew quiet and rose and walked by the sledge; and now, while thinking about his wife, he was saying in a most serious tone:

"Nenila Fedorovna—ah, how astonished she will be—that I killed such a monster!"

"When we came to the house his thin little wife was looking with the deep fright at the bear, and could not grasp how it had been killed, for no part of the fur had been damaged. But Father Hierofont piously said:

"Wonderful are Thy works, O God!"

THE COVERED PUSH CART

BY HENRY B. FULLER

ON a certain bright morning in June Felix Frey and his Sonia turned their faces westward for the exploration of a virgin continent.

The covered pushcart preceded them by a foot or two. It contained a pan and a kettle, some blankets, a camera, plenty of writing-paper, and one of those keyed and lettered "Portables." A kind of canvas canopy protected them all.

"There are no roads," said Felix to Sonia.

"We will make one as we go," said Sonia to Felix.

Felix was a young radical thinker. Sonia was—Sonia. Had she been wedded to Felix she would have declined to bear his name. For a similar reason she had refused, some little time since, to continue bearing her father's. She had left it somewhere in Russia perhaps. She was Just Sonia, individualist.

"Oh, this America!" she said, with her face turned well to the westward. "We'll show them!"

"They need to be shown," rejoined Felix.

And they took their first step into the uncharted wilderness.

It was rough going and solitary. Nobody passed them moving eastward. Nobody was ahead of them moving westward. Sometimes they looked behind to see if anybody was following their lead.

"We're hewing our own course," said Felix.

"So we must expect to be lonesome," returned Sonia.

"We have each other," said Felix.

"Sonia *contra mundum*," observed his companion.

"Oh, don't say that," comforted Felix. "Here's a handle for each of us."

And they pushed along together.

They pushed along all day and met no adventures. At night, after a tiring tramp over rough fields and stony slopes and a moist, muddy fight through a marsh or two, they camped on the edge of a wood.

"So far so good," pronounced Felix.

"The world will follow," declared Sonia.

The next day was much the same, and the next. The rough ground, still roadless, was hard on feet and joints. Nobody passing, nobody ahead, perhaps nobody behind. The pan became smoky; the blankets got bedraggled; the camera shot at nothing in particular; the "Portable" took down their impressions, together with their hopes and ambitions for a better order.

On the fourth forenoon something objective took place. Still nobody before or behind; but—

Parallel to their course, and less than half a mile away, something was going on. Through thin patches of trees and between clumps of shrubbery they perceived signs of movement, even of traffic. There were heads—the heads of people passing along in the sturdy, yet jerky fashion of pedestrians; and sometimes compact groups of people, on a level slightly higher, slid on rapidly and easily. Traffic was not only pedestrian but also vehicular.

Felix and Sonia stared at each other with a wild surmise.

"A—a road?" he asked.

"A road, I fear," she returned.

"Humph! The bourgeoisie!"

"Huh! The capitalists!"

"Shall we—investigate?" he submitted.

"We know them, and we know their tracks," she declared.

But they decided on a deflection which led them across the half mile of weeds and stones. The pushcart bumped and staggered. They found presently a road indeed; a highway, in fact. It stretched straight in either direction for miles. But for the moment it was empty. They took a few steps on the smooth concrete and paused at an iron bridge.

"What is this?" demanded Felix sternly.

"What is what?" asked the Bridge.

"This," emitted Sonia. "That," she added, as she sent out a hand in each direction.

"Why, it's a road," replied the Bridge; "and I'm a part of it."

"How long have you been here?"

"Quite a little while," returned the Bridge. "And there are others of us, as I gather from the remarks of passers-by, over rivers, ravines, railway-crossings and the like."

"Shall we follow up this 'line of communication' for a little?" asked Felix. He tried to be satirical and contemptuous.

"Please do," said the Pushcart in a faint voice. "It will be so much easier on my tired frame."

"Oh, we might," returned Sonia, in a tone of careless disdain.

Presently they came to a Roadhouse. "Hot Dogs," the sign said.

Felix peered into the pan. It was almost empty. "Lunch?" he asked.

"I'm sure *I* don't care," returned Sonia scornfully.

"You look new," said Felix to the Roadhouse. "Been here long?"

"Oh, quite a little while," replied the

Roadhouse composedly. "And doing well."

"This *is* a road?" asked Sonia, with insistency.

"I should say."

"Well, it isn't *the* road, anyway!"

Felix issued from the house of entertainment licking his lips. After all, the good things of life were—good.

Sonia had taken one bite and then desisted. This particular refreshment was no part of her program.

The honking car whizzed by. And the hikers, back again on the roadway, were taking their own time. They dawdled along, picking flowers.

"I give them up," said Sonia. "Come along."

Glum silence fell upon them. After all, it *was* a road. They had had most of their effort for nothing, Felix was coming to think.

Just as they were preparing to leave, the first pair of hikers came up, foolish in their flowers. The man before entering the tavern left his knapsack on the porch.

"I will inquire," said Sonia, taking out her notebook. "Are they married?"

"Oh, yes," answered the Knapsack; "and quite happily."

"I believe it!" she returned, with sarcasm.

Trying the highway, Felix and Sonia came to another bridge. It crossed a canal. A new honk was heard, and an enormous car came tearing along.

Sonia stepped into the middle of the road. She raised her arm—and her voice.

"This is not the right way at all!" she cried. "The real road is the one we're making, over there!"

"Get off the earth!" yelled the Car. "You scum! You proletariat! You—you intellectuals!"

"Heavens!" moaned the Pushcart. "My day is done!"

The car struck the cart amidships and hurled it into the canal.

"Say no more," called out the Canal. "I'll take care of you."

"What next?" inquired Felix rue-

fully, after the cart had gone through the broken rail of the bridge, and its cover lay flat on the water.

"What next?" repeated Sonia insultingly. "What next? Can't you shout? Can't you curse? Can't you smash something in turn? Can't you be a man?"

"We're so humble and poor, after all," said Felix. "Everything is on their side."

"Haven't we our Ideas?" retorted Sonia. "They'll prevail in the end."

"The road is laid out already," said Felix faintly.

"The road is *there*!" said Sonia, pointing across the stony field.

The canal sent up a last commemorative bubble for the vanished cart.

"Heigh-ho!" sighed Felix. "Well," he went on, "shall we move along?" He half lifted an indicatory hand, and seemed to be taking a first step over the established roadbed.

"Not that way!" cried Sonia, in violent protest.

"We are hardly discoverers, after all," said Felix dejectedly. "Nor even explorers."

"I am," declared Sonia. "And always shall be!"

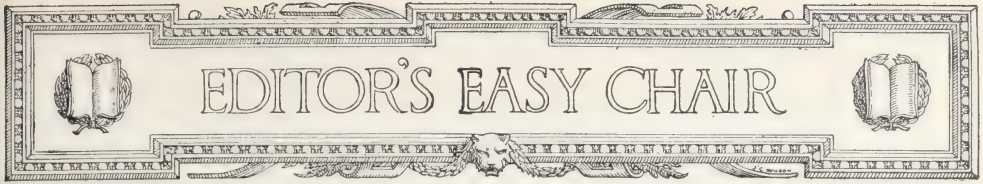
Felix's toe stubbed against the empty pan. The "Portable" and the rest had gone down with the cart. The touring car was already out of sight. "Society is—organized," he said. "After a fashion," he added.

"But not in *my* fashion!" shouted Sonia.

"We'd better step along," suggested Felix, pointing down the road.

"Not I!" This was Sonia's ultimatum. "You are a weakling. I hate you! I despise you! I part with you here and now. *My* road is *there*!"

She turned her back, crossed the concrete, and struck out through the bumpy thickets to resume the course from which she had been turned away. Felix let her go: perhaps another pushcart and another partner might yet help her to her goal,



Political Superstitions

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THIS is a Presidential year, and in the month of June at least two conventions are to be held to nominate candidates. They are very important. Nobody can well be elected President who is not nominated somewhere, somehow, and it looks at present as though it would make a good deal of difference who our next President is. A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April discussed the state of democracy in this world from the point of view that it is going into a decline. He made out a pretty good case for that impression. Italy and Spain were his chief examples of the failure of representative government after a fairly protracted trial, and its supersession by one-man leadership and one-man power, as illustrated by Mussolini in Italy, and something of the same sort done by, or in association with, Rivera in Spain. The forms of constitutional government were left in both countries, but the power was not representative. It was autocratic. So with Kemal in Turkey. Turkey, to be sure, had set up as a republic, but Kemal apparently was its government. The effort to start a democracy in Russia had collapsed and the Lenin autocracy had survived all its terrors, horrors, mistakes and failures, was going pretty strong and likely, with due modifications, to last. So this democracy that we went to Europe in so much force to make the world safe for did not seem to this *Atlantic* writer to be in a good case at all, and he intimated that it was on its last legs.

It does go rather groggy but that is probably temporary, and after all, these said nations, cited as examples of its decay, were not brought up to it, nor are they of the races that have shown a special capacity for representative government. But one thing that makes these coming conventions and the American politics of the rest of this year so important is that people do begin to wonder whether representative government is now going to grass, not merely in Italy and Spain, but in England and the United States, and all over. For when the Senate about four years ago rejected the Versailles Treaty and Mr. Wilson broke down in his appeal to the country, and our government almost stopped functioning so far as foreign affairs went, that was a serious matter. When democracy creates deadlocks it is not good. When it splits its voters up into groups so small that no one of them can run the country and government can only be carried on by ill-assorted combinations, that is not a good condition.

Back now to those conventions. Nothing need be said about candidates in the Republican convention, for at this writing there is only one who makes a serious impression, and that is Mr. Coolidge. Still, now in April he continues to seem to suit more Republicans than anyone else. The party is divided into standpatters and progressives just as it has been since Roosevelt's time. Its only chance to elect its man is to hang together, and Mr. Coolidge is apparently

the strongest tie which the Republican managers can find.

But with the Democrats the situation is quite different. They have no obvious candidate. The mind, the will that they depended on in 1912 and 1916 are gone on into the invisible. They need a new man, and though they are not split in two as definitely and visibly as are the Republicans, they are far from being of one mind and accord. Some of them are radicals. Some are conservatives. Some have the interest of the East at heart. Some think first of the Western farmers. The danger is that in trying to come to an agreement on somebody, the strong characters of the party will be discarded and they will unite on a candidate who is merely available because he is not positive enough to have developed opponents. If that should happen—if in a crisis in world affairs it should turn out to be impossible to put up for the Presidential office in the United States a man strong enough to fit the times, that would be recorded, and justly, as a bad sign for democracy.

Who then are the Democratic candidates at present visible, and what are the main ailments that are supposed to impair their abilities to satisfy the rank and file of the Democratic voters? Mr. McAdoo, as we all know, was thought to be the man who had the largest outfit of necessary qualifications. His energies were demonstrated in Mr. Wilson's administrations. He wanted to help the farmers. He wanted to reduce the tariff. He wanted to give the bonus to the ex-soldiers. He wanted to make the railroads serve the country, and particularly agriculture, better than they do now. He wanted a foreign policy that would help to clean up Europe, increase its buying power, and make a market for the western grain. He wanted to be President because he wished to make things hum, and he was all but guaranteed to be unacceptable to Wall Street. In the West there is a pretty strong feeling that a man unacceptable to Wall Street must be a virtuous character. In

the East that conviction is much less positive. Mr. McAdoo was expected to carry the West and the South, to get the bonus vote, to get the dry vote, and to carry the country in spite of New York, New England, and the Eastern fringe. All of a sudden the oil scandal burst out, and some drops of it fell on Mr. McAdoo. Nothing came out that was really prejudicial to the integrity of his character, but what did come out argued that he was not so delicate in his professional associations as a political candidate ought to be, and, of course, everybody who did not want him, especially a good many who had thought they would have to take him, breathed a sigh of relief and said McAdoo was out of it. Perhaps he is, perhaps not. Certainly no one has forged into the leading position in the Democratic race in his stead. At this writing he is still the candidate with the most backers, but undoubtedly the difficulty of getting a two-thirds vote for him in the convention has increased.

Well, who else is there? Two Catholics, Senator Walsh and Governor Alfred Emanuel Smith; a New York lawyer from West Virginia, Mr. Davis; Senator Ralston of Indiana; Doctor Houston, lately of Mr. Wilson's cabinet; Senator Underwood, well known and respected; Senator Robinson of Texas, and anyone else you like—Senator Copeland, maybe; Mr. Baker, of Ohio! Oh, yes, and Senator Glass.

Senator Glass is very good. He has been Secretary of the Treasury. He understands finance. Everybody respects him. He is a student. He has the brains and the integrity for the technical side of the Presidency. What one doubts is whether he has the physical energy for the political side of that office.

Doctor Houston has it. He is qualified much as Senator Glass is; knows finance; knows farming; has had experience of public life in Mr. Wilson's cabinet all through his two administrations. He has brains and character. He is physically robust. He is respected. The

farmers ought to like him, for he knows about them and cares about them. Wall Street knows that he is a sound financier. What great a politician is he? Can he give out the kind of glow that makes people want to vote for him for President? That is the hitch about Doctor Houston. They doubt that he is a vote-getter.

Conversely, his vote-getting qualities, his great charm and astuteness as a politician are the attractions about Al Smith. They would get him nowhere if there was not confidence in his character, but there is such confidence. He has been a good Governor of New York. He has tried to get good things done and has succeeded sometimes in the face of great difficulties. New York Republicans like him. If he were nominated for President he would expect to carry New York and New Jersey, and probably Massachusetts and other New England states. It is true that he is not academic. He picked up the most important part of his early education in the law; but it takes a good politician to be a successful President, and Governor Smith is a good politician. Yet he is a Catholic and the conviction is still very prevalent that no Catholic can yet be elected President.

The same objection seems to apply to Senator Walsh; but whereas Governor Smith went to the parochial schools of New York, Senator Walsh got his primary education in the common schools of Wisconsin and studied law in the University of that state. So far as early teaching went, his training was not only secular, but he got it in one of the most progressive states of the Union. Senator Walsh has been a schoolmaster. He is a diligent student. He has a great deal of accurate knowledge on many subjects. He is a first-rate lawyer and he is credited with knowing as much about the Constitution as anyone in the Senate. The advertisement that has made him a possible candidate was his services in bringing out the oil exposures. The

exposures were very important. They were made possible only by Mr. Walsh's perseverance and accurate knowledge of the subject. In all his relations to them he has borne himself well and fairly earned the gratitude of the country.

The best-equipped man in the whole Democratic field looks to many observers to be John W. Davis. His mind is good. His character is good. He is engaging in discourse and as solicitor of the Department of Justice he did a lot of hard work with notable distinction. As Ambassador to England he was everything that he should have been, but he came back from that employment impaired in pocket—as all but the rich Ambassadors always do—turned to his profession to replenish his finances, took up with the same reputable law firm in New York that President Cleveland had been associated with between his two terms, and went in to earn a little money. He has good clients—corporations undoubtedly; great bankers very likely among them. When anyone speaks of Mr. Davis as a candidate there is apt to be a sigh and the response that a corporation lawyer could not be elected.

Maybe not. But if not, it is our loss. If such a man as Mr. Davis is by reason of such professional employments as he has undertaken put out of the running for the Presidency, so much worse for democracy, for when democracy is hindered for bad reasons from employing the best man it can get to do its business its prosperity is by just so much prejudiced.

One may suspect that some of these traditional objections to candidates are worked nowadays for rather more than they are really worth. Where there are a lot of rivals the backers of each one are not slow to expound the disabilities of the others. It is a political tradition that the Democrats won't elect a corporation lawyer (though they did elect Tilden), and that a Catholic cannot be elected. Traditions of that sort may

outlive their application. Consider the Catholics. The fear of the Roman Catholic Church among Protestants in this country came from England and was the fear of the restriction of liberty—of priestcraft, of clericalism, of control of education in the interest of a powerful church. But, stars above! observe what has happened to us! Out of the Protestant Churches has come the Volstead law and all such regulation of private habits as the anti-cigarette law in Kansas, the campaign against evolution in the colleges, and the Oregon law against private schools. If the Catholics meddled as much with private life and personal preferences as the Methodists and the Presbyterians and the Baptists do, what do you suppose would happen to them? But as things go now, a legislation-ridden people, tormented by fanatical laws, may easily turn to Catholic voters and take counsel and action with them for relief. Sometimes Protestantism has stood for liberty. That it does so stand in our day in this country is something which needs argument. It is a habit of mind to associate democracy with liberty, but fanatical majorities addicted to restrictive, predatory and compulsive legislation may easily break the mind of that habit. So there are possibilities that a Roman Catholic candidate might not run so ill as people think.

What the Democrats want, what the Republicans want is a candidate with a mind and nature so comprehensive that it can take in all the schismatics, win and keep their confidence, and give to each that share of what he wants which is compatible with the needs of the others. Men of that sort are what every nation wants, what the church wants, what all humanity needs; men who see the great essentials big, and minor needs in their right proportions.

Current politics in this country is full

of superstitions. The anti-Catholic activity, what is left of it, is four-fifths superstition. The anti-Jew activity is about the same. The Nordics have a superstition. The Drys have some important facts to go by but they go far beyond them. The antipathy to Wall Street is considerably superstitious. The notion that corporations are enemies of the common people can only be entertained if one accepts as its basis the conclusion that the whole industrial system is an invention of the Adversary, and must be destroyed.

Senator Pepper has rebuked the Democrats for overzeal in exposing corruption in high places, and said there is danger that parties will run to blocs and our government cease to function. The cure for that peril is certainly not to let corruption go on, nor flag in searching it out, but to put the government in charge of honest men whom all the blocs can trust.

That is the great job that it is up to the two conventions to inaugurate. Certainly in the current posture of its affairs the world needs trustworthy men. The United States assuredly needs them. Put aside then all political superstitions and go in to get them! That is the duty of the conventions. If they do not make a good job of it, there will doubtless be more conventions, more candidates, and more of the political confusion that Senator Pepper fears. If the Ku Klux, the bonus men, the Drys, the Wets, the Fundamentalists, the Modernists, or one-idea groups of that sort are to weed out competence from the Presidential competition and substitute for it mere acquiescence, then we shall be badly off, for acquiescence is not a great quality in a politician. It comes in handy sometimes, but what is wanted now is constructive statesmanship. We have the men who can furnish it if sectional superstitions do not shut them out.

EDITOR'S DRAWER



EACH MINUTE CIRCE PILED FRESH JOYS ON

Ulysses Up to Date

BY BERT GOLDSMITH

A STRONG-WILLED guy was this Ulysses,
Who scorned the blandishments of Circe;
Although he trifled with the missies,
No lady had him at her mercy.

He landed on a Desert Island:
No human there except this beauty
Who handed him her Famous Smile, and
Expected him to do his duty.

Now Circe had a wicked passion
For making pigs of those who loved her;
And swill and grass became the ration
Of everyone who turtle-doved her.

Ulysses, when he met the lady,
Made no response to her advances;
He knew her reputation shady,
And wasn't fooled by goo-goo glances.

But Circe, struck with admiration
 Because he made her keep her distance,
 Gave him the Freedom of the Nation,
 And there he led One Grand Existence.

Each minute Circe piled fresh joys on:
 She gave him food, drink, and affection.
 And since they all were free of poison,
 Ulysses offered no objection.

Called by a cable from headquarters,
 At length Ulysses had to leave her.
 Still, she was used to losing courtiers,
 So his departure didn't grieve her.

Bound homeward, then, from this li-ai-son,
 He had to pass the Sirens (ladies
 Who spent their nights—and, too, their days—on
 The work of shipping men to Hades).

Ulysses knew that they would try him:
 And so he used his well-known bean; he
 Gave orders to his men to tie him
 With knots that would have stumped Houdini.

So, though the Sirens, when they spied him,
 Yelled, kicked, and squealed, and shook the shimmy,
 No sailor on the ship untied him,
 Although he hollered, "Gimme! Gimme!"

Not till the boat was past the women,
 Did they set free their stalwart skipper . . .
 Then did Ulysses start back, swimmin'?
 Why, no, he seemed well-pleased and chipper.

At least, that is the way we heard it . . .
 And yet the way the ending's treated
 Strikes us as being *too* absurd. It
 Has been, no doubt, somewhat deleted.

Now if our hero *were* a Hero
 (Like any Hero of Lord Byron's),
 He'd grab an oar and say, "Watch *me* row
 Back to the Island of the Sirens!"

A Shirker

THERE is a certain young artist in Greenwich village who looks not at all like the typical artist of most persons' imagination.

This young fellow wears a big red beard, and stands six feet some inches high. His shoulders are broad and his muscles hard from continued exercise.

One day a woman entered his studio and asked for the artist.

"There he is standing over there," said some one.

The lady looked over to where the artist stood, towering like an ancient viking, and gasped.

"Why," she whispered in surprise, "he's big enough to really work, isn't he?"



"We don't believe in the Devil any more, Grandma."

"Oh! Indeed! Well let me tell you, my dear, nobody doubted his existence when I was young!"

Helping Her Mistress

THE lady of the house was hurrying frantically to get away on a trip. "Mary! Mary!" she called to the maid, "What time is it now?"

"Half past three, mum," was the answer.

"Oh," continued the mistress, "I thought it was later. I have still twenty minutes to catch the train."

"Yes, mum, I knew ye'd be rushed, so I set the clock back half an hour to give ye more time."

Racial Pride

THE family from Virginia ensconced itself in a Harlem flat all too near an Italian colony. The Latins were in frequent evidence, the thrifty women carrying lots of old wood home for fuel. Julia, maid of all work and very black, had been imported from Down South.

As she was going out one evening, the mistress suggested that she stop at the carpenter's on her way home and bring back an ironing board he was mending.

"Deed I will not," she said indignantly. "Why folks would take me for an Eye-talian!"

Poor Ireland!

"THERE'S a difference in time you know, between this country and Europe," said a man in New York to a newly arrived Irishman. "For instance, your friends in Cork are in bed and fast asleep by this time, while we are enjoying ourselves in the early evening."

"That's always the way," exclaimed the Celt, "Ireland niver got justice yet."

She Was Out of It

OLD Zeke Harrison, the champion white-washer, walked down the main street of the village one morning, dressed in his best suit, with a large, brilliant buttonhole bouquet, and white gloves.

"Hello, Zeke," said the postman, "are you taking a holiday?"

"To-day," announced Zeke, with a proud flourish of a huge white-gloved hand, "to-day is ma golding wedding anniversary, suh. Ah'm celebratin' it."

"But your wife is working as usual. I saw her at the washtub as I passed your house."

"Her?" demanded Zeke, hotly. "She ain't got nothin' to do with it. She's mah fo'th."



Visitors to Rome retiring by candle light

Resourceful

MR. and Mrs. Hiram Cornborer, en route to Europe on the *Leviathan*, had taken their seats in the dining salon for their first meal on board.

"What on earth is all this?" exclaimed

Mrs. Cornborer, upon examining the menu card done in the purest French.

"Hm," replied Hiram, not intending to be stumped so early in the trip, "reckon that there is the inter-urban rates to them French towns."



A Renovated Masterpiece—"The Golfers" by J. F. Millet.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

NO RECENT Harper writer on any public question has been the recipient of so many honors both academic and political as *David F. Houston*, Secretary of Agriculture and later Secretary of the Treasury in President Wilson's cabinet. Eight universities have conferred honorary degrees upon him. He has served as President of two colleges and Chancellor of a third. In addition to his cabinet service under Mr. Wilson, he was Chairman of the Federal Reserve and Farm Loan Boards and a member of the Council of National Defense. Despite his present activities in the world of finance, he finds time for much public work and occasional writing. His "Answer to Pessimists" comes at a time when a voice of authority is needed to counteract much loose talk on the state of affairs in general and politics in particular. Mr. Houston cites several interesting parallels from history. Our readers will take comfort in reflecting that there is nothing new under the sun, and that our present plight does not materially differ from similar situations in the past which we, as a nation, have happily revived and quite forgotten.

Katharine Fullerton Gerould has recently visited the principal cities of the Far West, and this month we print the first of a series of papers which will deal, in turn, with Salt Lake City, Reno, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle, Santa Fe, and Albuquerque—not forgetting Los Angeles, which is repeatedly seized upon to point a contrast, although not the subject of an individual paper. The series will conclude with a particularly interesting appraisal of our western civilization and culture, under the title "The Aristocratic West."

Readers of Russian history may recall the quaintly delightful anecdote of Catherine of Russia which *James Lane Allen* quotes at the head of his story ("The Violet"), and

out of which he proceeds to weave a moving and tragic romance. Mr. Allen, after a long absence from the fiction pages of *HARPER'S*, wrote for the August issue, "The Alabaster Box," which proved to be one of the outstanding stories of the year, remarkable in conception and execution. To our oldest subscribers, who recall the publication in this Magazine of Mr. Allen's masterpiece, "A Kentucky Cardinal," many years ago, Mr. Allen's latest story will particularly appeal.

This month *H. M. Tomlinson* pauses in his journey through the Malay Archipelago to recount the experiences of a day in Singapore, made interesting by an extraordinary tale of the sea to which he was permitted to listen. This adventure, which Mr. Tomlinson graphically retells, is like a romance taken from Conrad. Next month Mr. Tomlinson sets foot in Celebes.

Any introduction of *Dr. Henry van Dyke* is superfluous, but his return to the Magazine in the June issue is one that is certain to give pleasure to a great number of those readers who recall the fact that his story of "The Other Wise Man," probably the most successful single short story that was ever written, appeared first in *HARPER'S MAGAZINE*. This story has been translated into almost every modern language and, despite the passing of the years, continues to be one of the most successful of Dr. van Dyke's books.

While a new contributor to the Magazine, *Constance Drexel* has already made for herself a distinguished position in the field of journalism. For some time she represented the *Philadelphia Ledger* as its Washington correspondent, and later her interest in the cause of women and feminist activities abroad took her to the various conferences that were being held in Europe and brought her into personal contact with practically all of the leaders of advanced thought among

women of the continent. The figures that she cites, showing the way in which the women of Europe are making use of the franchise, are all from official sources and have not been hitherto generally available to American readers. Miss Drexel is now a resident of Washington, and her newspaper articles from the Capital are syndicated in a large number of leading papers throughout the country.

William Howard Gardiner, whose article "America's Responsibility in the Far East" is his first contribution to HARPER'S, has had unusual opportunities of coming in contact with the highest officers—political, military, and naval—in the countries of which he writes. He has also moved among their peoples and has studied problems of America's future relations in the East from every possible angle.

The publication of three instalments of *Harvey O'Higgins'* serial, "Julie Cane," seems to leave no possible doubts in the minds of the Editors that they were right in persuading Mr. O'Higgins to turn aside from the short story for a time and to adopt the longer form of the novel. Seldom has the beginning of any serial attracted such universally enthusiastic comment. The Editors have taken particular pleasure in this because these expressions of approval have not come so much from the critics of the press, who had already accorded Mr. O'Higgins a most distinguished position in American letters, as from the casual readers of the Magazine who are less familiar with his short stories and who recognized here, for the first time, a new and authentic genius among our American novelists.

In "Horace Walpole" *Gamaliel Bradford* paints the portrait of one of the brilliant and interesting personalities of the eighteenth century, who has receded far from us in time, but who lives again for us under the magic of Mr. Bradford's pen.

The author of "All Things Considered," *Elaine Sterne Carrington*, is a new contributor to HARPER'S, although known to the readers of other magazines. It is a pleasure to have another story from *Rose Wilder Lane*, whose "Innocence," published in HARPER'S, was acknowledged one of the most distin-

guished stories of 1922 and was awarded the second O. Henry Prize.

The poets in the JUNE HARPER'S are *Lai Shields Goldsborough*, who is a student Yale University and one of the editors of the *Yale Lit*; *Alice Duer Miller*, who is one of the most brilliant of American short-story writers, as her past stories in HARPER'S have attested; *Daniel Henderson*, who has served on the editorial staffs of various periodicals and is now associated with *McClure's Magazine*; and *Ben Ray Redman*, author of *Masquerade*, and a critical writer of distinction.

Kile Crook, of Hartford, Connecticut, a new contributor to the Magazine. *Percy Waxman* has frequently contributed humorous prose and verse to HARPER'S. *Ernest Poole*, author of *The Harbor* and other novels, has spent considerable time in Russia as a press correspondent and student of social conditions. *Stephen Leacock*, dean of North American humorists, contributes "The Personal Habits of Napoleon" as a footnote to his recent series of burlesques on "success and personal efficiency."



Now that the first quarterly period of the HARPER'S MAGAZINE Short Story Competition has come to an end, the Editors, and doubtless the writers, are eagerly awaiting the decision of the judges. Some facts in regard to the competition may be of interest at this time, although, owing to the large number of manuscripts submitted, it will be an impossibility to make an announcement of the prize winners before the publication of the July issue.

In all, there were submitted under the terms of the Competition three thousand, five hundred and seventy-eight manuscripts, and as only a few writers submitted more than a single story, this figure represents virtually the number of writers who were interested in entering the Harper Competition.

Manuscripts were submitted by writers in every state of the Union and Canada, and a considerable number came from American residents in England, France, Belgium, Italy, and Czecho-Slovakia. The shortest story entered in the Contest was fifteen hundred

words in length, the longest more than twenty-seven thousand. It is interesting to note that of the stories technically known as "prohibition" stories there were only twelve, and only thirty-two were stories of the Great War. We regret to find that of the stories that may be strictly termed "humorous stories" there were less than one hundred—a fact that we hope the competitors in the later competitions of the year will bear in mind.

The Editors are glad to take this opportunity to say again that the Competition is open to every type of short story, although, as they stated in the original announcement, stories of from four to seven thousand words are preferred. It may be helpful to writers to bear in mind some of the facts recounted above and to consider them in reference to the further competitions. Humorous stories, mystery stories, and stories of action, whether on land or sea, are greatly desired. We hope that our friends in the writing world will also remember that there will be no undue delay in deciding on the availability of the stories. They will be notified of every acceptance by the Editors without awaiting the decision of the judges, whose function is merely to award the prizes to those who, in their judgment, most deserve them.



The "Easy Chair's" reply to the "Lady from Minnesota" has brought a flood of communications from our readers on the subject of prohibition. We cannot give space to all, and to make a selection from clamorously enthusiastic letters and others equally vituperative, is difficult. We are therefore publishing a single letter, written by Rose Wilder Lane, who takes issue with Mr. Martin and at the same time voices a protest which her fellow-prohibitionists might well profit by.

Mansfield, Missouri.

My dear Mr. Martin—

The contemplative atmosphere of the "Easy Chair" on the hearth, or shaded lamp and drift of smoke from pipe and cigarette, is too pleasant to be shattered by controversy. But may I remark that the letter of the lady in Minnesota has given me dissatisfaction?

It seems to me unfortunate that one hears in reference of Prohibition only these passionate shrill

voices. Unfortunate, too, that the word now means only prohibition by Federal enactment of one form of intoxicant. There is, it seems to me, the general question of Prohibition, and the particular question of Prohibition. And is not even the narrowed question of Prohibition broader than the point as to whether the man who is fond of Scotch is more or less susceptible to colds than he who drinks lemonade?

Prohibition, in its general sense, I suppose we all accept as valuable. One might paraphrase Mr. Towner: The prohibiting nations have always beaten the non-prohibiting nations in all particulars which the civilized think worth mentioning. Yes, the paraphrase has its weak points; the same weak points which Mr. Towner's statement has. Savage and barbarian have their taboos, and also their intoxicants. And "always" is a long time. But the herd's control of the individual is the foundation of civilization, is it not? The essential difference between the taboo of the savage and the law of the civilized is that the one is based on individualism and the other on social welfare. The measure of civilization's progress is the loss of individual liberty. In civilization natural impulses have been so curbed and restrained that they are atrophied; we no longer wish to be naked, to eat raw meat, to beat our wives; we are even reaching the point where considerable numbers of us take no pleasure in deciding differences of opinion with war-clubs. We have so long accepted prohibition of our individualistic impulses that we have ceased to have them. Has that been a loss, or a gain? From a wide point of view, I suppose it is impossible to say. Peoples who retain their individualism—such as, for example, the races in the Turkish Empire before Western ideas began to penetrate it—would have much to say in favor of their way of life as opposed to ours, if they would say it. They are now, however, becoming civilized. Civilization is, of course, a temporary state of human affairs.

But from the point of view of civilization, Prohibition is undoubtedly accepted. In considering any particular prohibition, then, such as prohibition of intoxicants, the only question left to us is the question of its social value. The question of restraint of individual liberty we have already decided, in accepting the general idea of Prohibition. The individual's right to unquestioned personal exercise of the qualities of courage and self-control passed from him when murder was prohibited. Much may be said in favor of murder; great good has come from instances of it. Much may be said, and is said, of the evils of our educational system. Yet we accept prohibition of murder, and compulsory education, without question, because in these matters—as in innumerable others—we have so long surrendered individual liberty that we no longer think of it in connection with them.

Considering the question of Prohibition with sole regard to its social value brings me again to

Mr. Towner. "Drinking nations have always beaten the non-drinking nations in all particulars worth mentioning." Obviously, "all particulars worth mentioning" means all particulars considered important by the drinking nations. Even accepting this, I wonder whether the statement holds? The South Sea Islanders, and many tribes of interior Africa, possessed intoxicants before they were discovered by civilized men. Their racial history is presumably as long as ours, yet they have not developed the arts of civilization. Even lavish use of our intoxicants fails them in this particular. The Arabs are an abstemious people; they believe neither in Prohibition nor in the use of intoxicants. Yet their contribution to civilization has been considerable, and even in the conflict of war their conquest of the hard-drinking peoples was stopped apparently not by the strength of their adversaries so much as by their satisfaction with the conquests already made. The pioneers of America possessed intoxicants, it is true; as Benjamin Franklin says in his diary, whiskey was doubtless furnished them by a benevolent Providence for the purpose of exterminating the Indians, who in their native state did not have it. But the typical pioneer communities—the Quaker settlements, the Puritans—were not communities of drinkers. One might perhaps reply that they were not civilized. But did they not excel in many particulars worth mentioning? I have not read Mr. Towner's *Philosophy of Civilization*, and it is unfair to question the soundness of conclusions drawn. But I do question whether an equally sound, and opposing, statement as to the social value of intoxicants may not be based on available data.

The prohibition of intoxicants in America is, as you say, a gamble. We are a violent and hysterical people; we rush to extremes. When we drink, we drink to excess—as a people; when we prohibit, we push prohibition to its extreme limit, as well as rebellion against it. This character of ours—supposed, is it not, to be due to climatic conditions?—is probably unfortunate. But it is an American, not a Prohibitionist characteristic. Tolerance, moderation, an interest in both sides, or all the sides of a question, is not entirely in your "Easy Chair," my dear Mr. Martin. Some of these qualities are in mine. My belief in the eventually-to-be-proved social value of Prohibition is not based on a personal dislike of rum, though I may say that my preference is for dry champagne. This is the point I would like to make, in my dissatisfaction with the letter of the lady from Minnesota. I do not pretend to have discussed the question of Prohibition. It leads into many by-paths, as all questions do. I have wandered, glancing at some of them. I am sorry that we are a hysterical people. At the moment there is too much hysteria in my own camp. I regret

this. I wish that we had an Edward S. Martin to present the case from my point of view.

Sincerely,

ROSE WILDER LANE.

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Valhalla, N. Y.

Dear Harper's—

I have read and enjoyed an article by Doctor Paton in the January HARPER's and would like to suggest that you give us another, or several other articles, by the same author. Can he not give us "some practical knowledge" about our minds and some "elementary information about what can be actually accomplished in preparing the mind to take peaceful, constructive attitudes?

Both as an individual, not more belligerent than the average, and as a teacher I would be most grateful for this knowledge.

Why cannot Doctor Paton himself start the work which he preaches in his article?

I am glad to say that I always read HARPER's with great pleasure.

Yours truly,

A. MARGARET FITZGERALD.

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Oakland, Calif.

Dear Harper's—

We sometimes hear parents remark sadly that they fear their frequent "don'ts" to the children are a mere waste of breath; but that, I think, is one of the things that can only be proved by the test of time.

As a small child I remember well—although now in my sober middle age it seems incredible that there could ever have been a necessity for such an admonishment—that my serious-minded father was forever saying, "Don't laugh so much!" Just how many years it took him to put it over I can't say, but I finally got it. For forty-odd years, at the risk of dislocating my diaphragm, I have managed to confine my risibilities firmly within the narrow bounds of an inefficient but innocuous inward chuckle that wouldn't have disturbed or annoyed even a sensitive "Hoopoo."

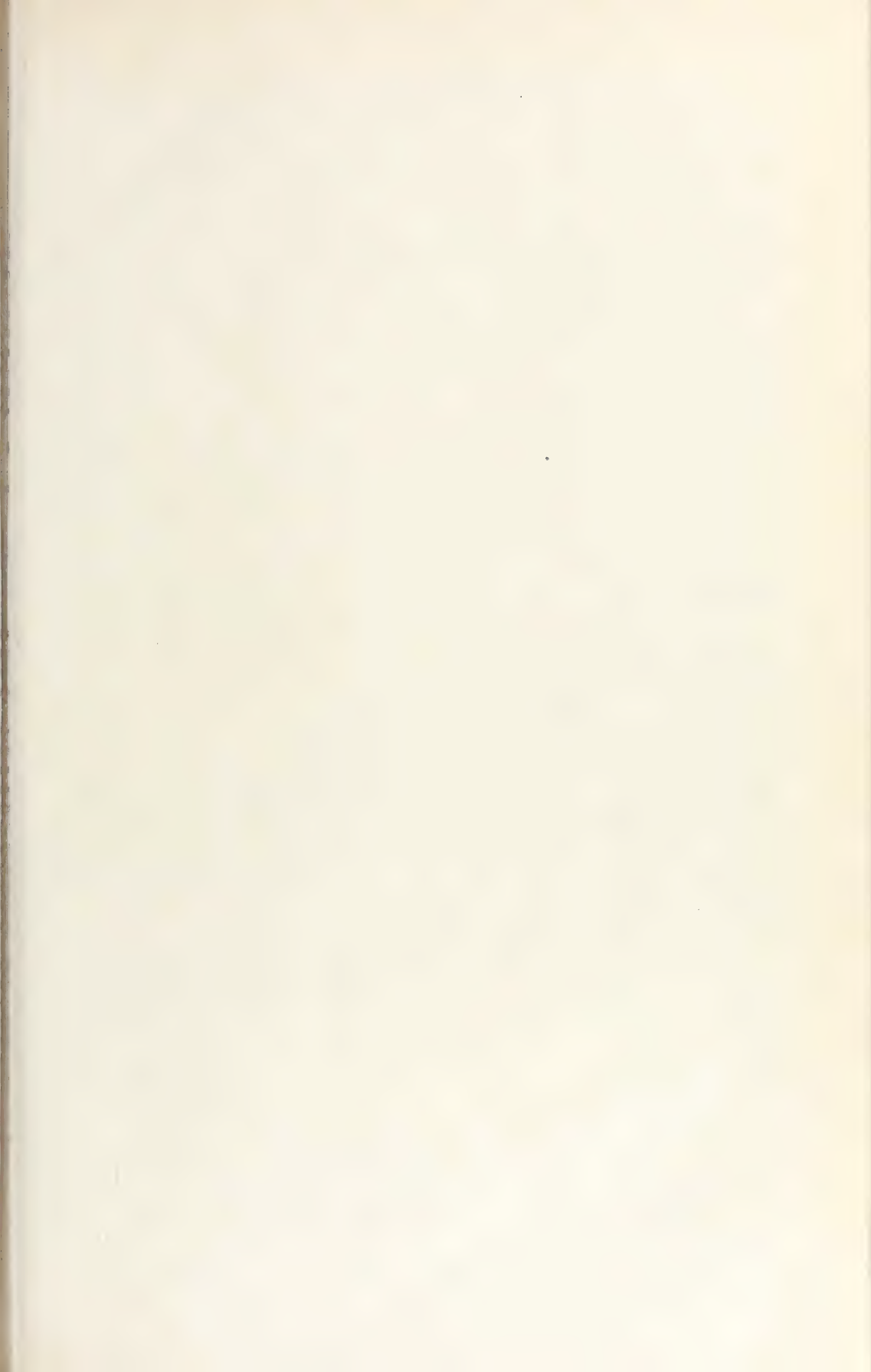
All this for years! But this morning, all alone in the seclusion of my den with Mr. Stephen Leacock's "A Manual of the New Mentality"—well, thanks to the author and the awfully clever illustrations which must have gladdened his heart (and to HARPER's for publishing both) well—I've had the time of my life. Broken my rules 'n every thing!

In fact, I enjoyed it so much that, to paraphrase the ancient Floradora, "I really must tell someone so it might as well be you."

Gratefully and smilingly yours,

LELAH ANGELL ROYCE.

P. S.—I'm going to save it to read over on one of those "what's the use?" days.





Painting by F. Tenney Johnson

Illustration for "Horse and Horse"

ONE DAY MERGED INTO ANOTHER WITHOUT CIRCUMSTANCE OR CHANGE

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England and America

Their Misunderstandings and Their Opportunity

BY A. G. GARDINER

The Editors asked Mr. Gardiner to write with complete frankness on the present state of feeling between his country and the United States, because they agree with him that Anglo-American co-operation is "the capital theme in world affairs," and because as the former editor of the London *Daily News*, as a close student of international affairs, and as a cordial friend of the United States, he is well fitted to tell us what are to-day the obstacles to a practical accord. It is interesting to note that he regards the main obstacle as temperamental rather than political.

A WELL-KNOWN American who has been on a visit to this country, with which he is exceptionally familiar, remarked to me the other day that he had been disquieted by the change of feeling which he had found here on the subject of America. He was disquieted because, like most responsible Americans, he regarded fraternal relations between the two peoples as the most necessary condition of the general well-being of the world. He attributed the changed feeling to the undercurrent of dissatisfaction which existed on the subject of the American debt. Wherever he went, he said, he found a deep sense that England was receiving hard measure in regard to the finance of the War which was waged in the common interest and the burden of which should have been a common burden.

I do not know whether the impression which my friend received as to the changed tendency is well founded, but it can hardly be questioned on an impartial consideration of the facts that there is abundant ground for the view that the English taxpayer, between debtors who will not pay him his debts and creditors who do not release him from his obligations, is being roughly handled. This view is strengthened by the fact that the money which England borrowed during the War was not borrowed for her own needs but for the needs of her Allies. England was the one European nation involved in the struggle which from the beginning to the end paid her way by the capacity and willingness of her people to provide her requirements. In her borrowings she simply made herself the channel for the

supply of the necessities of her Allies, and assumed the responsibility for repayment. Whether she was wise in doing so may be doubted. The fact that her credit and her business honor alike should have been regarded as the only reliable financial guarantee in Europe was a flattering recognition of her position, but there were those, like Mr. McKenna, who at the time gravely questioned the wisdom and the justice of making ourselves responsible to one Ally for the borrowings of other Allies. The tendency in England during the War was not merely to disregard business considerations but even to flout them with a certain lavish prodigality, in strange contrast to the severe economy of the French, who conducted the War on the strictest business principles, profited by the presence of two million troops of Allied Powers on their soil for four years and punctually charged those Allies with "damages" incident to their presence.

It was perhaps too innocently assumed in making ourselves responsible for the liabilities of others that with victory attained, considerations not of gratitude but of ordinary probity would prevail, and that while fulfilling our obligations to America we should be reimbursed by our Allies in respect of those obligations which we had undertaken on their behalf. In that expectation of course we have been grossly disappointed, and it might reasonably be said that our dissatisfaction should be directed not across the Atlantic but across the Channel. While the English taxpayer is staggering under a burden of taxation unprecedented in European history—a taxation which rises in the case of the wealthy to 10/- in the £1, and which even in the case of the middle classes is 5/- in the £1—and while that taxation in no inconsiderable degree represents payments to America in respect of debts incurred on behalf of France and Italy, the French taxpayer is still subject only to a trivial impost; and the French nation, while almost ostentatiously ignoring its

debts, is spending more than the equivalent of the interest of those debts in arming the smaller states which accept its practical sovereignty, and in building up a system of blockhouses on the Continent, designed to establish a military domination of Europe unprecedented since Napoleon bestrode Europe from the Channel to the Vistula.

When to all this is added the fact that the policy which M. Poincaré has imposed on the Allies has prevented the recovery of world trade upon which the industrial prosperity of England depends, the discontent which prevail will be seen to have a quite intelligible basis. Had peace been established in Europe and had there been even a remote possibility of the debts due to us being honored there would have been no feeling in this country such as that which the American visitor to whom I have referred found to exist at the present time. There was never any question that the debt we had incurred to America, even though it was on behalf of others, should be honored; and the funding of that debt by Mr. Baldwin was carried out with entire public approbation as a matter of ordinary business principle. But it is not unnatural that as the pressure of taxation is increasingly felt, as the recovery of Europe is delayed and the depression of trade assumes the character of a permanent condition, the sense tends to develop that this country is being unfairly crushed between the upper and the nether millstones.

It would be an unfortunate fact at any time. It is peculiarly unfortunate in the present circumstances of the world. The end of the War left the European system in chaos. That system had been founded on the basis of competitive armaments and the fatal principle of the balance of power. The ruin that was left by the convulsion contained one element of magnificent promise. It provided an opportunity such as there had never been before of reconstructing human society on a more rational and enduring foundation. That

omise acquired reality from the fact that the two Powers in the world which had survived the catastrophe with least misfortune were equally interested in a pacific solution of the world's affairs. Those powers were the British Commonwealth and the American Commonwealth. Powerful among equals before the War they were left, assuming they had entered in agreement, the supreme arbiters of the world. They had it in their power to canalize the future into a new mold fashioned after their heart's desire. Between them they ruled, directly or indirectly, not much less than half the world. They commanded practically the whole of the credit left in the world. Their supremacy in mere terms of force was unchallengeable, for their command of the sea was absolute and their military potentialities as considerable as those of all the nations outside their borders. In wealth of resources—industrial power and command of that raw material which is the determining factor in the activities of peace as well as war—their supremacy was as marked as that of the general standard of the life of their peoples.

Nor in another and a more spiritual sense was their community of interest lacking. They spoke the same language and derived their ideas of justice and social order largely from the same sources. They had in their own relations offered the world the most conspicuous example in history of the rational adjustment of differences. More than a century had passed since the last war between them, and in the interval many grave subjects of quarrel had been amicably arranged by negotiation in a spirit which, however hostile in the early stages of discussion, bore witness in the result to their wisdom and common sense. Two outstanding incidents of that century of peace represented the most decisive steps that have ever been taken toward the substitution of reason for force in international relationships. The first—the honor of which belongs primarily to America—was the Rush-

Bagot agreement made at the end of the War of 1812-14, in pursuance of which the American-Canadian frontier of nearly 4,000 miles has remained for a century without fort or gun, warship or sentry from end to end. The records of nations will be searched in vain for any measure so wise, so courageous, and so triumphant.

Uninterrupted peace has been the fruit of that act of faith and mutual good will. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, when Prime Minister of Canada, justly described the achievement as "a spectacle that would astound the world by its novelty and grandeur—the spectacle of two peoples living in amity side by side for a distance of 4,000 miles along a line which is hardly visible in many quarters, with no cannon, no guns frowning across it, with no fortresses on either side, with no armaments one against another, but living in harmony and mutual confidence, and with no other rivalry than that of generous emulation in the arts of peace." The other episode, the submission by the British Government of the "Alabama" claims to arbitration, was a no less conspicuous triumph for rational processes in international affairs.

It would be a mistake to conclude from these two remarkable and outstanding achievements that the relations of the two countries had been conspicuous for amiability.

A precise consideration of those relations indeed would lead to a contrary conclusion. The occasions of sharp and even embittered controversy have been frequent and serious. They have shown a singular contrast between speech and action. They have begun in a cloud of unwise and menacing words, and issued always in reasonable and honorable action. Between the United States and ourselves have been waged some of the most fierce verbal and diplomatic battles in history, but in the end reason has always prevailed, a sensible agreement has been reached, and when reached it has invariably been kept with a loyalty and a freedom from mutual suspicion and distrust rare if not unexampled in the

relations of great Powers. The diplomatic history of the European nations is largely a record of dishonored "scraps of paper." But the diplomatic history of Great Britain and the United States is a record of accommodations, often painfully reached, but when reached never dishonored.

In view of all this it is natural to ask why, when the two English-speaking Commonwealths at the end of the War found themselves in possession of an opportunity, unprecedented in history, of giving the world a new orientation, the failure to take advantage of it was so complete and disastrous. I shall not attempt to analyze the causes of that failure or to allocate the responsibility. It was shared in differing degrees by both sides, and shared for reasons some of which may be intelligible, but most of which were not worthy of our great kindred civilizations or of the priceless opportunity they might have turned to the general advantage of mankind. Internal considerations, some of them of a not wholly reputable kind, were allowed to deflect policy from the high plane of world reconstruction to the low plane of petty political expediency. As the historian will see it, the true course of the two Commonwealths was plain. It was impossible to look for moderate ideas of peace to the Continental Powers which were saturated with the virus of centuries of strife. Left to themselves any peace, so called, that was accomplished would be a peace of vengeance—a peace imposed by the victor over the vanquished in the ancient terms of *vae victis*, a peace that could only be a prelude to the unfolding of a new chapter of history that would repeat the tragic tale of the past. But together the English-speaking powers were in a position to impose a settlement which would have changed the current of history. They were alike in their detachment from the cockpit of Europe and in their preoccupation with extra-European interests. Neither was infected with the militarist traditions of the Continental

Powers, and both were profoundly concerned to secure a pacific foundation for world society, not merely or even primarily on moral grounds but on grounds of practical self interest. There can be no question in the mind of the future historian that had the two nations worked loyally together in the most critical period of the world's history, they could have settled the problem of a distracted Europe and given the world a just and enduring peace.

The golden moment has gone by and it will not return, but the task still remains to be accomplished, and the first condition of its accomplishment is still the cordial co-operation of the English-speaking Commonwealths. They cannot escape the responsibility implicit in the exceptional advantages with which time and circumstance have favored them. In the light of to-day it is easy to understand the measure of the calamity which a foolish king in the eighteenth century inflicted on the future development of the world. Had that fatal breach in the solidarity of the English-speaking world not been made, and had not the most virile and most richly endowed element of the English race been driven into a separate and hostile political system, the unity of the English-speaking world would to-day have been intact, its real if not nominal center would have shifted across the Atlantic, and the most enlightened and pacific community in the world would have the unchallenged control of world tendencies.

The War brought within the ambit of possibility not, it is true, the reunion of the severed peoples on the old basis, but their practical co-operation in the establishment of a new world order. The achievement of that co-operation, in spite of the disappointment of the past five years, is still the capital theme in world affairs. The main obstacle to be overcome is, I think, temperamental more than practical. Such political difficulties as there are have in fact been very largely modified within the last two years. When I was in America

1919 I was impressed, as I think any visitor to America would have been, with three political sources of irritation in the relations of the two peoples. They were the question of Ireland, the British alliance with Japan, and the problem of sea power. Since then all these irritations have been removed or at least substantially modified. Home Rule has been conceded to Ireland, the Alliance with Japan has lapsed, the Washington Conference has gone far and, but for French opposition, would have gone still farther in the direction of disposing of the last source of antagonism.

In all these matters it may be fairly claimed on behalf of Great Britain that she has acted wisely and in consonance with American feeling. It cannot perhaps be claimed that the result has been all that was hoped. For example, although Ireland has received a measure of freedom and independence far beyond anything which Parnell ever claimed or regarded as possible—a measure which leaves the Free State intact and as untrammelled by external interference as any of the Overseas Dominions—the attitude of the Irish element in America is as hostile and embittered as if Dublin Castle still threw its shadow over Ireland. I suppose the present generation of Irish-Americans has become so infected with Anglophobia and has lived so long on that acrid diet that any change of mind in that quarter is not to be looked for. A new generation must arise before the poison of an ancient wrong is worked out of the system. But I do not think that any reasonable American to-day can fail to recognize that however late in time and however vulnerable in circumstance, England has in fact done justice to Ireland and has closed satisfactorily and honorably that long outstanding account.

I think that it is legitimate to expect that American opinion will, in the long run, disown the perpetuation in its midst of an extra-territorial quarrel which has been settled in its place

of origin and which is kept alive certainly not in the interest of America and equally certainly not in the interest of Ireland itself. I remember in a conversation I had with the late President Wilson at Paris in 1919 that on my mentioning with some fervor the question of Ireland, he expressed himself very decisively on the subject of the Irish-American. "The Irish-American," he said, "has to make the decision ultimately which the German-American had to make during the War. He will have to decide whether he is an Irishman or an American. Our country has offered to them, as it has offered to others, the full measure of its citizenship and its franchises. The claim it can make and must make upon them in return is that they shall not make our country the battlefield of a controversy between two islands three thousand miles away." If that was a reasonable position for an American to take up in 1919, it is an overwhelmingly more intelligible view to hold to-day when the conflict to which President Wilson referred has been settled, and when the continuance in America of the passions it aroused have no justification in present conditions and no practical goal except the embitterment of the relations between two peoples who have no solid ground for disagreement, but have great and compelling reasons for seeking a basis of understanding and good will, not in their mutual interests only, but in the general interests of society.

If therefore it were specific political discords which alone obstructed the path to a secure Anglo-American accommodation, there would be little reason for concern. Not only have such discords as there are been largely resolved by recent events, but the history of the past century, as I have indicated, has shown that the fundamental good sense which governs action if not speech between the two countries is an unfailing safeguard in all cases of serious collision. The century of peace which has reigned between the two nations and the unfortified

American-Canadian frontier are better witnesses to the practical capacity of Britain and the United States to live on civilized terms than any document ever drawn up by diplomatic art. Nor is there any conceivable ground of difference between us on which, even if there were the desire for active hostility, a *casus belli* could be made. We neither of us want a scrap of the other's territory, and whatever justice there may have been in American criticism of British Imperialism in the past, that criticism has lost its sting of late years.

Self-government in the most unequivocal terms is now the privilege of all the Overseas Dominions of the British Commonwealth. For all practical purposes they are independent nations, sentimentally bound together by custom, community of law, language and literature, and by a common racial origin; but free to go or stay as they please. It may be said that this profound change in the character of the Imperial relationship is the result of the inexorable operation of conditions that we had ceased to control. I do not think that is a generous estimate of the matter in view of the momentous grant of full self-government to the Boer Republics within four years of the conclusion of a war in which Great Britain had been completely victorious. Nor is it tenable in view of the recent concession of practical independence to Egypt, a country into the joint control of which we were inveigled by France in pursuit of her own policy nearly fifty years ago, and where we were left alone in a guardianship we did not desire when a change in the French internal political situation led to the withdrawal of that country from its share of responsibility. Even in the case of India it is only a very prejudiced or a very ignorant criticism which does not recognize the enormous strides which have been made in the past fifteen years toward the emancipation of that country. Both in Egypt and India, whatever may be said of the origins or the propriety of our presence there, the

impartial historian will never question the magnitude of our service in giving order, security of life, and financial stability to peoples who, left to their own resources, would have been the victims of incredible civil dissensions and tyranny. We can say with indisputable truth that we have left Egypt immeasurably more prosperous, more orderly and better governed than we found her and if or when we leave India we shall be able to advance the same claim. The case against British Imperialism which occupies so large a place in the attacks of some American critics of this country had some justification in the facts of the past, but it has less validity to-day than it ever had, and I venture to say that no imperial system in history ever had so substantial a balance on the credit side as can be claimed for an Empire which is now much less an empire than a loose confederation of independent nations.

I come back then to the fact that the grit in Anglo-American relations is due neither to dissimilarity of national aims nor to concrete grounds of antagonism but to historic prejudices, ancient grudges and misunderstandings, and matters of feeling and *amour propre*. Perhaps if we had not sprung so largely from the same stock and if we did not speak the same language, we should be free from those petty irritations which play so large a part in the exacerbation of our mutual feelings. I dare say we bear more than our share of the blame. There is a certain type of Englishman—unfortunately the example we chiefly export—who is more than a little insufferable. It is often said, I think with some truth, that the American mind respects English opinion but is resentful of the English manner—the manner not of the people but of our feudal remnant now incarnated in our public-school system. That discrimination between your mind and our manner is part of the price we pay for the community of speech and civilization. If Americans and English were alien to each other this source of

itation would not exist. The romantic attachment of Americans to France is the fruit of an eternal dissimilarity which conceals from America a national pride and superiority beside which our attitude is that of a "whispering humanness." Americans and Frenchmen never meet spiritually, and so the romantic attachment—in spite of Napoleon I's dream of a Gallic Empire in the southern states and Napoleon III's monstrous intrigues during the Civil War—preserves the freshness of a first and immortal love. The Americans adore France as Don Quixote adored the peerless Dulcinea, because she was a creature of the mind unbesmirched by the contacts of earth. The difference of language, so far from interfering with the affection, serves to envelop it in an atmosphere of agreeable strangeness. And we are bound to admit that, in dealing with less subtle and sophisticated peoples, the French have an art far transcending our clumsy methods.

A friend of mine who spends half the year in traveling throughout the United States, who probably knows America better than any living man not born an American and who certainly has an unrivaled acquaintance with Americans, from New York to San Francisco, wrote to me a month or two ago about the "monstrous French propaganda" which he finds carried on everywhere and always "with a deliberate anti-English bias." He goes to a New York club to hear a lecture with an innocent general title, only to discover that he is listening to a French political missionary in the guise of an American citizen. And similar experiences meet him everywhere, while the peaceful penetration of the American press with French influences has become one of the most obvious and sinister facts in the public life of America to-day.

It would be impertinent for me to suggest that the Americans are not free to bestow their affection where they choose, but they will not think it unreasonable if we make reflections not

wholly pleasant on the fact that while we are paying to America the debt we incurred largely on behalf of France, America is pouring millions of dollars into the exchequer of France to maintain a currency that has collapsed because the French nation will not submit to reasonable taxation. Nor will they think it irrelevant to be reminded that the purpose of the War which, in the words of their own President, was to "make the world safe for democracy" has been so completely defeated by French policy that Europe, nearly six years after the declaration of peace, is a more complete and hopeless wreck than it has ever been since the Thirty Years War—a wreck over which the giant militarism of a single Power, backed by the black hosts from Africa and the armed satellites of the new Napoleonism, throws its ominous shadow. The peace that the world wants, and for which all that was best in both branches of the English-speaking race sincerely fought, still remains to be accomplished. It can only be won, and it can still be won, on the terms our two nations equally desire. Whatever temperamental irritation there may be between us, however much historic memories on both sides—

For old, unhappy, far off things,
And battles long ago

may linger and perplex our relations, there are fundamental bonds between us more real and enduring than those which link any other two peoples. They are not merely bonds of blood, of speech, and of literature: these things are a common heritage which, for all our superficial disagreements, we cannot repudiate if we would, and I am convinced would not if we could. Nor are they simply that other mutual heritage of the common law which makes us equally respect the authority and sanctity of law in diplomatic relationships. These ideas are the invisible foundations of our national structures.

But beyond and above them are a

spirit and an outlook that differentiate us from other nations less happily situated. We are both free from the parochial and embittered nationalism of the European continental system. Our traffic is with the world, and our vision is a world vision. The function of the United States has been to preserve the Western Hemisphere from the reproduction of the racial strife of Europe, and though the origin of the British Commonwealth was imperialistic, its development has been steadily, and never more so than in these days, toward the extension of the principle of liberty "in widest commonalty spread." We want, in equal measure I think, the substitution of the reign of law for the reign of force in the affairs of men, not merely on moral grounds but from the conviction that neither justice nor peace can be achieved by force, and because our greatest common interest in the world is peace. The last great war waged on American soil was a war waged, and successfully waged, to defend and secure the solidarity of the American people and to safeguard the peace of the Western World. The late War, truly seen, was a war waged to give to the distracted peoples of Europe the same security of a common law and a common interest in the organization of peace. It was from America that the beneficent idea was formulated, and it was through the devoted passion of a United States President that it became incorporated in the Treaty of Peace. There it stands to-day, beckoning the world into a new and better path. It is not an achievement. It is still only a promise. We are still in the surge and backwash of the War, but it is to the fulfillment of

that promise that the hopes of all the is best in every land turns. By the fulfillment or failure of that promise our white civilization will stand or fall, not in one nation only, but over the whole earth.

And it is by the capacity of the two English-speaking families to rise to the height of the greatest argument ever offered to men that we shall be ultimately judged.

It is for this reason that, in the thought of all men of good will in both nations the supreme concern is a cordial understanding between the English and American peoples. It is not a selfish concern though we have both much to gain from such an understanding and much to lose without it; but we have jointly been placed, by events and purposes outside our own volition, in the guardianship of interests greater than our own.

Time, and the ocean and some fostering star
In high cabal has made us what we are.

We shall be false to the great trust we have inherited from the past and treacherous to the posterity whose destiny is in our hands if for trivial motives—matters of pride, matters of money, matters of self-interest or passing domestic and party advantage—we fail in the high mission committed to our hands. "I believe I can save this country and that no one else can," said Chatham in a time of world crisis. It would be true to-day to say that America and England can save the world, and that no other Powers can. But they cannot save it without mutual confidence and good will. It is this fact which makes the promotion of solid, enduring friendship between the two nations the highest concern of human society.

The Dormeuse

BY ERNEST POOLE

"NOW you see only its bones," he said, "but once it was a great affair. Such a sleigh will never be seen again. My grandmother called it 'the *Dormeuse*,' and she traveled in it thousands of versts on roads quite rough with snow and ice. She traveled by day and in the night, on tours to inspect the large estates belonging to her family. And she was but a girl of nineteen at that time—now nearly ninety years ago."

We sat in a long-neglected garden beside a rude small manor house, half of frame and half of logs, high up on a wooded river bank in the northern part of Central Russia. It was the early autumn of 1917; the Revolution had already run through its initial stage, and the Bolsheviks were soon to come in. Even here there were ominous indications. During my stay in this home of my friend, this long-deserted birthplace to which he had come to say good-by, shots were frequently heard at night and wild exultant songs and yells from the darkness in the river below—from "the Hooligans," as he called them—bargemen, raftmen and the like—part of that vast hobo throng who for countless ages past had done the work on Russia's rivers. Several houses along the river had been raided in these last weeks, and one of them burned to the ground. My friend slept with a rifle by his bed—but he was quite calm about it all. What must be, must be, he said; and he seemed to have centered his interest now on giving me, before the end, a picture of the life he had known on this small estate where he had been born. It was quiet here this afternoon. We had just come in from a long day's tramp. His one re-

maining servant, a kind of tenant caretaker, was cooking our supper of fish and potatoes; and after a swim in the river we had come up to the garden to smoke. It was then that I noticed a rude old sledge, half covered by weeds, which lay beside the small log barn. It was an enormous old affair, some fifteen feet by eight or nine, its runners and frame of huge hewn beams plated heavily with steel. At its corners stout posts ran up six feet, and on one of them my eye was caught by a large tattered shred of leather, with bits of blue satin and velvet attached, swinging idly in the light breeze. And these small bits of finery made all the rest of it seem the more gaunt—a skeleton, as my friend had said. He was smiling as he looked at it now.

"There is so much it could tell you," he said. "It could make you feel how close we are in Russia still to rough and dark barbaric times; and also perhaps it could make you feel the never-ending mystery in our inward national life. You call us realists. So we are. But just because we are realists, we must come close to mysteries, too—for human existence is like that." For a moment he was silent again.

"A story?" I suggested.

"Yes," he replied, with a faint smile, "I know you—so I am thinking of that. I am thinking of many stories. . . . Now I shall decide on one—as my *grandmère*, Nadine Constantinovna, told it to me when I was a boy—sitting here on a day such as this, more than thirty years ago. But first you must be patient a little. Alone, it is only a strange adventure—it will not interest you so much unless you hear a little

which I will tell of my grandmother first—and also of her family. There were most various characters—stubborn, stern, meek, and human—sinners and saints, *ascètes* and *les gens du grand monde*. But there was in each generation a quality which it is now *à la mode* to call 'psychic.' And this quality exists among those alive to-day. We are quite poor now, but the family once owned many large estates and was much cherished at the court of Empress Catharine Second. The future mother of my *grandmère* was one of the greatest beauties and sharp, ready wits. But after the death of the Empress, everything was changed at the court; in lieu of the French, the German influence was introduced, together with the barracks discipline. No more good taste, no chivalry, nothing but a soldier parading. Even the ladies of the court, when meeting the coach of Paul the First, had to descend in the mud or snow at the side of the street like equal slaves, and there stand in a soldierlike posture until the Emperor was gone. Life became most annoying at court—so it was quite natural that the mother of my *grandmère* wished but one thing, to go to France; and this she did—and soon became quite a desirable person within the Faubourg St. Germain, and lived there gayly and happily to the extent permitted by her severe *chaperone*, who brought her to the homes of then illustrious persons. There she met her future husband, also a Russian landowner, who had come to live in France in order to study the Napoleonic code of law. They were married soon, and in 1809 was born my little grandmother.

"From the very cradle she was surrounded by French nurses, and afterward teachers French influences of all kinds; and later she was placed in an aristocratic convent school. There was a strong Voltairian tinge in the education of the French aristocrats then. No wonder that the great Voltaire became her favorite study and reading for the largest part of her life! Still, of

course, she must learn the religion. She was of the Russian creed, but through her mother's love for France the girl had been placed in that Catholic school, and was taught by a Jesuit father, who passed superficially enough over the religion itself and was more interested to form the *esprit fin* of the girls than he was in their religious feeling. The miracles, which are described in the myths of the Roman Catholic Church, he communicated, but so finely that they were not stern or fanatical, but more like a *fin esprit mondain* gossip—so that the girls often told of their *père* that he had plenty of *esprit fin*, but none of the *esprit sacré*. His one eternal motto was this:

"You must not repudiate things and phenomena only because either you or your friends have never yet observed them, or because they cannot be explained at the present state of our science. Believe or disbelieve—this is one's free choice. But one must not say in advance that this or that is impossible simply because we cannot explain it."

"With the strong fine inculcation of this attitude to any life, and also the sarcastic but at the same time open-minded influence of the great Voltaire—at last the education of my grandmother was finished. And now she had to return to Russia, to her parents, whose social standing in the meanwhile had enormously improved. For under the new Emperor Nicholas the First, her father, who for so many years had studied the jurisprudence in France, was appointed to be *procurator général* of Central Russia, an area equal to all France. He had the greatest power there, which he exercised with justice but still not sentimentally—destroying without mercy every serious culprit, no matter what his age or sex. His motto was that the State must sacrifice its degenerate elements to give the full possibility of undisturbed development to all its normal members. To the pleaders for culprits, he replied, 'You interfere for the murderer and

pray for me to save his life. You speak of his present sufferings because he is condemned to death. But he suffers so as he deserves. Why do you not consider the suffering of his victim, in an untimely horrible death? Why do you not plead for the innocent? We, the State, we plead for them. Now go to your home and stop, if you please, your sentimental lamentations for thieves, swindlers, and murderers!’

“So he worked with justice—but it was a justice with iron hands. He had little time for his own affairs. His large estates and those of his wife were scattered over four provinces, and the supervision over them was a difficult, stupendous job. On each estate was a manager, who had direct power over the peasants and often oppressed them mercilessly—to an extent which many times was dangerous to the owners, who were responsible before the law for the good treatment of their serfs. It was quite a difficult business to control those managers, especially when the estates were so large; and now, when my grandmother returned, she found that her father’s life was so crowded with the official work that he badly neglected his properties. Indeed, it was by such neglect that later on his fortune perished. But at this time my young *grandmère* resolved that she must try her best, and so immediately she plunged into the control of the estates. She was then a young lady of only nineteen, and also her size was exceedingly small. At one of the Imperial balls, the Emperor, after dancing with her, said, ‘*Jolie, gracieuse, du fin esprit. Dommage qu’elle soit si petite!*’ But in spite of her smallness



AS MY GRANDMÈRE TOLD ME WHEN I WAS A BOY

and her youth, she showed now a surprising practical sense. Evidently, under the brilliant polish of her Parisian education, there had been some real training, too—but more than that, there was in her an amazing inborn force. Very often she traveled from one estate to another one, everywhere controlling and putting everything into order, with an energy and good sense not to be expected at all of such a young brilliant beauty.

“She traveled in an enormous *cortège* of servants and guards to protect her. The distances to cover during those journeys were often large. The roads, except the few government roads of a strategic value, were utterly bad, and in spring and autumn they were quite impassable. So her traveling was done mostly in the wintertime, after the crops had been brought to the barns, so that

she could learn on each estate how much had been the yield of the year. This part of Russia, at that time, was populated rather thinly, and most of the peasant serfs lived in villages rather large, very often surrounded with a deep ditch and a palisade, to protect the inhabitants against the attacks of brigands and wolves. My grandmother traveled with heavy guards.

"During one such trip she had to go from their Kaluga residence to one of her mother's large estates in the province of Voronej, where the population was not at all reliable. So she had a doubly heavy guard. You must try to picture her *cortège* as it came at fall of the night along a white and crooked road, sometimes through deep forests and again out in the open, where the first stars of the night could be seen. No less than sixty sledges came in a long and winding train, filled with forage for the horses and provisions for the men, and also materials for repair in case any sledges should break down. The largest of the sledges, pulled by sixteen horses who were coming two abreast, carried along my little *grandmère* and her two young *cameristes*, in her *Dormeuse*—a cabin some fourteen feet by nine, and six feet high. The walls of thick wood were covered with oiled cloth and with steel outside; but within was a small elegant room, with wide seats of blue velvet which were also berths at night, a silver washstand, a folding desk, a small table for her dining, a little Parisian lamp for her reading, and a very large one to assist in making her warm—and many other little things, most of them of Parisian make. The cabin was upholstered with velvet and blue satin. Two little windows were in the walls, but each one had a thick steel plate to be locked on in case of attack. In the cabin's upholstered walls were pockets for money and jewelry, and also for her favorite books.

"On the night of this adventure, she said, she had finished writing some letters at her little Parisian desk, her

two *cameristes* had served her supper, and now she was reading a book of Voltaire. While she was reading, the *cortège* arrived at the gates of a lonely village, surrounded with a high thick palisade of oaken logs and a deep trench. Not a sound was heard for quite a while, during which the guards of the train shouted and beat upon the gates. Only dogs fiercely barked within. But at last the gates were opened, she said, and slowly the *cortège* was allowed, one sledge after the other one, to enter into the village. Voronihino was its name. There was a long street with two rows of wooden two-storied houses, each of which with its barn and its sheds was surrounded by a separate, hugely thick oak palisade.

"An old man, the senior chief of the village, now asked many questions concerning the young traveler—who, from where and whither she was going, what age she was, and what were her habits and wants on a journey—explaining that all this he must know, to suit the lady the best that he could. In spite of his age—he was over sixty—he was very agile, active, and evidently he had the very strongest authority here. This power he now tried to impose on the chief of the *cortège*. But there he found his equal—so that in spite of his positive order to bring the horses into the stalls of the stables, he was not obeyed. Although it was nearly Christmas, the weather was rather mild that night, so that it was not quite necessary to stable the horses; and they were so wild that it would be quite difficult to bring them out of the stalls the next day. So the chief of the *cortège* refused, and at the same time he placed all his guards around the sledges and horses. Then the old man began the question of forage and of provision for the men. But my grandmother's train had enough of both, and so the chief again declined, and asked only for beds for those of his men who would like to sleep within the houses.

"All this was done while my grand-

mother was quietly sitting in her *Dormeuse*. She wished to stay there for the night, but she yielded to the old village chief, who begged her to stay within his house. This she did, for she grew rather curious now; but with her she took her two young maids and the huge driver of her sledge, whom she wished for her protection there. This driver of sixteen horses was remarkable for two things—his unhuman appetite and his superhuman force. He ate as nothing seventeen big pies of meat before his dinner, and after this introduction enjoyed his meal enormously, as though he had eaten nothing before. His strength also was remarkable; very often he acted as a kind of human lifting-jack to raise the *Dormeuse* out of a ditch in the road into which it had fallen. His devotion to the young lady was something touching, as she was always kind both to him and to one of her young maids, with whom this peasant Hercules was quite utterly in love.



SO HE WORKED WITH JUSTICE—BUT IT
WAS A JUSTICE WITH IRON HANDS

“With these three, my young *grandmère* was shown with much politeness by the old chief into his house. There the huge driver lay down in the hall, just by the door of the room of his mistress, while the two young maids were sleeping in a room next by. Then, as she nearly always did the last thing in the evening, she began to write her diary, a book within which were witty remarks, philosophic thoughts on events of the day, or some recollections of her friends—all those together with the entries of the day’s expenses and gains, entered in such a practical way that one might

suppose she had been trained in some great American bookkeeping school. That night for some time she was busily writing. Her room was closed. She had asked for the keys and had locked the three doors—one of them going to the hall, another to the room of her maids, and a third to an empty room opposite. She always did this, for she did not like to feel that she might be disturbed.

“But quite suddenly now my little *grandmère* felt some one’s presence within the room. She turned her head quickly and saw a man, clad in the monk’s garb of ancient time, looking at her, while he stood quite still. He was of a medium height, she said, rather thin but still not meager, for he appeared very wiry built. His strong face was of the dark complexion; he had the large temples and eyes set deep; and it seemed to her that a bluish glow of light appeared about his brow. She was also struck at once by his peculiar shining eyes. They seemed to look

inside of her—and now she felt a kind of a warmth going through her brain, she said, and also a sensation of the perfect calm and joy. Then she heard him speak to her—not aloud, for there was no sound. Only deep within herself she could hear him warning her of the mortal danger here and urging her at once to depart.

“Still curiously unalarmed, for he brought a great calm within her mind, my grandmother thanked him, in her thought, and in the same unspeaking way she told the monk that she would follow his advice immediately. She

entered then into the room of her two young servants, and in some moments they came back, the three of them together, into her room to take her belongings. When the servants saw the monk they at once kneeled down before him, and he blessed them, and went out of the room directly through the wall of the house. So in a moment he disappeared. The servants, very frightened now, rushed with the bags of their mistress out through their room to wake up the huge driver of the *Dormeuse*, and also the chief of the *cortège* and all the men, to make them to prepare for to depart immediately. The servants had scarcely left the room, in which my grandmother had stayed to gather up her papers and jewels, when the third door was bursted down, and into the room came the old village chief.

"So! You are writing, *barina!*" he cried. 'Your profits and gains you are entering, aren't you? Now finish this quickly, and quickly make your prayer to your God!' In his strong old hand he was holding a knife.

"But at this same moment, within the house were heard the cries of the *cortège* chief—and the old man, after a short hesitation, left the room by the way he had entered—just while the driver of the *Dormeuse* was coming quickly in from the hall. Then the old brigand's voice was heard outside, disputing very angry with the chief of the *cortège*, asking why they were making ready to leave in the middle of the night. When seeing he could not stop them with words, he made a sharp whistle, long and loud—it was the signal of alarm. In the meantime my *grandmère* went with the huge driver out through the yard of the house to the street, where she saw with relief that the sixteen horses were still in the harness to the *Dormeuse*. She entered into it at once and ordered him to fasten most carefully the two small windows and the doors. Quickly he bolted the steel plates down.

"All her men were busy with horses now and with preparation for a fight—

since by then everyone of them understood that they were in a nest of brigands. My *grandmère* soon heard the old man come and with a knife try to open the windows, but in vain. For quickly she heard the chief of the train ask what the devil he was doing there and the answer that he wished to speak with the lady, and to receive from her what was due to him for the oats and hay, and food and vodka for the men—things which never had been served. The chief of the *cortège* then paid him for the beds in his houses but refused to pay any more. The infuriated old brigand attacked the chief now with his knife, but in the same instant he received a stupendous box on his ear from the driver of the *Dormeuse*, and at once he fell like dead to the ground.

"In the meantime the alarm had spread all over the village. From everywhere one could see how the lights began to be lit; and men, one by one, coming to the street with their axes for a fight—while the men of the *cortège* were making ready to force their way out. The villagers came rushing now—but when by the lights of the lanterns they saw their chief senseless on the ground, they were at once in dark confusion. So, without much fighting the train of sledges reached the gates. They were closed and locked, with heavy bars, but the huge driver of the *Dormeuse* lifted them up from their hinges and threw them with a crash aside. As soon as the last sledge left the gates all horses were brought to the fullest gallop, although it was still very dark. When they were already some ten kilometers from the place, the chief of the *cortège* discovered that they had taken the wrong way. Instead of going to Voronej, they were again on their old route back to Kaluga from which they had come. When he brought his excuses to the young lady, she answered,

"It is better so—for if the brigands follow us, they will take the other road, by which you told them we would go. So now go directly back to Kaluga.'

"When they came there two days after this, my grandmother told the story to her father, who besides interrogated many of the men in her train. She begged him to investigate the doings of this village immediately and on the spot—and her father quickly did so as she asked. On the second day after Christmas a detachment of soldiers, equipped with light artillery and all the instruments for assault, galloped to the brigand place. When one of the officers of the detachment had been admitted at the gate, he was killed in the most hideous way, and his naked mutilated body thrown over the palisade. Then the artillery fire was started at once, and the whole of the village was surrounded, not to allow anyone to escape. Soon the palisade broke down before the fire of the guns, and the attacking force rushed in. Every man, woman and child inside took an active part in the most savage fighting. The soldiers, some of them veterans from the Napoleonic wars, were saying that never in their lives had they faced such a fiendish enemy. House after house in the village was captured by fighting all the day and the night. All the population was set into irons—and then the soldiers bivouacked there, waiting for further instruction. Soon my great-grandfather arrived with the other members of his court, and the perquisition was begun. There was not a single house, they found, which was not overfilled with objects taken from murdered travelers. For the crimes of that village had reached back for several generations. There objects were found belonging to persons who were known to have disappeared in that province some eighty years before. Not a single one of these brigands showed any traces of moral sense. Even the children were boasting of their share in the murders done. Most of the open places within the village palisade were taken up by graves

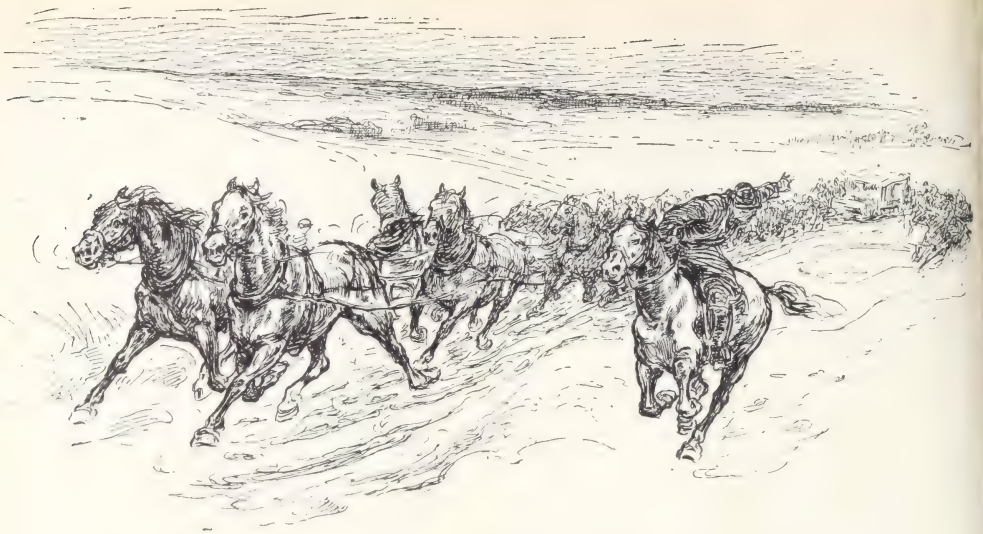
of victims; and the ferocious villagers were proud to point out every grave. They showed one great trench where forty persons had been buried all together. Not any details did they hide of their deeds.

"Now we know there is but one end for us—we shall all be hanged,' they said. 'So why should we try to hide our deeds, if these things are so appetizing to the court and to your Excellence?'

"As this village belonged to the State, so it was necessary to report directly in Petersburg to the Home Office. This was done by my great-grandfather, who utilized this visit for going direct to the Emperor, begging him to sign the death verdict for the whole population of Voronihino without a single exception, no matter what the sex or age. The



THEN A YOUNG LADY OF ONLY NINETEEN, AND
EXCEEDINGLY SMALL



THE LARGEST OF THE SLEDGES CARRIED ALONG MY LITTLE GRANDMÈRE

verdict was signed by Nicholas I, and the execution was carried out. Men and women and children were killed. Then all the houses were burned down and the place was plowed over for the next spring, so that there should remain no trace of any village on that spot. And the order of the Emperor was that no house should ever be there again.

"About one month after this, my grandmother traveled again to Voronej; the town to which she had been going on that night. After arranging her business affairs, she went to the cathedral to pray; and there she saw the *ikon* of a saint, the *Mitrofan* of Voronej, who had been dead for many years. In the picture she recognized at once the holy man who had saved her life. But she wished to have more proofs of this, and so she went and brought her two maids, who had seen the apparition that night. She told them nothing. Only, she said, 'Now I wish you to come to the church.' But when they came and saw the *ikon*, both of them fell down on their knees and were pressing their heads upon the stones. So now the Voltairean doubts of my *grandmère* were answered.

"Fifty long years after that, when she

recited this story to me, sitting in her garden here, she said at the end:

"'You may believe or disbelieve—but do not repudiate only because you cannot explain.' She stopped and was thinking quietly. 'I am a very old woman,' she said, 'and I have seen many strange things in my life. Many, many I could not explain—but I have seen them—and I know that if you will bring all your thinking hard upon somebody you love, even if he is far away, you can feel how you are quickly going to the place wherever he is. And often he will see you then, just as though your body were there. And if we can do this while we live, I think we can do it still after we die.' She was quiet again. 'Not all of us can. Our lives must be strong. And I think that only when all our lives we have been making our spirits strong, shall we have any other life when we die.'

"My little *grandmère*—so old and so small, but now so strong and stern in her eyes that I, a small boy, was watching her, much frightened and forgetting to breathe—looked down on the river very far off.

"'I think,' she said, 'that we ourselves must build up our own immortality.'

"So she told me, and I supposed I had heard a story very strange, but only a story, and this was the end. But the end was not so—the end was so great as my little grandmother was small. It happened that same winter time.

"When we left her here in the autumn to go back to Petersburg, my mother was troubled, for she did not trust the Polish steward of my *grandmère*, who with his wife and daughter Steshka lived as her servants in this house.

He was a sly, amiable, wheedler—'my Talleyrand,' she called him—but though she knew he was not very honest, still she wished to keep him here. She liked him because he was most polite, but more because he could speak French; and, living alone through long Russian winters, she was still enamored of her France, and was pleased to speak with some one in the tongue of her 'first fatherland.' So we left her with that Pole and we went back to Petersburg, where we lived in an apartment near the Alexandrovski Park. I was sleeping with my mother there, for I was then a boy quite small. Near our house was a small factory;

and early every morning when in winter it was yet quite dark, the low fearful cry of its *sirène* made me to shudder in my bed and have the ugly nightmares.

"So now one night I was awaking and began to shake again. It must be the *sirène*, I thought. But no, it was my mother, weeping and rapidly dressing herself, beside a candle burning there. Frightened, now I lay quite still, and soon I heard how she went from the room to the kitchen and fired the oven there, and then aroused the servant girl to go to the posting station at once and bring a

sleigh for the long journey to the home of my *grandmère*. The girl ran out, and my mother began preparing breakfast for herself—but no matter how quietly she moved, my father in his room awoke, and I heard him ask if she would go to the early service in the church. Then I heard her answer:

"'No. My mother has been here.' And when my father came into the kitchen, I heard her describe how she had been sleeping badly and was wide awake when she saw Nadine Constantinovna quietly come into the room, and sit down in the large armchair, and after asking steadily if everything was well with ourselves, she said, 'But with me it is not well. I am very ill, and they have so arranged that no one is permitted to see me. They think they will steal everything—and because I shall soon be dead, there will be no witness of their deed. I lie not in my bedroom but on the lounge in the corner room. They have brought me there, as they suppose my money is in my bedroom, where they now make most thorough search. So come at once.

I am still alive, but soon

I shall die and I wish you here.'

"Then I heard my father, who was a very quiet man, say, 'Go, if you feel it necessary—and if you find there nothing wrong, come back as quickly as you can.' Then, while he helped to pack her belongings, I heard my mother beg him to excuse that she was going so—on account of a mere vision—which seemed to be ridiculous.

"But some days after she had gone, there came from her a letter telling that *grandmère* was dead and urging us to come at once. In spite of this so



IN HIS STRONG OLD HAND HE WAS
HOLDING A KNIFE

terrible news, we children were quite glad to go—for with healthy children grief is often but skin deep; and I remember very well our joy in that long sleigh ride—twelve hours over snow and ice. When at last we came to this house the little dead body of my *grandmère* was lying with the candles, and many, many peasants, and land-owners and river folk were going on tip-toes in and out. Then my mother, bit by bit, recited to us how she had come in the early evening to this house, and how the Pole and his daughter and wife were at once uneasy and alarmed when her sleigh came into the yard. But disgusted with their fawning talk and all their kissing of her cloak, she had entered into the corner room, and there, quietly lying, she saw my *grandmère*, who said:

“It is well. So you followed my call and came with all speed. Who drove you, my dear?’ And when she learned it was Stepan Timovév, she said, ‘That is well. He is an honest driver and his horses are of the best. Now go and eat and drink something at once to warm you—else you may be ill. Give something to Stepan as well, but do not let him have the vodka without eating—else he will be drunk. And you must keep him in the house for protection from these miscreants.’

“This order my mother obeyed at once, for my little *grandmère* was always like that—managing in a most practical way, and all must be done as she had directed. When my mother returned, she said:

“So, you are here. Better write at once to your husband that he shall bring the children now—for it takes some days for the letter to go, and so they

will only have time to arrive for my funeral. I know I shall die, and that this is unavoidable. Later I shall explain to you why—but first I must settle my affairs, for soon it will be hard for me to keep all my thinking clear. So go to my room, and in the third drawer of my large cabinet you will find and bring me all papers concerning my property and also my pension money from the State.’

“When this was done she gave full and careful directions how such papers should be transferred to my mother’s name. When this had been written in a will, she sent for some neighbors to come and witness. And only when all business was finished in such proper form and she was alone with my mother again, did my *grandmère* recite in full of the disaster to herself. While inspecting a barn she had builded that autumn, she fell on some steps to a scaffold and broke two of her ribs by the fall. Half-unconscious, she was brought into the house by the Pole, and was placed in this corner room. Then growing conscious she heard how they searched for her money and jewels in her room, while she



HE WAS A SLY, AMIABLE
WHEELER

was left without any aid. She called her commands but they did not come. As the pain from her broken ribs grew worse, with great effort she rose and opened the window to gather some snow and make a compress. But so little and very old she was, and weakened by much pain in her chest, she could not close the window down. The wind like ice came into the room, and soon her lungs grew all inflamed. In the meantime the Pole and his daughter and wife were searching the house from attic to cellar—and when several neighbors came

my *grandmère* heard these servants say, 'Yes, she had a little fall. She is much better now but a little weak, and wishes very much to rest. She asks to admit no visitors now.'

"So my grandmother was left alone. 'When the first fever passed,' she said, 'I grew quite calm—for now I knew that certainly I could not live. But I did not wish to die alone, so in the night I strongly resolved to go to you—and this I did. Bringing together all my thoughts, in fancy I put on my fur coat, and so went out and down to the village and along the river road. Quite clearly I saw every village I passed; for if one was not clear I knew at once I should fail in my plan—so I kept my fancy calm and strong, to see clearly each place as I passed by. At last I came to the Neva, and followed the road across the ice, and so into Petersburg.' Step by step, she told the route of her journey through the city streets. 'And then,' she said, 'I reached your house and came to your room, told you quite clearly of my disaster and of my wishes. And then I came back. And when again I was here in this bed, though now very tired, I was quite sure that you would come. And so it happened and all is well. Now I wish that there shall be no vulgar scandal over the crime of this wretched Pole and his *famille*. Let them immediately depart. Their punishment is going to be the death of their spirits when they die. For now I know quite clearly that only people whose spirits are strong, and unstained by such dirtiness of the soul, will have any existence above the grave. But you must not sorrow

now for me—for by the life that I have lived, I have decided my future state. My spirit shall not die, my dear.'

"So, quite calm and undismayed, my grandmother lost her consciousness—and soon her body grew cold and dead.

"But never shall I forget the scene as her long funeral *cortège* was going to the village church. No sixty huge sledges with armed guards, like that she had when a young girl—but many, many people came; the line wound down along the hill—rich neighbors and peasants, old and young, from villages many versts away. For Nadine Constantinovna, although her life had descended in scale to a house as rude as this, had shown such force of spirit here, that she was esteemed and feared, on account of her extraordinary holding to the truth



IN THE SAME INSTANT HE RECEIVED A TREMENDOUS BOX
ON HIS EAR

and right—to that justice with the iron hands dealt by her father long ago. This she dealt to the villages here in a way which made the peasants call her ‘the Lady General.’ They knew she would punish not only their crimes but still more those of the local police and dishonest officials of any kind. So soon as any injustice was done, at once she went to Petersburg, where she still had friends quite near the Tzar; and there she would not grow quiet again till prosecution had been made. So now when their protectress was dead, many peasants were weeping—while there were some, both peasants and those in authority, too, who displayed a kind of sad relief that now they were free to continue their crimes.

“I remember one such a weeper there—a huge river Hooligan. Once he had been a drunken brute, and when meeting her at the fall of night he had wished to kill her with his ax. She had

looked at him severely and said, ‘Now go at once to the police and tell them what you wished to do!’ And so terrible was the force in her eyes, that the fellow had quickly crossed himself for the protection of his soul, and had gone to the *ispravnik* and told how he had tried to kill and rob the little Lady General. Then in the jail she had pardoned him, and brought it about that he was free. But she ordered him never to drink again and always be a man *comme il faut*. Since then he had worked for many years without any *peccadillo* here. And now he followed her to the grave.

“But as the small body of my *grand-mère* went through the snow deep into the ground, I was not breathing with my awe. For suddenly into my boy’s mind came the words she had told to my mother here—‘My spirit shall not die, my dear.’ And I was asking where she had gone?”

Reincarnation

To a Dahlia

BY MARY THACHER HIGGINSON

BEFORE you were changed to a flower so rare,
 You lived as a lady of high degree,
 With your fluffy robes and golden hair,
 Your tinted cheeks and haughty air;
 A mischievous glance, and then you would flee!
 Was it all pretence, your scorn of me?

For I was your lover, ages ago!
 You curl your lips in the same old way.
 The hovering bee and butterfly know
 The airs and graces that tortured me so.
 But no more can you pout and flit away,
 For I have you safe in a vase to-day!

Island Magic

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

WHETHER I looked at the grotesque shape of the island on the chart, or leaned on the ship's rail to watch the unfolding of its coast, I could hardly believe it. The map shows Celebes as a bundle of peninsulas tied in the middle and flung anyhow on the ocean.

There it sprawls, with none of its long limbs straightened out. It lies between Borneo and New Guinea, and is akin to neither. For that matter, it is like no other island in any of the seas. It is big enough to be noticeable—its area is greater than that of Java—yet few people seem to have heard of it.

I suppose we all know Borneo. I mean that that island is sufficiently familiar to cause mirth in any London music hall by the mention of its name. As for New Guinea, so many sensational books are now appearing about it that our nerves no longer respond. But Celebes has been overlooked; and that, when you come to think of it, is not at all a surprising fate to fall to what is entirely and freely original. It has received less critical attention than Laputa. We are much less certain about it than we are about such obvious things as the subconscious self.

The fact that the old and famous port of Macassar stands at its southwest corner means nothing—nothing whatever. Macassar is not Celebes. Probably few of the natives of Macassar know that their city is Celebesian. There is a steam-tram, which it is polite to call a railroad, that goes out of Macassar for about sixty miles, nobody knows why, and few people know where. If I had met a dinosaur I should not have been more startled than when, sauntering one day outside Macassar, that train

accosted me. I had never heard of it. Its snorting was incredible. Heaven knows where the Macassarenes stable it when the queer creature comes home at night. Macassar is merely a convenient meeting place for traders to sort out the gums, spices, copra, tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl, and bird skins, which have been collected in the multitude of islands east of Java.

Celebes must have scared the early navigators with its odd and involuted shape. They could rarely have been sure whether they were still there, or had found another island. The very appearance of its shores, you would think, ought to have prompted in some explorer that feeling which drives the curious to wander mystified till they happen on the center of the maze at Hampton Court. I know how it worked on me. But I kept my foolish impulse under control. Yet one day, when leaning with a young Dutch naval officer on the rail of our trading steamer, both of us staring at Celebes, he became suddenly mad or ecstatic; though he was a shy and quiet man, with pale hair and innocent blue eyes.

"Let us land," he cried aloud; "let us go there!" He pointed to a dark inlet in which nothing had happened, by the look of it, since the creation, except perhaps some trifling piracy and murder. "Let us walk on from there till we come to the other sea!"

That was it. A lovely, seductive, and most likely, a deadly coast. You couldn't keep the eyes off it. If, growing limp and weary with the heat, the uneventful day, and a sea which appeared to have lapsed into the notion that we had at last reached the Age of Gold and that

the lion and the lamb were reconciled and sentimental, you went to your cabin to read, you never stayed there more than ten minutes, while the ship was cruising along Celebes; before ten minutes were up you were on deck again. Why pretend we don't know what song the sirens sang? We know quite well. We have heard it more than once. But the song looks so idiotic when set down literally; therefore we are forced to make an academic mystery of it, a method which preserves for our edification in idleness so many of the classic topics which help bookmen to a bare living. God forbid that I should deprive them of it. I will omit here a transcript of the sirens' song for that reason, and also because it would make Ulysses, Mungo Park, and many others, including the Dutch naval officer and myself, look so foolish. Why do we ever listen to the sirens' enticement? Well, why do men put feathers in their hats and go to war? Why do some of us love wearing regalia and making secret signs? Why are men abstemious when there is wine about, and bootleggers when there isn't? And, above all, what is it we find in Beethoven or in "Christabel"? Nothing that can be quoted on the Stock Exchange, anyhow. And nothing which can be stated explicitly without causing mirth in our enemies, and indignation in our friends; for it involves the whole ethic of the arts and the philosophic reduction of beauty to its elements. Nevertheless, Ulysses did well when he tied himself to a mast.

I tie myself to a mast, as it were, while Celebes is in sight. Our ship all day moves past a tumult of crenulated ridges, heights often so sharp and aberrant that how the forest stands upon them is a mystery. Those hills are unexplored. The jungle darkens them from the clouds to the shore. Celebes is upon the equator. But the heat, on the ship, is only as though halcyon weather were giving a trifle too much to the sun. Our steamer sometimes threads the channels of the skirting islands, their

shores gloomed by forest, like the mainland. Areas of the coast become thin and ghostly when diaphanous vapors are caught on the crags. The bright gauze then spreads and settles below. There is no wind. We draw abeam of an occasional beach, a thread of gold between the cobalt sea and the somber forest. No man ever lands there. The sea is empty. There is nothing living in sight but the frigate birds, black figures high over the water, with long angular pinions outspread and motionless, soaring and circling in the slow leisure of timeless spirits. There is nothing else at sea, except the purple shadows of clouds, and the stippling of beryl where the coral is only just submerged. Once Drake passed this way; but it looks as though nobody had been here since. Our steamer idles along, apparently without a purpose, as in a frivolous escape from the scheduled and consequential world. We are acquitted and released from all that makes men feel serious, active, and important.

At sunset, one day, the sea was a mirror profound with the hulls of cumulus sunk beneath the inverted violet peaks of Celebes. Over Borneo, where the sun vanished, the basaltic horizon-clouds were the broken ramparts of a world wrecked and lost. The fires of the final calamity were nearly out. Only from the base of that wall did the last day of earth burst in one thin explosion of scarlet. It spread no distance. Night quenched it at once. I stood at the ship's rail, watching the place where the forlorn hope had failed.

"Mr. Tomlinsohn," said a voice beside me, "Will you have a gin and bitter?" It was our chief engineer. He comes from Amsterdam.

Our sailors are Malays. My first impression of them was that they were languid and ladylike seamen. No doubt the captain had been unable to get white men for the voyage. He was forced to do what was possible with mariners whose headdress is neat and pleasing millinery, and who sometimes



MACASSAR IS MERELY A CONVENIENT MEETING PLACE FOR TRADERS TO SORT OUT THE GUMS, SPICES, AND COPRA

wear attractive lace bodices. One pirate I saw hauling on a rope had a blouse with an elegant design in birds and pomegranates. His trousers, which were more or less white, had lavender stripes. But make no mistake about it. There would be fewer lives lost when a ship comes to trouble if white seamen knew how to lower boats and get them away as expeditiously as our Malays. When we see a grove of coconuts we stand in. I hear no orders. Our men appear to be loafing. But I am still listening to the echoes from the hills of our roaring cable when, as if our boats were sentient and behaved like retriever dogs, they are already making for the beach. For our men get plenty of practice. In the Gulf of Tomino alone we called at about fifteen little places in one day, anchored, and got the boats out.

It would be useless to name these beaches. They are known only to the Dutchmen of the K.P.M. (It is easier to write those letters than to say *Koinklijke Paketvaart Maatschappij*.)

These steamers serve all the Malay Islands. They touch at places where there is nothing to mark land but a tree or two upright on universal glass, lost under vast and radiant clouds. What is the use of naming such spots? One sunrise our syren blared when we were idling along Celebes. Another anchorage! I was going up the companion and overtook our captain. Where were we? At Paleleh!

But what and where is Paleleh! I had never heard of it. On the map before me now it is not even marked. Yet surely it should be there; I am certain I once saw it. Why does the map so casually doubt me? I must have been there, and it ought to be fairly easy to recognize the place again. There was a narrow gulf going deeply into the land, and in the pallor of dawn the moon's ghost had stopped rolling when on the verge of a declivity. As it was, it was hanging only just above the water. An islet was at the entrance of the bay, on a floor of silver. Every tree on it was

plain, but dim, as though seen in a mirror. The sun came up over a tumbled sea of acute hills, toward which we headed. His rays struck down profound chasms toward us. Over the starboard bow was an immense dark wall, with a threshold of chrysolite athwart the mirror of the bay. That vague band of greenish light at the foot of the wall began to crystallize, and the crystals became the fronds of coconut palms. Set within the palisades of that beach were the huts of Paleleh.

There cannot be any doubt about it. My map doesn't know its job. I landed there, and I remember a shop kept by a Chinaman — on consideration, however, that is not evidence. The shops in all these places are kept by Chinamen. Nor can I pretend that the fact that nothing was happening at Paleleh proves anything. Nothing has got its work cut out to prove Anything. Yet I must insist that the arrival of our steamer caused little interest, even among the children. I thought the folk of Paleleh were probably in the midst of eternity, and so knew all. They had been through every experience. Their sun announced itself every day to them in just that way above mountain forests; its light fell in great rays from upper embrasures. Their sea was always of the same colors. Men sometimes came from the outer world, and then went again. An astonishing butterfly was hovering over the scarlet blossoms of a shrub by the foreshore; a group of children by the shrub, no less surprising with their colors, were as indifferent to the creature as though they knew all the wonders of

Paradise. Our own Malays were wading up to their middles from beach to boats and back again, carrying bags of copra outward, till the hot air was loaded with the smell of it.

I sat on a beam at the end of a jetty, waiting for the steamer to warn us to board her again. Near me a canoe was anchored by a large stone and a cable of rattan. I could see her thin cable oblique in a transparency to where her anchor rested in three fathoms; and it was then I noticed that the water in the shadow of the canoe was a wavering and translucent sapphire. Is it likely that I could have invented such a color as

that? The sea might not have been below my feet; only occasional ripples betrayed the division between air and water. A shoal of little fish glanced in electric flashes amid the branches of a bush coral, and a larger fish, black and gold like a tiger, hovered over them. Pipe fishes ran their long snouts along the surface



MARINERS WHOSE HEADRESS IS NEAT AND PLEASING MILLINERY

of the glass. A sea snake, banded yellow and black, threaded the submarine garden, and serpentine into a hole in some rocks. A score of Paleleh people were sprawled on the old timbers of the wharf. They had nothing to talk about, and nothing to do. They could have taken no less notice of me if I had been invisible. I certainly got the feeling myself that there was no reason in such a place why a steamer should ever hoot a warning, or that, if it did, one should ever heed it.

A ship should have light when making Macassar. The islands of the Spermode Group dot the sea about the southwest end of the Celebes, and though the frail

blue silk of the waters there seems just strong enough to keep such fairylike islands afloat, yet it is best to con them by day, from a wide berth. So your ship will approach Macassar either not much before sunrise, or while a memory of the vanished day with a brief exaltation holds away the night. The approach to its harbor, when the sun is near the horizon, especially if there is a stillness before or after rain during the wet monsoon, would make you believe, looking ahead from the ship's bow, that "the storms all weathered and the ocean crost" you are nearing that "favored isle, where billows never roar, and brighter seasons smile." For there is no end to the illusions of travel—in fact, they are the best of it; and part of the fun is in seeing them break. Half-an-hour of the beatific! What more should a man expect? It is an experience long enough for the good of any mortal

traveler. Of course, at the end of that time you are alongside a modern wharf and the bunker coal. Macassar is properly proud of its modern facilities, as they are called. Luckily it is easy to escape from them.

The city, though old, with all the history of the Malay islands from the sixteenth century in its streets, native, Portuguese, Dutch, and English, has still behind it a land of which less is known than of the Mountains of the Moon. Macassar is, in fact, only a market place on a beach where meet the traders from hundreds of islands about it, some of them distant a journey of two months. Excepting Singapore—a very much greater place—Macassar is, I think, the most interesting town in the East Indies. You soon get tired of Batavia and Sourabaya, big sporadic cities where the distances, which would be very little in America, in Java are almost impassable



WITHIN THE PALISADES OF THAT BEACH WERE THE HUTS OF PALELEH

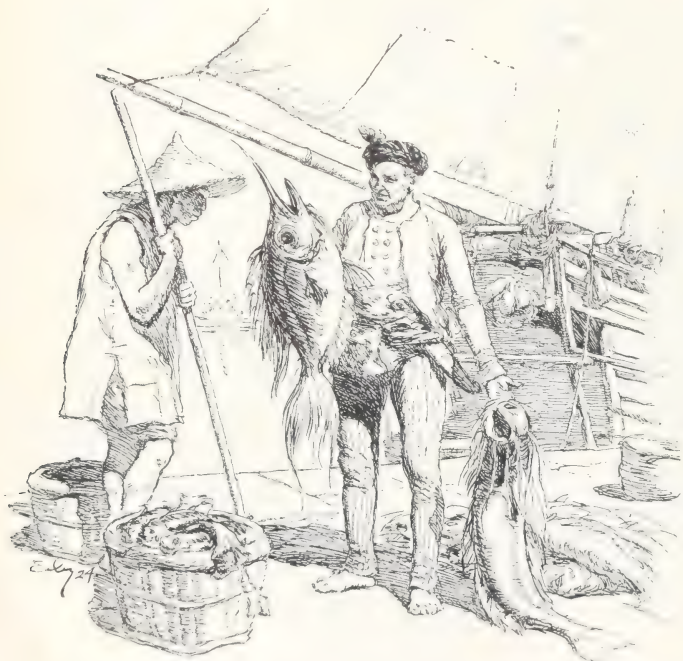
gulf of heat and dust. And even native inland cities, like Djocjakarta, where the Javanese are still listlessly protecting the relics of their traditions and their native crafts that have not yet been foundered in the flood of shoddy from Western civilization, soon weary a traveler. He sees with his own unaccustomed eyes that often what the natives pretend is their traditional craft was machine made at Manchester or Dresden. But tourists don't go to Macassar. It is off their track. No need for Macassar to deceive chance visitors; and to deceive its regular visitors, the traders, requires careful thought and takes all its time.

It has its own atmosphere, which is largely though not altogether made by the fish that are spread out in half-acres to dry in the sun near the waterside. Its heat, too, is not a smothering weight, but exhilarates. You can get about on foot. The natives, who are of the Malay race, are a lively and sturdy tribe—they made active and resourceful pirates in the past—and so the byways of Macassar are attractive with figures which, imported

just as they are into any northern industrial city, would cause a despairing slump in looking-glasses. And the Chinese are there. But then they are everywhere. There is not an island in the archipelago without its Chinese trader; probably an honest one, too.

You can't help liking the Chinese. Talk about the dourness, the artless and audacious intelligence, the courage, resourcefulness, endurance, delicacy in humbugging, and the other qualities of the Anglo-Saxon which have made him what he is—all that talk taxes a Chinaman's impassivity to keep his smile well hidden. He was like that when a child, ten thousand years ago. He sits in front of his shop in Macassar to-day—an open shop, without windows or door—where there are great paper lanterns pendant, and a red banner with letters of gold. He smokes his opium pipe. He wears short black trousers and a blue jacket, and a little black cap, and sees Heaven knows what ancient dream through his horn spectacles. His face is tranquil and benevolent, while his tiny daughter with her long black pigtail and fringe, an ivory

doll quaintly dressed in miniature cotton trousers and incredibly animated, and little son, his poll clean-shaven, dressed in nothing at all, play with dice at his feet. He can never be beaten or outlived. He is unconquerable and deathless. He has forgotten more than our culture has had the time to acquire. He is such a friendly soul, too, if you are sufficiently cautious when accepting him. He has his own theater in Macassar; a safely fascinating place, once you have subdued the terrible magic of its orchestra. And his temples! There is in Macassar one which will draw



GATHERED FROM THE SUBMARINE GARDENS OF THE TROPICS



THE MALAYS ARE BUSY ON THEIR DECKS, COOKING BREAKFAST

you every day you are in the port. You will find yourself outside it again, lost in the attempt to unravel its unvoluted fantasy, without knowing you were going to it, though it is in a back street. To stay a season in that back street of Macassar, in one of the Chinese houses opposite the temple, would be greater fun than any springtime idling on the Riviera. Nobody appears to see you in that street. Not any of the strange eyes which pass look at yours. You might not be there. But all the doors in that street are shut to you, spiritually and in fact.

When the morning is very young, and the light has but little heat in it, the native dock with its quays of coral

rock and a gathering of schooners and canoes, is almost merrily absurd with an extravagant beauty and a suggestion of wild and secret adventure. The little schooners are gypsies for color, their names are stars and flowers—*Bintang* this and *Buroh* that—their brailed sails are sheets of light, and their reflections on the languid water, which is an uncertain blue mirror, are slowly dissolving flakes of lightning and rainbow. The Malays sit on their decks, cooking breakfast. There is a smell of dry fish, copra, and wood smoke. They look so frail, those little antique models, with their tripod masts, their sweeps, and low bows and up-standing galleried sterns. But

once I saw one driving in the dangerous currents, a gale chasing her from the Indian Ocean, in the channel between the islands of Sumbawa and Lombock, and the impulse was to cheer.

When it is better to find some shade, you can turn into Macassar's main street, the bazaar, and then discover—looking into the bags, boxes, casks, and baskets—for how few of the commodities in this part of the world you have even a name. Some stuff it is possible to guess at; though who eats desiccated frogs and dried cuttlefish? But most of it is mummified and enigmatic. The irregular buildings have roofs of red tiles which cast a good shade from widely projecting eaves. They are of timber and stone, lime-washed in blues and yellows, and if you chance to look up out of the stream of dark humanity you see dim figures in upper balconies who are watching the street below, as grave and still as decorative images.

A stranger might hesitate about entering the great market on the outskirts of the town. The crowd there is so active, so strangely alien, so intent on its private affairs that some nerve seems necessary for pushing into it. But the Malays are the politest people on earth. You will be hardly conscious that you are seen. There will be no importunity to buy; and if you understand bazaar-Malay, any stall-keeper will cheerfully lose customers to explain to you what his wares are, and what has to be done with them; what, for example, the name of that curious fish is, where and how it can be caught, and what to do when preparing it for the pot so that it may nourish and not cause death with horrid convulsions. After a time, too, you will not be startled by what on the floor looks like the evidence of a recent bloody affray. Most of these people chew areca nut and those sanguinary blotches are

only the spittle of a multitude. Presently you will get almost used to it. In any case the Malays, men and women, will go on smearing *sireh* leaves with a little lime, put in some areca nut, and rose petals or other aromatic herb, leisurely chew their packets, and change the sensitive mouths of their youth into the semblance of a nasty accident.

No port in the Indies has much to show that is more interesting than its fish market. That is but fair. Not many visitors may find entrance to its best clubs, or may know, even at long last, the joy of meeting its Best People. But all may go to the fish market. The choice fruits of the tropics, and its solid vegetables, may suggest that home is, after all, only about the third turning round the corner. But the fish! What crude and vulgar brutes cod and halibut would



HE SITS IN FRONT OF HIS SHOP IN MACASSAR

ook in the company gathered from the submarine gardens of the tropics! Nothing vulgar there, nothing crude; though there are many creatures which look terrifying, or instantaneous, or malignant, or unnamably wicked; or shaped and enameled in a way which suggests that they escaped at midnight from the designs in the Chinese temple or an Oriental jeweler's workshop. To learn what hardly credible living things may come from the reefs and atolls, it is better to go to the fish market in the early morning. That the fishermen dare to handle such objects is surprising. Often enough one would as soon fool with the unknown mechanism of a bomb. Even the fishermen occasionally wish they had let the thing go, for some of the spines, gill-covers and skins are as venomous as adders' fangs; and the sea-serpents, those brightly colored ribbons common enough among the waves, and all as deadly as cobras, cause a surprising number of deaths to those whose business is with fish nets and traps. One morning in Macassar's fish market there was a man who seemed to have supposed that the fish he had caught was too awful or too big to allow him to bring in more than the head, as a trophy. He showed me that head. It was as big and heavy as a mastiff's, with the same expression of sullen interest and ready hostility, but with larger teeth.

There were cuttlefish that day looking like opalescent lamps in which the light was hardly yet extinct; crabs which might have been an astrologer's imaginative effort at Cancer, and the sort of prawns usually seen after and not before eating them. These were only the cheap asides, like the shrimps and oysters at home. The common fish were there, mackerel of sorts—the big horse mackerel the most noticeable, for it is often of the size and rotundity of a small pig. There were young sharks, and several species of rays and skates, a few of them too big for one man to lift. The coryphene was there, the dolphin of sailors, which expires prismatically; though that

fellow must be seen when just caught, for a mere description of its display would never be believed. In the market place the coryphene is remarkable only for its suggestion of immense speed, and the vicious upturned lower jaw and teeth. The rest of the creatures that morning would have startled the curator of a museum.

Yet each morning the display in the fish market was differently ordered. The program was never repeated. I could never think of it as a market place, or that I was looking at mere provender. It was manifest the sea was still experimenting with life, and was in no hurry. It was dissatisfied with its work each day, as soon as the designs were finished, and so threw them out to us as waste. Then it began on other effects. That place in Macassar, therefore, was hardly a market. It was less that than the studio of an artist resembles Billingsgate. Macassar was merely getting daily what the rich and vast workshop outside considered was not quite what it meant to do. And that workshop has, of course, plenty of time and light in which to satisfy itself. The sun and the warm seas have all eternity in which to play with life, to shape and color it to the likeness of whatever perfection was once hinted. The Italian jewelers of the Renaissance never approached the easy opulence, the merry variety of ideas, and the wild ornamentations of what any bright morning can show on the slabs of that fish market of Celebes. There I saw the ocean's last hilarious but puzzling jokes. Fun was being made of our own dull and monotonous efforts at creation.

But when you look out from Macassar's beach to the place where those wild forms and vivid dyes are native, they are the less surprising. Anything might happen out there. It is not the sea, out by the Spermode Islands. It is a blue radiance, as still as the ecstasy of an intense passion, and the areas of coral rock betray in blinding incandescence what secret energy is at work.

Horse and Horse

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

HANK WHEELOCK'S first conclusion was that he had come upon a vagrant snow patch. But the idea had barely emerged before he realized its absurdity. Could it be that the scorching humor of the desert had at last seared him to a point of daftness? . . . He moved slowly toward the outer rim of whiteness, as if fearful lest the vision might dissolve, but the mirage did not recede; it became if anything more tangible, more crystalline, more emphatic. Surely this pool of frozen purity had not been there last week.

He bent over, tracing figures in the glistening surface with his gun: if he were mad his new estate had been accomplished with completeness! He next trusted his fingers to a confirmation of the fact before him. He had almost expected a cool reaction, but the scorch of accumulated sunshine bit ruthlessly into his flesh. Immediately every spark of animation was extinguished within him: the suggestion flashing through his mind was too tremendous, too fantastic to be met save in complete immobility. For a full minute he lay upon his belly, there in the yellow sand, like a huge gray lizard fascinated by the prospect of an iridescent meal. When he moved again, it was to scoop up a handful of burning whiteness. Even now he did not altogether credit his senses. He moistened a forefinger, carrying its powdered surface back to his tongue. He knew the look of it, the taste of it, and yet he was not to be trapped unduly. He whipped out his pocket magnifier. His conclusions were reluctant, constrained by the incautions of a lifetime. Borax? . . . Could it be possible—here by the roadway's rim, within a day's

journey of the railroad? . . . He felt himself grow suddenly weak and he had the wit to realize that the sun was in no humor to brook defiance. He moved slowly into the truce of a rocky ledge, sprawling full length in its shadow. Overhead, three buzzards formed a sinister merry-go-round against the turquoise sky. Their foul expectations made Hank Wheelock chuckle. In spite of his sixty years he was a long way from cashing in. Them fool buzzards! Didn't they know a tough old coyote when they saw one? Besides, he wasn't quite ready to provide grub for such an ornery lot of feathered bandits—not yet. He'd have another look at that outcropping of borax first. *Borax!* . . . He closed his eyes. Just wait until he told Jim Bledsoe about it! Foolish, futile Jim Bledsoe. Perhaps he wouldn't tell him! Perhaps he wouldn't tell nobody. It would depend.

He opened his eyes again. The buzzards had drooped a shade lower. A hot breeze began to catch up little whirls of sand and the loose pungent odors of the sagebrush. An intolerable longing for some far-off and dusky coolness oppressed Hank Wheelock. He thought of hedgerows and columbine and hollyhocks and the faint tink'le of silver fountains. After all, he *was* tired and old and ready to quit! And the buzzards overhead knew it. . . . But they didn't know that his luck had turned, that he had fortune by the throat. They didn't know that his was the surrender that always came within sight of the goal. . . . If they had they wouldn't have wasted time circling about him in such a calm, anticipatory frenzy.

He pulled himself to his feet, dragging back to that pool of whiteness which

ven now held such an element of un-equality. Yes, it was still there—bared naccountably for his achievement: A limpse, a mere indication of what must e buried for miles in every direction nder the deceitful gray of the desert. and, in a sudden spasm of joy, he felt himself tossing his hat into the air and eard the exultant cry issuing from his throat, swallowed up flatly by the nhemmed spaces.

Overhead, the buzzards had ceased heir circling. For a brief instant they eld themselves motionless, then swept astward with calm deliberation.

In the cool of evening, Hank Wheelock rent through the primitive gesture of harking the confines of his prospect ith bits of shale chipped from the ledge hat had sheltered him from the sun. The definite rules for staking a claim e was unprepared to meet and yet ome atavistic urge, harking back to he days when men made covenants ith the gods, gave him a foolish pleasure in setting up symbols of his revelation. What he would have liked to do as to have swept back the sand over is treasure with a miraculous rake. There would be people passing and e-passing, Indians for the most part, intent on the piñon harvest, perhaps athering mesquite beans, or working oward the streams with their fishnares. These scarcely mattered, but others would pass, too,—white men, ith little sharp beady eyes, seeking urtively to wrest secrets from the sun-bitten land. But the desert was capricious; it rewarded whom it would. Take is own case for instance: How many imes had he scoured the blunt, squeezed ills to no purpose, coveting their treasures? . . . And this same spot, with its edge of rock that marked a waterhole f almost miraculous sweetness, how many times had he loitered in its gaunt hade, innocent of its hoard? . . . Last week, when he had tramped eastward o another futile tryst with fortune, his ath had been without revelation. The

country had lain somnolent under a blazing sun, taciturn and baffling, as always. But overnight a miracle had happened: a wanton wind had danced with gathering violence across the starlit mesa, furrowing the gleaming sand with its twinkling feet, tearing open quiescent wounds in its frenzy, revealing close-locked secrets. . . . To-night it was conceivable that another wind might rise, blotting out all trace of the one that had gone before, piling the restless sand discreetly back again. Hank Wheelock hoped that this might be so; such a prospect made him feel safer. He wanted to hoard his good fortune for a season, to guard it jealously. Would it be necessary to tell Jim Bledsoe? Not right off, anyhow. . . . He'd bide his time. . . . He might even persuade himself beyond that. . . . He'd do what was right, but he wasn't going to be no fool philanthropist. If they had come upon this secret together, that would have been one thing. . . . But they hadn't. . . . Yet Jim Bledsoe was still his partner.

Well, there was time enough to settle that. He wouldn't reach camp until the next morning. Twelve hours of solitude in which to wrestle with the problem. That was enough for any man. . . . He decided to wait until nightfall before pushing on. When the moon rose he'd start. He flung himself back into the shelter of the rocky ledge. He wondered whether the buzzards would come winging back again. . . . But they didn't, and he fell asleep, chuckling.

He rose with a windless moon, heading south by west, munching thin strips of jerked venison as he walked. He was a spare eater on the trail and he drank from his canteen scantily, barely moistening his lips. The land lay in a cool truce of incredible silver, invoking dreams and fancies and extravagances. He felt a mysterious affinity with hidden forces; like some primitive hero who had been singled out for favor by the gods. His discovery of the afternoon linked

him with the elements, made him touch hands with illimitable time and space. He thought vaguely of the extraordinary patience of nature, and its still more extraordinary whimsies. Imagine piling up a glistening treasure for millions of years, then hiding it slyly, in the end to yield the secret to a chance passer-by. He had seen uncovered borax marshes in his day, stretching mile upon mile under a blazing sun, but never before had there come to his knowledge one discreetly buried, like a dead city of the ancients. He tried to imagine it laying stark and white, as it must one day have done, picturing the first thin line of whirling sand that had drifted upon its pallid face. A few grains of sand . . . mere specks of golden grayness. Grains piling up to a handful. An island in the center of a crystalline sea . . . the sea itself completely hidden! Then shrubs and reptiles and birds in their season. The primitive deceit accomplished. He ended by being staggered at so much elemental perseverance. It was like sprawling at full length with one's eyes upturned to the stars; it crushed you, somehow, until in very self-defense you turned away.

He saved his egotism by veering to problems within grasp. There was the matter of claim-staking, of launching a promotion scheme, of transportation. Twenty years before, his imagination would have evoked endless mule teams chiming through the blistering heat to a railroad siding; now he supposed motor trucks would accomplish the task swiftly and adequately. *Hank Wheelock, the new Borax King!* He ruffled with childish pride at the mere thought. . . . But at that he might sell out at once and let somebody else bask in the warmth of the title. This last speculation brought him sharply against the question of Jim Bledsoe again: Would he be justified in dissolving his partnership at this point? Not that he grudged Jim Bledsoe a share in his good fortune—oh, no, it wasn't that! But a man with a big project ought to have a clear field to develop it, without let or hin-

drance. Of course he supposed Jim Bledsoe would give him a free rein, but then a man could never tell!

It wasn't as if the idea had never before occurred: for upward of forty years he had made periodic gestures toward cutting loose from Jim Bledsoe, to find him always in the end taking the path of least resistance. After all, it wasn't easy to ditch a partner who had the genial vice of optimism, who could rise from the most crushing defeat upon the wings of an irrational hope, whose rainbow fell always just a day's journey beyond. But looking back, Hank Wheelock had to admit that this had been Jim's sole contribution to their common cause: the claims they had staked, the boom towns they had entered, the mining stocks they had purchased on the strength of Jim Bledsoe's enthusiasms! And all to no purpose. . . . It was easy to trace the history of every move they had made toward opulence. The end was always the same; they had picked their penniless way back to the hills to pan dribbles of gold from reluctant stream-sides, or follow a promising ledge to its shallow source, or meet a quick turn in fortune on the spin of a faro wheel. But even then it had been Wheelock's luck that stood by. When had Bledsoe ever washed so much as a solitary nugget from a creek bed, or fallen upon a single gilded outcropping in the blunt, scarred hills, or played a winning number to retrieve their wasted substance? Never once in all them forty years, Wheelock told himself with a note of emphatic satisfaction.

Of course, no matter what his decision he'd never let old Bledsoe want: he'd be generous. And with keen delight he pictured himself in the role of patron, distributing largess. . . . Giving anybody a direct share—well, that was different. People never thanked you for what you conceded were their rights, and the term "partnership" would smother any impulse toward gratitude in Jim Bledsoe. To his dying day Jim would argue:

"Well, who knows—if Hank hadn't ruck it rich mebbe I would have!"

And the worst of it all was that old m Bledsoe would believe it. Forty ckless years hadn't taught him anything. Wasn't he at this very moment at on another of his foolish quests? How foolish, Hank Wheelock could only speculate, since Jim had enveloped his movements in childish mystery. He'd hid casually one night over their beans and coffee:

"I had a notion I'd run up toward Heron Falls for a spell. . . . You ain't got any use for that pack animal, have er? Leastways, not before next week?"

Hank Wheelock had tried to veil his corn under a show of indifference. Pack animal? . . . I should say not! . . . I ain't figuring on taking more'n ton of ore outer that pocket back of Antelope."

His sarcasm had winged past Jim. "Well," Bledsoe had replied, "yer never can tell. . . . I allus figured there might be a likely lead in there. . . . Still, I kinder lean to a country that ain't so ull-fired ornery. Prospects, I say, is a good deal like women folks: it may be a nite harder to find 'em both rich and pretty, but it can be done!"

Wheelock had met this statement with the silent contempt it deserved: Neither Bledsoe's prospects nor his women had ever qualified in either particular.

Well, there hadn't been a likely lead back of Antelope . . . there hadn't been a dribble of ore large enough to so much as fill the obsolete watch pocket in Hank Wheelock's sun-bleached coat. The country had been like Jim Bledsoe's women, at once destitute and forbidding. On the surface, of course. It hadn't opened its hand to a man poking about for trifles. . . . Hank Wheelock might have known that, he might have guessed that its frugality had an element of concealment in it, like some crusty old philanthropist making gestures toward poverty to test the object of its favor. . . . He speculated with a derisive

grunt what sort of geological philandering Jim Bledsoe was up to around Heron Falls. A soft country, truly—buried in a carpet of pine needles; full of the muffled whirr of quail covies; spilling water in lacy cascades down its greenly wreathed sides. A place for loafing, a spot to rob you of everything but content, a sure despoiler of ambition. . . . Jim had gone there fishing, that was it. And one day he'd blow back into camp with a mess of trout and an air of carrying the plunder of an empire in his straw-packed fishing basket . . . Hank Wheelock knew! . . . A mess of fish—nothing more nor less.

He, Hank Wheelock, would be bringing back a fortune and his partner, Jim Bledsoe, would throw down a dozen trout as his contribution to the jackpot. . . . Not this time! It didn't take Hank Wheelock one-half of his allotted twelve hours to settle that question. The moon had scarcely risen to its full height when he had come to a final and irrevocable decision.

For the rest of the journey he was content with a thousand opulent anticipations, not the least of which was the ever-recurring picture of himself in the role of patron to old Jim Bledsoe. This speculation had a pungent sting to it, like a dash of spice in a draught of mulled wine. He didn't think of it as insolence because, one thing, he didn't know that insolence was at the back of every condescension, but chiefly because his sense of introspection had been seasoned beneath the sky blue of heaven. He saw only the large masses on a canvas in which generosity loomed big. He ignored its shadow. Suddenly he had made the first step toward despotism—he was willing to grant a million privileges but not a single right. And in his new-found arrogance he felt that if he but reached upward he could have touched the stars!

Toward daybreak he saw afar the curling gray of a camp fire, and he knew that Jim Bledsoe was already back. This fact disturbed him: he hadn't reckoned

on facing so swiftly the issue uppermost in his mind. But his first irritation was succeeded by a sense of poignant anticipation. It would be good to have the coffeepot already steaming over the brush fire and smell the bacon drippings in the frying pan. It would be pleasant too, to stretch out in the gray-green coolness of the willow trees and ruminate over a pipe with the genial putterings of old Jim Bledsoe within sight and earshot. Some folks would have scorned the meager delights of this particular camp site, but Hank Wheelock always had argued that it served admirably. Where else for upward of a hundred miles could one have found a railroad water-tank dripping moisture and within striking distance of wooded mountain or sunburnt mesa, depending on one's direction and inclination? There was greenery enough and outlook enough and solitude enough; and, plus all that, an extraordinary sense of contact with life in just the fact of that ribbon of steel rails bearing thirsty engines to their slaking. A drowsy place to be precise, as a camp site should be. . . . But it wouldn't stay drowsy forever, not with Hank Wheelock's borax marshes twelve hours distant by foot trail. *Hank Wheelock's* borax marshes, mark you—not the borax marshes of *Bledsoe* and *Wheelock*! . . . The railroad siding would have a name, too—Wheelock's Junction. How did that sound? And, in a faint mirage, instead of a captured watercourse coaxing willows to moist pasturage, he saw rise before him a dust-stung town at once clamorous and unlovely. Thus, midway between chuckling satisfaction and a vague regret, he bore down upon Jim Bledsoe fanning a reluctant fire in the early morning light.

They greeted each other with clipped masculine monosyllables and lapsed speedily into the grateful silence of long association. As Wheelock had guessed, fish *had* been flashing in the sunlight of Heron Creek, for above the inevitable pungence of coffee and warming bacon-

grease there rose the sweetish odor of trout browning to a turn. . . . The meal ended, two pipes sent out the villainous perfumes of male contentment, and Jim Bledsoe, turning his faded blue eyes upon his partner, said:

"How'd things turn out back of Antelope?"

Hank Wheelock pulled up to the bitter task before him.

"They didn't. . . . I got to thinking things over on the way back: Jim Bledsoe, we ain't gettin' nowhere."

The blue eyes continued to stare at Hank Wheelock with bland tolerance. "Wal, if yer mean we can't just see the end of the trail, I'll allow that. . . . It's the bends in the roads yer can't look past that makes our game interesting. Leastways, that's my notion."

Hank Wheelock stirred the ashes in his pipe with a burnt match. "You always was a dreamer, Jim Bledsoe," he said with a faint note of scorn. "Mebbe I was one, too, way back. . . . But I've passed too many of them bends yer talk so much about. That's all they are—bends. One's just like another—more t'other side—that's all. And it gits narrower and narrower all the time, harder to do in double harness. . . . I come to the conclusion last night that after awhile it's safer to make the grade single file."

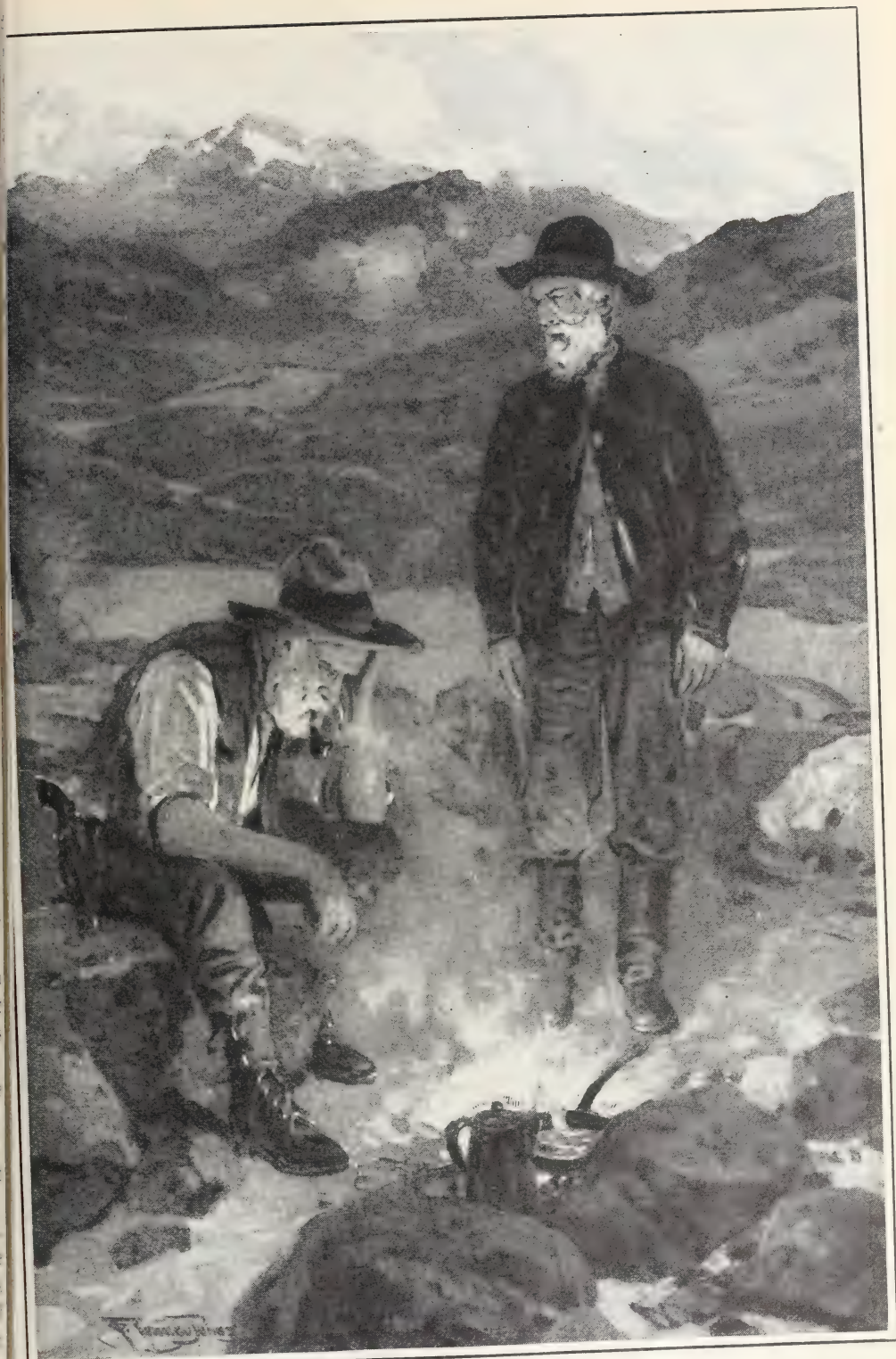
He didn't look at Jim Bledsoe when he said this; he didn't have to—the long silence that followed told him that his shaft had struck home.

"Yer mean yer want to break the partnership?"

"I was thinking of it."

"Pshaw . . . not now, Hank—not after nigh onto forty years."

"That's just it—forty years! . . . Forty years turning them bends in the road yer talk so much about." Hank Wheelock's voice rose with a sort of desperate vehemence. "We've just been dead weight to each other, somehow. . . . You'll say, 'Wait for the next turn!' I know what's beyond *that*—the poorhouse!"



Drawn by F. Tenney Johnson

"YER MEAN YER WANT TO BREAK THE PARTNERSHIP?"

A look of bewilderment crept into Jim Bledsoe's glance. "You're wrong there, Hank. I ain't said nothin', I was just waitin' to surprise yer, but up Heron Falls way there's a prospect that—"

A low guttural laugh, two-edged with contempt, sent Jim Bledsoe's revelation scattering.

"Prospects—up by Heron Falls! . . . I guess a mess of fish now and then's about all yer'll ever take out of *that* country! . . . I heerd tell of your prospects before!"

Jim Bledsoe fumbled for his tobacco pouch, and his hand shook. "Yer right, Hank Wheelock," he said, in a voice that was much too high and clear and confident. "It's *time* you and me was quittin'."

Jim Bledsoe spoke to him once more—after the evening meal. He came and stood close to where Hank lay sprawled before the camp fire. He was ready for the trail—blanket roll, canteen, and canvas bag snug with essentials.

"I'm going over to Heron Falls," he said without rancor, "and after that I'll drop down into Potterville. . . . Ain't nuthin' I can do for yer down that way, is there?"

Hank Wheelock stirred himself to a sitting posture. "How soon yer coming back?"

"I ain't coming back—leastways not the way I'm figgerin' now. . . . I'll stick to the timber fur awhile. . . . I've had enough of this here alkali country."

Hank came to his feet. "How about dividing things up?"

Jim Bledsoe swept the issue aside with a gesture of indifference. "Ain't much to divvy, is there? A few camp contraptions and a pack animal. I figgered you'd need 'em more than me. I won't be runnin' wild much longer."

His voice was untinged with patronage, yet his words brought the blood to Hank Wheelock's forehead. "I'd rather we cleaned up right!" he threw back savagely.

Jim Bledsoe shrugged. "I've got a the best of it *now*!" he answered.

Hank Wheelock twisted his lips into a smile. "Well, if you're satisfied . . . he said.

Their hands came together instinctively.

"Good luck!"

"Good luck!"

The sound of old Jim Bledsoe shuffling into the darkness . . . wind drawing up the mesa . . . the piercing wail of a coyote. . . . *After forty years!* . . .

He lay all night beside the camp fire gazing up at the stars. An extraordinary sense of freedom possessed him. He had no one to answer to now, except God and His outline had grown too vague to throw any shadow. Curious how irksome a human relationship could become! Not that old Jim Bledsoe ever meddled, but he was always there, an unescapable fact to be reckoned with. After all, what had happened was inevitable. The surprising thing was that it had been delayed so long. Jim Bledsoe would be happier—he'd be free to loaf in the timber now, undisturbed by the clatter of achievement. Bledsoe was never a man to face facts anyway. He was always veiling his passion for the soft seductions of the stream and forest in a pretense of prospecting. He'd have no place in wresting a fortune from the desert. *Tired of the alkali country*—that's the way he put it. Well, let him dream awhile longer over his trout stream! Hank Wheelock would show him; Hank Wheelock would give him a taste of real generosity! There wasn't anything he wouldn't do for his old partner, short of letting him have a hand in his enterprise. A lovable old wastrel, this Jim Bledsoe, Hank Wheelock conceded. Take such an issue as dividing up, for instance. It was characteristic this yielding everything, even the pack animal. If it hadn't been that he could repay this gesture tenfold, Hank Wheelock would have stuck to his first protest. Perhaps he should

I've, anyway. What if Jim Bledsoe were one day to say:

"Hank Wheelock ain't done nuthin' more'n he should. Didn't I turn over the whole shebang to him—pack mule and all, just before he struck it rich?"

Oh, well, if it gave Jim Bledsoe any satisfaction! . . . He'd likely find some excuse to horn in on the deal. Folks were like that—unwilling to concede unalloyed liberality.

After all, the camp equipment and the pack animal did mean something at this stage. He'd have a bit of traveling about to do. To begin with, he'd have to go into Potterville to attend to a thousand legal details, after he had taken his claim properly. He'd have to look people up, talk to them, get their interest. Yesterday, under the spell of his outstanding discovery, he had thought in terms of quickly matured plans; he saw now that weeks, months must elapse before they would swing forward. And he'd need a handful of money for the preliminaries too. If the country back of Antelope had only yielded a decent pocket of ore! Perhaps if he pushed on a little further. He knew a huddle of hills just beyond Mesquite Ridge that he had always thought of as promising.

He decided to start at daybreak. A fever of anxiety suddenly swept him. With the postponement of his triumph came a sickening fear that he had overestimated the whole circumstance. What if the outcropping he had come upon were just that and nothing more? If veins of gold could swell deceitfully on the surface and peter out, why couldn't borax do the same? It wasn't likely, leastways he'd never heard of it, but it might! One always thought of borax marshes as the dried beds of inland seas, but he supposed they could be as easily the wash of prehistoric puddles. But it wasn't likely, he repeated again and again.

But even as he reassured himself a more fantastic idea consumed him. Could it be possible that the whole thing

was a mental fabrication? Was the first suspicion which had swept him as he bent over that patch of unexpected whiteness the right one? He had fancied then that the heat had touched him. Suddenly the canvas of his memory became crowded with brief hallucinations that had been the portion of desert rovers. The visions they had testified to!—incredible, alluring, ridiculous visions! He remembered them all, every one, with diabolical clearness.

His first plan had been to achieve Mesquite Ridge by a direct route that would have struck a little north of his discovery of yesterday, missing it by a half day's journey. There hadn't seemed any necessity for going out of his way merely to view a spot that he had quitted not twenty-four hours since. It would still be there, no matter what happened, and time was precious. But now, shaken by cold gusts of incredulity, he decided to take the longer route. He wanted to rest a moment in the shelter of that little mound of rock, and test once again with his fingers the reality of that sun-bleached pool that had so captured his fancy.

He broke camp without waiting for the sun to rise. Everything he possessed was loaded upon the protesting burro. His return was problematical. If he found that he *had* been snared by a vision, why—

But he refused to consider seriously such a contingency. Yet as he swung his footsteps eastward he had a sense of sickening dread that he could not define.

Toward evening the jutting ledge of rock which marked Hank Wheelock's spot of promise swam in the haze of a slanting sun. For a moment he leaned upon his rifle, motionless. The pack animal halted too, making an inanimate outline against the sky. A thin curl of smoke drew upward in a straight line and mysteriously lost itself. . . . His first thought marked it as the camp fire of Indians. He felt annoyed. He had counted on solitude, and a brood of

Indians was not to his liking. The alternative was even more distasteful: a white man would insist on chattering. . . . *A white man!* Had somebody already jumped his claim?

He felt wrath pounding at his temples, and, suddenly, instinctively, he began to run forward, his gun glistening with flashing menace. A figure scrambled from the sands to meet him.

"Wal, stranger, what's the hurry? . . . Don't yer calculate to stop at no flag stations?"

Hank Wheelock fell back. "I was all-fired thirsty!" he lied, conscious of two eyes riveted upon a thin trickle of moisture issuing from his canteen.

"Which way yer headed for?"

"Over by Mesquite Ridge."

"Prospectin'?"

"Yep."

Hank Wheelock shuffled to the water hole and bent over. "Which way *you* goin'?" he shot out, putting his lips to the moisture in his cupped palm.

The stranger stirred his miniature camp fire.

"I ain't made up my mind," he announced with a cryptic chuckle.

Hank eyed his man grimly, but he had wit enough to lapse almost at once into a show of indifference. He straightened up slowly, casting his glance in the direction of the thing that he had traveled all day in the blistering heat to confirm. If he were mad before, his mind was still touched—the outcropping of borax glistened even in the twilight with emphatic whiteness. The stranger was bending over the fire. A primitive gust swept Hank Wheelock: he grasped his gun securely, but the next instant relaxed his grip, shaken further by the realization that he could turn yellow even for so brief a moment. The man had risen.

"Wal," he drawled, "I expect it's about time to chew!"

Hank wiped the sweat from his eyes, accepting the stranger's implied invitation with equal indirection, as he said:

"I guess I'd better unpack that fool

burro if we calc'late to eat without jackass music."

The stranger's name was Starbuck—a garrulous, cynical soldier of fortune with the gossip of boom-town and mining camp and trail bubbling up unceasingly. He had inside stories of clean-ups and collapses, and racy anecdotes of prominent citizens grown suddenly respectable overnight by the magic of money, or old age, or pure expediency. Listening to the suave ripple of incidents flowing from his lips, Hank Wheelock grew profoundly irritated. Here was a man that one felt knew too much, whose grasp of the inconsequential seemed vaguely significant, with a chuckling humor capable of diabolical disillusionments. . . . For Hank Wheelock was still a childlike soul in spite of his wordly contacts—a man with enough buoyancy of spirit to be forced upward instead of swamped by the ugly currents of life.

This man Starbuck was sly, too; one got that in his half-closed glance, and there was something in the curve of his lip which seemed pregnant with ridicule. Hank Wheelock was burning to know whether thirst was the only thing that had lured him to this water hole, and having slaked it, what held him there. Surely he had experience enough to know borax when he saw it. Yet on this significant point he was strangely silent. . . . No, not strangely, when Hank came to think of it. Being no doubt possessed of the secret, Starbuck was as intent on guarding it as Hank himself.

Hank ate sparingly of Starbuck's bacon and beans, keeping his gun within easy reach. The impulse toward cold-blooded murder which had seized him earlier had vanished utterly, but he was ready this time for a fair right, if he felt himself forced to it. He had rights which he was prepared to defend, and the thought thrilled him.

He tried discreetly once or twice to force Starbuck's vaporings into significant channels when suddenly, without

arning, Starbuck himself rippled toward the desired explanation of his presence. They had finished their meal and their first pipes when Starbuck began to pack his mess kit with slow deliberation.

"Might as well be ready to move when take the notion," he said.

Wheelock's heel dug into the sand. "What's your hurry?"

"Hurry? . . . No, I ain't exactly in hurry. . . . But I jest swung a few miles out o' my course to-day to have a look at this here spot. Things on the desert stay pretty much as they were at the start. It's bin twenty years or more since I come by here."

"And yer mean ter say yer found nuthin' changed—*nuthin'*?"

"Not a damned thing!" He threw a greasewood twig in the direction of one of the piles of rock with which Hank Wheelock fantastically had staked his claim. "Excepting them fool monuments!" He gave a chuckle. "When I seen them I looked around for a skeleton or two. Sez I to myself: 'Bud Starbuck, nobody but a tenderfoot done anything *that* foolish.'"

Hank Wheelock felt his face dyed slowly with a flush midway between anger and confusion. Could it be possible that this man suspected who was responsible for this futile and childish performance? He slapped his thigh ruminatingly, trying to frame a disarming reply.

"No, nuthin' changed in twenty years," he heard Starbuck drone on, "excepting them fool monuments and the sand shifting back and forth. . . . Now in the timber country you'd find trees growed bigger, or split by lightning, or mebbe a creek bed widened. But *here!*" He threw his shoulders upward with a lift of lively disgust.

A strange dryness puckered Hank Wheelock's lips—something like premonition urged him to complete silence as if such a course might check the flow of Starbuck's speech, and yet he found himself saying almost hoarsely:

"How'd yer come to think o' stopping at all? . . . Ain't nuthin' here so all-fired unusual! . . . Leastways nuthin' that would make a man remember that fur back?"

"Wal, mebbe you'd think different if you'd drove a mule team past this water hole twice a week or more for nigh onto a year like I did. . . . Yes, sir, I passed this place more times than I could shake a stick at back in them days when I was hauling borax out o' Paiute Valley."

Hank Wheelock bent forward suddenly. "Borax!" he echoed faintly.

"Yes siree, borax. . . . He picked up another twig and hurled it this time in the midst of the crystalline pool, upon which Hank Wheelock was gazing with tragic uncertainty. "Yer see that? . . . Would yer like to know something about how it come there? Well, listen ter me, stranger, and when I get through if yer don't agree that nuthin' ever changes in this fool country, my name won't be Bud Starbuck!"

Some time in the night with the rising moon, Hank Wheelock heard the clinking of a mess kit swaying rhythmically, and he knew that Starbuck had hit the trail again. He was wide awake, but he did not stir; he did not even call out a farewell: he had had enough of Bud Starbuck. It was not so much that this man had robbed him of an illusion as that he had convicted him of idiocy. Fancy a seasoned prospector letting himself be snared by anything so obviously fictitious as this outcropping of borax! What could he have been thinking of! After all he hadn't made a fool of himself to Jim Bledsoe—his humiliation, bitter as it was, would at least always be self-contained. . . . Unless Bud Starbuck suspected! . . . And there were moments when Hank Wheelock fancied that he did.

He had told his story with suspicious gusto, as if he were inwardly smiling, and at the end his "I'd like ter clap my eyes on the greenhorn that reared up them

there stone monuments" had been significant with contempt. The very memory of it still made Hank Wheelock wince.

It was a well-told tale and the element of extravagance was in it despite its underlying triteness. Bud Starbuck had the gift of vitalizing his narrative, and Hank Wheelock had been captured at once by the picture of the narrator setting out with his mule team on a wind-swept morning twenty years before to haul borax from Paiute Valley to the railroad siding. A fool thing to do in such a sandstorm, according to Starbuck's own statement! But bravado lay back of it, an answer to a carelessly flung challenge, with a wager to add zest to the performance—some fifty dollars for the delivery within a given time of the load at its destination. A hard-fought battle through blinding wind and sand, with a snapped axle almost within sight of victory. Then the load dumped in a little saucer-like depression near the water hole, the maimed wagon trailing to shelter behind staggering mules like some wounded animal dragged unwittingly to slaughter. Next day rehabilitation and the mules trotting back with their rattling "empty" and Bud Starbuck intent on plans for salvaging the abandoned load.

And the finish—to quote Bud Starbuck himself:

"Covered up jest as clean as if some fool grave-digger had been at work. . . . I'd 'lowed that there ledge of rock would shunt off the whirling sand. But no siree, it jest jumped *that*—as pretty. . . . Yes, stranger, the sand's the only thing changes in this dern country, and then it just skips about like grasshoppers. . . . That borax has bin there nigh onto twenty years—jest waiting fer another fool wind to uncover it. . . . And I'm willing to bet if I was to load that up again, it wouldn't be ten pounds lighter—no siree, not ten pounds!"

Could any tale have been more commonplace, more ridiculous, more extravagant, all in one breath? It was so

obvious and simple, once it was told. . . . Why, Hank Wheelock didn't have to so much as look again to realize how shallow and artificial and altogether unconvincing of promise was this little glistening patch of crystal winking its thousand eyes mockingly in the sunlight. . . . What was Jim Bledsoe doing up by Heron Falls?—gentle, kindly, simple Jim Bledsoe. . . . If he might only wake to-morrow to the sizzling of bacon in the pan and the sweetish smell of trout browning to a turn! . . .

He lay all the next day in the imperfect shadow of the ledge of rock watching the buzzards circling overhead. At intervals he ministered to the thirsty needs of his pack animal with patient scooping of moisture from the water hole, but for himself, he was content to drowse in a feverish retrospection. . . . Nightfall . . . another day . . . a procession of sunsets and dawns. . . . He was tired—that was it—all-fired tired! To-morrow he would start in the direction of Mesquite Ridge, but not to-day! . . . Again and again he dulled the faint urge within him with this promise, and as often let it be strangled slowly by inaction. Overhead the buzzards grew into a black and menacing cloud. . . . Well, they screened the sun anyway, he would mutter, closing his eyes. The pack animal brayed pitifully! What did it matter? . . . He would start to-morrow! And thus one day merged into another without circumstance or change or human visitation, until in the faint flush of a wind-blown dawn he saw the figure of old Jim Bledsoe drifting forward in a gilded haze.

VIII

Jim Bledsoe's bacon and coffee had never tasted so good. They were like a miraculous sacrament that could revive the spirit as well as the body. With every gulp of muddy coffee, Hank Wheelock could feel the sense of proportion and reality return. But above the physical content which was stealing over

Jim there rose a suspicion of Jim Bledsoe's presence, a premonition that this old partner of his had sought him out deliberately for some sly purpose he could not define. It all came out, finally, at the appointed time for men's revelations—over the inevitable and pungent pipes. It was Jim Bledsoe who opened fire.

"I warn't at all sure I'd ketch yer," he broke out suddenly without warning.

"How'd yer know I was here?"

"I met a man working up toward Windgate—Bud Starbuck. He said he'd seen yer. . . . But he 'lowed you'd be headin' for Mesquite by this time. . . . But, I dunno, somethin' seemed to tell me you was right here. . . . O' course, I could have waited at camp, but things looked so sort of cleaned-out there—as if you'd bolted fer a spell. . . . I jest couldn't sit there and wait, so I sez to myself: 'If he ain't at that there water-hole, I'll follow him up.'"

Hank Wheelock felt the necessity for explanation. "I was aiming to leave to-day. . . . Somethin' I eat must have put me off my feed. I jest felt all-fired ornery. . . . Were yer calculatin' to swing over to Mesquite with me?"

Jim Bledsoe shook his head and a little gurgling note of triumph issued from his throat.

"No, siree, not me. 'T warn't for that reason I trotted after yer. . . . But I was jest like a fool woman—bustin' to tell yer the news. . . ." He cleared his throat. "Hank Wheelock, you and me don't have to go traipsin' around this here alkali no more, tryin' to hog-tie fortune. I struck somethin' up in that Heron Falls country jest like I said I would. . . . Oh, it ain't nuthin' suddin'—I've bin flirting round with it fer nigh onto six months, now. . . . Yes, siree, fishin' ain't the only thing I done up there. . . . I jest laid low and said nuthin', working it all up on the sly. . . . Well, I got a man ready to give me a quarter of a million ter hand over my option. . . . O' course, he'll pull out ten times that. . . . But I figgered you and me couldn't

spend much more'n he offered before we cashed in." He gave a chuckle. "Leastways, not onless we got a couple of gals to give us a hand."

Hank Wheelock drew viciously on his pipe. A quarter of a million! . . . Old Jim Bledsoe! It was incredible! But more incredible still was the simplicity of including a partner who had so unceremoniously cut adrift from him. Hank had no words of gratitude to meet such a situation, so instead he found himself saying with almost a sneer:

"I don't see where *I* come in, *now!*"

"Say, yer don't think fer one moment, Hank Wheelock, I'd hold out on yer jest because yer kicked over the traces once in forty years? I'll allow I was sore—at furst! . . . But pshaw, it ain't as if you and me was strangers. . . . Besides, I know what you'd ha' done if you'd bin in my place!"

A flush spread over Hank Wheelock's face: the sort of flush that used to rise when as a boy his mother had imputed undeserved virtues to him. A sudden and secret shame overwhelmed him, and the bitter truth rose perversely to his lips.

"Oh, yer do, do yer!" he sneered. "Well, let me tell yer one thing, yer wrong! . . . If you'd ditched me, Jim Bledsoe, I'd ha' let yer starve—that's what I'd ha done!"

He stopped, amazed at the lengths to which his self-contempt had swung him. In the stillness that followed he had a sense that he was hanging upon Jim Bledsoe's reply with drowning desperation.

Jim Bledsoe shook his head. "Yer don't have to tell me, Hank Wheelock—I know what I'm talking about!"

For a moment the feeling of relief which swept him was almost painful. It wasn't any use telling Jim Bledsoe the truth. Why bother, then? What folks didn't know wouldn't sicken them. He might just as well share in the prospects. *A quarter of a million!* At last he could take it easy!

But this gust of satisfaction passed swiftly and left him as chilled as when he had stood, with his finger on the trigger of his gun, watching Starbuck bending over the fire. . . . No, it couldn't be done: it wasn't sporting! He'd been a gambler all his life and he'd made mistakes, but he'd never cheated. He couldn't horn in on a game he'd dropped out of; he couldn't keep on playing when he knew that there had been a misdeal. A passed hand was a passed hand. And a dissolved partnership was *dissolved*: there wasn't nothing else to it. Besides, a man had his pride. *He* wasn't no beggar! . . . He wasn't dead yet, neither, and there were just as good claims in the hills as ever were dug.

He scrambled to his feet and he knew that his voice was clear and cold and triumphant as he lied:

"Wal, I've got some news fer you, too. . . . You ain't the only one's bin working on the sly. . . . I got some-thin' pretty nice staked out over in that Mesquite Range. . . . It won't be a quarter of a million, but it will be enough—fer me!"

Jim Bledsoe rose more slowly. "Jest as you say. . . . But I don't feel comfortable, somehow. . . . We was partners, yer know, when I fust came onto that holdin'. I should have told yer right off."

A hot breeze began to catch up little whirls of sand and loose the pungent odors of the sagebrush. "An intolerable longing for some far-off and dusky coolness oppressed Hank Wheelock. He thought of hedgerows, and columbine and hollyhocks and the faint tinkle of silver fountains.

"Yes, siree!" he heard Jim Bledsoe repeating in a tone of self-rebuke. "I should have told you right off!"

Hank Wheelock turned his face upward to the lifted circle of buzzards wheeling expectantly in the turquoise expanse. A flicker of indecision sputtered and died. He nodded in the direction of the Mesquite Range and his voice shook with the triumph of a gambler who scorned a secret advantage as he said:

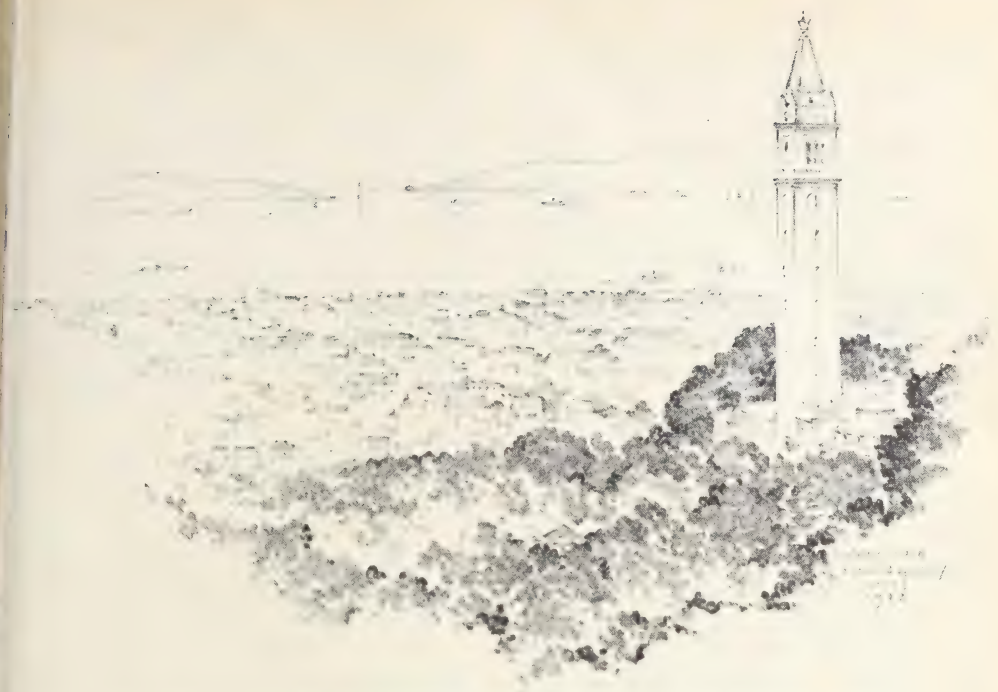
"That's my case, exactly! . . . Yer see—it's jest horse and horse!"

Who Bear God's Gifts

BY VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY

WHO bear God's gifts bear burdens; night and day,
 Like caravans that thread the desert sands,
 They pass with thoughts and dream-stuff from faint lands,
 Splashing monotony's dry, stinging gray.
 Against each face the fevered breath of heat;
 Within each heart, mock warnings, "But you knew, you knew,
 As with all dreamers, so it is with you.
 The giftless still can walk a shady street."

Yet who but those who've felt day's sun can taste
 Ambrosia of the evening, spiced and cool?
 Who but the thirsty find the hidden pool,
 Akin to Dian, loved of trees and chaste?
 And who, at dawn, but travelers through the night
 See distant cities passionate with light?



THE CAMPANILE AT BERKELEY IS THE WATCHTOWER OF THE WEST

San Francisco Revisited

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

SOME months ago an editor on the Coast had a clever idea. He suggested that San Francisco and Los Angeles should exchange star reporters for a week, and let each tell the truth about the other place—thereby permitting the two cities to “get it out of their systems once for all.”

The results were—as they were meant to be—amusing. Especially amusing were the comments of the Los Angeles man on San Francisco. Let me quote a few of them, so that we can orient ourselves:

“San Francisco has charm . . . delicacy and flavor . . . imagination . . . San Francisco sips at strange and alluring liquors . . . San Francisco is wise and subtle old age.”

“San Francisco is the most sophisti-

cated city in the country. From prize-fights to grand opera, it is nearly always in good taste—yes, and has delicacy. A San Francisco audience is a test of a good play. As a matter of fact, a New York audience is no test at all. New York is the champion boob town of the world; just as San Francisco is the most astute.”

“I can see power and vigor in the artistic blunders of Los Angeles—decay in the charm of San Francisco . . . San Francisco has shades and subtleties and delicacies lacking in Los Angeles. But these qualities you get as you leave the splash and roar of youth behind you.”

You cannot discuss San Francisco fairly until you realize that it strikes a great many people—not simply the young man from Los Angeles—as being

an old, not a new city; a sophisticated, civilized, complicated place. It does it, not by being old—for it is a joke to call San Francisco old—but by having acquired traits and qualities that usually go with age. Histories vary—whether of towns or people. A man or a woman can have a “past,” though he or she be short of thirty. So can a city. It depends on how early the town began to live, and what sort of experience it packed into its salad days.

They probably mean that history has been speeded up in San Francisco; that it has lived through cycles while Cleveland, Ohio, and Indianapolis, Indiana—both places with some fame of their own—have been moving more demurely toward their goal. It took Utah more than forty years to become a state of the Union. But consider a few Californian dates. In 1846 the population of Yerba Buena—before 1835 it had neither name nor existence—numbered upwards of two hundred. In 1847 it became San Francisco, and had about fifty houses. By 1849, they were framing a constitution for California, and accusing Congress of delays. In 1850, they were electing a mayor and common council in San Francisco, instead of an *alcalde* and an *ayuntamiento*, and later in the year they were celebrating the admission of California into the Union. Truly, as the annalist of 1855 remarks, “In business and in pleasure, the San Franciscans were *fast* folk; none were faster in the world. Their rents, interest on money, doings and profits, were all calculated *monthly*. A month with them was considered equal to a year with other people. In the former short time men did such deeds, and saw, felt, thought, suffered, and enjoyed as much as would have lasted over a twelvemonth in other lands.

“But then these were really *men*—giants, rather—the very choice of the cleverest, most adventurous and hard-working people of America and Europe. California was a hotbed that brought humanity to a rapid, monstrous ma-

turity, like the mammoth vegetables for which it is so celebrated.”

People mean also, I think, that the very elements of life in San Francisco have been different; that it has been, from its start, more aware of the planet, more avid of varied experience than most American towns. Whatever the cause of the impression, it is important for us to realize, and admit at the outset, that San Francisco affects people as does no other city in the country except New York. With that possible exception, it is the only American city that people talk about and judge and delight in as if it were Paris or London or Rome—one of the capitals of civilization. Nor is this simply a case of California talking about itself; though California does talk about itself in no uncertain terms.

“They’ve hypnotized the rest of the country into thinking ‘California’ on any product means it’s *hors concours*,” folk grumble in the Puget Sound region. “They’ve put it over on everybody, just by bragging, in and out of season.”

“I tell you,” said the gentleman from Wyoming in the observation car, “Californians are all snobs. You don’t amount to anything unless you’re a ‘native son.’ Not in San Francisco, you don’t.” The group gathered round him—all Far Westerners—agreed. “Of course,” he went on, grinning, “if they find you really do amount to something, they turn you into a ‘native son’ mighty quick.”

“There are only two real cities in the United States,” said a very charming person—name unknown—with whom I chanced to have dinner while crossing the Sierras. “One is New York, and one is San Francisco. The rest are just towns—very nice ones, some of them, but not cities at all.” He himself was a thorough-going Easterner with the usual European background; so much I discovered.

“No, I wasn’t born here,” said an old friend, whose westward path chanced to cross my eastward path at the Golden Gate. We were making briskly for

Portsmouth Square, where Stevenson's little galleon has long since displaced the allows of the Vigilance Committee; and he flung up his head to breathe the incomparable air. "I'd rather have been born in ——" (he named his exotic birthplace) "than anywhere else in the world; but, thank God, San Francisco was the first American soil my feet ever touched!"

Only a day or two ago a friend told me of the husband of a kinswoman who lay ill in San Francisco, to whom a change of climate had been suggested as possibly hastening recovery. Stout refusal was his reply. "I'd rather die in San Francisco than live anywhere else," was how he disposed of the matter. *He*, I believe, was an Englishman.

It is not just California talking about itself. Southern California talks far more than Marin or San Mateo county, and no one on the Pacific coast pays any attention. But in Salt Lake City, Reno, Seattle, and Albuquerque,

the eyes of the civilized shine at mention of San Francisco. People may prefer to winter in Santa Barbara for warmth, but that is different. San Francisco is, like Paris, a home of the spirit. That is a fact one has to reckon with. You cannot discuss it as you would discuss Philadelphia, or Chicago, or St. Louis. It is not, like all our other big towns, a provincial capital, deriving its charm from its unique provincial flavor. Surpassed in



FROM TWIN PEAKS THE CITY STRETCHES AWAY TO THE MOUNTAINS

size by so many other cities, it is yet—as we said—a capital of the world, not of any province. And when they pity you discreetly for not being a “native son,” you incline for the moment to wish that you were. You feel, that is, the validity of the term, the value of their inheritance.

It is worth remembering, perhaps, since we are sifting social values, that the “Society of California Pioneers” was organized in 1850, even before California celebrated its admission to statehood. Recalling the complaints of the man from Wyoming, one is tempted to quote (as it were, for his retrospective comfort) the requirements for membership:

The society “shall be composed of native Californians, foreigners resident in California previous to the conquest; and natives of other States and other countries, if citizens of the United States, resident here prior to January 1st, 1849, and their male descendants, who shall constitute the *first class*; and citizens of the old States of the Federal Government who shall have resided in California prior to January 1st, 1850, and their male descendants, who shall constitute the *second class*; and honorary members, who may be admitted in accordance with what may be prescribed in the by-laws.”

Considering that Rosalie Leese, who first saw the light in 1838, was the first child to be born in Yerba Buena, one must admit that clan-consciousness and state-consciousness were not slow about developing in the Californian heart. We recall inevitably the tardy nineteenth century formation of Colonial Dames and Daughters of the Revolution and the like; and cannot but note that California pride was born *with* California. As soon as they were well inside the Golden Gate they saw that they were going to be ancestors to be proud of, and saved their descendants the trouble of arranging for their glorification.

The elements out of which grew San Francisco, in contrast to the insignificant Yerba Buena which it supplanted in the late forties, do not seem, at first blush,

wholly to account for the difference between this and other American cities. Yet, perhaps, taken rightly, they do. One fact certainly cannot be blinked: that it was a very cosmopolitan throng which raised its tents and shacks on the peninsula in the early 'fifties. On May 6th, 1850, thus wrote Richard Hale of Newburyport, Massachusetts:

“There it (San Francisco) lies! but with all the glamour our wildest enthusiasm can paint it, it is yet only an uninviting stretch of waste land, and sandbanks. On we go, dodging our way into a harbor of which we can see but little, it is so thickly covered with sails, and hulks of all descriptions;—every cut of sail, and every shape of spar surrounds us. There must be close to a thousand vessels at anchor in the bay . . . Our brig is surrounded by a fleet composed of every grade, and every rig of vessel, representing every nation that has deep-water craft. Many strange tongues call from stranger-garbed crews;—a Tower of Babel, with the key to the spirit of all the chaos in the one word, ‘Gold’!”

“Every nation that has deep-water craft.” Less of an hyperbole, probably, than such wild statements are wont to be. We know, at all events, that California drew men from all over the civilized world. The statistics of the early 'fifties are astonishing, no less, in their inclusiveness. Only the Americans—and not a large proportion of them—went overland; and of those who did, the ill-equipped and physically unfit (a large number) perished. It is not our business to evoke even so thrilling a chapter of American history as is constituted by the development of California into a state of the Union, a social entity and a political consciousness. But we had best not forget those “hulks of all descriptions.” Point Lobos was no Plymouth Rock; Washington on the Potomac was as far away as Peking; and Yerba Buena had so insignificant a Spanish past that to this day historians cannot decide whether the settlement was ever entitled to be called a pueblo.



AT SEA CLIFF YOU ARE ON THE VERY EDGE OF THE OCEAN

You must go farther south to feel, nowadays, the backwash of Spain. The gold, of course, was inland. Babel was the point of departure and the point of repair—and, incidentally, one of the finest seaports in the world. Moreover, California was no Klondike. Of all our planet's gold fields, it offered, when "the tumult and the shouting died," the most compensations, the richest alternatives. There was every temptation to spend your pile where you had made it—not scurry hot-foot to a better place. At worst, when the gold went back on you, you had the climate. To quote the elegant annalist of 1855 once more: "Besides these (English, Scotch, and Irish), there were always arriving numerous specimens of most other European nations—Spaniards, Portuguese, Italians, Swiss, Greeks, Hungarians, Russians, Prussians, Dutch, Swedes, Danes—Turks, too—all visited California. . . . The country and city were wide enough to hold them all, and rich enough to give them all a moderate independence in the course of a few years."

Yes, California has had luck—and, of course, the detrimentals that follow luck about the world. But it had also men like James Lick; who not only knew a good thing when they saw it but were capable of deep and wise loyalty to the source of their fortunes. "San Francisco was, and yet is," says the loyal

annalist (in 1855!), "the very antipode of patriarchal simplicity." San Francisco was the metropolis of the Coast; and for many years the bonanza kings built their gorgeous flimsy mansions there before they assailed the East and Europe. One went, in the 'sixties, from Virginia City to New York *via* San Francisco. And all that the city has folded into its past. No crowd, they tell us, is so cosmopolitan as the crowd of a gold rush, wherever or whenever. That one can well believe. But here that cosmopolitan crowd found inducements to root itself: an incomparable climate, beauty that precluded nostalgia, a strategic position, and all sorts of natural resources other than the precious metals.

They stayed; they blended; they made a city of widely differing creeds, desires, and aptitudes. New England was there, in its numbers, tending as usual to pride itself on its moral influence; yet this was not preponderatingly a swarm out of our own East and Middle West, with mere sectarian quarrels, and the red Indian for common foe. Nearly every race and creed was there; and tolerance was born perforce. San Francisco, as we all know, had its bitter and brutal days. We must not forget the "Hounds" of 1849, the grim necessity for the Vigilance Committee of 1851, the "Sydney Coves" who pestered the town—killing, looting, burning. Later it had its sand-lot fights

and its prejudices that expressed themselves in slaughter. But never at any time was it a little colony of the like-minded, resenting the intrusion of some one who held different ideas about baptism or negro slavery. As so often in our Far West, decent citizens had to band together to defy the criminal class; but those decent citizens of the Vigilance Committee were not all Smiths. They were Kuhlmanns, and Schutzes, and Fourgauds, and Deblois, and Cazneaus, and Von Lenyees, and van Bokkелens, and Argentis, and Del Vecchios, and Eagans, and McCahills—and "James King of William," whoever he may have been.

So much history must be hinted at to show why, to-day, San Francisco is more cosmopolitan than any other of our cities save New York or Chicago. Correctly speaking, it is more cosmopolitan even than New York, since New York's foreign population is nowadays preponderatingly of one race. In San Francisco the Frenchman, the Spaniard, the Italian, the Irishman, the Scandinavian, the German, the Chinaman are all gathered together; but none overwhelms. It is a subtler and more varied blend. You encounter all types on the city streets—not, as in New York it sometimes seems, only two: the "hick" and the Jew.

The reforming citizen in our country seems to be divided between two theories: the theory that you can Americanize anyone overnight, making the Jew and the Italian indistinguishable the next day; and the theory that Americans, being singularly unprovided with wit or charm or æsthetic sense, ought to sit at the feet of the alien and learn all these things of him. The problem is one of assimilation, of course; and having for a long time let in everyone, we are faced, on our eastern seaboard, with a heterogeneous crowd that it would take a hundred years to lick into citizen shape. We put up the bars too late, as everyone knows; and neither the Americanizing enthusiasts nor the devotees of the alien's charm can possibly get their

own way. San Francisco, like New York, is a great seaport; but one must never forget the fact that it looks upon the Pacific, not upon the Atlantic. It is a very long way from Europe, and to get there from Europe means either more money or more stamina than the average immigrant possesses. It is not, like New York, the near gateway to the coal mines, the steel mills, the packing houses, the clothing factories of our industrial East. It is not even the paradise of the huckster. They sell flowers on Kearny Street—not junk or old clothes; and no one turns into a millionaire by selling flowers at street corners.

The Latin races, we are always told, know better than the Anglo-Saxon how to get pleasure out of life in simple and legitimate ways. The average Anglo-Saxon American, who has derived in the main from the English Puritan, is, I fancy we should all admit, a comparatively joyless creature. Energetic, ambitious, mightily industrious and generally conscientious he has prevailingly been—bar the aberrations that have resulted from the exhilaration of a new country—but no one can say that he has had a gift for pleasure or that he takes his pleasures attractively. He is content to the end of his days with the kind of food he was brought up to, the kind of amusement that neither arouses nor satisfies any curiosity, the kind of manners that may fit his ethical sense but omit any reference to beauty. His imagination tends to dwell on how far his car will go on a gallon of gasoline or how distant may be the station he can "listen" to on his radio. It is trite—too trite, indeed, to say—but it is none the less true that the American man has been so busy making money in exciting ways that he has no mental energy left for other excitements. His thrill has come from his business.

Business in itself is less thrilling in older countries, where chances are fewer; and certain foreign people have learned to apportion their capacity for excitement more neatly. It is quite possible

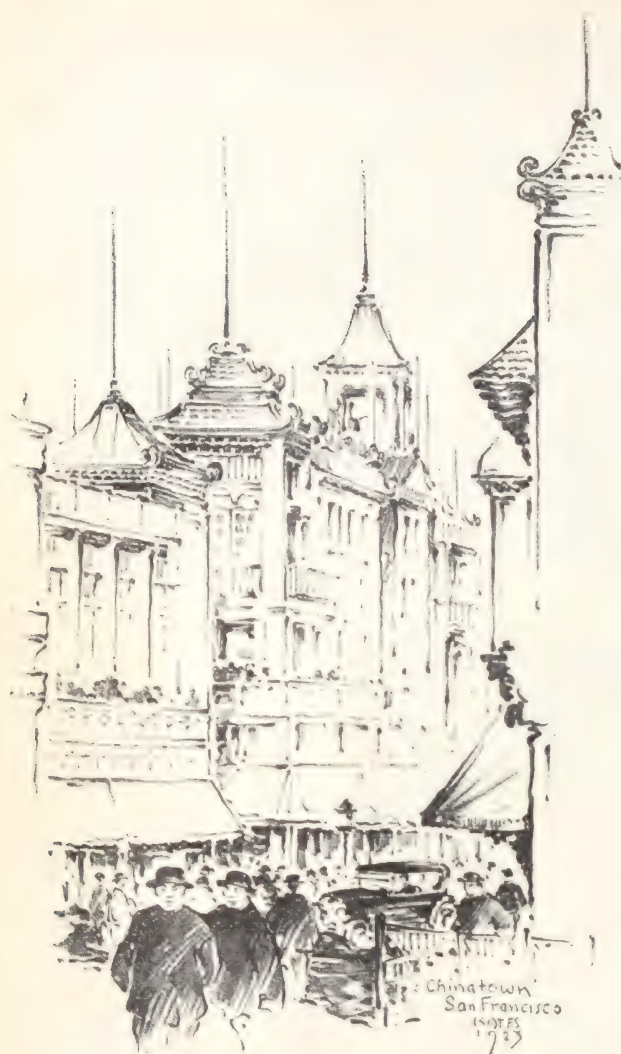
to learn from the Frenchman, the Spaniard, the Italian, the German, many things about simple pleasures. San Francisco, from the very nature of its population, has learned much. It knows about food and drink—for since 1849 it has tasted many kinds and educated its palate. It knows about the arts because its social consciousness has not been conditioned by the Puritan limitations. It has an incomparable landscape, and it has learned how to get pleasure out of it. Its attitude to parks and public places is the Latin attitude. It may be led astray into building an amazing civic center; but after all San Francisco is thoroughly American, a bidder for national conventions and a compiler of municipal statistics. Nor does one desire it otherwise, since one wishes it to survive against all competition.

But there is this much of truth in the statements of the gentleman from Los Angeles: that San Francisco was sophisticated in its very make-up. "San Francisco is certainly a great city. Let us listen, one last time, to the faithful anarchist; and its people hold great notions; their deeds of business and amusement were all great in their way. The large admixture of foreign races . . . tended to give a pleasant, gay aspect to the city. The grave national character of the United States men was converted into levity and cheerfulness by the example and sympathy of their merry neighbors." Unlike most American cities, it had no modest beginnings: almost from the moment

that San Francisco existed, "wealth, gayety and luxury characterized her people." None of us would choose, in all probability, the San Francisco of the early 'fifties to live in; we should, no doubt, prefer safer places, with cleaner streets, fewer gambling resorts, and more domestic centers. It was emphatically not a city of homes, since it was a city, chiefly, of unmarried men under forty. But it was not only the "Sydney Cove"—the ticket-of-leave man and the convict who had served his time—who rushed to the inception of this commonwealth. Culture, art, and learning also felt the lure of gold; and when they left the diggings with lame backs and bleeding hands, they reverted in San Francisco to more natural labors.



GOD NEVER MADE BUT ONE SAN FRANCISCO BAY



CHINATOWN IS NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE

All these things, as we said, must be kept in mind if one is to account for San Francisco as she is to-day: for her pride and the reason of her pride; for her very definite though very subtle effect on the non-San Franciscan.

They are building furiously in San Francisco at present—over-building, one almost feels, in the absence of anything (as far as we could learn) like a boom. At the same time, one must realize that there may well be a perfectly normal flux of population back to the city proper, away from the surrounding

country. As everyone knows, the earthquake and fire of 1906 mark a definite turning-point in the city's history. Nob Hill was never Nob Hill again, in the same sense; and a few blackened debris of walls and foundations are still, after all these years, to be seen in the better sections. The residents simply did not rebuild. The exodus to the country—so marked, with the advent of the automobile, in Eastern cities like Boston and Philadelphia—was accelerated and increased in San Francisco by the disaster. A few magnates, like the Spreckels family, stayed by the town; but San Mateo and Alameda and Marin counties received many of them—especially, of course, San Mateo and Burlingame. On the other hand, San Francisco has been fortunate in that her industrial and manufacturing section (except for that desolate true Mission region of the Potrero and South San Francisco) lies across the Bay, a ferry-ride away, in Oakland.

True, you see mansions in Pacific Heights for sale—their owners have probably intrenched themselves behind terraced and fountained gar-

dens down the peninsula—but there is much new building on Russian Hill; and St. Francis Wood, over beyond the Twin Peaks, and the divinely beautiful stretch of littoral between the Presidio and Lincoln Park (Sea Cliff, by name) are both, residentially speaking, quite new. And Russian Hill and Sea Cliff, as sites for homes, are infinitely better than Nob Hill ever was, or than Pacific Heights is now. An "unobstructible view" is a marvelous thing; and when, as at Sea Cliff, you are set down on the very edge of the ocean, and own the whole tumble of rock and earth down into the very

waves of the Pacific—so that none can ever take from you the vision of the Golden Gate, the open ocean, and the rose-pink mountains of Contra Costa opposite you—you are willing to pay a great deal of money for your lot, if the money is to be had. Enchanting houses, part Italian, part Spanish, rise on these delectable sites.

On Russian Hill the ground drops steeply all about you, and you look over roofs, far below, to Alcatraz Island and the Berkeley shore. At Sea Cliff, you wall your little garden with glass to fend off the sea-winds, and sit in a hooded bath-chair among the giant pansies. The fact of the automobile can work both ways—making it easy for you to dwell within the city limits, as well as bringing the country nearer. True, there are all sorts of hills to be negotiated in San Francisco, but cable-cars run up and down most of them, and no self-respecting automobile—not even a Ford—objects to an angle of forty-five degrees on

an asphalted street. It is only in the East, anyhow, that people worry about their cars. In the West, cars are expected to climb up walls and leap across *arroyos*—and to the everlasting credit of their makers be it said, these things cars do without complaint.

The Great War taught us all many unexpected things. It taught the War Department, I believe, that the Presidio is not, strategically speaking, much good. As an emplacement for defensive artillery, it is pure waste of territory. Coast guns would do better if well outside the Golden Gate. It is being rumored about that the Presidio may be given up as a military reservation. Those fifteen hundred acres of hill, cliff, and shore would in that case be available presumably for residential purposes. The magnificent stretch of shore frontage that Seattle boasts on Lake Washington and on Puget Sound itself would then be inconsiderable in comparison, whatever the linear totals. For God



FISHERMAN'S WHARF LIES SNUG UNDER THE HILL

never made but one San Francisco Bay; nor has Puget Sound, lovely though it is, the beauty of the open Pacific off central and southern California.

The presumption of the Presidio by the civil power, if that ever comes, will be all to the good, since it would presumably be devoted to public parks and private houses. But one ought, in all justice, to mention another project which is being widely discussed. In all justice to the rest of the American world, that is; since it proves that San Franciscans, too, are prone to some of the worst American faults. The project is nothing less than the bridging of the Golden Gate; the excuse for it being that such a bridge would make Marin county more accessible as a residence district for the city. No Sausalito ferry any more; instead, an endless chain of motor-cars moving antlike across a Golden Gate bridge. . . . Some people have tried to take heart of grace from the assurance that a bridge, so high and so long as it would of necessity be, is not practicable. However, I believe engineers now say that it can be done. The expense is another matter. One must hope, for the credit of San Francisco, that the project will never be put through. When you have one of the most romantic approaches in all geography, why spoil it? Let the landowners of lovely Marin county stew in their own juice. Make the Sausalito ferry a "floating palace"; beguile the half-hour journey with every vulgar pleasure; subsidize the commuters, if necessary; but in the interest of your own uniqueness, dear San Francisco, do not bridge the Golden Gate. Leave that kind of gesture to Los Angeles—which, if it had a Golden Gate, would most certainly bridge it, and sink oil wells into bay and ocean on either side of the bridge.

My own acquaintance with San Francisco has, unluckily, never been profound; but it stretches over a good many years. I knew it first before the earthquake, when the historic Palace Hotel was still existent; when Nob Hill was

crowned with the mansions of magnates who had had very bad luck in architects; when Chinatown was still Chinatown and sank six stories underground; when, by paying a guide, the tourist could behold in the depths of the earth yellow ladies chained in opium dens; when the Eye of God glared at one from the dome of the incredible chapel of Stanford University. In all essentials, the atmosphere of San Francisco was then what it is now: a city where the man in the street looked not only alert but happy; where the very fogs were stimulating; where food and drink were exquisite as well as cheap; where many races lived together in mutual tolerance.

California's anti-Oriental prejudices, to be sure, have expressed themselves more than once in undesirable ways; and there would be no point here in going into the anti-Chinese and anti-Japanese campaigns. In this matter the Californians have not been, one judges, any more logical than Americans are wont to be. Having practically driven the Chinese out, they are all now wishing the Chinaman back, and more or less lamenting the laws they forced on the country. They have behaved badly about the Japanese; and if they lost him—he is perhaps too clever to be lost if he does not wish to be—they would probably want *him* back. Chinatown, naturally, is not what it used to be before the earthquake and fire. One misses the jewelers working under torchlight at infinitesimal things, the musician with his dulcimer, the gamblers' tributes heaped high before the white-clad goddess of Luck and Mourning. Now, the girls who wait on you in shops speak perfect high-school English, and click away at typewriters in between. A great many shop signs indicate the newer political trend in the Middle Kingdom. (My own favorite was the "Republican Noodle Factory," on—I think—Stockton Street.) You may not find your favorite Poodle Dog restaurant where it was the last time you were there; but you will find something else as good,



THE SAUSALITO FERRY—ONE OF THE MOST ROMANTIC APPROACHES IN ALL GEOGRAPHY

somewhere, and the base of Telegraph Hill is as Latin as it ever was.

The Barbary Coast has changed since the Panama-Pacific Exposition; and the ladies have been more or less ousted by bootleggers, I believe. You cannot keep liquor away from such a foggy coast as the Pacific any more than you can prevent a large Latin population, in a vine-growing region, from making its own light wines. The wine is as harmless as ever, I gather, though it naturally costs more. Neither seaboard, of course, is ever going to be "dry"; and "prohibition" can be absolutely forced only on the poor. I never saw anyone drunk in San Francisco, but I feel sure that the clubman does not go without his Scotch, or the French or Italian *bourgeois* without his glass of light California wine. What terrific stuff they may get in the sailors' hotels along the Embarcadero I do not know. San Francisco is not, to be sure, so easily provided as Seattle, which has only to fetch home what it wants from Victoria in a golf bag or a suit case. Prohibition seems to worry people less in the Far West, anyhow; perhaps because they are less given to

worry in general, perhaps because they have fewer prohibition agents. There is less sordid stewing about it than at home. Politically, there is not much to be said for any section of our country at the present time; but there seems to be a little more natural dignity among citizens in the Far West than elsewhere.

San Francisco has a population of about six hundred and fifty thousand: it is only twelfth in size among our cities. It must be remembered, however, that San Francisco *is* San Francisco; it has not gobbled all the other towns near at hand—not even Oakland and Berkeley across the bay. Los Angeles says that it would like to, but that the other towns are too canny for it. San Francisco, if it retorts at all, retorts by making fun of Los Angeles' determination—being twenty miles from the ocean—to be a seaport, even if it has to grab everything between it and the sea to justify its claim. Usually, however, San Francisco does not bother about back talk, and looks at Los Angeles, if at all, through an opera glass. Six hundred and fifty thousand may leave San Francisco only twelfth in population; but anyone who

is familiar with our industrial cities further east knows that you can have pretty bad slums with a population of only fifty thousand. Any great seaport is going to have a fairly disreputable quarter close to the shipping. The streets directly behind the Embarcadero are not particularly attractive, though they soon fade into the colorless respectability of a mere warehouse and wholesale section.

If you are frankly looking for the San Francisco slums, the best you can do is to come up the peninsula from the south, through South San Francisco (where the big Southern Pacific shops are) into and through the Mission District, which is the poorest quarter. What you are finally forced to conclude is that there are no slums, in our familiar sense. The little wooden shacks, the flimsy tenement houses, are somehow open to the free air of the sea and the bay, and to the blue sky; there is room somewhere, always, for children to play; flowers are never totally out of your vision. Mean and comfortless, no doubt, many of the houses are; but they are not great, grim, brick prisons, and no one has to get air, enjoyment, and adventure on a fire-escape. There is a gay lack of uniformity about the poorer quarters: some of the little houses are absurd, but at least they are not like their neighbors. One cannot enter Philadelphia on the Pennsylvania Railroad from New York without being infinitely depressed by the terrible square miles of North and West Philadelphia, where a single little red brick house seems to have spawned a million others, and all seem to be fixed forever, an agglutinated mass with perhaps a corporate, but certainly no individual life.

I defy you to be depressed by the Mission district of San Francisco. The mere fact that the two greatest enemies of the poor—extreme heat and extreme cold—are unknown here, makes an almost incalculable difference. They never have either to freeze or to swelter for poverty's sake. The tonic, unchanging

air is free to all, and they have room to breathe it. You see no pale puny children in the poorer streets of San Francisco. As much as their governesses coevals over on Pacific Avenue or the Camino del Mar, they look sturdy, big, and radiant. No extremes of heat or cold to encounter; room to breathe in; the wages of labor high and the necessities of life cheap—these preclude the worst kinds of suffering. It may be said by some that poverty loses its worst features here simply because San Francisco is not big enough to be overcrowded; but that argument is of little worth in face of the slum conditions that prevail in the much smaller manufacturing towns of New England and the Middle States. There are not Jews enough to make a ghetto; or negroes enough to make a colored quarter; or "hunkies" enough to create the particular kind of hell that exists in the environs of the big coal mines and steel mills. But there are plenty of European Latins and Hispano-Americans—only they do not seem to make slums. Perhaps there are slums in Oakland; frankly, I have never investigated. I can, however, bear witness that the worst by-products of poverty do not exist, in any noticeable degree, in San Francisco.

No one, of course, would pretend that San Francisco is a home of all the virtues. San Franciscan politics have been at times notorious, even for the United States; and as far as one can make out, the state machine has been as bad as anything in Pennsylvania, even if not so bad as New Mexico. Californians, too, have lost their heads, and listened when the demagogue piped to them. Strong-arm methods are not unknown out by the Golden Gate. Only last summer the proprietor of the only decent newspaper in San Francisco was suing the proprietors of two other papers for beating up his newsboys and sending thugs into his composing room to destroy the type. Did we not say that California was intensely American? It is not in purer politics that we must look

for evidences of their superiority. One does, however, come to wonder if they do not take their politics—whether the corrupting or the purifying kind—more lightly than some of the rest of us. When things get too bad, they will clean them up; meanwhile, life is the important thing, and their consciences have perhaps a keener edge on the social than on the political side.

The Chamber of Commerce (which ought to know) says officially that San Francisco is the first city in the United States in *per capita* wealth; which can only mean that the bulk of the population is better off here than elsewhere, since San Francisco could hardly compete with the larger cities in the number of multi-millionaires. Certainly they give the impression of living more comfortably, of getting more pleasure out of life, of being in better tune with the scheme of things than the throngs of any other streets I know. There is no violent and vulgar display; but—to make for the moment a purely feminine comment—the women of San Francisco are better dressed, better groomed, and, as far as looks can decide the matter, better bred than the women of any other American city. Nor is it all the bloom of climate, the magnificent physique with which California seems to endow her children. They have the best shops in the country—an opinion corroborated by women who have shopped far more variously and luxuriously than I. It is quite possible for a woman to wander up Fifth Avenue without her sartorial passions kindling—but not up Geary or Post Street. Also, with the possible exception of shoes, everything seems to be cheaper than in the East.

“Why should I shop in New York?” one’s Californian friends ask. “In New York I am busy seeing my friends and going to plays. Those are the things New York is good for. The shops are much better here.” So, one must admit, are the manners of all people who are paid to deal with the public; perhaps because self-respect must precede good

manners, and the blend of personal dignity and natural kindness is a specialty of the Far West. Personally I think New York (publicly speaking) a kindly place, though rather hurried and harassed. I would far rather encounter any of the slight mischances of travel or business in New York than in Boston or Philadelphia or Washington. As for Chicago: the only people in Chicago who will give a civil answer to a civil question are the people who cannot inform you—strangers like yourself. The official orders of the Chicago conductor, policeman, and the like are evidently to reply to all interlocutors in the brutal terms of insult. Chicago, I believe, is always complaining that Easterners consider her—erroneously—Western. Only those Easterners who have never known the West would make the mistake; for bad manners are a typically Eastern vice, and Chicago has the worst public manners in the East.

Pollyanna is the most tiresome of companions, and I do not mean to imply that San Francisco is cheerful in any objectionable sense. Theirs is not an aggressive or an interfering optimism. I have known the reserved Easterner to dread, beforehand, the expansiveness of the Far West; to fear too much informality, too much easy intimacy in trains, hotels, and places of resort. The dread soon gave way to amused perception of its absurdity. The Far Westerner lets you more severely alone—unless something cries out to be done for you—than any of his fellow citizens. He seems to read a more complicated meaning into the word “integrity” than we; feeling in it not only moral worth, but that completeness of the human being which implies separateness, self-sufficiency, privacy. Certainly, in the West, you are more your own toad than here at home. The old frontier law of asking no questions of any man still persists in this softened form. Many Western virtues, indeed, are derived from the frontier code, adapted to civilization but keeping certain moral estimates unaltered.

The molding effect of the frontier conditions and the frontier code must not be forgotten in any reading of Western values. Great personal dignity and a very spontaneous kindness have been the moral heritage of the sons and grandsons of Pacific pioneers. We are all used to the "big-hearted, breezy Westerner" of tradition. Big-hearted I think he is; but the San Franciscan is certainly both too reticent and too sophisticated to be "breezy"—if to be breezy means to be intrusive and uncontrollable like the wind.

Sophistication itself is a subtle thing to define. The first requisite for real sophistication, I take it, is a certain intellectual independence, a private *flair* for what is "good" that disdains to follow the commoner canons of taste. No one who is slavishly dependent on any group of intelligentsia can be called really sophisticated; for taste must be not only educated but free. The sophisticated person knows what he likes; he does not have to be told. The San Franciscan is brought up with many things that other Americans have to go to Europe or Asia to discover. To breathe a cosmopolitan atmosphere from your birth precludes forever one kind of ignorance. It is like being bi-lingual or tri-lingual from your cradle.

San Franciscans have always before them not only American ideals of liberty, but the Latin conception of the art of living, the German knowledge of music, the carvings and broderies of the subtle Orient, the Spanish architecture in their eyes and the Spanish terms in their ears. It may be a small matter; yet we ourselves were never able to imagine the average New York or Boston car-conductor twisting his tongue round "change at Devisadero" or "this car for Balboa and Cabrillo." He would have—for personal vanity if nothing else—to Anglicize such names unrecognizably. In most places, the Embarcadero would have turned to Front Street or Water Street long since. There is no tourist-begotten tendency here, as farther south,

to be affectedly Spanish. Spain is only a part of San Francisco's mixed heritage. But it does not occur to the man in the street that it is beneath his dignity to pronounce Spanish names correctly. San Francisco has not the general American scorn of Europeans, for Europeans were among her prominent citizens from the beginning; and (apart from the Oriental and the negro) race-distinctions were in no sense class-distinctions, as they have usually been in the East. The famous Bohemian Club of San Francisco is, I suppose, the most sophisticated association of its kind in the country. No man who has been a guest at their High Jinks up on the Russian River ever ceases to recall the experience. The Bohemian Club and its ways and works took Rudyard Kipling's breath away in the late 'eighties. What struck him most was—but let him speak for himself: "There was a slick French audacity about the workmanship of these men of toil unbending that went straight to the heart of the beholder. And yet it was not altogether French. A dry grimness of treatment, almost Dutch, marked the difference. The men painted as they spoke—with certainty."

What one chiefly wonders, with all the evidence of taste and knowledge spread before one, the intelligence displayed in almost every field of living—corroborative detail of every kind: the houses of Green Street and the Camino del Mar, the excellent bookshops, the perfect ivories (for a price!), the strange and exquisite foods, the distinguished bearing of men and women, all the special catering, London or Paris fashion, to special and subtle needs, the prima donnas (Tetrazzini or another) singing on Christmas Eve to a hundred thousand people in Union Square, the almost faun-like gayety of children, from Pacific Heights to the Mission, the opera, the orchestral season, the play—is why California has on the whole given proportionally so little that is first-rate to the literary and artistic world. The fact is, one suspects, that only long habit or

richest necessity could make one stick to pen and brush or instrument in that divine air. They are too fortunate to be more than splendid amateurs.

"Intellectual work," mused one learned gentleman, "is best done in bad weather, when there are no temptations to do anything else. There isn't any bad weather here, to speak of, the year through; and there is temptation to go outside three hundred and sixty-five days in the year." Certain it is that to produce first-rate stuff one must be a slave of the lamp. Most human beings do not resign themselves to that servitude except when circumstances contribute strongly to their enslavement. "Here one could work forever," the Easterner sighs; forgetting the fact that, except for financial reasons, few people work when they can play instead. Where the art of living has been highly developed, it has not been the aristocrats themselves but their sycophants and dependents who have toiled to immortalize their art of living in prose or verse, or paint or marble. In a democracy there is no gifted retinue attendant on a magnate. The people who might constitute it are busy flattering him in the sincerest way—by imitating him.

We have been trying to determine what the annalist meant when he said San Franciscans were the fastest people on earth. Fast they were in making up their minds overnight what they wanted, and getting it almost immediately. The building of San Francisco into a city, the acquiring of statehood were so rapid as still to take our breath away. They have made a center of civilization out of barren sand hills, while places that were already cities in 1848 are still provincial in temper, outlook, and achievement. Yet to-day San Franciscans give less impression of rush or haste than most Americans. They move with quiet certitude—physically and socially—to the goal of their desires.

There seems to be time enough. No one is slow or indolent, but no one is in a fevered rush. One comes to wonder

whether this powerful, graceful, determined race has not arrived at the golden mean between laziness and bustle by being particularly sure of its context. When you can count on the climate, you do not have to rise at dawn to take advantage of a pleasant day. When you have decided what constitutes civilized life and have educated public opinion so that you can live that life, you do not have forever to be taking precautions or meeting foolish emergencies. D. V., the day is yours.

San Franciscans are restless like other people; they, too, dash to Europe, dash to Asia, circumnavigate the globe. Travel does not worry them. Presumably the young folk dance and drink and gamble like other young folk elsewhere. That there is a "fast" set, and all the rest of it, no one would deny. But when they come home, they come home to something a little more civilized than most of us. Climate and landscape and knowledge aiding, they have developed a nearly perfect country-house existence, as the town dwellers have developed the most charming and convenient of urban lives. The supreme degree of domestic luxury, I have always understood, consists in being served by Chinese. A good many Californians still achieve that blessing. All through the Far West, clubs serve many purposes that they cannot serve in most climates. The constant habit of using clubs—both city and country—for social purposes, makes everything easier. You can keep your house, your ranch, or your bungalow—for yourself and your closest friends. An infinite amount of wear and tear, both physical and moral, is saved.

This conception of the way to expend least energy on the mechanical side of life goes very far down through the social strata. It is California, I believe, that endowed the nation both with bungalows and cafeterias. Almost anything can be called a bungalow, and I have eaten in cafeterias that were both spacious and sumptuous. But a large part of the Californian population does live

in bungalows—little ones, the real thing—with a garage always, but no second story. The family, however, does not have to bump up against itself and each other at every turn; nor need there be any smell of cabbage (familiar accusation!) in the house. The children can be out of doors all day—and at night on sleeping-porches. (Yes, they sleep in the very heart of the Pacific fog, and they are gorgeously sturdy and blooming.) They have not the American prejudice against eating as a family in public places; and the whole clan can be piled into the car and taken to its meals wherever the clan's taste or purse indicates. Certified milk and cereals for the children, if you want them; a raw food restaurant, if you must have it; a good French or Italian table d'hôte if you have the time. Hotel dining-rooms are full of children in high chairs. Bungalows have been forced on the world, like apartment-houses, by the servant problem. But on the Coast they like them; for citizens on the Coast are analogous to amphibians—they are as happy out of doors as in. They really must like them, or a steamship line that runs between the Northwest and the Orient would not advertise, as the last word in luxury for passengers, "four-room bungalow suites." You cannot imagine any one's even *wishing* to cross the Atlantic in a bungalow.

The French have a saying: *Si je vous aime, est-ce que cela vous regarde?* Any one has a right to place his affection where he will, provided he makes no demands. It is none of San Francisco's business (according to the saying) that it should happen to suit me better than

New York or London or Paris—as it does. At different times in my life, I have entered San Francisco after long absence, and the spell has never failed. With no right in it whatsoever—for the tourist has no rights—I recognize it for the heart's home. That very fact makes the pen hesitate; for no truth can come out of sentimental reflections. I have deliberately refrained from dwelling overmuch on the beauty that is hers, trying rather, in perfectly unmythical fashion, to analyze only those reactions which I have in common with almost all my acquaintances who know the place. What I have said is said and felt by many people of many kinds. What I feel, myself, about the place is my own affair—and would interest no one. But I think any casual reader may take it from me that the region of San Francisco Bay is more beautiful than any of the southern littoral—whether Santa Barbara and Montecito, or San Diego with Point Loma and Coronado. Of course, if they bridge the Golden Gate—all signs will fail.

Bret Harte's apostrophe to San Francisco has been much quoted.

Serene, indifferent to fate,
Thou sittest by the western gate.

Only those people are indifferent to fate who are possessed of a philosophy that has come to terms with destiny. By and large, one fancies, San Francisco has done that more shrewdly than any other of our great cities. The most picturesque and parti-colored of pasts has evolved into a very complicated and distinguished present.

Her Husband

BY GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

The author, born in the South and of Southern family, has been in close touch all her life with the race problem and movements dealing with it. She is a member of the Executive Committee of the State Inter-Racial Commission for Kentucky, and an active participant in all conferences bearing on this subject. Her understanding of the negro is attested by a volume of stories entitled "The Children in the Mist," which is an admirable portrayal of negro life in the South. Her insight into the race problem in its relation to Southern women is demonstrated in the following story. Mrs. Martin's progress from interest in the individual negro to interest in the problems of a race is typical of the process through which thousands of Southern women are passing to-day.—Editor's Note.

[T had come with its swift threatening consequences. And now that it was here, it seemed to Edith Thornberry she had known all her life that this moment would confront her.

An up-country black boy newly come in the locality had appeared in the kitchen doorway of an unprotected white woman, the wife of a section hand employed by the railroad, living on the outskirts of the mill settlement. The woman, fleeing by way of a front door as the boy stepped in at the back and screaming as she ran, spread the word.

This was in the forenoon. The black boy, emerging from the kitchen doorway to find the alarm given, fled. Since noon the hunt for him was on.

It was four in the afternoon now. Edith had not known the world about her could be so still. A region of sandy loam and long-leaf pine, the community was made up of mill hands—white and black—their families, the half dozen clerks in the office, her husband who was the owner of the mill, and herself; these with the mill, the railroad station, and the switches.

A sluggish stream, half creek, half bayou, and spanned by a bridge, drained the low country about, and cut the mill and its population off from the high lands. Beyond the plant and the clus-

tering shacks and cottages of the employees stretched the canebrake, a peninsula of relatively solid land, which outthrust itself into the farther marshlands.

Within fifteen minutes after the woman passed Edith's gate, crying her terror as she ran, the mill had shut down—the scream of the saws eating into the logs and the pant of the escaping steam stopping abruptly.

In less time than this, indeed, as Edith, once she had gathered the meaning of what had happened, hurried into the house to call the mill and warn her husband. She found the place empty, the negro cook and negro housegirl gone, pantry, kitchen, and kitchen-porch deserted.

A moment ago Viney the laundress, busy over her tubs under the pecan tree, had lifted her voice in mounting, quavering song.

This laundress, who claimed she came from Edith's native town in a neighboring state, was an old negress. The cook and the housegirl were young women. Outbursts of song over their work, songs of their race such as were outpoured by the older woman, never came from them. The three, however, old and young alike, were gone now.

As Edith, coming back into the body of the house, went to the telephone, David, her husband, appeared, running up the steps of the front porch and into

the hall where she stood. He thrust her aside, telling her the boy had fled into the canebrake and that a posse was getting ready to follow, calling this back as he went up the stairs at a leap.

She followed him, standing with him in his room as he flung off his coat, her fear being that he find the servants gone and she here in the house alone.

She had told herself from the moment she heard the woman's story that it would be David—with possibly the clerks—against the certain wills and the inevitable purpose of the white mill hands.

Horror at what might have been but for the woman's escape still submerged her; horror that stifled and choked her and sent shuddering tremors through her body. But beneath its recurring floods the ground on which she always believed she stood remained firm, and for this she thanked God.

If, as she feared, there was to be attempted violence here to-day, the more it fell to her now to hurry David back to his post. Cut off from the surrounding regions as the mill was, the issue was between him and these white mill hands, his employees.

That her heart thudded as she stood watching him while he drew in his belt and slipped his revolver in his pocket mattered not at all, her eyes gathering up into her consciousness his features, his carriage, his person. She was the personal equation, and as such was subordinate to the larger, the immediate claim. She was here to aid him, to speed him, to wish him on his way back to the mill and his men.

He was thirty-three, a man still young who had prospered beyond even his own belief in himself, and marked by a white heat of energy and driving will. His features were bold and aquiline, his skin was tanned to a fine clear brown, his expression now as always was intent and keen.

Granting that in the event of trouble the clerks failed him. Boys they seemed as she thought of them now. Then it was David alone. It was David and

herself, their backs to the wall against the odds if it became necessary.

Tears burned behind her eyelids. Together with her affection for her husband she was conscious always of a yearning a brooding, a passion of longing over him which would not be quieted; conscious that along certain lines instinctive and habitual with her, her taken-for-granted premises and assumptions, she spoke a language he did not always understand—or understanding, did not accept.

"You'll have your dinner before you go, David? It'll take only a minute to get something together?"

"I can't stop for it, Edie."

Hurrying down, she had two sandwiches waiting for him when he joined her a moment later, swiftly and deftly made, and ice-cold tea in a glass. She watched him while he ate, one of those women who, giving themselves, give wholly and with marvelous tenderness, the simplicity of devotion expressed through ministry.

"Sadie Henderson mustn't go back to the section-house, David. I told some of the women to bring her here."

"She's at her cousin's up near the mill. She'll be better off with her own sort."

He turned as he reached the doorway leading to the porch, and kissed her. She put a hand on each of his shoulders, a woman ordinarily of few gestures, and in her turn kissed him, the rare expression of spirit which, once its affection is given, does not waver. This swift David with his eagle-keen features was beautiful—oh, beautiful to the eye, and she, the woman, delighted in his beauty.

He paused again, this time on the gravel at the foot of the porch steps, and turned to speak to her on the step above. His eyes had narrowed as if they were seeing not her but his course ahead, and his voice was curt. She was secondary in his thoughts, she saw—as indeed at this moment she should be.

"Promise me you won't let yourself get worked up, Edie. God knows I'm

orry you have to be here at a time like this. Forget it if you will. Cut it out. And a book. Write letters. Get busy with your piano."

"Have you talked yet with Chinquapin, David? And with Mr. Delahunt?" His eyes and consciousness alike had come round to her now. Chinquapin was the county seat and nearest town, twenty miles away. Delahunt, who lived at Chinquapin, was the sheriff. Her question left David frowning.

"Listen to me. This is a man's, not a woman's job. Get that, Edie? Yes, once you want to know, Delahunt, or rather his wife, has been on the line. Now listen again and I'll promise *you*. There shan't be a thing out of hand. Five minutes after the first word reached the mill of what happened, every man had his orders. It's in our several hands, and we'll keep it there. There'll be no interference or trouble from the outside, because we're leaving no chance for any. The first word as I've said, and we sent a posse of men, *white* men, twenty-odd, to patrol the bridge on the other side. Forget it now. I ask you to, I want you to."

She repeated his phrases, dwelling on them, finding in them reassurance and comfort.

"In your hands—everything seen to—every man has his orders. I'm so glad you've told me, David."

And still she stood there, stood after he had gone, the gate in the hedge at the end of the gravel walk swinging to behind him.

She was his junior by one year, a woman with the charm of simplicity and homeliness. There was a directness about her, and in general an opulence of frank enjoyment and well-being.

David was from the same neighboring state and locality as herself, having removed to this state of his adoption in his boyhood. Reticent as to his background and his kindred, Edith took him for himself, as he would have her do. What he wanted her to know he would tell her in his own time and way.

The first time she met him and heard his name, Thornberry, an unexplainable thing occurred. This was four years ago and in Washington, at the home of Big Albion Burns, as his world calls him, maker and un-maker of senators and congressmen in David's adopted, as well as his native, state. Edith at the time was secretary of the big man's wife. And the unexplainable thing was this:

As she heard the name Thornberry, a picture arose in her mind out of her childhood's past, of a straggling line of hill-billies, six men upon starved and bony nags, picking their way along the street of the old Southern town that was her home. And, perched behind the squeaking saddle of one of the six, a boy about her own age and size. They were come to court, offenders against the federal law; and her grandfather, with whom she lived an orphaned child, was the federal judge who tried them; her grandfather who removed to Washington the next year, and she with him, called to a seat upon the supreme bench.

She saw this grandfather in memory now, recalled him in his physical aspect. He was of big stature, his eyes far-set beneath craggy brows, his lips accurately closed—a just and comprehending man, beloved and adored in his own household, a great judge.

Yes, this sense with her always and overwhelmingly of the authority of the law, of its sovereignty, its godhead, this was hers by tradition and inheritance. There was decent stock in the line of men back of Edith. As for that, there was decent stock in the women back of her, too, mothers of these men.

A judge upon the supreme bench, unless he brings his competency with him to office, leaves no fortune when he dies. Edith, with a yearly few hundreds of her own only, was earning her living happily and contentedly when she met David.

It was Big Albion Burns, her old friend in whose house she was living, who presented him and smilingly defined him:

"Thornberry and I are the *new* South, Edith, my dear. As I've told you times before, *my* grandfather was a blacksmith, putting shoes on his neighbors' horses. My father was a molder, making castings in the foundry I own to-day. I carried a dinner-bucket at my start. *Your* South, the *old* South, if it believes in democracy and its workings at all, must believe in the *new* South, which means Thornberry and me."

Edith did believe in the *new* South; she believed in it then, and she believed in it now. She had her few hundreds a year and her work, and was capable and happy in it, but she was alone in the world, and felt her loneliness. Within a surprisingly short time she believed in David Thornberry because he urged it, and because she was glad to. Within a year she had married him.

In the three years of her married life she had been charmed and delighted that man and wife could be such playfellows and companions. She was an outdoor creature by instinct and early habit, brought up to like dogs and horses, and David was a skilled and natural woodsman. They rode, they hunted, they tramped, they motored, they went for days together in their houseboat through the creeks and bayous to the coast and open water. He was on the speedy way to wealth and competency, and declared that within the next few years he would turn the mill over to a manager, and he and she go out into the world, *her* world, he called it, and live!

Her world? And was it true then, this consciousness which, haunting the serenity of her new life, would not down, this gathering realization that she and her world spoke a language, a speech born of a common tradition, a common acceptance, a common conduct, which David did not understand, and which Big Albion Burns and his motherly and kindly wife *did*?

Again tears burned behind her eyelids. David had flung his hat on a table when he arrived, and when he went had worn an old motor cap. Lift-

ing the hat as she came into the house, she pressed it to her with a yearning, a brooding passion of longing.

It was four in the afternoon now. The assurance born of David's words had left Edith. She had called up the mill twice and been there in her car once, to no purpose. She had found the place deserted except for Cass Boswell, the boss of the yard crew, who was in charge. He was noncommittal and gave her no satisfaction beyond the statement that Mr. Thornberry wasn't there.

Returning, she stopped her car at the door of Sadie Henderson's cousin. There was no answer to her tap, the two women, as she believed, disappearing out the back door as she knocked at the front.

She stopped at the houses of certain other women. Gaunt figures for the most part these women were, in skimpy cotton skirts and faded cotton waists, spiritless creatures with spiritless eyes. Noncommittal, furtive, what did they and Cass Boswell know that she did not? Not a negro—man, woman, or child—did she see.

Reaching home, the house with its big rooms and bigger porches front and back seemed more silent, more deserted, and she even more removed and apart from all knowledge of what was happening, alone in a sense poignant and terrifying. She went again through the empty lower floor, and came as aimlessly back to the front porch.

The tramp of feet reached her. A score of men in groups of three and four came in sight, their heads and shoulders rising and falling above her hedge with their striding gait. Following these some hundred yards, came a second score.

She realized the gravity which had come into the situation with this new element. She was dismayed at its appearance here. These sand-hillers, tramping along the wooden sidewalk outside her hedge, must have crossed the bridge. And to cross the bridge

They must have passed the twenty-odd men put there to guard it. Edith had little of her husband's confidence in these mill hands; she shared none of his faith in their reliability.

She in her neighboring state had known this class of poor whites now ramping by her gate, not as sand-hillers, but as hill-billies, a term signifying the same thing and interchangeable. Under whatever name, the thing signified was a breed so poor of spirit, so mean of courage, that the world about it, white and black, despised it. Cass Boswell was of sand-hiller stock himself.

These men must have passed the control at the bridge. She went in and called the mill again. As before, Cass answered.

"Mr. Thornberry's still away, yes'm."
"Go and find him."

"Reckon I mought ez wal' let ye hev Mis' Thornberry. He's outen wi' th' posse beatin' th' brake. He mought be back in er hour, yit mought be midnight, it mought be mawnin'."

She rang off and called for Chinquapin. She knew the sheriff and she knew his wife. David was a bit of a politician in local and also in state affairs, and was proud of his acquaintance and his popularity in the county. Mrs. Delahunt answered the call:

"Yes, oh yes, we got the news all right, Mrs. Thornberry—got it right away after it happened, I guess. The sand-hillers are comin' in, you say? Well, that looks bad, surely. Mr. Delahunt was off in the county on a summons when the word came; I took the message myself, and he had to be found. Getting back here to Chinquapin, he had to wear in some extra deputies. These things take time, you see. They got away from here twenty minutes ago, yes, all of twenty minutes. The bunch 'em filled three flivvers."

Edith went back to the porch. The gate in the hedge banged. Jim Hester, the foreman of the drying shed at the mill, came in. Lean and shambling, he

too was of sand-hiller stock, and to Edith's mind of a common stripe with Cass Boswell, whom she did not like.

She had long since noticed that Hester's wife had a timid glance and that his children were afraid of him. She had said so to David, and he had laughed at her, saying it took all kinds to run a mill here in the backwoods.

She knew that Jim Hester in his turn did not like her, knew that he belittled to the other men her attempts to better conditions for the families of the mill hands, and she believed he would do her an ill turn if the opportunity came his way. She had once seen him kick a female dog—his own dog, the creature soon to litter—and this for no visible reason but for his own gratification. And she saw him leer when she, Edith, cried out, pleased when he knew that it hurt her too.

"Wanter use yo' telephone, Mis' Thornberry. I'm jus' come in f'om th' bridge en' I got ter git back."

A third group of sand-hillers passed.

Edith questioned him:

"You say you're just from the bridge? What's happened? How did these men get by you? They're coming in right along."

He eyed her, as he had that time in the case of the dog, with a leering satisfaction. His tongue licked his lips. He had her again, it would seem, where it pleased him to have her.

"Git by? How'd you mean 'git by,' Mis' Thornberry? They cyant come tew fas' ner tew many, d'yer reckon? Th' more we air th' quicker hell fer th' nigger, ain't it?"

He turned to the telephone and in his turn called for the mill. His hair that lay over long on his sallow neck was dank and heavy, and his person was slovenly.

"Ary news come in f'om th' brake, Cass?"

Apparently there was none.

"Ary thing funder heerd f'om Chinquapin? Delahunt made his git-erway f'om thar yit?"

Cass evidently gave Jim the same news that Mrs. Delahunt had given Edith.

"Wall, trust us'n, Cass. Delahunt'll never git by us'n holdin' th' bridge, till it's over. With a shotgun tew ev'y mammy's son uv us'n waitin' thar fur him, he mought ez well turn eroun' en go back tew home, him an' his crowd, en they know it."

Edith watched him out through the gate. Going back to the telephone, this time to spread the news far and wide, she found the wire cut. Jim had done it. He mistrusted her. It merely meant she must run her car to the mill again and get her message over the mill telephone to Chinquapin and the region at large.

The sun was dropping beyond the bridge and behind the hills when Edith returned.

As on her first visit, Cass met her as her car stopped. He let her descend. But when she said she'd come to use the office telephone, he stepped between her and the office doorway.

"The line's dead."

She believed that he lied. A middle-aged man, his stubbly red beard did not cover the cunning line of the mouth. But when she pushed by him she found the door locked, and turning to demand the key, he had disappeared.

She went across the yard and the tracks to the boxlike little railroad station. The place was empty and the door here too was locked.

Coming and returning, again she passed groups of women who, talking together, fell silent at her approach, or turning, slipped within doors.

Reaching her gate, here came more sand-hillers. Their gaze as their eyes met hers was hostile.

She went in and sank on a step of her porch, her head bowed, her heart chilled. She thought of her grandfather, she thought of Big Albion Burns, she thought of—and her heart cried out and her hands out-stretched to—David!

Evening was here, cool and pure and still. Edith, still sitting upon her step, stood up. She'd go in and have supper ready in case David should return.

Going through the house, she came on Cynthia, her cook, sitting on a step of the back porch, bowed in her turn her head upon her knees.

"Cynthy, you're here! You're back! Oh, I'm glad!"

Cynthia, lifting her head, stood up. She was a young married woman with little children. Her set face was without expression.

"Reckon I'll go on in an' start supper."

"Cynthia, what do those shots mean? I've been hearing?"

Three at a time they'd been, and from time to time repeated, starting in the distance from the direction of the brake and coming nearer.

She took a step closer and, laying her hand on the brown wrist, compelled Cynthia to look up.

"We're both women. Tell me what you know. It means . . . ?"

Cynthia raised her eyes far enough to rest on and search Edith's face. The gaze fell and she spoke, looking straight ahead. Her words came in shifting cadences, now fiercely and bitterly full and clear, now without inflection in dull monotony. Past and present were met in her now, she was at once the young and the old negro.

"It means they caught him."

"And then?"

"They're bringin' him in."

"In where?"

"Where the road out of the brake crosses the switches an' the track. They're waitin' for him there."

"Who's bringing him in? Who's waiting for him? Waiting for what?"

Edith's gaze was riveted to Cynthia's face. Her questions came sharp, like cries. She had a choking, stifling sense that Cynthia, in common with the mill women earlier in the afternoon, was sparing her, was withholding from her some knowledge which must rend and hurt her.

Sudden passion flared through Cynthia's words. It was the young negro in her speaking now. Her head was upflung and she looked at Edith squarely.

"Mr. Thornberry an' his posse are bringin' him in. He ain't nothin' but a boy. He ain't twenty years old. My mother knows his folks. Mrs. Henderson, she's been allowin' up to her cousin's she ain't no ways certain what he came to her kitchen door for."

"They're bringing him in—go on."

"Cass Boswell an' his sand-hiller kin-folks are waitin' for them on the road the other side of the switches. Jim Hester an' his crowd are at the bridge holdin' the sheriff up till it's over. They know their parts, ev'y man of 'em. Mr. Thornberry tol' 'em off himse'f, ev'y man to his place."

And still Edith's eyes were riveted on Cynthia's face. Her own face took on a growing remoteness, a whitening pallor.

And still she gazed. Out of the meaning that punctuated Cynthia's words, streams of horror seemed to pour toward her and envelop her. David, her husband! David, the father of the child she had reason to believe in these last few days, she was to bear.

"You're wrong about Mr. Thornberry, Cynthia. You're wrong, wrong! I tell you you're *wrong*!"

She felt a shuddering and reeling of all her known world.

The dusk had thickened, and here and there a star was gleaming through. Edith climbed into the car still standing at her gate. She had pulled a sweater over her muslin dress. Her hand on the wheel, the car moved swiftly off.

She was thinking of David as she urged it on. Her face was bloodless and her eyes stared ahead. Her mind went back to that first meeting with him, back to the words of Big Albion Burns, his sponsor:

"Your South, the *old* South, if it

believes in democracy and its workings at all, must believe in David and me."

She believed in David. She was on her way to him now. He only could shake her faith in him.

It was over when she got there. For all the mad speed of her coming, it was over even to some scattering shots to insure the completeness of the business.

The moon was coming up, emerging over the horizon. Edith, on reaching the railroad crossing, had rushed her car at the steep roadbed and mounting the track had paused there abruptly; ahead of her the switches, the road emerging out of the canebrake, and the massed crowd about to disperse.

Had secrecy been her end, perversity would have proclaimed her. Indifferent as to who saw her, she backed down the roadbed, across the sandy road by which she had come, over the coarse weeds of the open ground, into the lee of the drying shed of the mill. The mill truck and the flivver of the office force already stood there.

Sitting with her hand on the wheel, concerned only with her need of finding and hearing from David, she let the returning crowd pour by.

They came silently and swiftly, pouring up over the track and down the descent to the road in front of her, moving as by a common haste, a common spur. For a moment a silent continuous stream, and then they would be gone.

Edith's teeth suddenly chattered and her body shook. These were white men, American born. No imported foreign labor as yet had reached this portion of the state. These were American-born white men who, having lent themselves to an act, were fleeing secretly and undeclared. These were American-born Southern white men who under test were showing yellow. A night wind had sprung up, and again she shivered.

With the last of the dispersing crowd appearing over the roadbed came David. A moment for him to make the

descent, and Edith gliding forward would intercept and meet him, would hear from his own lips his refutation of any part in this unlawful act.

She saw him come, clean cut in the light of the mounting moon, intent, alert. One of his clerks was with him. His hand came down on the boy's shoulder, and he spoke abruptly:

"By God, we had it to do, Jimmy, and we've done it. The world couldn't hold that black boy and any woman you and I care for."

They had passed now to the last one of them—mill hands, sand-hillers, Cass Boswell, David, the boy clerk—melted into the haze of the shining night. Their dispersal was a thing of moments, not minutes, a going as sinister as it was craven.

Edith shuddered violently anew. She was deadly pale. Then she sat erect, in her countenance that intent stillness which speaks absorption and concentration. The next moment her car slid forward, and this time mounted and crossed the track. It stopped at the foot of the descent on the other side, and she stepped out. Taking a cinder path which led across the open ground to an unpainted shack that, facing the switches, stood apart under a clump of pines, she tapped at the door, calling her name as she knocked.

"It's Mrs. Thornberry, Edith Thornberry."

The door opened on Viney, the old laundress who lived there alone. Edith spoke to her beseechingly, laying a hand on her arm and drawing her out beyond the doorsill. The skin of the old creature was gray, witness to her knowledge of the business just over with beyond the switches. But she listened as Edith talked, regarding her with clear, scrutinizing eyes.

"Viney, when I first came here you told me that you knew Mr. David when he was a boy, and you and he lived in the piney woods near my old home. I

didn't ask you more then. I ask you now—who was he, Viney?"

The eyes of the two women met and held. The hand of Edith resting on the arm of Viney, tightened.

"One uv th' Laurel Cove hill-billy crowd. His pappy war shot daid in yo gran'pa's co'te-room, on-account uv hin profferin' *evidence* against th' y'uther five men in th' case, calkilatein' tew save his own skin. Yo' gran'pa paid th' boy's way here to his daid mammy's folks, seein' he hadn't nary person left thar ter look to."

And still the eyes of the two women held. Then Edith was conscious that her head drooped, that it was against Viney that it leaned, supported; that her lips moved, buried against Viney's shoulder; that she prayed—prayed as she thought of David, well on his way to fortune, but in soul and spirit *poor white* still, by his showing himself a coward, craven inbred.

Big Albion Burns was wrong when he bracketed himself with David. Bracketed with Big Albion were those thousands of Southern men and women who speak a universal language of decency. Bracketed with David was a pusillanimous multitude, skulkers ever behind the decent South, lynchers, night-riders, white-caps, Ku Klux.

A great weariness was upon her. If, as she had reason to believe, she was with child, then in her own eyes she was carrying the child of a malefactor.

Her head lifted. Her face was gray and bleak. In her eyes was a terrible despair.

When the first flivver rushed up, followed by two others, and Mr. Delahunt the sheriff sprang out of the first, he found the two women here, in their faces something immutable and fatelike, their heads high and their eyes stern. Seeing in him the authority of the law, they moved aside, and the hand of the white woman clasping the arm of the black woman, they turned to go.

The Bible and Common Sense

1. *The Purpose of the Bible*

BY BASIL KING

This is the first of a series of articles, neither disputatious nor didactic, but setting forth a personal effort to read, understand, and believe in the Bible in times when this attempt is not easy. These articles are not meant to set forth a teaching, much less to make converts. The subject, which is one of great difficulty, is rendered the more so by the fact that so many people have fixed opinions with regard to it. Many, on the other hand, are at loose ends or bewildered. It is to them chiefly that these articles are addressed.—*Editor's Note.*

LET me say at once that in the series of articles of which this is the first there will be neither argument nor comedy. The object will not be to teach; still less will it be to convince or to convert. It will go no farther than the stating of the process by which one individual learned to pick his way through the difficulties which attend the reading of the Bible, and to find a small portion of its message.

To those who can do this already these articles will be of no value. For those who take their interpretation of the Bible from some authority, probably a church, to which they elect to submit themselves, there will also be nothing of interest. There are always, however, people more or less at sea. There are those who cannot get at the Bible across theologies and dogmas. Millions of quite honest souls find the very phrases in which Christians talk about the Bible vulgarized and hackneyed. Such readers as these may be willing to investigate by-path, when the old historic highways seem intricate and bewildering, or overgrown and choked.

I should apologize more profoundly for the personal tone of these records had I not been asked to write from the personal point of view. After all, experience, however humble, has a value of its own. Academic teaching may be as broad as that of Plato, as deep as that of Paul, and yet the soul's empirical ad-

venture will always have its significance. Even if it makes mistakes, and takes an occasional wrong turn, at least it does so on its independent quest. When it comes to the effort to see through conditions admittedly obscure, almost any man's story is worth telling.

But while these articles will be neither dogmatic nor theological, they will be indebted to dogmatic theology for much that they contain. As a matter of fact, dogmatic theology has entered into our ways of thinking far more deeply than we commonly suppose. It could hardly be otherwise among a people whose ancestors were steeped in it. It infuses our thought and our language. It is behind our society, our literature, our governments, our laws. We cannot get away from it. That without some of its points of view we should try to understand the Bible is impossible.

It is equally impossible to approach the subject without some guidance from the churches. While I am not of those who believe that the churches produced the Bible—the assertion is often made—yet to a considerable extent they have been its custodians, especially during those centuries when they stood for the only civilizing force. As I understand the Bible, it belongs not to the churches but to the world; it is not a handbook of religious instruction, but a chronicle of development.

Nevertheless, for the western nations,

at any rate, the churches have put their stamp on it. The stamp may vary as the sects vary; but it is not easy for the American reader to see the Bible with no sectarian stamp on it at all. He reads it as a Presbyterian, or a Methodist, or a Roman Catholic, or a Baptist, or an Anglican Bible, as his mind happens to be biased. My own effort is to read it through my personal lens, with as much detachment, independence, and intelligence as I can bring to it. At the same time, in whatever I have to say, the teachings of the Anglican, Roman, and Evangelical bodies, together with the writings of Mrs. Eddy, will count for much; though there is something that counts for more.

That is my own judgment. If to the reader this should seem presumptuous, I must remind him that one's own judgment is the ultimate test of all one's opinions, the ultimate standard of all one's acts. One may decide to renounce one's own judgment, as to some extent a monk or a soldier always does, but even that is a case for one's own judgment. No matter how unquestioningly we obey, it is of our own judgment that we do obey. It is of our own judgment that we become lawyers, doctors, politicians, clergymen, atheists, agnostics, Protestants, or Catholics.

Moreover, the individual who seeks a power which will interpret the Bible for his use is always obliged to say, "It gets its authority from me." That is to say, no church can have more authority than the individual ascribes to it. The individual must judge the church before the church can judge the individual. Abstractly, a particular church may be a wholly divine institution; but till the individual has indorsed that divinity there is no divinity for him. No church can teach the individual till the individual himself has set it up as a teaching institution. This is true even if he is born into a church which he never questions, and from which he never swerves. His acceptance of its methods, however tacit, rests with his own judgment.

Furthermore, the individual cannot elude the fact that the world is full of authorities, each of which explains the Bible differently from every other, and is therefore always in a minority. As far as I can see, there is no "Catholic" standard in the sense commonly given to the word Catholic, of "what has been taught everywhere, by everyone, and at all times." There has never been any such teaching. Even among the apostles there were differences of opinion; in the earliest Christian churches there were varieties of procedure. Whether he will or no, the individual is driven to choose between many conflicting witnessses, selecting one, or rejecting all, or co-ordinating several. From the exercise of his private judgment there is no escape. Even when, as is perhaps most frequently the case, he merely flounders in ignorance and helplessness, he flounders of his own free will. The mother who cries, "I am at a loss as to what to teach my children about the Bible," is at that loss because she chooses so to be. It is a matter of the judgment.

For these and similar reasons, I have been obliged, like many others at the present day, to form my own opinions as to what the Bible means. This I have tried to do through what I may call a process of distillation. Accepting gratefully the varying testimonies of the historic churches, I have done my best to fuse them, as far as they would blend. I have attempted this for my personal guidance only, keeping close to the dictates of what to me seems common sense.

When I proposed the title "The Bible and Common Sense" as a caption for these articles, the editor of *Harper's Magazine* objected that he was afraid of it. "I should not like orthodox Christians to think that we were attacking their beliefs." The fear lest orthodox Christians should feel that between common sense and their views of the Scriptures there is some discrepancy, may seem a curious one but it can be justified. To no small degree we have re-

loved the Bible beyond the pale of common sense. We have placed it where it can be read only in a specialized frame of mind. From this frame of mind our everyday powers of reasoning must be excluded to begin with.

It is only fair to say that this springs from unauthorized teachers rather than from any official utterance of churches. The American Christian's conception of the Bible hardly ever goes outside the addition of the nursery. There he is told the stories of Adam and Eve, of Jacob and Esau, of David and Goliath, with the more idyllic incidents of the New Testament. Except for those who, for professional reasons perhaps, mean to make a deeper study of the Scriptures, Christian education in the United States is confined, as a rule, within this range. Some perfunctory reading may be added, some learning of disjointed passages by rote, a little desultory explanation from a Sunday-school teacher of immature qualifications, if any at all, and the average Christian's biblical instruction is complete. For all the rest of his life he is considered sufficiently introduced to the volume which contains the secret of eternal life.

It is not strange that as he grows older he should come to one of two conclusions—either that the Bible is preposterous, or that it must be judged by some process foreign to the human mind in any other of its functions. He may even halt between these opinions. Not venturing to reject it wholly, he may live and die as the victim of an infantile tradition, never handed on by any church, or taught by competent authority.

The trail of the nursery and the Sunday school may be said to lie over all English-speaking Christendom. The Bible as learned "at mother's knee," rarely rising above the level of Jack the Giant-killer, is probably the source of most of the spiritual bewilderments of later life. The so-called "Bible Stories" invariably raise in a child's mind, quick and logical as it generally is, questions

which none but a gifted mother—a great rarity—is competent to answer. Of the answers usually given there is seldom a child who does not see through the insincerity and insufficiency. I am willing to hazard the guess that in nine out of every ten cases of those who in after life become agnostics or indifferentists, the seed of skepticism was sown by nurses, mothers, and Sunday-school teachers who tried to impart what they never understood. After not a little experience, I venture to think that the Bible is not a book for children but for men and women. I will even go so far as to say that it should be opened by men and women only after some preparation as to its main purpose.

That purpose must be to help us to know God.

I suppose that with regard to this statement there can be among Christians no difference of opinion. "This is life eternal that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." The Bible has subsidiary purposes, but this must be the one of most importance.

To me personally, it was a flash of illumination when I learned that this purpose is carried out by showing us the failures as well as the successes through which our predecessors came to know Him in the long procession of the ages. They did this through reasoning, through inference, through speculation, through daring hope, through practical experiment. They were oftener right than wrong, and yet they were often wrong. There were ages in which, with much that was right, error was persistent. Where they were right we have no difficulty; we should also have no difficulty where they made mistakes had not our nurses and Sunday-school teachers hammered into our childish minds the theory that they never erred.

In other words, according to our early instructors, who had the opportunity to bend the twig, the characters in the Bible were always right because they

were in the Bible. A commendation for some of their qualities was held up as a blanket commendation for all of them. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, who were just emerging out of concepts of God primitive and grotesque, were put on the same plane as Peter, James, and John, to whom the Being of Highest Illumination had revealed the Universal Father. The thousands of years which separated the one group of three from the other group of three, with the changes wrought by progress, culture, habits of speech, and enlargement of experience were not taken into account. All was crowded together in the foreground, like the figures in a Flemish tapestry.

To throw off this inhibition of the judgment, to obtain historical perspective, to see the Bible as the story of man's mistakes as to God as well as of his discoveries, gave it for me as an individual a new and common-sense significance. If minor difficulties were not solved thereby, all the major ones were. What had hitherto been a puzzling book to read became at once simple and comprehensible.

One began at the beginning, with the primitive, prehistoric God, who must have been the earliest in the human consciousness. In the first eleven chapters of the Book of Genesis we have collected and preserved for us all that is wisest and most trustworthy in prehistoric memory. It must not be supposed that a prehistoric world was of necessity a world with no chronicle of past events, and with no formulation of such knowledge as primitive men had acquired. On the contrary, everything leads us to presume that the record of tradition was kept faithfully. The fact that there was no written language made exactitude of verbal transmission all the more imperative.

Nothing in literature equals the impressiveness with which this mass of primeval recollections comes out of the darkness before letters were invented. It takes the form of myth, legend, ballad, tables of descent, whatever best pre-

served a particular phase of their understanding of truth, or told of some actual event. Before it reached the pages of Genesis the material was sifted and sifted again, till the element of vulgarity, obscenity, and absurdity—which still clings to cognate versions of this ancient knowledge—was strained out.

This prehistoric narrative transmitted down to history deals with the manner in which our planet was prepared for human habitation, and the stages by which the formative epochs followed on one another. How this information was obtained we have no means of knowing, but to the modern mind, enlightened by the discoveries of the last hundred years, its approach to exactness is amazing. Granting to the word "day" the sense which it bears in actual usage, of a long period of time—as in the present day, a past day, your day, or mine—this account of the expansion of nature is approximately that of the most modern sciences.

Chaos—darkness—waters! The relation of the earth to the solar system! The drying of the waters, the appearing of the land! Vegetation! The dawn of life in the seas! The *megatheria*—the "great whales!" Flying things! Land animals—cattle, reptiles, beasts! Man with mind and dominion!

From this point we go on with man's development. The Bible does not begin with prehistoric man's earliest gropings after God; it takes him at a stage comparatively far on in his advance. It is at the point where he has already begun to develop a moral sense. He perceives a distinction between Good and Evil. He knows that Evil is forbidden, and that Good is somehow connected with God. Evil is attractive—but abortive; Good is difficult—but practical. Good implies life; Evil implies death. Elemental man has already perceived it as the goal of his mortal life to overcome Evil with Good.

The struggle brings into his consciousness two warring factors—the material in Cain, the spiritual in Abel. In the

first impulse of this enmity the material wins the spiritual, and seems to stamp it out. But it revives in Seth, whereupon we have the significant intimation that man had begun to perceive the God he had hitherto descried as Power being also Help. "Then began men to call on the name of the Lord." Henceforth the fight between spiritual and material never flags, though for ages the victory seems to lie on the side of the material, as, in fact, it still does to-day. It is noteworthy that in the line of Cain we find all the material progress. The descendants of Cain—the children of the material ideal—build cities, learn to keep cattle, engage in agriculture, discover the arts, and bring man out of the stone age into that which knew the use of metals. They also push sin to debauchery, till "the wickedness of man was great," and "every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." The spiritual instinct, having been nearly lost, was regained only through the pressure of calamity. A flood came, traces of it remaining in the legendary history of many peoples. The human race having a chance to begin again, began, as it generally does, on the old material basis. This is symbolized in a tower whose top would reach unto heaven, and defy God. God was disturbed, if not exactly afraid. To protect himself against the united action of men, he introduced the principle of nationality. Men broke up, first into families, then into clans, then into tribes, then into nations. They developed differences of speech. From this time onward they were permanently disunited. Never again would they be able to achieve anything through racial pride or a show of force. The Help which was dimly recognized when men began to call on the name of the Lord must be fully understood as the Universal Father before any ground of future reunion can be reached.

Ages passed, leaving no trace beyond a few monumental names—Shem, Arphaxed, Salah, Eber, Peleg, Reu. Of

them only that of Eber is still a living word, finding an echo on the tongue of everyone who chances to speak of a Hebrew. By faint degrees, by footsteps lost in the ocean bed of Time, the prehistoric comes up out of the abyss, and melts into the dawn of history.

It is a mistake to suppose that between historic and prehistoric there is a hard and fast line where one ends and the other begins. They fade into each other, like night into day. When the compiler of the Book of Genesis wrote the words, "And the Lord said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee, and I will make of thee a great nation . . . and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed," he probably passed out of the last and farthest range of purely traditional knowledge into the first faint twilight of what we have since come to know as recorded history. A very faint twilight as yet, it will broaden and brighten till it becomes noon. From this point onward the God who to the sons of Eber had been a dark and somewhat erratic mystery becomes the guiding, and sometimes the avenging principle in their affairs.

The rest of the Bible, both Old Testament and New, develops the understanding of this principle. Men, in the words of St. Paul, sought God, "if perhaps they might grope for him and find him." The Bible is the history of that groping. Beginning with the prehistoric God of the earlier pages of Genesis, we are led up and up, and on and on, now through stages of progress, now through pauses and lapses, now through migrations, now through wars, now through sin, and now through spasms of repentance and return, but always through all the passions that can tear the human heart, as well as through all that heart's best aspirations and affections—we are led up and on till we perceive the Universal Father in the Vision of Jesus Christ.

We can never, it seems to me, read the

Bible with real understanding till we see every character, every incident, and all trends of thought as working toward that ultimate Ideal. The connection may not always be easy to discern, but a little investigation will show that it is there. Of any page in the Scriptures the test is the end to which it finally contributes—the knowledge of God as the Father of the Universe, with man as His chief expression. Whether we are in the historic or the prehistoric, whether we wallow in blood or exult in prophecy, whether we are as far from this Ideal as it is possible to stray, or are hard upon it as in certain of the psalms we often are, the Father is the end of our long spiritual search.

Nothing in the story of mankind is more interesting than the stages by which the Ideal of the Father became possible to the human race. Glimpses of God have been seen wherever man has lived. The Egyptians have had theirs, the Greeks theirs, the Romans theirs, the Hindoos theirs, the Chinese theirs, the Moslems theirs. They have been truer or more distorted according to the instinct of the race. But it is always a groping after God, with some measure of ability in finding Him. What gives to the Hebrew effort its supreme importance is its supreme success.

Not, it must be repeated, that the success came all at once, or that it came easily. It came through many errors, held through many centuries. Of these errors there is one on the very surface of the Old Testament which sometimes makes it hard for the modern man to read that book with sympathy or approval.

It is the habit of mind, and the turn of phrase, which ascribes to God all the passing impulses of a young and semi-civilized nation in the process of expansion. What their passions or ambitions urged them to do they believed that their God commanded them to do. He was their inspiration and their referee. Standing for all their highest aspiration

at any given time, He stood for that but for no more.

It must be remembered that in as far as the Bible sums up the effort to know God, it is not till the call of Abraham that the yearning to seek and find Him centers in the line of Eber. Up to that time it is general to the human race. With the introduction of the national principle, and the cleavage of mankind along the lines of national endowment, the race of Eber specialized in its racial gift. This was the spiritual temperament. Where the other peoples, even those of the line of Seth, the spiritual order, went over to the principles of Cain, they, the Hebrews, were faithful to their mission.

At the same time their very faithfulness held a snare for them. The fact that they possessed a faculty for feeling after God led them first into the mistake that they, more than any other people, were God's favorites. From this it was an easy step to see in their Jehovah a God who was specially their own, the God of no one but themselves. This God backed them in their quarrels, supported them in plans of conquest, and drove them on to the ferocities which all peoples of low development rejoice in.

One well-known illustration, by no means the most ruthless that could be found, will suffice as an example of what I mean.

And the children of Israel again did evil in the sight of the Lord . . . and the Lord sold them into the hand of Jabin king of Canaan . . . the captain of whose host was Sisera . . . and twenty years he mightily oppressed the children of Israel. And Deborah, a prophetess . . . she judged Israel at that time. . . .

And she sent and called Barak . . . and said unto him, Hath not the Lord God of Israel commanded, saying, Go, and draw toward mount Tabor . . . and I will draw unto thee, to the river Kishon, Sisera, the captain of Jabin's army . . . and I will deliver him into thine hand.

And the Lord discomfited Sisera, and all his chariots, and all his host, with the edge of the sword before Barak. . . . Howbeit

Sisera fled away on his feet to the tent of Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite: for there was peace between Jabin . . . and the house of Heber the Kenite.

And Jael went out to meet Sisera, and said unto him, Turn in, my lord, turn in to me; fear not. And when he had turned in unto her into the tent, she covered him with a mantle. And he said unto her, Give me, I pray thee, a little water to drink; for I am thirsty. And she opened a bottle of milk, and gave him drink, and covered him. . . .

Then Jael, Heber's wife, took a nail of the tent, and took an hammer in her hand, and went softly unto him, and smote the nail into his temples, and fastened it into the ground: for he was fast asleep and weary: so he died.

For this brutal act, a transgression of all the laws of sanctuary and hospitality, we find Jael receiving the benedictions of Deborah in one of the most ecstatic songs of triumph ever penned.

Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be; blessed shall she be above women in the tent. He asked water, and she gave him milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish. She put her hand to the nail, and her right hand to the workmen's hammer; and with the hammer she smote Sisera, she smote off his head, when she had pierced and stricken through his temples. At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down: at her feet he bowed, he fell: where he bowed, there he fell down dead.

Millions of simple readers, taught from childhood to see in such episodes as this the same standard of right action as they would get, for example, from St. John, have been disconcerted and perplexed. But to find the true significance of these records we must see them from the point of view of a people only emerging out of barbarism. Treachery, cruelty, atrocity being the easiest means to the ends they had before them, they had no more scruples in their use of them than any other nation of their time. The Jehovah who was but one of themselves raised to the status of Godhead would as a matter of course approve of anything that would bring about their victory; He would fight with the weapons they wielded themselves. Their enemies

were His enemies; their cause, their battle, and their triumph were all alike His. The semi-savage God of a semi-savage race, He neither shrank from butchery nor felt pity when the victims fell. Any other sort of God, for that sort of people, in that stage of their development, would have been impossible.

For it is probable that our perception of God rarely includes more than the sum total of our highest aspirations at any given stage of our advance. This is perhaps all of God that as nations, as churches, or as individuals we can ever see. It is like our perception of the heavens, in which we behold only the stars which, from a certain spot on the planet, at a certain season of the year, on a certain night in the season, at a certain hour of the night, are visible. Creeds may define God, and catechisms explain Him, but the conception of Him must be a matter of epoch, race, and individual personality. It is possible that no two persons have the same conception of God, or see in Him the same resources. The church to which they both adhere may be most exact in all its definitions, and yet each will probably understand something different. It is not definition that helps us to know God; it is need and yearning.

To me it seems to stand to reason that the Ideal of God must change with change in time, progress, and mental condition. This does not mean that God changes, but only that our conception of Him must. It is not possible for us to-day to have of Him the same Ideal as that of the first Christian century, or of the last Christian century, or of the Middle Ages, or of the prehistoric ages. We can have only our own.

This then must be pleaded on behalf of a semi-savage people who had semi-savage views of God: They could have had no other. Our own conception of Him extends no farther than our spiritual powers carry us, and that our spiritual powers do not carry us very far is evident in all our churches, in all our civilization. The value of the instance I

have quoted, as well as of all similar instances scattered throughout the Bible, is that it shows us just how far, at a certain period, men had progressed toward the Vision of the Universal Father. It is not far, and yet it is on the way. Each century, each generation, carried the advance a little farther, till before the Old Testament closes there were those like Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, and others among the prophets and psalmists who almost touched the Ideal of Jesus Christ. But it was all relative—relative to age, and culture, and spiritual development. It is this relativity which gives its meaning to the earlier Scriptures. Truthfully, faithfully, these writings picture man's upward climb, till he reaches the Celestial Vision.

To my mind the beauty of this Vision is that it appeals to all the demands of our common sense. God as the Universal Father is a God with whom every human being can be satisfied. He meets all needs; He appeases all longings. In proportion as this God is our God, discords will melt into harmony, wars will cease, nations will be seen as co-operative rather than as competitive, differences between churches will grow futile, while the individual will come to demonstrate that Love so much talked of and so little shown by evidence.

That Christians have much to do before they can reach this Ideal must be obvious to anyone. That is to say, we are still in a state of only partial development. In comparison with those who were seeking God two and three thousand years ago, we have made not a little progress. In comparison with those who will still be seeking Him two and three thousand years hence, we are far behind. What remains true, absolute, and unchangeable is that Vision of Jesus Christ which, for all the rest of time, is set before us as the end to which we struggle on.

With this end in view, I think it must be clear to us that no one is asked to read the Bible, or take the trouble to

understand it, without the prospect of a practical return. The point is one on which to lay stress. Too often, it seems to me, this reading is urged on us as an academic duty, with no manifest objective. The precise good we are to get from it is not explained. The reader has a suspicion that he may be wasting his time. Why should he read, he asks himself, when he does not know for what purpose he is reading? Why should he take the pains to understand an ancient literature, not always sympathetic even where it is intelligible, when for all he can see, he gets along just as well without it?

To this the answer can be given quite concisely.

The God of the Bible is pre-eminently a God for man's use here on earth. If there is one thing vividly discerned, even in the dimness of the prehistoric, it is this. According to the Scriptures, He is our paramount daily asset. He is the one factor on which we can count that never fails, once we have learned how to count on Him. He assumes our cares; He stills our anxieties; He furthers our plans; He prospers our work; He heals our sickness; He gives us in abundance everything we need.

This is not figurative; it is literal. If it seems contradicted by common experience, it is because in common experience people have not learned how to utilize His generosity. To do this there is a right way and a wrong; and out of every thousand Christians it is possible that nine hundred and ninety-nine will take the wrong. "The secret of the Lord is among them that fear Him, and He will show them His Covenant." They who discover that secret, and learn to understand that Covenant, will find it as I have said. The Universal Father is not only a help to those who trust in Him; He is behind their efforts, and takes on Himself their responsibilities. He is an Almighty Resource, an Infinite Peace of Mind.

In the sense in which each age has its own conception of God, this seems to me

the special acquisition of The twentieth century. It is not that other centuries lacked it, but only that in our own day seems to be more general. If the Bible helps us to know God, and if the God whom it helps us to know is the Universal Father—this, we reason, must be what He means to us. If I may again refer to the great authorities—the Anglican, Roman, Evangelical, and Christian Science churches I have spoken of already—this is what their combined teaching leads me to: a God who cares for me *now*, who forgives me *now*, who rewards me *now*, who admits me to His heaven *now*, not putting me off with promises to be kept after I am dead.

It is this putting off with promises which has made the world of the past few generations impatient of religion. It is not, however, the religion of the Bible. Promises to be kept after we are dead find no place in its pages. It is remarkable how little is said in either Testament as to what will be done for us after we are dead. Most of the promises are for good things here—health, prosperity, happiness. The future will take care of itself if we take care of the present. We take care of the present by co-operation with the Father, who is always, we are given to believe, ready to co-operate with us.

The teaching that we suffer in this world in order to find compensation in the next belongs, I think, to that decline of Christianity which began when it became the recognized religion of the Roman state. Assent having taken the place of demonstration, the nominal Christian sank once more into being the

victim of Fate, as man had been under paganism. Unable to throw off poverty, sickness, and debased conditions of living, the Christian accepted the doctrine of those who told him that another life would give him what God refused him in this. It was his only consolation. The more he clutched at this single hope the more his teachers urged it home, till we came to have a Christian Church almost impotent to help man in his present phase, except in so far as it schools him to submission.

Against this the Twentieth Century has reacted. The reaction may not as yet be widespread but it is putting forth its challenge. If the Bible is true, the mighty works which were done of old must be possible to-day. If they are possible they must be possible according to a law, and if there is such a law it must be our part to discover it. It is this discovery, this re-discovery which, it seems to me, the modern Christian world is making through the knowledge of God as Dynamic Energy and Practical Working Force.

There is much talk to-day of the need of a new spiritual awakening that will save our world. This, I suppose, is what the talk means first of all—the finding of the Universal Father, who will adjust injustices, reconcile enmities, make the crooked straight, and bring to pass what now seems impossible. To find Him we have many agencies. History helps; science helps; education helps; our own thinking helps; the churches help. But the Bible, read without exaggerations, and by the light of what I may call our sanctified common sense, probably helps most of all.

The Birth of the Bee

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

We are children of splendor and flame,
Of shuddering, also, and tears.
Magnificent out of the dust we came,
And abject from the spheres.

BEGETTEN in the splendor and flame of the summer sky, born with shuddering in the gloom of the hive, bees and men come much alike by life, the bee no less magnificently out of the dust, no more abjectly from the spheres. Lower in scale of being, possibly, than human life, bee life, nevertheless, has developed not only a perfect political organization, but founded it upon an equally perfect society—division of labor, divorceless marriage, obedient children, and a method of birth control that would absolutely insure the war-resorting human race against its certain suicide. Either we must find some purpose for human life in Nature's plan not contemplated for the bees, or else conceive of man as a cruel mistake, an ironical unfinished experiment, abandoned by Nature while working out the perfect life of the bee. And nowhere is this difference between men and bees so great as in their begetting and birth—as in the marvelous body of the mother-queen.

Yesterday was rainy and raw, and I sat here at my desk all day with two queen bees in my bosom. I heard the buzz of their wings, I felt the warmth of their breath, but I felt even more the miracle of their beings. They were lovely young creatures, golden Italian stock, which I had imported from a famous bee ranch in a neighboring state; but as you looked at them they seemed hardly larger than workers. They were whole, however, and had come to me after their wedding flight in the sky.

They came by post; each accompanied by half a dozen workers; each with her retinue in a small wooden-and-wire house which was fully two inches square and half an inch high, and well stocked with "queen-candy." The weather was so cold yesterday that I did not dare open the hives to introduce the newcomers, so I kept them warm in my pocket, and have just now slipped their tiny traveling houses into the queenless cities, very much as I might introduce prisoners to a hostile mob. Stepmothers must come quietly among the children.

Prisoners they are too, and must be for a while, else the excited and angry throngs will kill them. They can neither escape from their cages nor can any bee of the colony get into them until I am ready. I had previously taken the reigning queens away from these two hives, because one of the queens was failing, and one was cross—cross-bred, with a waspish temper which was being inherited by her waspish offspring, sour-grape children with teeth on edge. Queenless now for two days, a day more may alarm them into accepting the new mothers; and by that time, not out of fear, some think, but because of the emanating fragrance of her perfect body, the healing, unifying incense of life, like a spell upon their multitude, they will forget that she was ever strange. But to-day they were only sore, and pounced upon the cages, trying to tear the wire walls down and rend the foreigners.

They will reach them in due time, though not through the wire. In one end of each tiny blockhouse is bored a hole for an entrance, which is stuffed with candy and covered outside at the vestibule with a strip of cardboard, for

storm door. Immediately the cage was introduced the mob began gnawing away this door. They will gnaw all day and all night, and biting the cardboard off, will come to the long passage plugged with stiff candy. Only one bee can gnaw in here at a time, and it will take, altogether, two days to get through to the queen, by which time the frightened stranger will have become calm, and in some mysterious manner will have calmed the people; and the anger of the mob subsiding, common sense will prevail, the crowd will disperse, and up and down the streets, till it echo from every peopled wall, will be heard the cry, "The Queen is dead! Long live the Queen!"—the first worker to penetrate the cage coming with a caress to the new mother and with literal honey for a kiss upon her lips.

To-morrow I shall remove the crude containers of this magic freight, close up the separated brood-frames, and put the roof back on the quiet city. In a few weeks I shall see two mingling streams of bees issue from each single flowing fountain: a wide black stream, and a yellow thread of a stream winding through it, as when some brook darts laughing into the dark side of a river moving slowly toward the sea. This is early September. What time the golden-rod and boneset are done blooming, the diminishing black stream will shrivel in the thirsty autumn sun, while the yellow current, swelling daily and pouring ever purer, will flow down to the astered leas of October in a golden flood out of the golden fount—the single queen-mother in the hive.

But a slight blunder at this moment—bungling hands are mine to handle the affairs of these winged fairy folk!—and things may end fatally for the new queen. Usurping thrones is a delicate and dangerous business. The temper of a queenless city is highly excitable; the population, restless and over-wrought at their unhappy situation, are so expectant of danger that at the least alarm they rush into violence, as liable to fall

upon and do to death their new mother as they are likely to accept her.

One who has never seen a queen die, a young beautiful queen, has yet to see one of the most terrible manifestations of mob rage, under control of custom, that can be found in nature, whether wild or human. For even in their blind fury the bee-people cannot escape the discipline and the decrees of the hive. It is the law of the nation that the queen die by edict of the state, after a fashion reserved for her alone, with pomp and fearful circumstance.

In the defense of the hive, when attacked from without, the ordinary and most effective weapon used by the bees is the sting, each defender in the emergency acting alone, and paying with her life, usually, for the general safety. Nature has armed the sting with short recurving barbs, like fish-hooks, which enter easily, but which cannot be torn loose, so that the thrust of the fatal lance is doubly fatal: the sting remaining in the enemy's body, and tearing away the end of the defender's body after the deadly stroke. For this reason the sting is never used inside the hive as an instrument of discipline, not even for the massacre of the drones, nor in the state execution of the queen.

When the drone's hour strikes (and it is certain to strike) one of his savage sisters darts upon him, seizes him by the base of the wing, and dragging the poor bellowing booby toward the door of the hive, manhandles him horribly. Pulling, hauling, shoving him, she all the while chops furiously at the slender wing stem in her cutting jaws, and thrusts him wailing into outer darkness, one wing gone, perchance, there to stumble about and die. It was awful in my bee garden to-day. The goldenrod flow was at flood. Every cell was brimmed. Opulence and confidence prevailed over the lean anxieties of the summer. Drones were a drug on the market, useless furniture—and the pogrom was announced. The slaughter was sweeping—fright alone, I think, killing hundreds of them as they were

bundled, quite unmaimed, out of the hives.

It is different with the queen, though not less terrible. Let her grow old, or for any reason falter when she should be strong, and steps are immediately taken to supersede her. Queen cells are started, and as soon as the virgin monarchs begin to emerge word for the execution is given. Who gives it, what aides carry it, what tone or color it wears, we know not. But we know who attends to its execution. Those who have fed her, groomed her, caressed her, urged her tenderly from cradle to cradle over the combs, now suddenly confront her. They gather deep round her, throng her, embrace her, cover her, hold her closer and closer in a smother of loving arms, till, gasping for breath, she faints, and with folded wings and limbs composed, falls from their embrace like a withering flower from its stem.

The queen is not common clay. She is set apart from her birth, dedicated from the third day of her existence to love and life by special dispensation—from the first day, indeed, if the egg unfolding her is placed, immediately when laid, within the queen cell. The bees have discovered an elixir which they feed to the queen, extending her life immeasurably past their own, up to and beyond the fifteenth generation, a span in human terms mounting toward a thousand years. Nature also has a hand in this prolonged existence, engrafting in her body, at the time of her union with the drone, a vital organ from his body containing millions of sperm cells, and these, it would seem, play some part in her more than mortal power. She may live six years, mothering three generations a year, each generation like the needles of the pine tree for multitude. Out of her body, egg by egg, one at a time, she may beget a million. Queen and mother and more: she is the incarnate principle of life, potent beyond measure, immaculate in her mating, and except for the thin shell of body, life's essence sublime and pure.

I take her in my hand and hold her like a pulsing particle of radium, a fragment of the universal heart whence flow the streams of being: breath, and mind, and love, and motion. She is radiant of life, ambient, encompassing, complete. In her I hold a first cause, a bit of primal power, and might almost behold it move within the void and hollow of my hand.

And I have seen it move. I have seen the queen lay, seen through the sheer veil of flesh the hand of Life within her, making out of inanimate royal jelly myriads of animate eggs. But I did not see Life animate them, nor understand why it could only endow them first with drone life. I saw it choose one, a drone egg, and put it into a drone cradle; then choose another, the next one on its passage to the comb, and dart into its end a flashing, blinding javelin, a single sperm cell loaded with different life (bee life, but less or more I saw not), and out of the drone egg produce a worker bee, out of the male a female, out of the ribs and clay of Adam make again the woman Eve.

At the very inception of the queen we are faced with so deliberate a purpose and such incredible power over Nature, as almost to shake our faith in the immutability of life's fundamental laws. If we knew what the bees know of the chemistry of foods and the virtues of our glands, we might breed queens and kings, giants, dwarfs, wizards, geniuses, and men like gods.

When the bees need a queen they make her. They start a cell twice the size of a worker cell, cutting away the brood comb to make room for it; and into it, glued to the inverted bottom, is put a "fertile," which means a worker, egg. This is an ordinary egg taken from a worker cell, where, had it not been removed, it would have hatched out an ordinary worker bee. For three days (until it hatches) this egg in no wise differs from its original shape, nor does it acquire any extraordinary virtues. It is in all respects what it was when it was laid in the worker cell. Then it hatches

into a minute grub, and immediately the miracle of making over nature, of endowing her with gifts and graces, of compelling her to rise to a higher power, begins. It is well, perhaps, that we know so much less than the bees. Knowledge like theirs dare not be intrusted to human hands. What happens now is a thing to fear.

The moment she hatches, the young grub is attended by nurse bees who feed her for the first three days on the milky royal jelly, precisely as they feed the worker grubs; but at the end of the third day this special food is denied the worker grub, whereas for two days more the royal grub has it poured upon her until she literally floats in it, her body so stimulated by this fifth day of her grub-life (eight days from the laying of the egg) she begins to spin a silken mantle, a placental shroud, to wrap about her for a mystical, seven-day sleep, the profound gestating slumber from which she will awake, twice-born, this time a winged creature, and a bride and queen.

The bees safeguard and seal the royal chamber with many wafers spun of silk and wax. They weave the cell of the same fabric, and place the chamber where the ever-stirring wind within the hive can freely blow upon it and pour sweet and fresh through the porous walls to the deep-breathing sleeper within. This freer breath, this ampler room, this richer, more abundant food on the fourth and fifth day of the larval life—this, so far as we know, is the difference, the sole difference, between the making of a worker and a queen. On the fourth and fifth day of the worker's larval life the royal jelly is cut off and little but honey, and but little of that, is fed her. She falls upon her sleep on the same day as the queen, but sleeps on until the twenty-first day from the laying of the egg; whereas, on the fifteenth day the queen is awake in her cell and demanding to be free. She is imperative, sometimes calling, "quawk! quawk!" which can be plainly heard as you work among

the combs. If the moment is propitious (the colony determines that) the workers begin to thin the waxen seals of her door, the impatient prisoner cutting from the inside at the fastenings, and as the circular portal swings back on its silken hinge, behold—the queen-mother—and the miracle!

For that which issues never entered that queen cell, not if what comes out of the worker cell is what went in; for these two embryos were identical, both worker eggs, destined to have hatched out worker bees, had one not been transferred to the cradle of a queen. Now we have a queen from one; from the other a worker; different creatures in size, shape, function, desire and destiny; and also in anatomy: each having parts not possessed by the other, the original identical patterns in the eggs changed in the short process of development, details added to the first design, others scantied and discarded, the whole plan in the one case or the other, redrawn; but whether queen or worker, who can tell? Which was the archetype stamped into the substance of the egg? What appeared upon the film when the shadow of the drone dissolved? Was it worker? Was it queen? Plastic stuff, this protoplasm of bees, and men, and amoebas. Wet clay! And the Potter at the wheel, how patiently he has shaped and reshaped the lump. But how inevitably he has touched every piece with beauty, and breathed upon it all the immortal breath of life!

The virgin queen comes forth from the cell with a firm free step, fully clothed and capable; not like the worker, dragging herself out with the help of nurses, a pallid, trembling ghost as from a tomb. Longer, brighter in color, more mature in appearance than the worker (though rising from her sleep six days earlier), the new-hatched queen has parts and powers so different from the worker's as might seem to place her in a different insect order. A greater gulf is fixed between these two females than that which separates male and female of the same

species. The queen, besides the reproductive organs (little more than vestiges in the worker), has a special organ, the spermatheca, wherein she carries the spermatozoa of the male, no rudiment or sign of which is found in the worker. On the other hand, she has no wax disks between the plates of her body, no hollow thigh for a bread-basket, no corolla-probing tongue, no straight deadly lance (hers being curved and quite useless). Her eyes have thousands fewer facets than the worker's; and in her abdomen are only four nerve ganglia to the worker's five. Wings she has, but only for her wedding flight and when the colony swarms; for though a honey bee, she will never sway from a head of mint, nor scale the sunshine down the scented fields, nor share an hour of the worker's daily round. Hers is the dusk of the hive, the cradled combs, the loom of birth, weaving, weaving, back and forth forever, a shuttle only in the tireless hand of Life.

Yet this is only half the truth, if indeed it is so much as that! My hives are full of partial truths—like my friends, like the books on my shelves, the experiences of my life, and the words of my pen. One grub steps forth a queen, and one is dragged out a slave, branded in her narrow cell with the hot iron of toil. But these words lie, try as they will to be honest. If Satan be the father of lies, then language is their mother. I have never found a word that could tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Where is the seat of authority in the hive? Who rules? Not the slow, stupid drone; not the worker, drudging day and night; nor, if you watch, can you see that it is the queen, her position and all tradition to the contrary. Royal she is and royally attended, feted and flattered, counseled and constantly guarded, but nothing for fear or for royal favor. She is the weakest, slowest-witted, least assertive member of them all. She is life, not the *will* to live, deriving that power from the colony. She is only a

well of water for a thirsty people, an oasis in a barren desert. She does not give; they take. She is neither largess nor reward nor punishment. The keys are not in her hand. She is obedience, and never authority—the central object of command, the one on whom the vested power of the government is most bent; passive mother, slave of all, incapable of giving command and utterly incapable except when commanded.

Queen? I have never seen a bee-keeper who did not instinctively render her the homage due a queen. For regal is her person, singular her position, her significance to the colony supreme. She is the veriest symbol, however, instrument rather than person, a weaver's shuttle whose being seems but a turning bobbin endlessly unwinding the weft of life.

And she is nothing if unmated. Until she meets the drone she is unattended and ignored, without place or destiny, a menace and a wanderer in the hive. Yet is she everything but crowned, having already stung to death her aspiring sisters. For while the colony needs but one queen—fearful of the fates that only more than enough will satisfy—the bees provide several candidates, heirs apparent to the throne. These the victor has destroyed.

The virgin queen first to emerge from her cell instantly hastens to claim her birthright, though by a primogeniture, it may be, of only a few seconds. Led by the conniving people (she may be held back if there is reason), lashed by instinctive fear and fury, she makes for the chambers of her royal sisters, rips open their walls and falls with cruel savagery upon the coming contenders. Sometimes the hapless sister is still asleep, a pallid sheeted thing with nerveless limbs and straightened wings, with eyes and unawakened being shrouded in a mask of death; more often she is awake, and free, or all but free, and hears within her walls the tumult and the shouting of the streets, and shouts defiance back, a

grill wild piping, as her assassin sister rises with her for the throne.

The fight is short: a single thrust of the scimitar sting; a curling, quivering lady snatched by the crowd and hustled out of the way; and a rush of the victor for the next virgin who has designs upon the marriage flight, the great fate, the throne! As the thrust of her sting must be mortal, and because the recurving barbs might be fatal to conqueror and conquered alike, the hand of Nature, not unerring, though in the end unfailing, guides the dagger with terrible cunning into one of the spiracles, the breathing holes, on the sides of the rival's body, from which vital spot it can be instantly and safely withdrawn.

Soon the way is clear. The body of the last claimant has been borne outside the city gates to the potter's field (there are no tombs within this city); the last queen cell has been rifled of its shrouded sleeper; the colony is busy and contented; and the young princess, left quite to herself, has now a week of preparation for the supreme passage of her life.

To one end was she created. Into one unparalleled moment will life's great adventure be crowded; her fate and that of her race be sealed. Through this impending flight will the way and the truth of all flesh be revealed, its virginal beauty, the dreadful cost of its conception and birth. The bride-elect is under no compulsion for these days to the laws of the hive. She is obeying an inner urge, a law older than any statute of tribe or state. A chosen vessel, set apart, exempted, dedicated, she wanders quietly about the combs, every bee aware of her movements yet not a bee to cross her or to say her nay. For she is none of theirs, not yet, but only hope of theirs, their exceeding great and precious promise. She belongs to her lover, Life. And round about her gathers an invisible company. Unborn multitudes panoply and possess her. Destiny, like a presence, attends her. She is Life. After Life is Law.

I have sometimes had the royal virgin

arise from her couch and rest upon my hand. Once she took her wedding flight from off my finger, as if I had given the bride away! And those sweet days between her waking and her wedding I have often watched her as I have a maid betrothed, and seen her stray about the waxen rooms, unwitting of their shape, nor seeing they were childless, nor hearing in her quiet mind, unless it were as far-off singing, the wailing over all the empty, cradled combs. Like a girl beside her hope-chest, you may see her wait and dream—not of her mate, the lover cruising for her high in the azure lift—but of her fate, that she is the chosen, the elect, the bride of Life!

The hive is full of drones, but they pass her by. This is not the appointed time and place. She knows not when nor where; but could a bride fail? She knows that in her book of days the name of her mate is written, that the altar is appointed among the clouds, and that even the wedding march the winds shall blow has been selected—when they, the elect, shall meet. The vast dome of the sky shall be their bridal chamber. They two shall meet; but only one of them shall return—only the bride—wife, widow, and immaculate mother, as ever immaculate the bride of Life must be.

An oak tree laden with acorns, a queen heavy with eggs, a mother carrying child are all immaculate, their names written in the Book of Life, the days of their delivery appointed—if places be appointed for the planets and the stars. The wings of the wind, or the wings of the bee, or the wings of love—it is all one, the single way of Life, the same mysterious, the same immaculate, the same mortal and immortal thing! All flesh is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth whether the wrath of God or the love of God blow upon it. But under the mortal breath of love the withering stem and fading flower die into seed—thirty, sixty and an hundred-fold. It is God that giveth the increase.

In the queen bee it is ten thousand times ten thousandfold! Within a few

weeks after her mating every living member of the commonwealth shall have been born of her who is now fulfilling the short days of her maidenhood. For she is to be parthenogenic. The seed in her virgin body is male seed which, if left unfertilized, will spring into drone life—and only drone. But after her marriage she is bi-sexual, part of her remaining virginal, the other part made maternal, fertile, producing worker eggs. In truth she is not fertilized in the ordinary sense at all, but receives into the spermatheca in her body the vital element from the drone and there preserves it. There are from two to twenty million of these sperm cells, each sperm the sufficient power to transform a neutral drone egg into a fertile worker egg, changing it in sex and shape and function.

But who or what determines whether worker or drone egg shall be laid? Every egg in the body of the queen, detached from the ovarian cluster, starts down the oviduct unfertilized, and if the queen is laying it in a roomy drone cell we say it passes on by the spermatheca without contact with sperm and remains a drone to the end. If the queen's abdomen is inserted deep into a narrow worker cell, however, the egg in passing the spermatheca causes a slight pressure, when out darts a single sperm from among the millions and, like an arrow to its mark, penetrates an orifice at the big end of the egg—and that egg is changed.

Did the queen will it so? Or did she deposit the egg where her attendants directed? Did the workers will it directly or indirectly when they drew out the comb, building this cell worker and the next cell drone? Or was it contrived for them, willed by the accumulated, collective wisdom of the race, handed down to them in the marvelous mechanics of the comb? It seems automatic with the queen and quite beyond her will. Yet the queen bee of the race *Apis dorsa*, the big jungle bee of India, lays both drone and worker eggs in the *same* cell, as if she had absolute control. So my own queens, when drones are needed and

drone cells are lacking, will lay the infertile eggs in worker cells: which would seem to give to her, not to the mechanic of the cell, the power of choice.

Only because it staggers the imagination to conceive of such physical control do we balk at allowing this power and purpose to the queen. She is laying upward of a thousand eggs a day, and can she possibly determine that this one shall be fertile and the next one drone? Within the plated walls of her body to exact such obedience of duct and muscle, within the tiny brain to will thus unfalteringly, unfailingly, with the faithful swing of a pendulum, is beyond our little minds to grasp. Yet some measure of a power like this she surely has; and full measure, it may be, though acting, for the most part, automatically, so regularly repeated is the operation, especially over the worker-comb.

We are all too wise to understand these things. We thrust the problem of Life into the profound depths of some cell, round or six-sided, and lo, the cell is sealed! And while we watch the cap is broken, the stone is rolled away, and there steps into the light a queen or, limp and ghostly pale, from far beyond the grave comes forth a worker or a drone—the old recurring miracle and mystery, not the answer we had craved. But we would not believe what we crave, we of little faith.

All flesh is grass. Yet at moments how much more is it motion and music and color and joy! High in the blue of the summer sky the drone and the virgin meet, two darting bodies, like two electrons colliding, for a single whirling instant of being; when with a javelin, as from some jealous hand, the pair are smitten, severed, the drone a dying ember pitching earthward like some falling star, his vital parts torn from him, and trailing like a frayed banner from the body of the queen, who, treading with heavy wing her widowed way, descends into the shadowed chambers of the hive, her narrow place and part forever. Nor is she queen! Nor will she

sign a sovereign here. She returns a machine, mind and will surrendered as, gently pushed from cradle to cradle over the endless comb, she is led by force, fed by force, and forced within the cycle of a single day to lay her weight in eggs twice over, dividing her body daily into myriad embryo selves.

Such is her portion. Authority is not with her. Clay in the Potter's hands—marvelous clay!—she is forever broken at the wheel, forever whole, one and the multitude, never to leave the gloom of the brood chamber except when the colony swarms. She is not monarch but mother, not person but principle, the procreative principle, fecundity socialized and functioning in a political system of such exclusive specialization and such absolute solidarity as to seem more like a factory than a social organism.

For this end is the virgin born, and here in the hive for her allotted days she dreams—no rival left, no hazard more except the far, fierce wedding flight between her and her own. The hive is full of drones. Dangers throng the open sky. But the groom is waiting there in the arching blue. She must spread her bridal wings, she must fly—up to the gate of heaven and meet her lover, Life.

But while she lingers, and all Nature waits upon the issue, she brings into the loveless gloom and overspeeded industry of the hive a bit of lovely leisure, a touch of gentleness and quiet winsome grace. Not innocent of her destiny, yet knowing not her hour nor all her dedication means, she goes idly about the crowded combs, sipping with sweet abandon the new nectar in the vats, finding a pathway cleared for her as she moves and, quite alone, comes out into the sunshine on the portico before the city's busy gates. Young, slender, serene she trips into the glowing light. "Maids are May while they are maids," must have been said originally of the young queen. After that the sky changes. The virgin queen is all wonder here without the gates, all excitement at the soft air, the radiant light, the reach and the range of the

high-piled clouds and the blue beyond, yet all restraint. She spreads her wings, dances this way and that, fills her body with the buoyant air, her heart so light that she has no need of wings.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers' meeting.

But what are lovers for—and wings? She hardly knows. Such wondrous wings! She spreads them wide—wide—wide till a little breeze catches the slanting sails, heels her, luffs her, lifts her, and tries to carry her off. Frightful! She darts for safety inside the sheltered hive, then quickly reappears, for the wind is in her wings, and wings are in her very soul. Such wondrous silken wings! She shakes them, spreads them, runs fearfully into the tiny gale, rises, floats, hangs for a moment like a jeweled ship upon the tide when, circling round and round the harbor to mark her moorings, she swings out upon the argent sea and, swifter than *Argo* for the Golden Fleece, darts into the blue—for Life.

But this is only a trial trip. She is back at once. Not yet is she off; for she must mark well the harbor, and learn well the course of the voyage. She shall come heavily laden back to port.

The drones boom heedlessly in and out while she, with many hovering flights, graves on her memory the map about the hive; notes street and gate, the bunch of milfoil, the garden's slope, the wall of woods beyond: charting the very skies that she may safe return. For she comes freighted with the fate of the world.

Part of this responsibility the drone also shares, but is utterly unburdened with the weight of it. Created to secure the fulfillment of the queen's life, the drone and all his abundant kind have no other thing to do. Only one drone may do it—and die; while the others, idle and useless as the dead, play on until, the swifter, happier fate of their brother denied them, their little day is done. It is the worker who knows and seems to

bear the burden of the hive. Like drone and queen, she too is single, separate, a factor, not a person. She is even deformed for duty, her instincts and passions perverted to industry, gone into hoarding brain and carrying thigh. She works. The drone idles, a gourmand and a cumberer of the combs; or takes his station in the upper air at noon on amour bent—big, burly, powerful in flight, his only quest the virgin queen. The queen brings forth—lays, lays, all the substance of mind and body fed to abdomen and ovaries, her very will, it may be, but the reflex of the pains of travail. Like drone and worker, the queen is partial, a fraction, a factor only in the industrial communism of the hive.

But to-day she is yet a virgin and free! Oh, fondest dream! Was ever virgin free, or worker, or idle drone?

The face of the fields is fair this September noon. The honey flow is at or nearing flood, pouring into the beegarden on a rising tide of song. The lips of Life are sweet with love. But Death's red lips are sweeter. And every drone has soared aloft to taste their mortal kiss. And while they scour the skyey coasts, the virgin queen with many bridesmaids appears again before the gates.

See her, slender, shapely, far beyond herneutersisters. Her weddinggarments wrought of cloth of gold; her sandals winged with iridescent light; her bridal veil spun of a film of floating azure descending upon her from the dome of blue and gold.

Is it the singing of the spheres we hear? Or only flower bells, wedding bells, along the hillsides, on the meadows, and faintly sweet within the shadowed cloisters of the swamp? Or is it the sound of many wings, eager wings of bridesmaids, which they would lend the bride, wings that would fly in her stead knew they the fields where love is found. They know where nectar, pollen and propolis are found. They know only to store and seal the combs, not how to fly to love. They are forever chained to toil.

The queen's wings are Love's wing And yet they flutter feebly on the pottico. The Chosen One delays as afraid. Feeble wings and heavy head ill fit a bride! She fears to go. And yet she may—or any bride! If she remembers all the wisdom of her mothers, to do in turn like them; may she not also remember what they remember and tremble, much afraid? She has not willed these tragic nuptials in the sky. She has not fixed the day, nor named her mate. She is the bride and needs must go. She cannot change the law of Life, nor escape the net of Love—and would not if she could, though she may tremble at both Love and Life, and at that swift, shortened span when, bride and wife and widow for a radiant moment high in heaven, she drops on weighted wings down to perpetual gloom, perpetual pain, perpetual birth within the hive.

What drives her on? Who wills her to life, the worker to passionless sterility and toil, and the riotous drone to idle high-noon revelry and death at dusk? Here is a power, neither queen, nor worker, nor drone—nor all of them, nor bee; a power purposeful, logical, calculating, the inventor and perfecter of this social insect scheme. Is it more than power—a presence? Is he intelligent? Does he love Life? Whereunto shall we liken him, who is

A motion and a spirit, that impells
All thinking things, all objects of all
thought,
And rolls through all things?

We believe that the whole plan of nature tends to some far-off, divine event—a social event, who knows—presaged and even ruined, possibly, by being brought too early to perfection in the hive. This little world of bees, within the vaster world of hopes and fears, is but a trial, in theory finished, in fashion perfect, in practice fatal to worker, drone, and queen. As a political system we look in vain for weakness or defect, while morally it seems desperate and

humanly inconceivable, its whole structure resting upon a foundation of divided labor, demanding slavery, immolation, and death. The sacrifice is absolute; no one escapes: the queen surrendering herself, the worker sex, the drone his full founding life, that the state may live and have unhampered being.

Terrible! But beautiful in its perfect working, and therefore somehow good. Society, perhaps, not the individual, but the whole, is the immortal thing, the end far more than the means, divine. And we are only human bees, laboring as they labor in a world of fruitful honey-flows—ourselves a sacrifice, inconsequent, incomplete, finding our fulfilment like the bees, in a future, abstract world, looking as they look for a perfect city, eternal in the fields of honey-yielding bloom.

The bees' principle of social service is right; their application of it, even to self-sacrifice, is alone practical. Nations must learn of them. Service to the point of sacrifice has been practiced among individuals since long before the sacrifice of the Cross was uttered as a social principle. Industry at the present moment forces the practice for selfish ends to the extreme bitter logic of the bees. But national service and sacrifice for unself-

ish ends is still a strange doctrine in our ears. It remains for nations to accept it; to realize that human society is no longer a world of many nations, but rather one colony of peoples, a single social swarm in a world-hive; harvesting a common crop from a common field of endeavor, storing it in a common marketplace; thinking, desiring, requiring a common good, succeeding and fulfilling as a whole only as each nation, granting to all others their several rights, assumes its own part in the universal social service, nor stops with that service short of actual sacrifice.

I have been musing. The fire has been burning. The bride is gone—on blazing wings, flashing against the glancing light, straight upward into the clear, cold heaven, a flaming meteor of desire! We will not tarry till she returns. She will never return. One drone of all the throng has met her in that limitless heaven where matches are made; but mightier bridegrooms than the drone—Life and Death—contended for her; and Life possesses her, descends in her with power to fill the cradles of the combs, and all the world besides, with being; shaping and endowing it all, all men and bees—worker and drone and queen.

To Life

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

UNPETAL the flower of me,
And cast it to the gust;
Betray me if you will;
Trample me to dust.

But that I should go bare,
But that I should go free
Of any hurt at all—
Do not this thing to me!

Portrait of Baron De Prangins

BY NICHOLAS LARGILLIÈRE

(Reproduced on the cover of this Magazine)

WHEN Nicholas Largillière began studying his craft under Antoine Gobeau in Antwerp, he may have felt that he had a choice of two careers. On one hand was piled the completed work of Poussin and Rembrandt, to which influences could have been added the work of Hobbema and Claude Lorraine, so different in their views of what makes noble landscape. On the other was the stylish product of the Van Dyck studio and the immediate success of Sir Peter Lely. But though Largillière might have known the former influence, he turned naturally, it seems, in the direction of a more popular appeal. He, too, strove for stylish success. After studying under Lely he remained in England six years painting the portraits of Charles II and the Stuart nobility, acquiring a reputation that preceded him back to France. In the French capital he was famous at the age of twenty-three. He had a gift for making his way in that pompous world. Le Brun, then dictator of French art, patted him publicly on the back. And young Nicholas showed a precocious tact; he pleased King and King's favorites with ease. Consequently, he held in succession all the high offices of the French Academy—an important figure in society.

Yet Largillière seems as sincere as he was accomplished. Though his work demanded some concessions to vanity, he recorded boldly the character of those prominent enough to deserve his attention. He raced from canvas to canvas, turning out pictures almost day by day, until at the time of his death in 1746 there were fifteen hundred portraits by him in Paris alone; yet he seldom slurred the personalities of his sitters.

Largillière's touch evoked the Louis XIV spirit neatly. In the portrait of the Swiss nobleman, Baron De Prangins, whose Teutonic features look out from the cover of this magazine, the artist has created a picture of a man, solid in spite of his frivolous dress and preposterous wig. Little is known about the original of the portrait; but the placid security of his character is well brought out. While looking at his face one forgets the melodramatic background and the dainty roses that peek over the balustrade at the left—a type of accessory which Largillière painted with rare skill. There are two other portraits by him in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Baroness De Prangins, whom he flattered (for we know her "opulent charms could scarcely pass through a doorway") has still a distinct personality. The daughter of a Versailles official he painted feelingly, although he surrounded her with a wealth of "chic-chic"—a brilliant parrot, a negro boy, a fountain, and rich clothes. It was refined painting in his hands, not necessarily because of his personal taste but because refinement was a habit of the time.

ALAN BURROUGHS

Julie Cane

A NOVEL—PART V

BY HARVEY O'HIGGINS

XXIV

THEY did not see Alan again until the autumn, and they never saw him again at Miss Perrin's school. He did not return to the classes there, he went to a boys' school in Massachusetts; and his mother lived in Boston during the school term so as to be near him. At first there was, in Findellen, an open and outspoken curiosity about what had happened to send them away. Then there began to be private gossip. Carey talked—about the boy—in the smoking parlor on his way to New York. One of Mrs. Birdsall's week-end guests talked—about Carey—to a friend from Findellen. Miss Perrin asked Julie some embarrassed questions, and Mrs. Carey spoke to Alice. Suddenly everybody understood that there had been a scandal, though the details of the scandal differed; and then a peculiar sort of silence settled down over the whole affair—an icy surface silence that covered a busy undercurrent of clucking whispers and deep, dark hints.

That silence was part of a strange state of things in Findellen. It was a completely impossible state of things, if you thought of it intelligently—and Alan tried to think of it so. He had come upon it in the course of his explorations into the instinctive nature of his neighbors; and the more he thought of it, the more amazing it seemed.

It was to him as if he and the people around him were living on the banks of a river which irrigated their fields, turned their mill wheels, revolved the turbines of their factories, and generally supplied

them with food, drink, light, heat, and the whole foundation and fruitful means of life. Their civilization existed because of that river as much as that of the old Egyptians had depended on the Nile. But the stream had been dangerous and unruly. It had broken loose in devastating floods which destroyed life and swept away property. Consequently they had forced the stream, as it were, underground in sewers and conduits, led it into their fields in hidden pipes and tilings, carried it under their homes and their factories concealed, and covered its original river bed until there was not a public appearance of it anywhere. Now, having apparently subdued and buried it, they ignored it. Nobody ever mentioned it except with a blush that was a little fearful, or with a superior and hypocritical sniff, or with the sly chuckle that winks at a community's secret scandal.

"Gosh!" Cane said to himself, when he thought about it. "We got no more brains than a hatch o' hop-toads."

Here, as he saw it, was an instinct that was as necessary to the life of the race as the instinct of hunger was necessary to the life of the individual. And not only to the life of the race! In the individual, too, a normal development of the instinct was almost as essential to health and happiness as a wholesome appetite for food. The successful suppression of the instinct was killing out the old Puritan families of the district—such as the Perrins, for example—and when it was not successfully suppressed, but only morbidly warped and stunted by repression, it produced insanity and

aberrations, and physical and mental misery, and disease and crime. Yet the whole public life and social system of Findellen—its religion, its education, its conventions and its moral code—were united in the attempt to snub, ignore, and suppress it.

The fact that the community continued to exist was evidence that, despite all this, the tabooed instinct continued to operate. And there were other evidences. There were evidences that the river had undermined its dams and escaped its conduits. It seeped to the surface in various malodorous districts that were spoken of under the voice. Now and then the foundations of a respectable house gave way and the family sank; and everyone pretended not to notice, or laughed, or made a guilty warning of the incident. Young people disappeared and were never mentioned—least of all to their companions, from whom the existence of the danger was supposed to be concealed. And since they got only exciting hints and evasive warnings of their danger, they were so occupied with curiosity about the whole matter that some of them scarcely thought of anything else. Even in Miss Perrin's school, among those infants, there was a continual secret whispering going on. They understood that Alan had broken through the crust of things, so to speak, and that he had been hurried away by his mother to safer ground.

Cane spoke to Julie when he heard some rumor of what had happened, and Julie told him all that she knew about it. He had sense enough not to reproach her for having said nothing before. He listened to her account of her affair with Alan, studying her thoughtfully through his glasses, but making no comment. The next day and the day after he returned to the subject with questions and more questions. By Sunday he had apparently made up his mind. He took her for a walk Sunday afternoon to get her away from her mother; and as soon as they were out

of town and climbing the rise of Mount Avenue, he began, "I been telling you I had a theory, see? Well, I don't know whether there's anything in it or much. We'll have to work it out together—you an' me—an' see where it gets us. You see?"

He outlined his idea of the instinctive nature of man. He described his show-window experiments on the instinct of curiosity. He sat with her in his favorite point of vantage among the trees above Findellen and showed her the village as if it were a gopher colony, and illustrated the instincts which animated it. He took off his hat and ran his hands through his sparse hair till it stood on end in the sunlight, and he gesticulated, and counted his points on his stubby fingers, and glowed with the heat and excitement of an almost religious fervor of evangelism, drawing the sleeves of his coat back from his wrists and plucking at his trouser leg impatiently to free his knees as he doubled his legs under him and leaned forward to make his arguments.

"Now here's this instinct of affection, eh? What starts it? It begins when you're a baby, don't it? Yes. Well, it gets started by your mammy or your dad. I been thinking about the way it exploded in me later. What touched it off? I'm a Dutchman if it wasn't my red hair. Why? Because my mother had red hair. I got a feeling, now, when I look back on it—see?—that the sight o' your mother's red hair warmed me up, an' the next thing I knew I was married to her."

He grinned at Julie sheepishly, and his eyes were a little moist.

"Well, here's the point. You've got red hair, an' so's the mother o' that Birdcage boy. O' course it may be all imagination—this theory o' mine—but see what happens. The minute he sees you, the instinct explodes in him. He begins to feel about you the way he feels about his mother, eh? But suppose his mother hasn't had good sense about him. S'pose she licks him

much—or something like that, see? What happens? He begins to take it on *you*. Understand?"

She could not say that she did.

"Well," he admitted, "I ain't very far about it myself. I got to work it out yet. There's this instinct of affection—like you have for your mother or your father or your friends. It's what

ol' What's-his-name calls 'the desire to perfect an' be perfected.' An' it gets all mixed up with another instinct that most o' these people are scared to death of. You put those two instincts together an' you get what you call love, gen'rally. An' that's where the trouble begins, girl. Nothing makes as much trouble as love. But here's one tip I can



HE SAT WITH HER IN HIS FAVORITE POINT OF VANTAGE

give you. When a boy really loves you he wants to perfect you. An' he wants you to perfect him, see? Now, this Birdcage boy—he never wanted to perfect you, did he? He didn't care how mis'erable he made you. Look out for that kind. They're no good for a girl. They just make trouble for themselves an' everybody else."

She agreed that it was true of Alan.

He went back to Phil Mondell. "The way they've brought *him* up," he said, "they've broke his back. That's the way most o' these good people do with their boys. He's licked. He won't fight for himself nor anybody else. He ought've kicked the packing out o' this Birdcage boy, see? He couldn't do it. Couldn't even try. He's not much good."

She agreed with that, too. Looking down on Findellen with him, and feeling all his superior contempt for that little settlement of prairie dogs, she overlooked entirely the fact that she was one of them. She was above them, with him. And he was a sort of demi-god. In all the world at that moment, there was probably no human being so exaltedly all-wise and all-powerful in the eyes of any other human being as this absurd and pathetic figure of commercial failure was in the sight of his adoring daughter.

They came down from the heights at sunset, and she walked through the village with him as if it were a zoo. "Well, that's all right," he ended as they came to their front door. "If any more o' these boys bother you, tell *me* about it, an' we'll figure out how to handle 'em, see?"

XXV

There was no one to "bother" her but Phil, and his attentions were far from troublesome. His father had bought him a bicycle, but he walked to and from school with her, trundling the machine beside him, and sat with her and Alice during recess on the

veranda, brought her candy, and devoted himself to her in a simple sort of open-faced inexpressiveness. She found that Phil rather bored her. There was no such exciting uncertainty about him as there had been about Alan.

Then he confessed that his mother had forbidden him to play with her. "You see, maw's awful pious," he explained perspiringly, "an' your maw don't go to church, an' they've got hold o' some sort o' story up home about you an' Alan, an' besides they say we're too young to be goin' round together, an' I guess I won't be able to do it, or some one'll tell on me. I don't want to make trouble, up home. *You* know how it is."

He rode over to Alice Carey's on Saturday afternoon to play croquet with them; and when school closed for the summer—and Julie continued going to Miss Perrin's for her music lessons—he contrived to be at Alice's, waiting for her, so that they might have a game together. Finally, one day while they were busy knocking the balls about on the Carey lawn, his mother drove past. She did not stop. She went by, fatly upright in her victoria, with a white parasol shading a bulk of white dress, ignoring the sight of her son's disobedience. But that was the last Julie saw of Phil for some time. She heard that he had gone away to the seashore for the summer, and in the autumn he was sent to the public school.

It simplified her life to be rid of him and of Alan. She was able to devote herself the more whole-heartedly to her father; and when she was not adding to his possible comfort by helping with the housework, or doing what she could to assist him behind the counter—or listening to his theory of things in general, either on a high stool in his office or walking with him over the hills on Sunday—she was curled up somewhere with her eyes in a book, unconsciously imitating his voracious studiousness. She had developed a desire for knowledge which amounted to a passion,

and she read chiefly history. Napoleon Bonaparte became her *matinée* idol; and in that she was encouraged by her father, who declared that Napoleon had trod Europe on its head because he used his intelligence. It was her father, too, who interested her in Julius Caesar, whom he looked upon as an earlier Napoleon; and she astounded the Perrin sisters by asking if she might borrow the first volume of Gibbon when he found *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* on their father's bookshelves.

"But, dear, do you think you'll understand it?" Martha said.

"It doesn't matter whether she understands it or not," Agnes ruled. "It'll do her good to try."

Her progress at school was, of course, miraculous. Outside of her mathematics it meant no more than that her memory was good, but it impressed the Perrin sisters as a degree of genius; and in mathematics, indeed, she was something of a prodigy. Agnes Perrin proudly held her up to the other children, and they hated her. Martha Perrin worshiped her with a furtive motherly devotion, and spent all her idle time on clothes for her, and gave herself up to little twittering transports of secret affection when they were alone. "Do you love me?" she would whisper. Julie, blushing and awkward, would answer "Yes" in an abrupt, strained voice, like a boy. And Martha would murmur tearfully, "You're so sweet."

Phil passed her on the street in the fall, and he stopped a moment, ashamed and apologetic, to ask her how she had been. "All right," she replied, in a tone as level and self-possessed as the eyes with which she regarded him. He hung a moment, unable to get away and equally unable to say anything to warrant his remaining. She moved on calmly. "Well," he said, "see you later." She did not turn to reply, and he continued on his way, looking down at the boards in the sidewalk, ostentatiously occupied in walking so as not

to step on a crack. And in that manner he passed out of her life, having acted as a sort of surrogate for a much more important person who had not yet entered it.

Her meeting with Alan—if it could be called a meeting—was even more distant. She had heard from Alice that he and his mother were home again, though they had not called on the Careys; and when she passed the Birdsall house, on her way to her music lesson, she saw that the shutters were open. There was no one in sight. Alice was expecting her on her way home, and she sat on the Carey veranda, unconsciously gazing at a glimpse of the Birdsall green roof among the trees. It was Julie who proposed that they should play croquet—probably because it took them to the open lawn, where they would be conspicuous—and she played badly because her mind kept wandering to the hedge and the Birdsall orchard.

When she saw Alan in a gap of that hedge she stood motionless. He had his hands in his pockets, his hat tilted down over his eyes. Alice, about to raise her mallet, did not make her stroke. They waited for him.

He took a cigarette from his pocket, struck a match on his heel, lit the cigarette, tossed the match contemptuously on the Carey lawn, and walked away.

Alice watched him till he disappeared behind the foliage. When she turned to Julie, Julie was calmly playing her ball through a hoop, out of her turn.

If Alice had spoken she would have said, "I don't think *that* was very nice?"

If Julie had replied she would have said, "Oh, well!"

Neither of them said anything. Julie continued to play with a concentrated attention. And a few minutes later, when they were finishing the game, the Birdsall station-wagon with four trunks drove out and turned toward the railroad.

"They're going away again," Alice said.

Julie accepted the fact in a glance at

the wagon, and went on with her play. She won. And looking at Alice—unexpectedly—she smiled. She had been conscious of a leap of the pulse when she saw Alan and of a sinking depression when he turned away. Now, from nowhere, there had come a feeling of relief; and it was this which expressed itself in her smile.

After all, she was her mother's daughter. Her feeling for Alan had disturbed the centered balance of her comfortable self-control, and she could now withdraw into herself contentedly and be at peace in the little closed circle of her family. Good.

Her relations with her father were almost as egotistic as her mother's relations with God. In all of them—in mother, father, and daughter equally—family affection was a sort of secondary inflation of self; in her case it did nothing to train her sympathy toward extending itself in any altruistic love. They proceeded to live—the three of them—in an insulated superiority to all round them. Julie, in fact, felt so alien to her kind and superior to her surroundings that she used to walk along Center Street to school imagining—just for the fun of it—that she was the young Josephine who later married Napoleon and became an empress.

She was even tranquil in her response to a devotion from Martha Perrin that grew to a point of maternal passion as Julie developed the adolescent beauty of young girlhood. She was grateful to Martha; she replied to Martha's smiles and returned her kisses; but she had no idea—it was impossible that she could have any idea—of what a feeling Martha had for her.

It had come to this: that Martha put herself to sleep at night imagining Julia was in her arms. She woke to the thought that she was to see Julie—or was not to see her—that morning in the classroom. When her day's work was done she shut herself in the sewing room and stitched her love into the needlework and embroidering of the clothes

she made for Julie. She kissed the undergarments that were to touch the beloved young body; and when she had made a dress for Julie she caressed it with her hands and hugged it to her breast so that it might, by proxy, be her arms round Julie whenever Julie wore it. When she had Julie in the sewing room to try on the clothes she had made, her hands shook, her heart suffocated, and she turned Julie away from her and wept, while she fumbled over some pretense of taking up a tuck in the back of the garment in which Julie stood so straight. After Julie had gone she sat with her face in her hands, her cheeks burning against her cold fingers, her mouth aching, seeing still the dimples in Julie's shoulders, kissing them in her imagination and crying weakly, starved.

She was as humble before that precocious young mind as a Polish mother of the tenements before her American child; and when the time came for Julie to leave her class and go to Agnes's she gave the girl up to a distinguished future, smiling with a pain in her heart. And Agnes took her proudly. She worked on Julie's education as Martha worked on her clothes. She devoted herself to improving Julie's voice, her accent, her walk, and her manners; criticizing her silences, forcing her to practice a social smile, teaching her the obligation of small talk. "Say something," she would insist at their music lesson. "Say, 'It's a pleasant day,' at least. Talk to me. It doesn't matter what you say, but you cannot meet people with silence unless you wish to insult them. And never say merely 'Yes' or 'No.' That is not conversation. Now."

She was determined to make Julie over in her own image, not only externally but in the inward graces. She endeavored to convert her pupil to the gospel of young ladyhood according to Ruskin and Tennyson, giving Julie copies of *Sesame and Lilies* and Tennyson's *Princess* as a Sunday-school teacher might give a prize Bible.



SHE WENT ON WITH HER GAME IN SILENCE—AND HE SOBERLY AMUSED

XXVI

It was by an odd chance that Julie got into touch with news of Alan. Alice Carey had been talking at home of her friend's mathematical genius. Carey had been skeptical about it. He had no respect for the Perrin school, and he doubted whether anyone could get an education there; but since, in his philosophy of life, his daughter's schooling was his wife's affair, he did not interfere—except with an occasional slighting re-

mark offered from a height of unbenevolent neutrality. He listened to the tale of Julie's ability in mathematics without comment, but the next time he met her in the house, he said: "I hear you're quite a mathematician."

Julie admitted it, and she did not redden under the amused smile with which he accepted the admission. "Do you play chess?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Come and play a game with me," he said. "I'll show you how."

She understood that it was to be a test of her mathematics. She had seen him playing chess, as he might have played solitaire, alone in his study at night, working on some problem from the chess-player's column in the *Sunday Sun*; and she knew that he carried in his brief-case a little folding chessboard on which he played in the smoking car with the few commuters who were able to give him a game. He never challenged his wife or his daughter—they did not play well enough.

"Well," he said at the end of the third game, "I mustn't tire you. You're doing very well."

"I'm not tired," she replied.

"We'll play one more then."

He played absent-mindedly, thinking of a case in court, and she caught him in a bad move. "Ah!" he said, and applied himself frowning to retrieving his error. Mrs. Carey enjoyed his frown maliciously. He won the game but he had to work for it. "You'll make a real chess player," he said. "Have you a board at home?"

She had not.

"I'll give you the one I carry." He rose to get it. "You can practice on it."

It was a little folding board with slits in which the flat cardboard chessmen fitted, so that you could play holding the board in your hand like a book. "You must come over in the evening, some time," he said, "and give me a game."

She walked home with that board open in her hand, playing an imaginary game against him as she went. And it was not only her interest in the problems of chess that kept her at it. She had a deep grudge against Carey because he had promised not to tell anyone of Alan's escapade in the bedroom—"This might be very serious for the boy if it were known. We had better agree to say nothing to anyone"—and then he had evidently told Alan's mother and forced Alan's withdrawal from the Perrin school.

She showed her father the board and

told him why it had been given to her. "Lawyer," he said. "Huh! That's the kind o' mind *he's* got, is it?" He tried to play with her, in order to give her practice, but he could not get interested. "It's like playing cards to keep yourself from thinking. Funny thing, the way people 're afraid to think. I wouldn't waste time on it, if I was you."

"I've got to beat him," she said.

"Why? You don't have to play with him at all."

"Yes, he'll make me."

"All right, then," he concluded. "I'll get you a book about it. That'll save time. Don't tell anybody an' we'll give 'm a jolt."

They gave Carey a jolt the next time he played with her. And he was the more appreciative of her cleverness because he could use his praise to depreciate his wife's child. "*That* girl has a brain," he would say. "Strange! It shows how little there is in heredity. Her father's a dumb animal."

It happened that Julie and Carey were playing alone when he said one evening as they were setting out the pieces, "That boy has been expelled from his school again—*young Birdsall*."

She did not raise her eyes from the board. "What for?"

"Some new deviltry."

"How do you know?" She looked up to ask it with a steady scrutiny that had some accusation in it which he did not understand.

"His mother's been to see me about her estate," he explained. "Her lawyer's dead. She's taking the boy abroad, with a tutor."

"Oh." She made her first move.

"He'll play the deuce with his life—and hers," he predicted, moving in reply to her.

She studied the board a long time. "He's unhappy," she said coldly.

"What about?"

She shook her head.

She had a deceptive air of being older than she was; and he—like many another father—could be natural and

condescending with any child but his own. He proceeded to discuss Alan with her as if with an equal; and from her silences as much as from her replies he gathered that she blamed him for Alan's disappearance. It put him on the defensive. "He's a bad boy, and we're well rid of him," he said. "You'll see I'm right, in time."

Thereafter whenever he had unpleasant news to report he gave it to her gladly, and he reported it the more freely because he discovered from his wife and Alice that Julie had not repeated, even to them, his account of Alan's expulsion from school.

He told her some months afterward that Mrs. Birdsall was spending too much money on Alan. "That boy has her terrified," he said. "She's afraid to refuse him anything. If she crosses him at all he takes a regular fit—the way he did here, that night I caught him upstairs. They're living in Paris. He's supposed to be studying art. He'll get into fine ways in Paris." And later he reported, "Your young Alan's in a scrape again and his mother's bringing him back."

She watched the closed house for signs of his return, but it remained deserted. Carey told her at last, "They're not coming back here. He won't let her. He won't let her have any friends of her own. She's taking a house in town"—meaning in New York—"and he's going to some private school there. He's leading her a fine dance. She's turning gray."

That startled her. "Gray?"

He smiled ironically. "He won't let her dye it any more. It's been pre-naturally gray."

"Oh." She went on with her game in silence, and he played, soberly amused. He thought her a funny, sedate, old-fashioned girl, and he liked her. He did not know it was usually on his wife's invitation that she arrived to play chess with him. He did not ask her any questions about that or about herself or her school or her home.

Being altogether worldly-wise, he took it for granted that her friendship with Alice was one of those affairs between the daughters of wealth and the daughters of poverty in which the sentiment is mostly on one side and the expectation of material advantage on the other; and he supposed that her parents were glad to have her spend her evenings in his home—even over a chessboard—if by so doing she could ingratiate herself with the well-to-do and the influential.

And he was certainly not far wrong about Mrs. Cane. Her ambition for Julie was flattered by the association with the Careys, and she accepted her child's absence as she accepted Martha Perrin's clothes, pretending that she did not notice either. Cane was glad that in Alice Carey, Julie had found a playmate of her own age. He observed in her dress and her speech and her carriage, as he had once predicted, the Perrins had "changed her label" and "fixed her up like a piece of high-grade goods"; but he had no longer any fear that she might be alienated from him. She remained simple and unspoiled.

She helped with the housework as dutifully as ever, even though she used a hand lotion—prescribed by Agnes Perrin—to overcome the effects of the dishwater and the dust rag. She waited on the counter as absorbedly as she played chess. She wore Martha Perrin's plain but distinguished clothes without self-consciousness. She moved in her centered orbit, from the sawdust of the grocery to the lawns of the river road, with an air of natural rightness and no change of manner. Mrs. Carey took to driving with her and Alice along the country roads after school, to get them away from their books into the open air; and Center Street saw Julie delivered at the door of her father's shop in a landau with a livery on the box. It became difficult for the children of the street to call her "Sugar Cane." As one of their own class who associated with the wealth and fashion of New York, she was a sign and symbol to that aspiring

sense of equality on which the democracy plumes itself. Center Street began to be proud of her. And as it grew proud of her it reckoned as assets, in its account of her, those circumstances which had once been her liabilities. Her adventure in the Sunday school appeared as an early proof of genius. Her mother's peculiarities were natural quirks in the parent of an unusual girl. It was to Julie's credit that she had made so much of herself after beginning as the daughter of the ridiculous "Sugar Cane." Even the rumor that Alan Birdsall had been taken away from Miss Perrin's school because of her, only helped to add a glamour of young romance to her record. She became a living proof of the saying that anything will be forgiven to the person who has the character to "get away with it."

XXVII

One day when she was nearing sixteen—and the obvious end of her education at Miss Perrin's—Mrs. Carey said to her. "I wonder if you wouldn't like to go to college. I want to send Alice and I can't send her alone. She'd be too homesick and unhappy. I've been talking to Mr. Carey. We'd be glad to pay all your expenses if you'd go with her. What do you say?"

"Why," Julie said, "I don't know."

"Well, ask your mother and tell me what she thinks."

And when Julie had told her father and mother, she found herself involved in a conflict of plans and reasons advanced by her father, her mother, Mrs. Carey, and the Perrins—as soon as the Perrins heard what was proposed. It was really a conflict of affections, though, of course, affection was never mentioned in the matter. Certainly not. Only the most reasonable arguments were uttered by everyone.

Mrs. Carey, quoting Carey's praise, contended that a girl of Julie's intelligence ought to have the best education the world could give. It was a privilege

to assist her. It was a privilege for Alice to have her as a roommate. Alice was too timid to go alone to college, and she ought to go. If the Canes would not accept on any other terms, Mrs. Carey was ready to pay Julie a salary as a companion or tutor to Alice, or whatever else the Canes desired. Really, what was behind her advocacy of Julie's interests was an affectionate determination to get Alice out among girls of her own class and away from the depressing atmosphere of her father's disregard—but this was never mentioned.

Mrs. Cane was willing to accept the offer. It fitted in with her ambition to put her child permanently above the sons and daughters of Center Street; and it gratified an obscurely jealous desire for her to take Julie away from her father. He, of course, objected. He supposed that he was unwilling to have his girl educated on charity. He contended that she ought to take a practical course as a school teacher, which she could get in a neighboring town, without going farther from home than a trolley car would carry her. His real objection, naturally, was his unwillingness to part with her.

Martha Perrin and Agnes supported his plan. They did not believe in the so-called higher education for women. They quoted, strangely enough, the popular statistics of the day to show that college women did not marry or raise families. Julie had several times taught Martha's younger pupils when Martha had been ill, and now Agnes proposed that Julie should take a course as a kindergarten teacher and then open an infants' class in their school. Behind the proposal was chiefly Martha's passionate attachment to Julie. And since Martha was the most desperate and unreasonable affection involved in the affair naturally Martha won.

She won in a peculiar way.

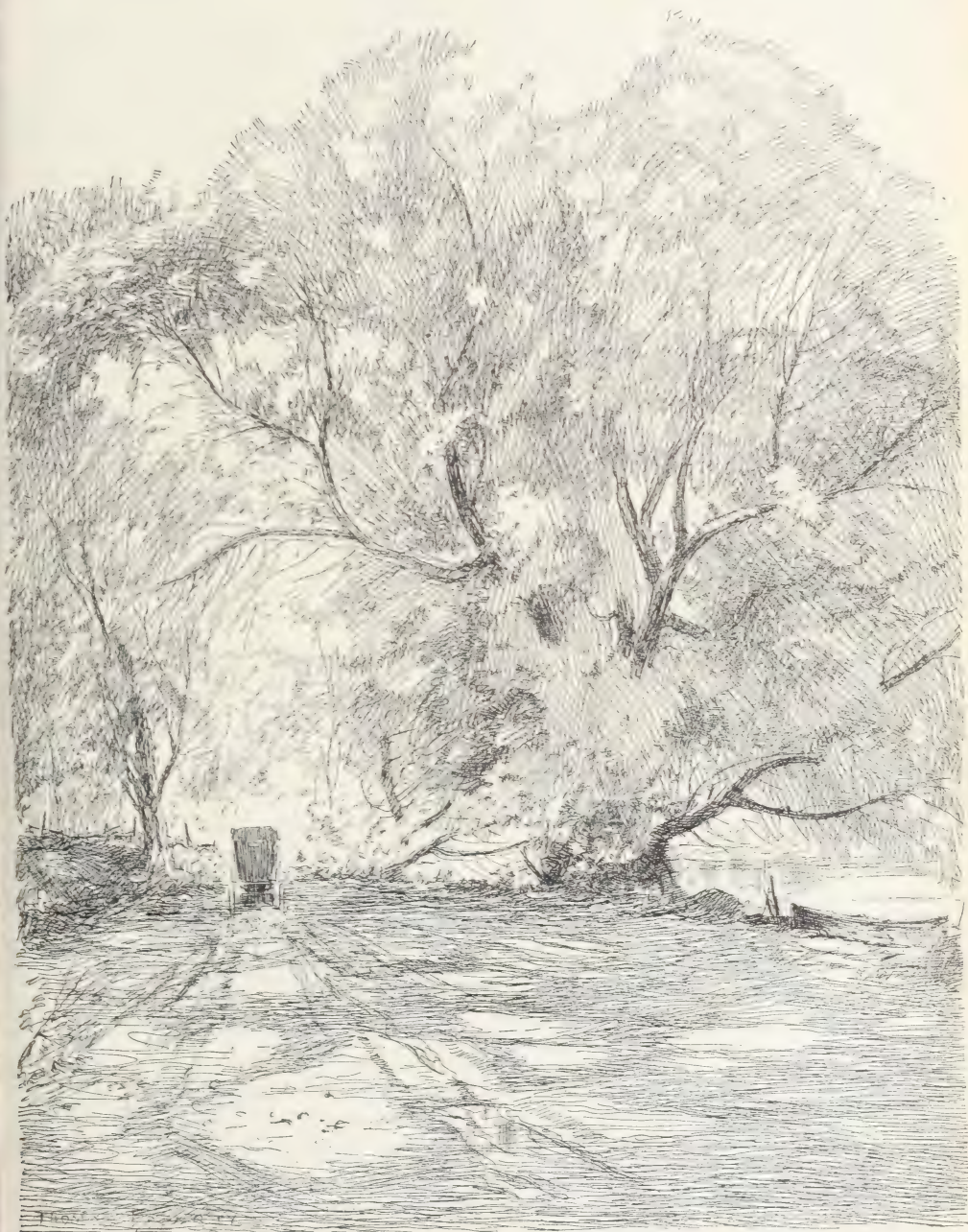
At first the decision went to Mrs. Cane because there was no one able to oppose her. She said flatly to Cane, "She's goin'". It don't matter what you say, she's goin'". If the Careys want to

pay for her, that's their lookout. I'd 'a' sent her anyway." And to the Perrin plan she replied, "I don't know as I want her to be a school teacher. If I *do*, college won't hurt her."

It seemed that in spite of all that had happened she was still under the illusion that her daughter was *her* product and

her concern only; and Cane had to let her have her way.

"Well," he said to Julie, "I guess it's got to be. Mebbe I'm selfish wanting to keep you round home. There'll be vacations—when you can come back. An' you can write to me. It'll only be four years anyway, an' you're so smart



DOCTOR BECK CAME DOWN THE RIVER ROAD

you'll do it in three, mebbe. That's nothing." He patted her on the back, trying to smile.

"I don't want to go," she said.

"No, o' course not. Well, it won't be till the fall. Mebbe something'll turn up before that. These here Careys—You can't tell. People 're funny."

When Julie carried word of her parents' consent to Alice Carey, Alice was delighted. She hugged Julie and whispered: "I couldn't go without you. I'd die. We'll have a room together—all to ourselves. It'll be lovely. It'll be such fun."

"I don't want to leave father," Julie said in gloom.

"But you'd have to leave him some day."

"Why? When?"

"Well," Alice answered shyly, "when you get married."

"Oh," Julie said, "*that!*"

Martha Perrin took the news in tragic silence when Julie told it in the Perrin drawing-room. She and Julie stared at each other dumbly. Agnes was haughty with indignation, considering that her wishes had been ignored. "I suppose there's nothing to be done," she said. "One makes wise plans and then some one's stupidity upsets them. Go to your class, Julia." She turned to her sister. "Martha?"

But Martha was already at the door. She made a blind gesture of the hand without turning to reply and blundered out into the hall.

"It's all just stupid," Agnes said, and Julie nodded miserably. She could not think of anything to say—even to Martha. She moved, at a loss, to the hall. It was empty.

Martha, without waiting, had hurried uncertainly to her classroom. She felt faint. She had not been able to eat her breakfast—food nauseated her; and at luncheon she took only a glass of milk, which she compelled herself to sip reluctantly. She did not speak to Julie. She seemed resigned and somehow indifferent. She went about her duties

with her usual gentleness, her voice and her manner unchanged, but with a frightened look in her eyes. "I don't know what can be the matter with me," she complained to Agnes at dinner that evening. "I feel so hungry. I feel starved. But food makes me ill."

"It's this disappointment about Julia," Agnes said bitterly. "So stupid!"

"No." Martha shook her head. "I knew that was going to happen. It isn't that."

She seemed to have no feeling at all about that—not even when she went into the sewing room and took up an unfinished blouse that she had been smocking for Julie. She found herself not interested in it, and she let it fall from her hands to the rag rug on the floor. She left it there and wandered downstairs to the kitchen, dizzy with hunger, and looked in the pantry, and sickened again at the smell of food.

She slept exhausted that night and moaned in her sleep, but when Agnes wakened her she could not remember what she had been dreaming. She mumbled something about "dinner" and dozed off again. In the morning she did not get up. "I don't feel able to," she said weakly. "Perhaps if Fanny would bring my coffee—" But when Fanny, their old negro servant, arrived with a hearty Southern breakfast on a tray, she could not endure the sight of it. "No, no. *Please,*" she begged, closing her eyes. "Just a glass of milk." And when Fanny returned with the milk, she said: "Put it down somewhere. Thank you, Fanny. I'll drink it later. Tell Julia Cane, when she comes, I want to see her."

It was Fanny's voluble anxiety that persuaded Agnes to send for the doctor—Dr. Beck down the river road—who had been attending Mrs. Carey. "It's silly, Nessie," Martha murmured, as Agnes prepared her for his visit, in a bed jacket and a boudoir cap. "I'm not ill. I'm just weak from hunger."

The doctor was a new arrival in the neighborhood; and they judged that he

must be having difficulty in working up practice, for he came at once. "Nervous indigestion," he told Agnes indifferently when he had heard the symptoms.

He was a huge dark man with the pointed beard which was a necessary part of a doctor's make-up in those days. He was standing at the bedside taking Martha's pulse, his eyes on his watch, when Julie appeared in the doorway and Martha saw her. It was the change in Martha's expression of face which turned Agnes to find out who was behind her. It was another change which made the doctor raise his eyes quickly, first to Martha's expression and then to the girl. He reconsidered his watch, still holding Martha's wrist.

"Oh, it's Julie," Agnes said.

"I sent for her," Martha explained. "I thought if she'd take my class this morning—I'll be up this afternoon. Can't I, doctor?"

He frowned at his watch.

Julie came into the darkened bedroom hesitatingly, fresh and vivid in her light spring clothes, her hat in her hand, so awkward as a boy in a sickroom. "What is it?" she asked hoarsely.

"Nothing, dear," Agnes assured her. "We just want you to take Martha's classes, for the day perhaps. She'll be all right again very soon."

Julie looked from Agnes to Martha, to the doctor, to his watch. She was just beginning to be able to see them clearly after the dazzle of outdoors when he put Martha's hand down on the counterpane and rumbled in his deep bass voice: "Yes. A little nervous breakdown, maybe. A few days in bed. A little tonic. Something to tempt the appetite. Not milk. Chicken broth."

Agnes followed him out. As they went downstairs he asked, "Who is that—young woman?"

"Julia?"

"The one that came into the room."

Agnes told him.

"Has there been some—trouble—about her?"

"Oh, dear, yes."

He seemed more interested in getting his hat from the hall table than in Agnes's account of what had happened about Julie, but he listened, even if absent-mindedly. "You might let her take up the chicken broth when it's ready," he said at the door, "at lunch time. I think you'll find—a little attention from Julie—is her name Julie? A little nursing from Julie—I'll tell the druggist to send up the—"

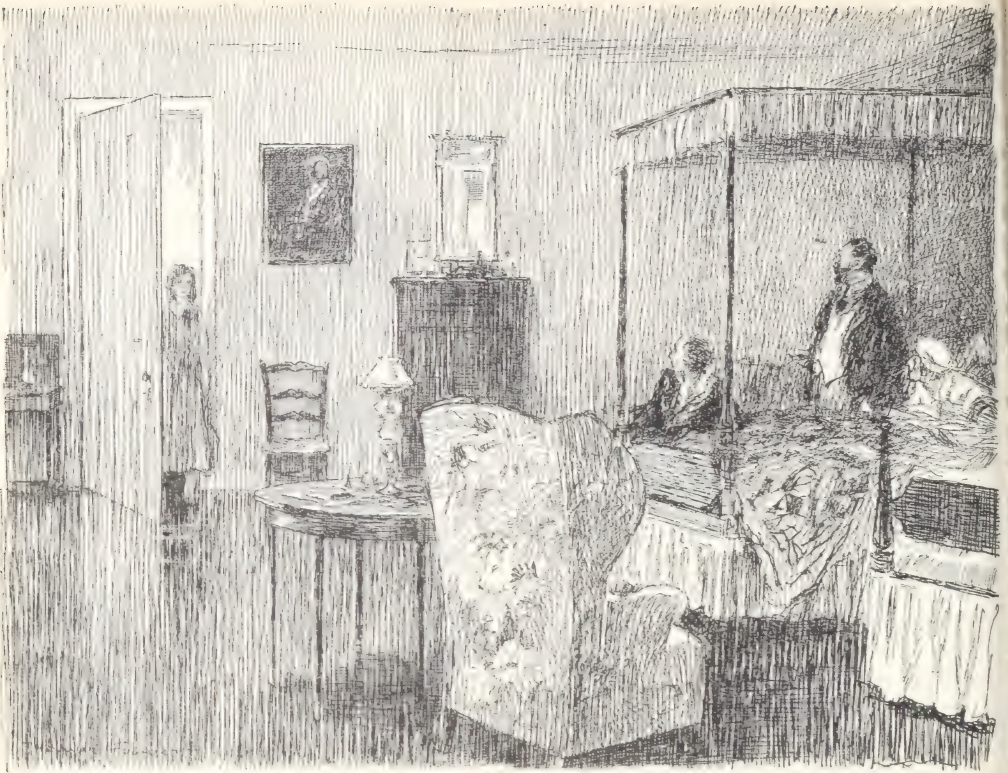
Agnes had been straining to hear every word with the conscientious anxiety of the inexperienced nurse. Beck gave his directions as if they were of no importance—as if he had a professional contempt either for medicine or for disease. And without once having glanced at her, he wandered out ponderously—leaving his sentence unfinished—and looked at the sky, and pulled down his hat, and walked off down the path.

"Oh, dear!" Agnes said.

Meanwhile Julie had been standing just inside the door of the sickroom, gazing at the little woman in the huge bed. She did not know what to do. Martha had apparently shut her eyes. She was watching Julie under the half-closed lids but Julie did not know it. She stood a long time silent, and then, deciding that Martha, unaware of her, had fallen asleep, she tiptoed out.

Agnes was waiting for her, visibly embarrassed, at the foot of the stairs. "The doctor seems to think," she said, "that perhaps it's been a shock—your going away. Martha is so fond of you. He wants you to—he says if you'll—if you'll pay her a little attention—like taking up her broth at lunch time—"

And Julie was suddenly as embarrassed as she. "Why, yes, of course." She did not know where to look. "Of course. I'd like to." She straightened a rug with her foot, glanced unhappily at Miss Perrin, saw unacknowledged tears rolling down on both sides of that proud nose, felt her own throat begin to swell and choke, put her hand to her neck, frightened—and ran away.



"WHAT IS IT?" SHE ASKED HOARSELY

As she stumbled into Martha's empty classroom something seemed to loosen inside her, and for the rest of the morning she could not draw a firm breath. If she breathed in the top of her lungs only it was all right: but if she tried to take a full breath she struck a sinking place that trembled in her, on the verge of tears. In order to keep her self-control while she heard the children their lessons, she had to breathe carefully; and distracted with that effort, she went through the hours mechanically, her emotions balanced as if on a tight rope on which she kept her mind fixed, fearing that if she let herself see the gulf over which she was walking she might topple and fall.

It was still with this vague sense of a tight-rope performance that she took Martha's tray from Agnes, and started up the slippery hardwood stairs, step by step, her eyes on the bowl of broth, as if her only thought were to prevent it

spilling. And she came into Martha's room with that air of being altogether absorbed in her task, moving slowly forward without looking up. When she could see the edge of the bed, she asked huskily, "Can I put it down?" and with that she began to shake so that the spoon rattled against the china; and Martha, afraid that the tray was too heavy for her—that she was in danger of dropping it—started up from her pillow and caught the glass of milk and a candle from the bedside table and cried, "On this. *Here*. Put it here."

Julie put it down, tried to draw a long breath, struck the tremble in her insides, and stood clinging to the tray, controlling herself. She spoke in a harsh, unfriendly voice, "The doctor says—chicken broth. You've got to eat some." And at that tone from her Martha whimpered, "Oh, I can't. I can't. I want to, but I can't"—and began to weep.

Julie took one look at her, pitiable

with her yellow face distorted and her cap awry, and then turned as if to escape. Her knees had begun to weaken. She wavered and sat down gasping on the side of the bed, facing away from Martha. With her mouth open and her eyes staring, she broke into sobs. They were hard, dry, retching sobs that seemed to ear at her; and for a moment Martha, terrified into silence, did not understand. She thought it was some sort of fit.

"Darling!" She clutched at Julie in horror and pulled the girl over to her so that Julie fell against her shoulder, convulsed with these awful hiccougging spasms. "Don't! Julia, darling!" she cried. "Don't! Oh, don't!" What is it? What has happened?"

She burst into helpless tears herself and sank back on her pillows, holding Julie on her breast; and they wept together, sobbing hysterically, with broken murmurs and frantic caresses and unintelligible tear-drowned words of endearment.

XXVIII

When Agnes came to see how they were getting on she found Julie sitting on the bed, an arm round Martha, supporting her and feeding her chicken broth in a spoon. They looked at Agnes in the doorway—swollen-eyed, with tremulous and silly, tear-blurred grins—and Agnes fled. She could not face that amount of emotion. Martha giggled like a girl and the tears ran with her chuckles and fell in the spoon full of broth. "It—it wasn't salty enough—anyway," she wept, shaking with laughter.

"Oh, don't," Julie gasped, clutching the bowl and doubled over it. "I'll spi-pill it."

"Spi-pill it?" Martha sobbed, "What's *that*?"

It was "spi-pilled."

When Julie recovered her self-control she scolded. Her tears had solved no problems for her, no matter what relief they had brought to Martha, and she struggled to maintain her gravity against any sally of Martha's heart-eased irre-

sponsibility. "You're naughty," she said, and Martha loved it.

Julie treated her as if she were a sick child, made her finish the broth, washed her face and hands with the end of a wet towel, straightened her cap, and kissed her. "Now," she ordered, "you're to behave yourself and get well."

"If I get well," Martha teased, "you'll leave me."

"No," Julie said uncertainly. "I don't think I'm going away."

She did not know what she was going to do; she did not know what she *could* do; and in the meantime she said as little as possible about it. She told her father only that Martha was ill with a nervous breakdown, and that *she* was teaching the younger classes for a day or two. She saw the situation as merely temporary even when she learned next morning that Martha, trying to get up after a promising appetite for her breakfast in bed, had been seized with an attack of dizziness as soon as she put her foot to the floor. "It's all right," Doctor Beck assured them over the telephone. "Let her stay where she is for a while." And no one was alarmed.

Julie nursed and petted her, brought lunch for two to the bedside and ate with her, sat with her after school, and read to her. And they were as happy as a honeymoon. For all Julie's stiffness, her flood of tears had carried away some sort of dam in her—in her relations with Martha, at least—and she glowed prettily with a clumsy young tenderness which touched Martha more than transports. They made a secret conspiracy of their affection, hiding it especially from Agnes; and Martha acted as if she had a daughter to spoil at last, and Julie was as lovingly tyrannical as if she had found a mother to dominate.

They finished the school term so—Martha in bed and Julie substituting for her in the classroom. Still Martha did not improve. Then Julie stayed so late one evening that she telephoned home and got permission to remain all night;

and Martha enjoyed the first peaceful and unbroken rest she had had since she was taken ill. When Beck heard of it he grunted but said nothing. He was on his way to visit Mrs. Carey.

Two days later he told Carey that he could not advise them to send Alice away to school, that Mrs. Carey was in no condition to be left without her daughter's companionship. "Postpone it," he said, "for a year." It was postponed. And in the mysterious way in which things are decided in this peculiar world, Martha won, and Julie did not go to college. With the opening of the autumn term she was a recognized assistant in the Perrin school, teaching the younger children; Martha improved sufficiently to be able to take a class or two in what had been the sewing room, where Julie installed her every morning in a reclining chair; and everybody involved in the affair was more or less satisfied with that outcome. Martha never suspected herself. Her bedridden invalidism was so real to her that she was able even to regret it, to be remorseful to Julie about it, and to accuse herself of having unwittingly kept Julie from going away.

Here was Julie then, a grown girl, very pretty with her red hair and her dark eyes and her cameo features, rather proud in her walk, grave in her manner, settled and responsible in her mind. She saw herself as a school teacher with a vague intellectual future ahead of her. She supposed that when she married it would be some one like Darwin or Pasteur, who had replaced Napoleon and Julius Caesar in her estimation; and she saw herself helping and encouraging her husband in studies and experiments that should make large additions to the sum of human knowledge and be rewarded with the respect and gratitude of mankind. In the meantime the world functioned comfortably around her as the setting and background for her preparations. The Perrins, the Careys, her father and mother, the grocery shop and its customers, the school and its

pupils supported and admired and kept her busy. She was, of course—like her father—different from these people and superior because of her greater intelligence. And Cane had convinced her that intelligence was something mysteriously immortal and divine.

He had lately arrived at a new theory derived from a rather confused reading of Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. He saw the earth as beginning without any animal life on it, a mere globe of hot minerals thrown off from the sun. As it cooled, a germ of life, dropping from some other planet, had begun to develop here. In the process of evolution first plants and then animals appeared, but these had possessed no intelligence, no spirituality, no soul. Then, in some way that he had not yet worked out—just as the immortal germ of life had fallen upon the inanimate early rocks and waters—so the immortal germ of intelligence dropped from some other planet and developed a soul in one of the higher ape-like animals and made a man of him. And Cane was certain that this theory would some day be confirmed by the observations of astronomers when they discovered the neighboring planet from which both life and intelligence had descended upon us.

In search of prophetic intimations of that discovery, he had turned from his studies in the instinctive nature of man to his earlier love, astronomy. He had been tremendously excited by Lowell's observations of the canals on Mars—and equally irritated by the criticisms of Lowell's findings. Impatient of the limitations of the telescope, he had imagined a way to settle the dispute and open the whole universe of the heavens to man; and he fascinated Julie in a Sunday walk over the mountain by telling her of his plan.

It was obvious to him that gravity was some form of magnetic attraction. It was also obvious that while one arm of a magnet attracted, the other repelled. There was therefore—very



THEY FELL INTO STEP ON EITHER SIDE OF HER

probably—an opposite of gravity, a force of repulsion from the earth that could be manufactured—as electricity could be manufactured—by a dynamo that was yet to be invented. He foresaw the invention of that dynamo. He foresaw it as capable of lifting itself from the earth by repulsion, and raising with it any weight that it charged with its repelling current. Installed in a cylindrical ship of steel construction, airtight and strong enough to resist changes in atmospheric pressure, such a dynamo could drive the ship away from the earth indefinitely by continuously increasing its charge, so to speak. It could, in fact, carry into the heavens a crew of scientists, navigate space by yielding to or resisting the attraction of other heavenly bodies—by stopping or speeding up the dynamo—and land its crew on Mars as easily as Columbus landed on the West Indies.

Cane, sitting on his hilltop and pointing to the heavens as he described his scientists setting out for a tour of the planets, gave Julie one of the thrills of her young life. It was almost the glow and soaring of a religious ecstasy in her.

All the problems and concerns of her everyday affairs were how transient and petty in the light of this vision of man as a creature of immortal intelligence, who had drifted to earth out of the heavens and who should some day return to the home of his origin, in his miraculous ship triumphant, and solve the mysteries of the universe? It made man a sort of god in chrysalis who should presently break his shell-case and take wings beyond all limitations of knowledge. It made her prospectively such a god, who might live to see the wings developed. It argued that death might be merely some such flight—the voyage of the deathless intelligence to still another world. It dignified and consoled and uplifted her with those emotions which the religious know as the assurance of salvation. At night, lying in her bed in the attic, she pictured herself making that trip to Mars, and she discovered—as her father had discovered before her—that she could calm her mind with the sense of rising above her world of daily worries and then induce sleep by the dizziness of her imagined ascent. And all day long in

the intervals of solitary thought she felt herself spurning the earth under her and aspiring to higher things.

XXIX

She was thus spurning her way to the Perrin's one Saturday morning in early April with a book under her arm—to read to Martha—when she met Alan again and came down to earth startled. She was not expecting to see him; she had not been at the Carey's for a week, because she now played chess so well that Carey avoided playing with her; and, if Carey knew that the Birdsalls were arriving, he had not told his household. She had not thought of Alan for what seemed ages, and she did not recognize him at a distance as one of the two young men who were approaching her along the cement walk which now edged the river road. She judged by their clothes that they were city youths and no concern of hers.

They looked as if they had been created by a pen-and-ink artist—and I believe they had. Their shoulders had been straightened horizontally with hair-cloth lining; their trousers had been pressed in the crisp line of a Gibson pen-stroke, and their trouser legs were narrowed at the ankles in the angular break and fold that Gibson drew so nattily. They wore the hard white vests and the hard black derbies of a black-and-white illustration. All the brushwork curves and paintable rotundities of their human figures had been converted into smart lines and angles; and their chins rested squarely on rigid white collars, in a patent imitation of a Gibson hero, whether they knew it or not.

And Julie was no less a creation of that fashionable pen. Her stiff sailor straw was his—perched on a coiffure which he had blocked in with a few swift strokes. The barrel of her soft young body had been coopered into a solid corset; her skirt was a truncated cone supported by starched petticoats, and it came to the ground in the sweep of a

flaring pen-line which made her look Gibson-tall and stately. Like a million other young people of her day, she bore witness to the influence of artistic genius and to the insight of that wit who said that nature is always imitating art and trying to live up to it.

She was unaware, of course, of this her sociological significance. She was absent-mindedly interested in a flutter of bluebirds among the leafless bushes, and in the attempt of the early robins to substantiate the adage in relation to worms on a chilly morning when worms were scarce. A descendant of the original squirrel that had made her self-conscious on her way to her first street-encounter with Alan, spied at her from a tree trunk, and a new generation of dog barked at her, as of old, from behind the fence which it had inherited. Confronted by instinctive life without intelligence, she was no longer embarrassed; and it was not shyness but indifference that kept her from looking at the youths who were approaching her—until one of them said, "How do you do?" and she found Alan smiling at her, bareheaded, with his hat in his hand.

His smile was boyish and eager. It became somewhat less assured and conquering—it threatened for a moment to turn apologetic—as she regarded him in silence, gravely surprised. Then the color flushed under her eyes; she showed her dimples pleasantly; and he hastened to introduce his friend, "Biddy Van Skoick"—whom she afterward discovered to be a Bayard Van Schoeck—a long-nosed descendant of the Knickerbocker Dutch, with one of those medieval faces you see in Holbein prints. He looked solemnly friendly; he had no expression, in fact, between complete gravity and a sudden, hoarse laugh.

"May we turn back with you?"

"Why, yes."

They fell into step on either side of her. Van Schoeck cleared his throat as he put on his hat, but he did not speak. He did not need to. Alan was voluble enough for both.

"How have you been? They tell me you're teaching at Miss Perrin's. We went to school there together"—this to Van Schoeck—"when we were kids"—with a large assumption of age and experience—"and we fought like cats and called each other names. She called me 'Birdseed' and I called her 'Sugar Cane!'"

She did not notice the queer, quick look that Van Schoeck gave her.

"May I carry your book? Do you ever see Phil Mondell? You don't know how funny it is to come back and find everybody grown up. I didn't think I'd been away *long*—only about five years."

"It'll be seven this summer," she said.

"No? Yes, it will. I'll be twenty-one. I was fourteen, that birthday." He laughed; and she understood that he was laughing at the boy he had been. His eyes invited her to laugh with him. "How's little Alice Carey? I suppose she's grown up, too. Do you still play tennis?" He did not wait for replies to any of his questions, so she answered only with a nod or a shake of the head. "The mice've eaten all the strings out of our rackets. I found them in the attic. We were just on our way to the village—I mean the town—to try to buy new ones. We're thinking of coming out here for the summer. It'd be a change. We've been everywhere else. And we're stony broke. We'll have to economize. I hope you've been having as good a time as I have."

He was talking at random, with no concern for what he said. The important thing for him was evidently this: that he was delighted with her appearance, that he liked her and wanted her to like him. The important thing for her was not what he said but the change in him which was implied by everything he said.

"You're not teaching school this morning—are you? Saturday? Will you play a game of tennis with us? We were on our way—We'll get balls and rackets somewhere. And we'll get little Alice

Carey, or big Alice Carey, or whatever she is. Will you?"

"I haven't played since—not for years. I never—"

"That doesn't matter. Biddy and I don't play well. Besides, we don't care about the tennis. That's only an excuse. What *do* you play?"

They were at the Perrin gate. She stopped as if to part from him there.

"Let's take you to the door," he said. "Make it the front door. I was always afraid of their front door. I don't know why. What *do* you play?"

"Chess," she answered, humorously.

"Oh, gosh," he groaned. "I can't even play cards. I can't keep from talking long enough. No, but *really*. Let's make it a game of tennis. Do you remember how I hid the balls? I haven't told Mother about that *yet*."

"How *is* your mother?"

"Wait till you see her. She'll be crazy to see *you*. She was always one of your boosters. I remember how she scored me up because I . . . Say, wasn't I the darnedest fool!" He laughed again. "I wonder somebody didn't kill me!" They were at the porch steps. "Let me ring the bell for you. Gosh, but it makes me feel grown up." He dropped his voice to a whisper. "I hope Black Agnes doesn't pop out at me. She used to hate me." He was referring to Agnes Perrin. "Listen. We won't wait. We'll get the rackets and come back for you. You'll be here?" He was holding out his hand.

"Yes." She shook hands with him, a little bewildered by his suddenness and his volubility—and bothered by something else which she now discovered to be Van Schoeck's silent but intent regard. He took her hand with a look that ignored Alan, who continued to talk excitedly. It was as if Van Schoeck were saying, "This boy is amusing, but you and I are serious-minded persons. We understand each other." And Alan's insistent gayety seemed to be trying to drown out that silent communication between them. "We'll be back. Come on, Biddy. It was great luck to meet

you. I'm glad I came out. I didn't want to come at all. Hop along, Bid. Oh, here's your *book*. Good-by. We'll be back."

He hurried Van Schoeck away as Fanny opened the door with her usual air of having opened it to keep an eye on the weather. She offered Julie an absent-minded "Good moanin'," while she inspected the progress of the spring. Julie entered the familiar hall somewhat dazed. She felt the need of getting away by herself and sorting out her impressions of Alan, and discovering just what they indicated: but the appearance of the friendly things round her struck up an unexpected vibration in her, distracting her, and she gazed at them softly, trying to think of something else—which was Alan. How changed he was! It was a lovely old staircase. He seemed rather foreign. It must have been his travels. The balustrade curved in such a smooth dark flow of polished beauty under her hand; she caressed it with a palm that tingled to the soothing touch of its coolness. The light from the high window in the upper hall was a sweet honey-golden on the hardwood floor. That, too, was cool—to the eyes.

She came into Martha's room, absorbed, and smiled to find Martha turned on her pillows to watch the doorway, eager to greet her. She crossed the dim room sedately, and put down her book, and sat on the bedside to kiss the invalid.

"Darling," Martha murmured, "how warm you are," patting both her cheeks. "Is it the spring? You look like it."

"The bluebirds are here. And the robins. We'll soon have your windows open."

"That will be lovely." She reached up to unpin Julie's hat and remove it. Then she drew the girl down to her, and buried her face against Julie's neck, and inhaled with a languorous delight the milky odor of that clean young flesh.

"Do you remember Alan Birdsall?"

Julie asked in the midst of the caress; and there was something in her tone that showed she was not thinking of Martha's endearments.

Martha released her—"Yes"—and held her off to see her better. "The boy who—who went away?"

Julie nodded. "He's back. I just met him on the street. He's quite grown up. Twenty-one. And he's—he's changed."

"Is he? How?"

"Why he used to be—I don't know. He seems happier. He used to be—I suppose he was sensitive. Now he makes fun of himself."

Nothing could have seemed less important to Martha at that moment than the change in Alan Birdsall, but she pretended to listen with as earnest an interest as Julie's—because she knew that only on these terms could age keep the confidence and affection of the young—and she rewarded herself meanwhile by watching the play of Julie's sober lips and enjoying the depth and seriousness of her eyes.

"But, *of course*, you must play tennis with them," she insisted. "You mustn't be shut in the house on your holiday. I wouldn't think of letting you read to me. You must go at once and tell Alice. Leave word with Fanny. She'll send them on to find you. And you can come back later and tell me all about it."

Julie made a decent show of hesitation. "But I don't think that Mr. Carey—you know, he never liked Alan."

"Mrs. Carey will decide that. Hurry now and see her before he returns." She patted Julie's hand. "Come back to me later. I'm going to finish crochet-ing that collar. Good-by, dear."

Julie went reluctantly after a duty kiss, and Martha lay staring at the empty doorway through which the girl had vanished. An uncertain April sunlight, breaking through clouds, shone happily on the hall floor outside the darkened bedroom. Martha saw it and quickly closed her eyes.

(To be continued)

The Romance of the Atom

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The most interesting, and even spectacular, achievement of modern science has been the laying bare of the structure of the atom. With these revelations has come a flood of new implications and possibilities to challenge the human mind. We stand today on the very threshold of the answer to that immemorial question—What is matter? The gradual stripping away of the veils that have enshrouded this age-old mystery is a tale of centuries of slow and patient investigation, which Dr. Harrow here undertakes to recount.—*Editor's Note.*

"It seems probable to me that God in the beginning formed matter in solid, massy, hard, impenetrable, movable particles; of such sizes and figures, and with such other properties, and in such proportions to space, as most conducted for the end for which he formed them; and that these primitive particles, being solids, are incomparably harder than any porous bodies compounded of them; even so very hard, as never to wear or break in pieces; no ordinary power being able to divide what God himself made One, in the first creation."—Newton.

NEWTON'S *corpuscular* theory of matter is what one might have anticipated from the author of the corpuscular theory of light. This theory of matter, however, did not originate with the Cambridge astronomer. Centuries before his time the Greek philosophers had given earnest thought to the question: can matter be subdivided indefinitely? Some claimed that it could not; others, that it could. Some claimed that a superman, with eyes sharp enough and with tools of an appropriate kind, could take a piece of gold, and divide it, and subdivide it, and continue to subdivide it to the end of time; others claimed that such a superman would ultimately reach a state beyond which no further subdivision would be possible. The name *atomos*, or *atom*, was suggested for the particle "which cannot be cut in two."

Without any facts known to support it, the idea of an atomic structure of

matter remained an interesting curiosity until the beginning of the nineteenth century. Then the Englishman, John Dalton, revived it and extended it to explain a number of laws in chemistry which even in his day had already become firmly established. One of these laws, and the most fundamental, is that elements combine in definite proportions by weight to form compounds. Common salt, or to give it its chemical name, sodium chloride, consists of the elements sodium and chlorine combined in such a way that for every 23 parts by weight of sodium there are found to be $35\frac{1}{2}$ parts by weight of chlorine. It does not matter at all whether the salt is obtained from sea water, or from a salt mine, or by the combination of the elements sodium and chlorine: provided the salt is chemically pure, analysis reveals that the proportion of sodium is to chlorine as 23 is to $35\frac{1}{2}$. And what is true of salt, is true of every one of the thousands of compounds known to the chemist: every compound is made up of two or more elements combined together in definite proportions by weight.

The law of *definite proportions* needed an explanation and Dalton provided one. Let us assume, he argued, that elements like gold, sodium, hydrogen, and chlorine, representing the simplest types of matter, are made up of almost infinitesimally small particles called atoms. Let us assume, further, that the atoms of any one element are the same,

but that they differ from the atoms of any other element. Suppose one difference between the atoms of one element as compared with the atoms of another is due to a difference in weight, such that the weight of a sodium atom is to the weight of a chlorine atom as 23 is to $35\frac{1}{2}$. Since atoms, according to the Daltonian theory, are the smallest conceivable particles, the smallest part of sodium which can enter into chemical combination with chlorine is one atom, and, vice versa, the smallest part of chlorine which can enter into chemical union with sodium is also one atom. Assuming the simplest combination, one atom of sodium combines with one atom of chlorine to form sodium chloride. Since the respective weights of the atoms is as 23 is to $35\frac{1}{2}$, then it is no wonder that analysis of sodium chloride reveals these proportions. And if instead of assuming the reaction to involve two single atoms, we assume that a million million atoms of sodium combine with a million million atoms of chlorine, the analysis of the resulting compound must still show the relative proportions of 23 is to $35\frac{1}{2}$.

It may at once be said that Dalton's *Atomic Theory* is to-day more firmly entrenched than ever. Atoms are real pieces of matter, inconceivably small, to be sure, and yet nevertheless real. The rule laid down by Dalton that the smallest particle of matter which can take part in a chemical change is an atom, is firmly believed by every physicist and chemist. The modifications necessary as a result of more modern research involve the view that whereas *chemical* reactions involve reactions *between* atoms, there may be other types of reactions, such as those due to radioactivity, which involve changes *within* the atom. Dalton was wrong when he assumed that the atom was the smallest particle imaginable, for we are to-day familiar with the electron, which is smaller than the atom and which, indeed, constitutes but a small part of the planetary system of an atom; but he was right in assuming that an atom

is the smallest particle capable of taking part in a *chemical* change. We know that atoms are entities, though the average diameter of an atom is not more than one three-hundred-millionth of an inch; and, still more remarkable, we know that electrons are entities, though the diameter of an electron is probably not more than one-hundred-thousandth that of an atom, and its weight about two-thousandth that of the lightest atom known, namely hydrogen!

The great physicists of an earlier generation, among them Faraday, Kelvin, and Helmholtz, attempted an estimation of atomic sizes in a number of ingenious ways. Some dyes, for example, will exhibit color even when diluted 100,000,000 times, which can be interpreted as meaning that the smallest weighable particle of such a dye may be divided into 100,000,000 parts. Faraday prepared films of gold the thickness of which he estimated to be one-hundred-millionth of an inch. Continuous films with soap bubbles and with oil were obtained when their thicknesses could hardly have been more than one-eighth the thickness of Faraday's gold leaf. Further and more complicated experiments and calculations involving such phenomena as viscosity and conduction of heat in gases, yielded a figure which indicated that six hundred million million atoms occupy one cubic inch of space.

Since these numbers have no more meaning than the present-day billion and trillion mark quotations, let us resort to a few analogies. If a drop of water were magnified to the size of the earth, the constituent atoms would be about the size of footballs. Or, to use a variation of this analogy, if the constituent atoms in a tumbler of water could all be labeled for later identification, and the water were then mixed with all the water in the world, and if, after thorough mixing, the tumbler were again filled, it would contain two thousand of the original atoms. If you are bent upon linking the mark with the atom, you may use this analogy, due to

Doctor Foote: if the paper marks are aken as being worth sixty cents per rillion, one *paper* mark would still be nough to buy *three billion gold atoms!*

The limit of vision of our most powerful ultra-microscope is a particle with a hickness of about three-millionth of an nch, which is still 200 times the width of he calculated atom. Yet science triumphs in unexpected ways; for in recent studies on the discharge of helium atoms from radioactive substances, it has been found possible to count the individual helium atoms by the scintillations set up when they strike certain phosphorescent substances. Sir Ernest Rutherford, the author of this ingenious experiment, counts the number of such scintillations within a given time, measures the volume of gas collected, makes a number of calculations, and coolly announces that there are 77 billion billion atoms of helium per cubic inch of the gas!

We must look to Mendeléeff and his Periodic Classification for the first signs of skepticism in the view that the atom is the ultimate particle of matter. Mendeléeff published his paper in 1869. Briefly, what he showed was as follows: You have some eighty odd elements, like hydrogen, silver, iron, oxygen, etc., composed, as Dalton postulates, of atoms of these elements. If we take the lightest of these atoms, hydrogen, and call its weight 1, then the atom of silver can be shown to weigh 108 times, the atom of gold 197 times, and the atom of oxygen 16 times that of hydrogen. The numbers 108, 197, and 16 represent the *atomic weights* of the elements silver, gold, and oxygen. Mendeléeff now showed that these atomic weights could be utilized for the purpose of bringing out family resemblances among the elements, and all that was really necessary to show this—to state the case in its simplest form—was to group your elements in lots of eight, starting with the lightest, hydrogen, and working your way up to the heaviest, uranium. Where there are brothers and sisters there must be fathers and mothers; and when you find that

according to Mendeléeff's grouping such elements as lithium, sodium, and potassium, or chlorine, bromine, and iodine show blood ties, and all your laboratory experience abundantly confirms such relationships, then you begin to wonder whether the elements, and the atoms of which the elements consist, are really the fundamental substances in nature they are supposed to be. Whatever philosophy there is in us urges us to the view that the elements represent but the different branches of one tree, and that they have their ultimate origin in some inorganic equivalent for the amoeba.

The newer knowledge regarding the structure of matter dates back to the eighties of the last century, when Sir William Crookes was still active in the laboratory and had not, as yet, joined the Lodges and the Richets in their get-there-quick flights to the land of the dead. Electricity was the tool chosen by Crookes. The electrolytic studies of Faraday, and the electromagnetic theory of light, due to Clerk Maxwell, made it appear plausible that electricity and matter were not two disconnected entities. When, therefore, a high-tension current from an induction coil—familiar to-day to every youngster with his "radio" set—was passed through a tube from which the air was exhausted as thoroughly as possible, and Crookes was able to demonstrate to a British Association audience that rays were shot out from the cathode which gave rise to fluorescence and to heat when striking objects, the probability that these cathode rays represented a state of matter (as suggested by Crookes) seemed a logical interpretation. Crookes in his experiment made use of a property with which we are thoroughly familiar to-day, namely, that when atoms are charged with electricity (and they become "ions" and are "ionised"), their existence and behavior can be much more easily studied than when they are *un-ionised*. Charged with electricity, the presence of a few thousand atoms

can be easily detected, while the most refined methods of chemical analysis will hardly detect less than a million million uncharged atoms.

The discovery and measurement of the *electron* (from the Greek word meaning amber, which gives rise to "negative" electricity when rubbed) must, however, be attributed to J. J. Thomson, one of a brilliant band of workers in the Cavendish Laboratory in Cambridge, England, who began his experiments in 1897. The apparatus used was based on the one employed by Crookes, but with many modifications. The experimental details and the mathematics involved are such as to make a description of the experiment quite impossible here. Suffice it to say that using Crookes' discovery that the cathode rays (or as we call them now, electrons) can be bent by the action of a magnet, he measured the magnitude of this bend and compared it with the strength of the magnet employed, and this gave him the basis for the calculation of the weight of these electrons. To determine the number of such electrons, and thereby obtain a means for calculating the weight of individual electrons, use was made of a discovery by Wilson, a pupil of Thomson's, who showed that when electrons travel through water vapor they collect a little cloud, and thereby become large enough to be seen through a powerful microscope. By this means even the path of a free electron can be photographed.

Still more exact measurements by Millikan, the American physicist who has just been awarded the Nobel Prize, make these facts as certain as any man-discovered "facts" can be: that the electron is a negative particle of electricity of such weight that 1700 of them weigh no more than the lightest atom known; that it is a more fundamental unit than the atom, for exactly the *same* electron is detected in *different* elements, whereas the atoms of one element differ from the atoms of another; that, since the electron is a particle of electricity, and the eighty-odd elements which go

to the formation of the material world around us all contain electrons, matter must be considered as electrical in origin, and the electron as one of the fundamental units of matter (and therefore of electricity). That a current of electricity should be regarded as electrons *in motion* is not one of the least interesting results of this work. That, furthermore, the disintegration of radium should result in the discharge of a number of rays, one group of which, the *beta rays*, have been proved to be identical in every respect with the electron studied by Thomson, Millikan, and others, is further evidence that this minute particle takes its place in the very early history of the evolution of elements, and, therefore, of matter. Whether it is *the* fundamental unit of matter, as some enthusiasts have proclaimed, is quite another thing. In one age, the atom; in our own, the electron; fifty years from now—who knows?—a particle, *x*, still smaller than the electron! Perhaps we are already on the eve of it in Planck's unit of radiant energy, the *quantum*!

But the electron represents a negative particle of electricity. Where is the positive particle? The atom itself is electrically neutral, so that when, by decomposing it, you get a negatively charged particle, it is reasonable to assume that what remains must be of the opposite charge. We have already seen that when a tube (containing air, or hydrogen, or any other gas) is evacuated, and a current passed through it, electrons issue from the cathode. The cathode being the negative pole *repels* the electrons, which are negatively charged particles. On the other hand, the cathode ought to *attract* positively charged particles, since like and unlike electricities attract one another. Goldstein, in fact, as early as 1896, using a perforated cathode, showed that cones of violet light projected from the holes *behind* the cathode. These "canal rays," as they were called by their discoverer, were next subjected by Wien to an analysis similar to the analysis of the

electron by Thomson, with these results: the "rays" could be deflected by magnetic and electric forces, just as the electrons, but the *deflection was in the opposite direction*. Clearly, then, these rays represented the positive particles. Further, an estimation of their mass showed that these particles (which have since received the name "protons") were much, much heavier than the electrons; that, indeed, the lightest proton weighed about as much as a hydrogen atom. The English school of physicists, among whom must be mentioned Thomson, Rutherford, and Aston, are mainly responsible for the remarkable development, in our own day, of *positive ray analysis*—an analysis which has thrown a flood of light on the nucleus, or inner structure, of the atom.

This "nucleus" of the atom is the discovery of Rutherford and upon it is based his theory of the structure of the atom. Studies in radioactivity and an examination of its rays led to these important results: the constant and relatively enormous heat generated by radium could result only from the breaking up of the atom itself and involved changes quite different from the chemical changes with which we are familiar. This led to the supposition that when one atom unites with another in chemical combination, involving heat-changes which in amount are infinitesimal compared with those obtained in radioactivity, only the surfaces of the atoms are scratched, so to speak, the inner parts remaining intact; but in radium Nature exhibits an element whose inner parts are disturbed. We must then postulate that there are two distinct parts to an atom; an inner, relatively stable part, the "nucleus," and an outer, less stable part, the "planetary circle."

Here we have the germ of the nuclear theory of the atom, as enunciated by Rutherford. But it must also be added that this prince among physicists had produced some very convincing experimental evidence, not only to jus-

tify his nuclear theory, but actually to estimate the size of the nucleus. The evidence depends upon the passage of *alpha* particles, obtained from radium, through various atoms. These particles, as a rule, shoot through atoms without deviating from their path, showing that there are no material bodies in their way; but sometimes their direction is deflected—there is a rebound, and then it becomes clear that the *alpha* particles have struck a body. This body is the "nucleus" or "sun" of the atom. Since from the nucleus of radium we get *alpha* and *beta* particles, and since analysis shows that these *alpha* particles are positively charged atoms of helium, and the *beta* particles are electrons, or negatively charged particles; and since, furthermore, the positive charge on the helium atom is greater than the negative charge on the electron; it is assumed that the nucleus of the atom consists of positive and negative electricity, with the former preponderating. The atom as a whole is neutral. It is neutral because the nucleus of the atom has a positive charge (due to the preponderance of positive over negative charges), and this nucleus or "sun" is surrounded by satellites—electrons in this case—which are negatively charged, with a total charge equal but opposite to that on the nucleus. So that we arrive at the remarkable conclusion that the atom, the chemist's simplest piece of matter, is a combination of positive and negative electricity, and matter is really electrical in origin.

But Rutherford has not stopped here. He has submitted the nucleus to even closer examination. He has shown, by an extension of his *alpha*-ray attack on atoms, that the diameter of this nucleus is very, very small as compared to the diameter of the atom itself, though practically the entire weight of the atom is centered in the nucleus. And, to crown an achievement of glorious feats, by a violent bombardment of the nitrogen atom with *alpha*-rays, he has actually obtained helium and hydrogen. Nitro-

gen, helium, and hydrogen have always been held up by the chemist as typical examples of elements—of substances which cannot be decomposed any farther. Why, then, should we get hydrogen and helium from nitrogen? The answer is not a difficult one. The atoms of hydrogen are the lightest known, and the atoms of helium are not only heavier than the hydrogen atoms but lighter than the atoms of any other element. It is, therefore, probable that the atoms of nitrogen represent suitable combinations of the atoms of hydrogen and helium. A number of elements other than nitrogen, whose atoms are all heavier than the atoms of hydrogen and helium, have yielded these two gases when subjected to *alpha*-ray bombardment; so that we seem justified in stating that hydrogen and helium represent an early stage in the evolution of the elements.

Rutherford's conception of the structure of the atom as a solar system in miniature has also given us a somewhat deeper insight into the meaning of chemical and radioactive changes. Perhaps nothing was so striking in connection with the discovery of radium as that the radioactive rays which it emits could not be controlled by any means known to man. Neither the highest nor the lowest temperatures will accelerate or retard a radioactive change. You can put radium in the electric arc or you can put it in liquid air without in the least affecting the rate of the rays given off by the element. Such a change is quite different from any chemical change which has been studied. Every chemical reaction is influenced by temperature, being accelerated when the temperature is increased and retarded when it is decreased; so that in liquid helium, where we approach the absolute zero, combinations between elements practically cease, and in Moissan's electric-arc furnace, registering 6000 degrees Fahrenheit, all kinds of refractory elements are made to combine. Why cannot radioactive changes be similarly

controlled? Because—and this has been touched upon before—a radioactive transformation is really a fundamentally different thing from a chemical one. In the latter, only the planetary electrons are affected; the nucleus is not touched. A radioactive change is due to a disturbance of the nucleus. When atoms of hydrogen, for example, combine with atoms of oxygen to form water, only the planetary electrons of these atoms are affected; but when radium spontaneously decomposes, it is because the nucleus is undergoing decomposition.

To pave the way for the next advance, allusion will be made to the two simple diagrams illustrated in Figures (1) and (2). In (2) is represented in an extremely crude form an imaginary atom of an element whose nucleus consists of 7 positive and 4 negative particles, as compared to 6 positive and 3 negative particles in the atom represented in (1). In both atoms the excess positive over negative charges is three, so that to neutralize these we shall require three electrons around each of the planetary systems: three around B, and three around B'. The chemical properties of the atom—and therefore the element consisting of millions of such atoms—depend upon the number of electrons around B or B'. Since these are the same as in our example, the chemical properties of these elements must be the same. But you will please remember the evidence brought forward by Rutherford to the effect that the weight of the atom is almost entirely centered in the positive charge, or proton. Since there are 6 such charges in (1) and 7 in (2), there ought to be an appreciable difference in weight between these two atoms. These atoms illustrate an example of *isotopes*—elements having the same chemical properties but different atomic weights. Our own Professor Richards, of Harvard, first showed that lead obtained from radioactive sources has an appreciably lower atomic weight than lead obtained from ordinary lead ores, though the most refined chemical analysis failed to detect

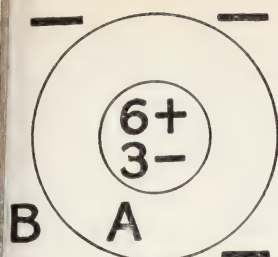


Figure 1

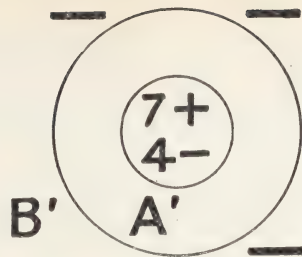


Figure 2

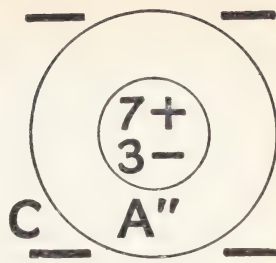


Figure 3

DIAGRAMS ILLUSTRATING ATOMIC STRUCTURE

any other difference between these two varieties of lead. Here you have an example of isotopes.

Aston, working in Rutherford's laboratory in Cambridge, has been able to demonstrate that many of the common elements are really *mixtures* of two or more isotopic modifications, one modification differing from the other by a slight difference in weight only, but otherwise, in chemical and spectroscopical behavior, quite indistinguishable; which explains why the existence of isotopes was quite unknown until recently. Aston's method of analysis does not make use of the balance at all: the differences in weight are often so small that not the most delicate balance will detect it. It is in reality an extension of Thomson and Rutherford's *positive ray* analysis, depending upon the separation of the positive from the negative charges of the atom, and analyzing the former when under the influence of magnetic and electrical forces. Since isotopes merely differ in density, and since practically all the weight resides in the positive charges, an analysis of the latter, involving, among other things, their velocity, is sufficient to bring out essential differences (using several mathematical principles).

If we refer again to the figures we may recognize still another possibility. Suppose the nucleus of figure (3) to consist of 7 positive and 3 negative charges. This would give an excess of 4 positive charges, and therefore 4 electrons round C would be necessary to neutralize them. The atom represented by (2)

would require but 3 outer electrons. Since the number of outer electrons in (2) and (3) would differ, and since the chemical properties of the element depend upon these outer electrons, the two elements would exhibit different chemical properties. Since, however, they both have the same total number of positive charges, and since the weight of the atom is practically the weight of these charges, the two elements would have the same atomic weight. Elements with the same atomic weight but different chemical properties are *isobares*, as distinguished from isotopes, where we deal with elements having different atomic weights but the same chemical properties. Rutherford and Soddy, in their studies of the disintegration of the radium series of elements, have shown how isobares and isotopes may be formed.

The excess positive over negative charges in the nucleus—at A and A' and A''—is called the *atomic number*; so that the atoms in figures (1) and (2) have an atomic number of 3 and the atom in (3) has an atomic number of 4. These atomic numbers are considered as perhaps the most fundamental characteristics of the elements. Using the X-ray spectra of the elements (which differ with different elements and which can be obtained by bombarding the elements with *beta* rays or electrons), Moseley, an Englishman twenty-six years old, working in the Cavendish Laboratory in Cambridge just before the outbreak of the War, showed how the atomic number for every known

element can be calculated. If the atomic number of hydrogen, the lightest element, be called one, that of helium, the lightest but one, is shown by calculation to be 2, the next, lithium 3, and so on (4, 5, 6, 7, 8, etc.), until the heaviest element, uranium, is reached, which has an atomic number of 92. That such "a flight of stairs with perfectly definite, even treads" is obtained, makes it evident that Moseley's discovery touches the very root of ultimate reality in the material world.

Moseley, with probably one or two other budding Einsteins or Rutherfords, was killed in the Great War. "Had the European War had no other result than the snuffing out of this young life," writes Professor Millikan, "that alone would make it the most hideous and most irreparable crime in history."

At about the same time when Moseley was engaged on his atomic numbers, Niels Bohr, a young Dane, who was working in Rutherford's laboratory, took up the latter's theory of the structure of the atom and has since extended it a great deal, showing, among other things, that the characteristic spectra yielded by elements (upon which is based the whole science of spectrum analysis) is related

to different stable orbits around the nucleus of the atom. But his theory in its complexity rivals Einstein's, and we must at present leave it here.

And so our journey comes to an end—for the time being. Our inn is the electron. The Rutherfords, the Millikans, the Astons, the Bohrs, are recuperating there. They and their disciples will take up the trail again. It may lead to the discovery that the very electron is no less a miniature solar system than is the atom itself. Why not? Why a limit to any number, whether large or small? asks the reflective mind. Why suppose that either this age, or the next, or any age will ever reach finality in any one direction? So we play with Einstein and his fourth dimension, already figuring that there may be a fifth and sixth. And so we play with Rutherford and his electron, ready to bounce upon Mr. X, the parent of all the electrons. What a game for the mind! What an uplift for the soul! How utterly incomprehensible that the creature of God who dives into the atom and brings to the surface divine specks of beauty and truth is the same creature who dives into hell and brings about the Great War!

Blessing for a Spring

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

SWEET spring, because your waters cold and clear
 Refresh an upward-striving mountaineer,
 May all the clouds bequeath you rain and snow
 That never drought may parch your bubbling flow;
 May no rough wind nor vandal ax invade
 The sacred woods that give you peace and shade,
 But still to you, from bowered cliff and shaw,
 May gentle creatures come on wing and paw,
 And heart-shaped hoofprints mark your mossy brink
 To tell where doe and fawn have stooped to drink;
 And may your mirror, pure as beryls are,
 At nightfall ever hold your dearest star!

Bare Souls. IV: John Keats

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

THOUGH Keats burned his life out at twenty-five, consumed by the passion for creating great poetry, he was no visionary, no cracked-brained dreamer but a sane, sound, normal human being, as Shakespeare was. Until tuberculosis extinguished him in his Roman exile, under the care of the devoted Severn, in 1821, he had knocked around the London and the England of the early nineteenth century, had met men and women, had studied medicine, though his natural sensibility made it difficult for him to practice it, had seen life and faced it and enjoyed it. He had indeed the Shakespearean zest for life, quite independent of literature, and was human enough himself to enter into all the humanity of others. And he was ready to endure life as well as to enjoy it:

"The first thing that strikes me on hearing a misfortune having befallen another is this—'Well, it cannot be helped: he will have the pleasure of trying the resources of his spirit.'" He had the pleasure—or the discipline—of trying the resources of his spirit enormously,

and he knew the significance of the words he put into the mouth of his old Titan:

Oh, folly! For to bear all naked ills,
And to envisage circumstance all calm,
That is the top of sovereignty.



EVEN IN YOUTH THE GRAVE BROW AND THE
PENETRATING EYES HAVE INFINITE NOBLENES

Joseph Severn's Charcoal Sketch of Keats

Much of this broad human dignity, this calm self-possession, may surely be read in Keats's face. Even in youth the grave brow and the penetrating eyes have infinite nobleness.

Let us follow this daily, sunlit humanity of Keats in some of the more ordinary phases and common interests of life. Before his illness overcame him it is clear that he had a good share in all natural simple sports and activities. He liked to ramble in the country on long walks and walking journeys, with an

eye out always for the amusing vagaries of men and women. He liked boating. He could play cards on occasion, or dance with real pleasure, as shown in his comment on another: "Rice said he cared less about the hour than anyone, and the proof is his dancing—he cares

not for time, dancing as if he were deaf." Also he could fight when necessary, as appears from his thrashing a butcher's boy who was acting the bully.

Nor was this high-strung sensitive poet by any means above the more sensuous pleasures of humanity. He liked good eating, and said so with the utmost frankness. Partridge appealed to him, as it does to the more prosaic. And he liked the food washed down with good liquor. Even the grosser forms were not rejected. Whisky? There is something to be said for whisky. But claret was his special delight, and he refers to it repeatedly: "For really 'tis so fine—it fills one's mouth with a gushing freshness—then goes down cool and feverless—and then you do not feel it quarreling with your liver—no, it is rather a peace-maker, and lies as quiet as it did in the grape."

Before tuberculosis struck him he seems to have had health sufficient to meet all reasonable demands upon it. No doubt his demands were not always reasonable, and the carelessness of youth hastened and accentuated the inevitable end. The importance of health, what it meant, how absolutely necessary it was for achieving the great things he aimed at, he understood as well as anyone. "Nothing is so bad as want of health—it makes one envy scavengers and cindersifters," he cried when he had lost it. But he did not need to lose it to appreciate it. He advises others most judiciously as to the care of it, and he sighs over the sense of what its fullness and perfection would do for him: "I think if I had a free and healthy and lasting organization of heart, and lungs as strong as an ox's, so as to be able to bear unhurt the shock of extreme thought and sensation without weariness, I could pass my life very nearly alone, though it should last eighty years."

In the most practical and necessary of all life's concerns, if not the most interesting or inviting—money and business—Keats does not appear to have been wholly shrewd or successful. With

his tastes and tendencies there was a constant temptation to spend and, as he was situated, there was little for spending. He expresses an indifference and disregard to money which is noble and admirable: "It may be a proud sentence; but by Heaven I am as entirely above all matters of interest as the sun is above the earth." Unfortunately one cannot live wholly without it, however. There were bills to be paid which were most pressing and most annoying. Also there was the constant importunity and need of friends, and it is notable how greatly Keats was involved in supplying these, how the impecunious seemed to turn to him and how much of his financial distress was connected with the effort to take care of them. But it should be appreciated that, whether he spent or whether he lent or whether he borrowed, he was scrupulous and conscientious, knew his obligations and tried to fulfill them, and wished others to understand that it was so. He writes to his publishers: "I am sure you are confident of my responsibility, and in the sense of squareness that is always in me." We could not ask a poet, or a man of business, to be more practical than that.

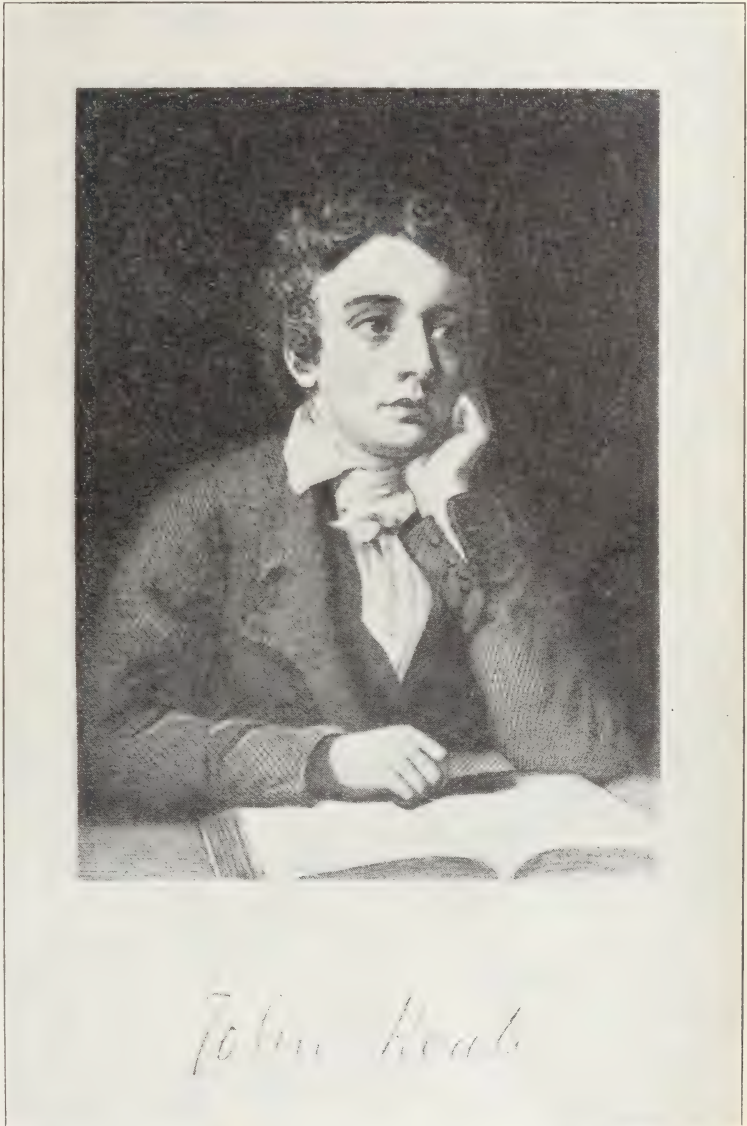
These financial relations show how intimately Keat's life was bound up with that of others, and it is impossible not to feel that in his general human dealings he was as fundamentally sane and normal as in other respects. To be sure he was always busy, intensely preoccupied with great hopes that life was not long enough to realize, and the little distractions that humanity carries with it were sometimes vexatious. A houseful of children may be charming but is not conducive to work: "The servant has come for the little Browns this morning—they have been a toothache to me which I shall enjoy the riddance of—Their little voices are like wasps' stings. Sometimes am I all wound with Browns." Moreover, like most self-conscious persons he was shy and diffident, immensely aware of his own self in any social gather-

ng and inclined to exaggerate the importance of that self to others, who probably thought little about it: "Think of my pleasure in solitude in comparison of my commerce with the world—there I am a child. . . . Some think me middling, others silly, others foolish—every one thinks he sees my weak side against my will, when in truth it is with my will." Possibly the analysis was not correct: it certainly cannot have been helpful to freedom of intercourse.

Yet this man, whose work was to be built upon the passions of men, liked to see them, to converse with them, to get close to them and feel the intimate warmth of humanity. He likes to watch a busy crowd and trace the interplay of motives and petty vanities, as in his vivid description of the life behind the scenes of a theater. He likes to meet notable individuals, such as Wordsworth and Coleridge, and renders the strange medley of the latter's talk with shrewd appreciation. And he likes to mingle in gay company just for the pure amusement of it, to take jests and to make them. He likes a mad burst of frolic that sweeps carelessly into the small hours of the morning, likes to shake off restraint and go free and forget.

He has a relish for pure nonsense, fills his letters with a riotous fun which is often youthful and crude and ill-digested, has not reached the delicacy and fineness of Lamb. But it must have made him very charming company when he felt thoroughly at home and forgot himself. The elements of a full and rich social life were about him somewhere.

As for closer friendship and affection, the warmth and humanity of his nature perhaps show in these most of all. He



KEATS AT TWENTY-THREE

From an engraving after the portrait in oils painted by Joseph Severn in 1818

not only lent his friends money, he gave them tenderness and thoughtfulness and advice which was always well meant and intelligent and sometimes useful and profitable. He seems to have had an earnest interest in patching up their quarrels. Apparently he was not a quarreler himself, took too large a view of life and human nature. But his friends spatted and fought and abused and accused each other. And again and again he set himself to apply that practical common sense which he had so abundantly and which is the best cure for quarrels by simply dissipating them.

Above all his tenderness flowed out to his own family. His father and mother died in his youth, but his brothers and sister and sister-in-law were objects of constant and peculiar regard, and the devotion with which he nursed the brother who died was equal to that afterward shown by Severn to himself.

But what is most striking about this born poet in all these daily matters and relations of life is the richness and splendor of imagination with which he transfused and interpenetrated even the commonest things. All readers of his poetry are familiar with this quality and his poetry would amply suffice to illustrate it. But his letters are at once less known and more personal, and the glow of imagination touches them everywhere as it does the poems. Often in the middle of a letter he bursts right into verse. Or he brings in his memories of Shakespeare and other poets, till it is difficult to tell where they end and he begins. He himself marks this element of his correspondence and enlarges upon it delightfully: "If I scribble long letters I must play my vagaries—I must be too heavy, or too light, for whole pages—I must be quaint and free of tropes and figures—I must play my draughts as I please, and for my advantage and your erudition, crown a white with a black, or a black with a white, and move into black or white, far and near as I please." In no other letter-writer except Flau-

bert is this play, this wonderful flash and glory of imagination at once so abundant and so spontaneous.

Even in the comparatively prosaic concerns which we have hitherto been dealing with—sport, health, money, eating and drinking—the imagination finds ample chance to spread its glorifying color. Take the most humdrum of all—money, and see how at once imagination sets to work on it, transfiguring currency into a strange figment of fantastic purport and illimitable suggestion: "I am extremely indebted to you for your liberality in the shape of a manufactured rag, value £20, and shall immediately proceed to destroy some of the minor heads of that hydra the dun; to conquer which the knight need have no sword, shield, cuirass, cuisses, herbadgeon, spear, casque, greaves, paldrons, spurs, chevron, or any other scaly commodity, but he need only take the bank-note of faith and cash of salvation, and set out against the monster." Even so the Elizabethan fancy played with the dull surface of life and made gold of it.

And if imagination can so trifle with familiar matter of to-day, it is easy to see how wide will be its range in larger concerns that appeal to it more naturally. The plastic arts were not much within the range of Keats's study or competence. Yet here also it is evident that his æsthetic sensibility reacted with singular passionate ardor, and imagination could hardly play more richly than it did about his "Grecian Urn." So with music. His technical knowledge and experience were no doubt small. But the instant a musical suggestion touches him, it gets interwoven with a range of thought and feeling far beyond the immediate present: "Have you never, by being surprised with an old melody, in a delicious place by a delicious voice, *felt* over again your very speculations and surmises at the time it first operated on your soul?" And from this imaginative point of view was ever anything better said than,

To William Keats

Much have I marvel'd in the Ruins of gold
And many goodly states and Kingdoms seen
Round my western islands here I been
Which Boons in booty to Apollo held
Oft I me wide of fame had I been told
That deep braw'd Homer reel'd in his Domes
Yet could I never judge what Men could know
Till I heard Chapman speak and loise and hold
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new Planet sweeps into his Keen
On little slant Earth where with eagle eyes
He stalk'd at the Pacific and all his ken
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise
Silent upon a Peak in Darien

HE POURS OUT HIS RAPTURE OVER FAVORITE AUTHORS, AS IN THE CHAPMAN SONNET

The original manuscript of "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer." Keats later changed the seventh line to read "Yet did I never breathe its pure serene"

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter?

When it comes to the realm of external nature, where no technical training is needed but simply eyes and ears and emotions, the exuberance of Keats's imaginative activity is unbounded. Of all the great qualities of his poetry this is perhaps the greatest. It works through the chaotic luxuriance of "Endymion," as in the concentrated beauty of the great Odes and Sonnets. The "Autumn," the "Nightingale," the "Grecian Urn," contain the finest rendering of Nature in the English language. From "fast-fading violets" to "earnest stars" there are few natural objects that are not transfigured and transported into the realm of imperishable beauty.

But here again the letters afford a

more personal and intimate phase of the same passionate familiarity and rapture. Sometimes it is a broad and almost comic handling of more superficial aspects, say a trip through Devonshire blighted and thwarted by perpetual rain. The weather is played with, tossed about and tumbled, made to yield infinite suggestions of riotous and complex merriment, all the time with a background of light and shade and color and possible ecstasy. Sometimes natural objects are converted with Shakespearean alchemy into their human spiritual equivalent. Or again there is a flare of splendor when the whole universe is laid under contribution to appease our mortal wretchedness: "In truth, the great elements we know of, are no mean comforters: the open sky sits upon our senses like a sapphire crown—the air is our robe of state—the earth is our throne, and the

sea a mighty minstrel playing before it—able, like David's harp, to make such a one as you forget almost the tempest cares of life." Finally there is the complete loss of self in the natural world, the effacement of this tormented, questioning, haunting, discontented individuality in the vaster movements or even in the petty trifles of the life outside. As it is put more grandly in "Hyperion,"

I am but a voice;
My life is but the life of winds and tides,
No more than winds and tides can I avail.

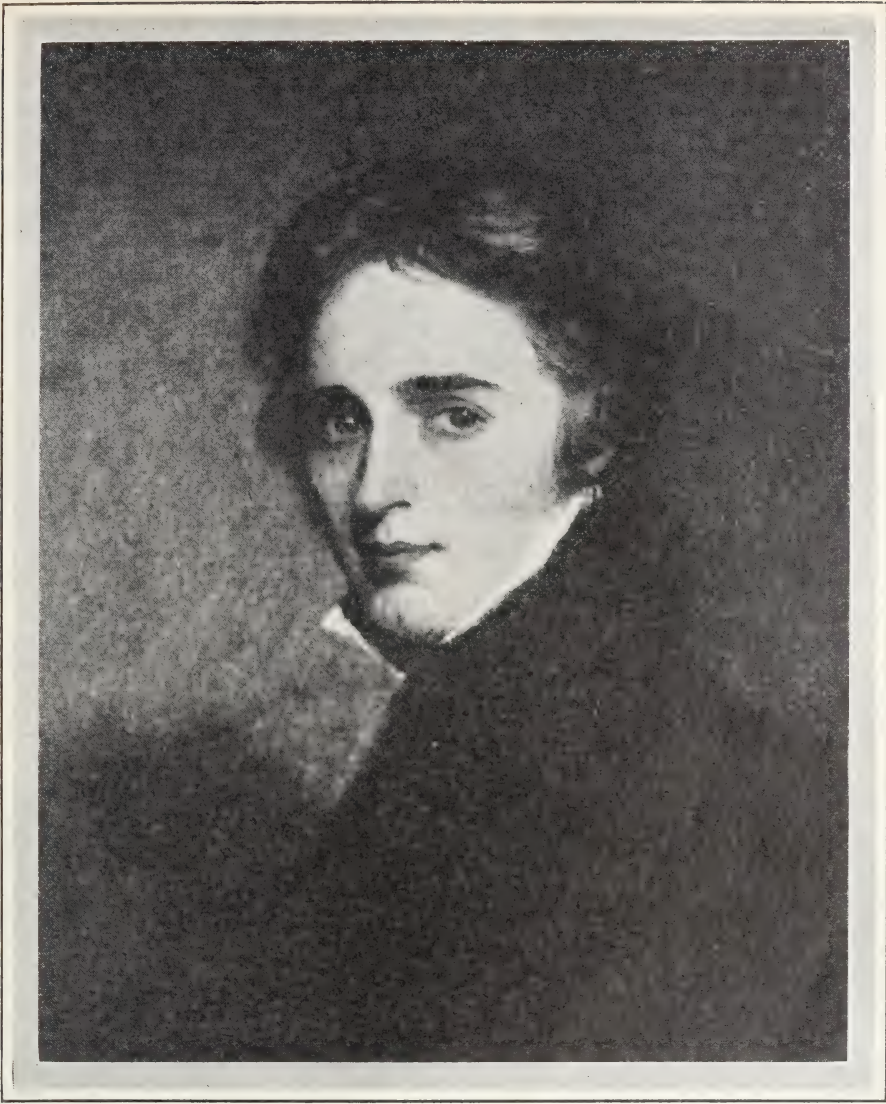
Or, with the lightest simple touch in the letters: "I scarcely remember counting upon any happiness. I look not for it if it be not in the present hour: nothing startles me beyond the moment. The setting sun will always set me to rights, or if a sparrow come before my window, I take part in its existence and pick about the gravel."

When Keats touches books, reading—especially poetry—there is the same transfiguration as with natural objects. The passionate enthusiasm of the reader colors and glorifies everything that is read, for with such a temperament, naturally little is read that is not susceptible of color and glory. Let others meddle with science and statistics. Perhaps if we chose we could make our way here too. But with all the splendor of past genius before us, why should we choose matters of such a dull and plodding bent? Poetry? What is life without it? "I find I cannot exist without poetry, without eternal poetry: half the day will not do, the whole of it. I began with a little, but habit has made me a Leviathan." And he indulges in wild, rich, wandering speculations as to the eternal nature of beauty. Again, he pours out his rapture over favorite authors, as in the Chapman sonnet or that written before rereading "King Lear."

In the more practical prosaic aspects of general human affairs it was hardly to be expected that this ideal temper

should take a great interest, especially in its early twenties. Keats lived in more or less intimate literary association with Hunt and his radical group, and the prejudice against them perhaps extended itself to him, even coloring the critical reviews of his work. But nothing could be more unjust. He was radical in the sense that he went to the roots of things. But he was far indeed from any disposition to active interference with the conduct of public matters. In politics as in everything else it was the imaginative aspect that touched him, and his idea of democracy is not quite that of the average social reformer: "Man should not dispute or assert, but whisper results to his neighbor, and thus by every germ of spirit sucking the sap from mould ethereal every human being might become great, and humanity instead of being a wide heath of furze and briars, with here and there a remote oak or pine, would become a grand democracy of forest trees."

Toward the still larger, deeper spiritual concerns of life and death Keats's attitude is much the same, but more intense. The eager petulance and irreverence of youth affected him as it has others. Yet this mood was temporary and never touched him deeply. He was no more essentially destructive in speculative thought than he was in politics. More and more his mind played constructively and creatively around the great problems. But what is large and fine about him is his distaste for dogmatic conclusions in speculative matters. Like Flaubert in this as in so many other points, he felt that life and beauty were too rich and vital to be netted, tangled, strangled in theories or systems. Always to be thinking, to be feeling, to be reaching out, grasping for more truth, more splendor—that was the ideal. Especially, one should not argue for the sake of arguing: "I shall never be a reasoner, because I care not to be in the right, when retired from bickering and in a proper philosophical temper." And with abstract thought as with concrete



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

From the portrait painted by William Edward West in 1822, and now owned by Dr. and Mrs. John Dunn, of Richmond, Virginia, with whose permission it is here reproduced.

experience, what counts most and is most original is the glory of the imaginative garment, which not only adorns but illuminates and stimulates.

When the imagination is so significant, so dominating an element of mental make-up, it is inevitably much concerned with itself, and this was characteristic of Keats from an early period. He dwelt upon the imaginative power, analyzed it, dissected it with extraor-

dinary subtlety and insight, not merely as a distinguishing gift of his own, but in its essential nature. The remarkable page of the letter to Woodhouse of October, 1818, should be read entire to appreciate how close and passionate this analysis was: "A poet is the most unpoetical of anything in existence, because he has no identity—he is continually in, for, and filling some other body. The sun, the moon, the sea, and men and women, who are

creatures of impulse, are poetical, and have about them an unchangeable attribute; the poet has none, no identity: he is certainly the most unpoetical of all God's creatures."

Again, such an imagination would not be content with merely analyzing itself; it would be restlessly, eternally eager to project itself in some definite achievement of creative beauty. With Keats the eagerness was so constant, so intense that it became interwoven with almost all his waking and sleeping thought. To create beauty, to pour out unlimited splendor that would stir the world and live, this idea took possession of him in childhood and never left him.

No doubt the element of success, of reputation, of popularity entered in. Like most great writers Keats had his times of disclaiming this. The mere unthinking applause of the mob irritated him: its acceptance of momentary fashions, its utter inability to distinguish the true and permanent from the merely glittering that must shortly disappear. He speaks of "the solitary indifference I feel for applause, even from the finest spirits." Yet after all there is something in leaving "great verse unto a little clan," something in being "rich in the simple worship of a day." And it is with a fine, high, confident security that he declares: "I think I shall be among the English Poets after my death."

At any rate, whether one cared for fame or not, one could labor to deserve it, to do things that men ought to admire if they admired at all. Not that Keats was one of the writers who proceed mechanically, doing set tasks at stated hours, so many lines and so many pages whether the spirit responds or not. On the contrary there were times when the impulse swept down upon him, took possession of him; when great ideas and rich utterances poured through him like a torrent and he had to strive with them or die. There were other hours of large, contented indolence when he asked nothing but to absorb, without even the

definite consciousness of doing that. He was splendidly capable of fruitful idleness.

Nor again did he toil with the endless, scrupulous patience of a Flaubert to make every line and every word impossibly perfect. He felt that, with genius of his type at any rate, such minute toil would imperil spontaneity, that the bent and the impulse must be taken as they came, with a serene confidence in the compelling deity and an assurance that out of comparative imperfection a higher perfection would in the end appear. How admirable is the well-known letter to Hessey, written after the severe criticism of "Endymion": "J. S. is perfectly right in regard to the slipshod 'Endymion.' That it is so is no fault of mine. No! Though it may sound a little paradoxical. It is as good as I had power to make it—by myself. Had I been nervous about its being a perfect piece, and with that view asked advice, and trembled over every page, it would not have been written; for it is not in my nature to fumble: I will write independently. I have written independently *without judgment*. I may write independently, and *with judgment* hereafter. The genius of poetry must work out its own salvation in a man. It cannot be matured by law and precept, but by sensation and watchfulness in itself."

Yet for all the whim and mood and possible waywardness, no poet ever took his vocation more loftily or seriously, none ever felt more fully that work which the world will revere must be done in a spirit that the world can hardly understand. How noble, how pregnant, and how humble also is the advice to Shelley, whose methods were certainly far more erratic than those of Keats: "You, I am sure, will forgive me for sincerely remarking that you might curb your magnanimity, and be more of an artist, and load every rift of your subject with ore. The thought of such discipline must fall like cold chains upon you, who perhaps never

at with your wings furled for six months together. And is not this extraordinary talk for the writer of 'Endymion,' whose mind was like a pack of scattered cards? I am picked up and sorted to a pip."

Yet whether the work was carefully done or carelessly, there were plenty of difficulties about the doing of it. There were external difficulties such as every literary man is too familiar with—the interruptions, often well-intentioned and not unwelcome, but disturbing to the full flow of inspiration; the necessary calls of business; the thousand little distractions, petty in themselves but irritating as the buzz of flies against a dusty windowpane, if your attention gets fixed on them. As Keats himself puts it, "I carry all matters to an extreme; so that when I have any little vexation, it grows in five minutes into a theme for Sophocles." It does not really appear that the poet was unusually susceptible to these things. His

work was done in all sorts of places and under conditions that cannot always have been propitious. Yet he does at times complain that concentration was impossible: "In the way I am at present situated I have too many interruptions to a train of feeling to be able to write poetry."

Again there were the external annoyances connected with literature itself, the brutality and stupidity of criticism. It was long ago recognized that any theory that Keats's death was caused by the attacks of *Blackwood's* and *The Quarterly Review* is quite fantastic. The abuse of him had a large political element behind it, as he was no doubt well aware; there was plenty of praise as well as much abuse, and Keats's own temper was too manly to be ruinously or permanently affected by such wasp-stings. Still they do fret and tease, and the repetition of them keeps one's mind on reviews and reviewers when it ought



PIAZZA DI SPAGNA, ROME

The Spanish Stairs leading to Santa Trinità da Monte. The house in which Keats died is the one on the right marked by the tablet. This is now the site of the Keats-Sheley Memorial.

to be fixed on the production of work which no review could overthrow.

What gives these vexatious critics their power is that so much of oneself fights on their side. When one is clear in aim, confident in ability, secure in achievement they may do their worst and one smiles at them. The trouble is the doubt in one's own heart that is worse than any critic. Keats was neither more diffident nor more hopeful than others; but he had his moments of despair in early days, and they kept returning to the end—despair because, after all, art was so great, the goal so high, life so short, and one's best efforts and one's best gifts so lamentably inadequate.

Yet the ardor was there—the mighty, divine, persistent ardor which would not allow difficulties of any kind to get the better of it—ever. Make these things trivial, as they really are; wash and brush them off your spirit, as you brush dust off your garments, and set to work oblivious of them. Then when the work gets into its splendor of spontaneous movement, you forget difficulties altogether. Intruding friends and enemies both vanish into the vague limbo of indifference, and nothing exists but that tardy pen, which cannot with all its endeavor keep up with the rush of mighty thoughts and crowding fancies. "I have written this that you might see I have my share of the highest pleasure, and that though I may choose to pass my days alone, I shall be no solitary. . . . The only thing that can ever affect me personally for more than one short passing day is any doubt about my powers for poetry: I seldom have any, and I look with hope to the nighing time when I shall have none. I am as happy as a man can be . . . with the yearning passion I have for the beautiful, connected and made one with the ambition of my intellect."

Here was the key of it all. Glory was very well, success was very well. But the one thing in life that counted was to create beauty, for one's own perpetual

delight and that of others. If Keats had died at seventy-five instead of twenty-five, it may be that beauty would have seemed to him a less attainable, perhaps, alas, even a less adorable matter. Or he might have grown more secure in his worship as the years went on: there are a blessed few who do so. But in his life as it was, beauty was supreme from the first utterance of "Endymion," so hackneyed all over the world,

A thing of beauty is a joy forever,

to the proud conclusion of the "Grecian Urn,"

Beauty is truth, truth beauty: that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

As he summed it up at the beginning of his career, and kept it before him to the end: "I know no one but you who can be fully sensible of the turmoil and anxiety, the sacrifice of all what is called comfort, the readiness to measure time by what is done and to die in six hours, could plans be brought to conclusions—the looking upon the sun, the moon, the stars, the earth, and its contents as materials to form greater things—that is to say, ethereal things—but here I am talking like a madman,—greater things than our Creator himself made."

But there was one spiritual element, one interruption if you like, that broke in upon this highly-concentrated career and wrecked and shattered it—and that was love. In the early days women appear to have been to Keats like flowers and pictures. At times their tongues afflicted him. When they are sweet and gay and simple he likes to while away an hour with them; but he fancies that they do not like his poetry, and fancies also that he understands the reason: "There is a tendency to class women in my books with roses and sweetmeats,—they never see themselves dominant." In general he does not find himself at ease in their society: "When I am among women, I have evil thoughts, malice, spleen, I cannot speak, or be silent,

am full of suspicions, and therefore I am to nothing, I am in a hurry to be gone."

As to love, before the full tempest struck him he was uncertain and mis-trustful. Marriage might be very well for others, even one's brothers—commendable, necessary. Children—that is, nephews and nieces, might be interesting, might be objects of affection. But for oneself it was a more doubtful matter. There was work to be done—great work, absorbing work, and it was a question whether it could be done as well amid the agitations of passion and domesticity. A fair woman might be a delight to watch and study. When he meets one such, he lets his imagination play about her in a rapture which might easily be taken for personal ecstasy. Not so. She is an exquisite work of art, a dream to be enjoyed and then forgotten. And in general this love is to be avoided: it is disturbing and dangerous. No: I will rebel, resist, keep away altogether: "Notwithstanding your happiness and your recommendation, I hope I shall never marry. . . . Instead of what I have described, there is a sublimity to welcome me home. The roaring of the wind is my wife and the stars through the windowpane are my children. . . . These things, combined with the opinion I have of the generality of women, who appear to me as children to whom I would rather give a sugar plum than my time, form a barrier against matrimony which I rejoice in."

Then Fanny Brawne appeared, and with a gradual, irresistible encroachment she absorbed his whole life. It is of course quite useless to look at the girl herself for any explanation of Keats's capture. These things come from within, not from without, and are always inexplicable. Fanny appears to have been well enough, but there is no evidence that she was an astounding beauty or that the world was mad about her. Explain it as you will, the chief sentence that she has left us in regard to her lover will always take care of her with poster-

ity: "The kindest act would be to let him rest forever in the obscurity to which circumstances have condemned him." A human being does not often have a chance to damn himself more completely than that. But to Keats she became at once the incarnation of the ideal, as they all do, and because the ideal was so high, the incarnation was all the more enthralling. The absolute absorption of the whole thing shows in his earliest letters to her and continues to the end: "Ask yourself, my love, whether you are not very cruel to have so entrained me, so destroyed my freedom. Will you confess this in the letter you must write immediately and do all you can to console me in it? Make it rich as a draught of poppies to intoxicate me. Write the softest words and kiss them, that I may at least touch my lips where your lips have been."

Then the ruinous illness came and made it impossible for the engagement to ripen into marriage. For a long time hope dangled vainly before the lover's dying eyes. He would get better, he would enjoy her and life and poetry. There is no evidence that she was remiss in attention or unresponsive in tenderness. There was even talk of her marrying him and going to Italy to take care of him. But it was manifestly impossible, and he went off alone, carrying her image with him everywhere, with a fierce poignancy of intrusion which made his last hours burn with incomparable torture: "Oh, God! God! God! Every thing I have in my trunks that reminds me of her goes through me like a spear. The silk lining she put in my traveling cap scalds my head. My imagination is horribly vivid about her—I see her—I hear her. There is nothing in the world of sufficient interest to divert me for a moment."

The letters to Fanny Brawne have sometimes been regarded as unworthy of Keats, and it has been urged that they should never have been published. To me this is quite incomprehensible. Keats's passion is as much a part of him

as his genius. He was thoroughly human, his passion was thoroughly human, and the force with which it seized him was too thoroughly human to be in any way degrading. The agonies of fantastic jealousy, the torments and longings of absence and despair—who that has really loved will misinterpret them or feel that they disfigure genius or disgrace it?

It is true that in Keats's case they destroyed his genius by destroying him. It has been urged often enough that he was killed neither by criticism nor by love, but by tuberculosis. No doubt both inherited predisposition and undue exposure hastened his end. But who can question that his body was burned up by his soul? If he had been content to live a fat, easy, Philistine life, taking the sweet of the world indolently as it came to him, tuberculosis might well enough have let him alone. A man with such a physique cannot live always in such a world of high ecstasy as he did and not suffer for it. The devouring ardor and rapture of poetic creation strain the nerves enough. When you add to them such a passion as Keats cherished for Fanny Brawne, you are giving too much encouragement to tuberculosis or anything else.

Love and glory killed him. The loss to the world has often been harped upon. Yet perhaps it was better to have left only those odes and sonnets and

"Hyperion" than to have piled volume upon volume which no one would have time to read. As for himself, who can deplore his fate? He went believing in the endless possibility of love, the endless possibility of beauty, without finding as so many do that love satiates and beauty fades. It is true that he was less sure of his future fame; but would he have been more sure at eighty? Who ever is? And the thought of what he lost is less than of what he escaped.

That little remote grave in Rome is infinitely peaceful. The resting place of Shelley, further within the consecrated precincts, is somewhat dim and gloomy under the cold cypresses. But where Keats lies it is all sunshine: roses trail over it and violets linger. Surely those who have known most of his ardor, most of his aspiration, most of his hope, as they stand beside that tranquil corner cannot but sympathize with the words of a later poet:

And then we only ask some green retreat,
Some deep, sequestered nook by hill or
shore,
Where fame may never tempt our weary
feet
To wander more.

A little resting-place, a quiet grave,
A sunny plot with violets overstrewn:
No richer guerdon glory ever gave,
No sweeter boon.



THE LION'S MOUTH



JIM LEE TAKES THE OATH

BY CHARLES MERZ

[T is against the code to naturalize an alien Oriental. But Centerville found a way of settling that. Jim Lee came to his own with a McKinley button.

There was a little shop on Market Street where Jim Lee ran a Chinese laundry. You opened the door and rowded past a wicker basket. A sheaf of enigmatic Chinese letters fluttered on pink strips. Jim Lee would be standing here behind the counter. His face defied the seasons. Impossible to guess what he was thinking. Impossible to tell how old he was. One customer guessed seventeen. Another thought that sixty-six would be more likely.

People liked Jim Lee. His quiet mask was interesting. He had lived in Centerville four years and suffered little loss or novelty. He would always look the same, the town was sure, no matter what might come to pass inside him. He wore no cue. His hair was barbered in the style affected by his patrons. Nor was there anything in his choice of clothes that marked him as an Oriental. He liked what Centerville regarded as the latest thing, and seemed, when he left his shop, to want to merge himself with everybody else on Market Street. Work kept him fairly well employed. Most of the town's washing, to be sure, was done by industrious wives in cellar laundries; but there were single men who found Jim Lee a useful institution. His work was clean, it was prompt, it was inexpensive. His best friends were men who brought their shirts and collars to him. They would ask him where he left his pigtail, and what he thought about Mah

Jong, and how he got along without chop suey. He liked these customers; and however little of their wit he understood, he liked their friendly banter.

For the rest Jim Lee had little except work to keep him entertained. He had no fellow-countrymen in town. He ironed shirts—sent home the major portion of his earnings—and indulged himself in a stately walk on Sunday afternoons. Men like Myron Daw, who edited the *Star*, were sometimes heard to speak his praise. No better citizen on Market Street, said Myron; he believed the fellow would like to call himself a native if he could, and settle down in this new land. One word that Jim had learned somewhere was "citizen." Sometimes he got his dates mixed. But a good patriot just the same. Myron had seen him hanging up a flag one Christmas evening.

Willis Bender had the same opinion; but there were other neighbors not so sure. It couldn't be forgotten that as an Oriental Jim had no religion. Ned Frye declared he worshiped sticks and stones. Arthur Crosby said he worshiped Brahma. They argued it. Aunt Polly Stearns declared it made no difference which was right—and on one occasion slipped a catechism into the pocket of her brother's coat when he sent his new pajamas to the laundry.

There came a night when it fell to Jim Lee's lot to play the hero modestly. In the office of the *Star*, a half block up the street, two wires crossed; and with the building empty, a red torch of burning casement lit one wall. Jim Lee had a glimpse of it from the doorway of his laundry—hurried to the scene and broke

a window—beat the flame out with a broom.

Myron Daw was on the spot almost as soon as the news reached him. The office was a timber building; it would have gone like kindling, he declared. He owed Jim Lee eternal thanks. What could he do to show he really meant it?

Jim Lee's English wasn't up to the occasion. Good as it was in the matter of starch and soaps and laundryware, it failed before the test of conflagrations. He understood enough, however, to realize that this kindly neighbor had offered him a chance to claim reward; and willing to accept that chance in the best of faith, he declared nothing would suit him better than for Mr. Daw to make him a citizen of the country, so that he could wear a flag in his buttonhole on Fourth of July and Arbor Day, and not have people stare at him when he took a walk on Sunday afternoons.

Myron Daw, having expected something in the way of a request for a suit of clothes or a perpetual contract for his laundry, found this sudden summons disconcerting. He suggested, as an alternative, a flat-iron operated by electric current—and acted out a pantomime with imaginary collars on an ironing-board to indicate the gift he had in mind.

Jim Lee shook his head politely. Possibly he had misinterpreted this tableau. But he clung to the one important word he knew in the association, and repeated that he hoped to wear a flag and vote.

There was a law, said Myron Daw, which forbade such things. Chinese, like Japanese, could not be naturalized. Didn't Jim know that?

Jim Lee knew about the law. But men of the omnipotence of Myron Daw, he suggested, had been known to have laws set aside upon occasion. All this, of course, in simpler terms—and with appropriate gestures.

Jim Lee had no doubts. But Myron Daw was forced to shake his head. Still, it seemed poor courtesy to reject without so much as second thought the first

boon claimed by the savior of an uninsured frame building; and so he put off until morning what would be easier to say by light of day.

But Jim Lee was waiting for him in the morning; and before Myron Daw had a chance to press again the claim of the electric iron, Jim told him, in laundry English ill-adapted to the tale but breathlessly, the way he had come to cherish this idea of adoption.

There were moving pictures in Shanghai. He had caught his first glimpse of America upon the screen. A wondrous land—where everyone was rich and free and nobody had to pull a rickshaw, since everybody rode around on horseback. Of the slow progress of his pilgrimage he had little to relate. But there he was. And while America might not be the same exciting land that he had danced across the motion-picture screen in Shanghai, for all that it remained a noble nation. He had his goal. In one direction lay security and rich content.

The influential Mr. Daw would see him made a citizen.

It was Myron Daw's opinion that foreigners are a nuisance generally, and the Chinese in particular; but he was aware that he might be dealing here with a dream as well worth having as the next man's; and he was inclined to think that from the ritual of "being made a citizen" this quiet friend so skillful with the iron expected to derive a peace of mind quite out of all proportion to its just desserts.

That was Myron's guess. And it may have been the reason why he let himself be jockeyed by his own good humor into the impossible position of telling Jim he'd see what could be done to waive the law. Impossible—because Myron Daw discovered that this friend of his was not to be put off ultimately with a second choice. So hopefully did Jim Lee wait for news which wasn't on its way that Myron Daw chose shortly to avoid the laundry and enticed his sister into washing shirts at home. I

d him little good. His sister scorched the only shirt with sleeves which reached his wrists; and Jim Lee, meantime, began to dog his footsteps to the office. He was not presuming. He never came inside to interrupt the day's routine. But he would wait outside an hour for chance to tip his hat. He would smile. "But then," thought Myron Daw, the beggar's *always* smiling.") He would look expectantly for some fresh bit of information—watch Myron Daw go past—then fall astern and trail his patron to the corner: to come and wait again to-morrow.

The lonely vigil got on Myron's nerves. He asked his sister what she thought. She told him he was mad. "Never heard of such a thing!" she hooted. "Afraid to tell a Chinaman you can't change the law for him. Why, Myron Daw, you're loony!"

Myron Daw admitted it. "But then," he said, "you don't know the way he looks at you. So sort of trustful. Oh, well, I'll tell him in the morning. Might as well just stop this thing. But you've seen him, Molly, haven't you? Comes and waits outside the door. Sometimes when it's raining. You don't see how I feel about it."

But Myron Daw had another friend who saw. That was Simon Hodge, the doctor. Simon said, "Don't do it."

"Got to."

"Why?"

"What else?"

"Well, I don't know," said Simon Hodge. "You say he's none too strong on English?"

"Hardly knows a word of it except the laundry business."

"Um-m . . . Well, there are lots of ways to take an oath."

"By George!" said Myron Daw. "Who would have thought it of an honest doctor?"

Jim Lee had come to the office of the *Star* in the flower of his wardrobe. His suit was pressed; his oxfords glowed a ruddy yellow; his tie was an embroid-

ered madras brighter than the five-striped flag of China. He sat in a chair at one of Myron Daw's low windows and in his long, thin fingers held a brown fedora on his knees.

Across the room, with elbows on a case of headline type, the doctor made a silent witness of the spectacle. Myron Daw was sitting in his armchair—reading in a clear, firm voice. A dusty book lay on the desk, with pages open. Jim Lee caught one short word in every twenty.

"A truly magnificent specimen of vigorous growth," read Myron Daw, "is the Lady Ursula, with flowers large and synchronic, petals gracefully clustered; in dozens or in larger lots; delicately scented."

He stopped, and over the lenses of his spectacles looked sternly at Jim Lee; then turned the page and read again.

"No estate, however small, is complete without the decorative contribution of the dahlia. An early bloomer is the species we have christened Glory of the Argonne."

Against the racks of coal-black type the doctor shifted his position. The ceremony had continued for some ten or fifteen minutes. "Don't you think," he asked, "that we have got far enough along for Mr. Lee to take the oath? If you can't find anything with longer words, I anticipate a disillusionment."

"Perhaps you're right," said Myron Daw. He turned to the quiet Chinaman. "Mr. Lee, I will say that for the present we've not been able to secure you permission to enter a voting booth. On election days Doctor Hodge or I will come personally for your ballot. You don't understand what I'm saying; but you will if you should ever want to vote. You will come now, if you please, and stand beside me."

Jim Lee caught "come," and crossed the room to his benefactor.

"You will raise your right hand, Mr. Lee."

The doctor translated this to action.

"You will repeat after me—as best

you can," said Myron Daw, "the words I am now about to read you:

"Requires no pruning—our barberry—fastest growing plant—in cultivation."

With some help from the doctor, Jim contrived it. Myron Daw produced a button for his coat-lapel. They shook his hand. The smile never changed, but Jim Lee's eyes were shining when he left them.

"Say, Myron," said the doctor, "read that again about the barberry, will you? My wife's been asking for something to cover up the kitchen shed."

Months ago this happened. Jim Lee is once more presiding over the shirts and cuffs of Myron Daw. If you should go into the laundry on Market Street to-morrow you would find that though he works in a tattered sweater, a bright red-white-and-blue button is pinned firmly to the cloth above his breast-bone. It bears a blazing shield and two stern portraits:

"For President, William McKinley of Ohio—for Vice President, Garret A. Hobart of New Jersey."

THE LAWN MOWER

BY A. T. HUGG

LAST autumn my good old lawn mower passed on to a well-earned rest and early this spring I went down to purchase a new one. Eventually I did so.

It was a "wonderful little job," as our automobile friends are wont to say, "mechanically correct and designed to appeal to people of distinction." It had a rather long wheel base, underslung chassis, roller-bearing rear axle, and all the other improvements of the late 1923 models, and its coloring was irreproachable. Its delicate canary-yellow steering post drew the eye downward to the turkey-red wheels with their dainty Alice-blue striping, the whole producing "a brilliant harmony of color" against the neutral background of green.

I was careful to point out this advan-

tage to my wife as an argument for leaving it under a tree or leaning it against the summerhouse instead of putting away out of sight. Properly parked in an appropriate setting it balanced the gorgeous coloring of the roses and hydrangeas in a manner which made it a ornament to any dooryard.

And such ease of operation—such power—such flexibility! It responds instantly to the slightest desire. Its speed seems adjusted automatically to every whim. The gentlest touch sends it rolling lightly forward with the low hum of perfectly adjusted gears: before it the nodding clover blossoms; behind, the evenly clipped greensward and the scene of new-mown hay.

To follow this beautiful vehicle and by delicate pressure of the fingers direct its course among the flower beds is to pay court to Summer in her most resplendent costume and most gracious mood. The thought of it—to tidy up Nature with a machine like that—is a sensation enjoyed only by those whose taste for beauty and refinement is enhanced by an atmosphere of strict simplicity.

I always thought the gentleman from whom I purchased my mower might have brought out these advantages more forcefully than he did. His discourse, in fact, was entirely void of reference to the real opportunity afforded by a lawn mower for pleasant contact with the "great outdoors." What he said to me was:

"Well, it's a pretty good mower for nine dollars and eighty-five cents. We was selling them for twelve dollars the first of last year."

It seemed incredible to me that a vehicle of such superlative excellence should be slandered by such slight appreciation. I understood then for the first time why the motor instead of the mower has become the accepted means of wooing Nature.

Previously I had always thought that for those who longed for healthful exercise or pleasant and pastoral surroundings, the lawn mower had a decided edge

on the motor car. It is safer, for one thing. I cannot recall any serious accident caused by the skidding of a lawn mower or by reckless driving through a safety zone. In fact, one is seldom tempted even to exceed the speed limit with a mower, as one sometimes does with an automobile.

Then there is the tire question. I hesitate to say how many miles my lawn mower has traveled but I have never had a puncture or a blow out; never had to jack it up by the dusty roadside to repair an inner tube, and my confidence is so abounding that I do not even carry a spare.

Then too, a motor car must be supported in the manner to which its delicate health has been accustomed. It must have its baths and massages and lubrication treatments. Every season it must spend a few days in some popular health resort where its symptoms are diagnosed at length and expensive cures are inaugurated to rejuvenate its nervous and run-down condition. In the summer it must have its frequent cooling draughts and in winter it takes its liquor like a gentleman in spite of Volstead. But the lowly mower has no such aristocratic tastes. Its life is devoted to a career of faithful plebeian service, its only recompense an occasional gesture of appreciation. It asks no costly domicile, no graveled gateways, no ornate approaches. And it retains its sturdy and robust health without professional attention.

And there is a broader comparison:

Last year I forsook the homely pleasures of my lawn mower and, climbing proudly aboard my Scintillating Six, I sought the beguilement of a changing scene. I motored across hillside and valley. I picnicked. I rambled. I sought diligently for that broader life which comes from mingling with far peoples. It was wonderful. But when I returned to my trowsled lawn and untended flowers I had the feeling of a prodigal. The tender young plants turned their wilted heads in unspoken

accusation. Several roistering burdocks had sprung up in the middle of my once velvety dooryard. Dandelions bloomed in blatant disobedience on my terrace.

I had seen quaint and interesting sights. I had talked with quaint and interesting people but I was singularly disappointed, for the wrens on the back porch had raised their family and gone; the early roses drooped, uncut and devastated, their pink petals shriveled, curled, and brown. All the growing things in whose future I had taken such intimate pleasure had ceased to look for my coming. My lawn mower, slightly rusted, leaned lonely and disconsolate in one corner of the garage.

This is an aspect not pictured by the eloquent automobile salesman. His duty is to sell motor cars, and he performs that duty surpassing well. But the salesman of mowers—does he picture for you the pride and prestige of a clean-cut border? Does he recall your close friendship with that new grass struggling up in the sandy spot along the walk? Does he mention the health and happiness that comes from exercise behind your own merrily clicking lawn mower in your own front yard? He does not. He merely says:

“Well, it’s a pretty good mower for nine dollars and eighty-five cents.”

EXPANSION

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

ONCE upon a time a man made a garden. He sowed several kinds of vegetables in it, but it was upon his peas that his time, his energy, and his hopes were chiefly concentrated. “This year,” he said to his wife, “we are going to have all the peas we want. I’ve never really had enough.” So he sowed five long rows. In due time they came up, thrived exceedingly, and delighted the prophetic soul of their owner dreaming on things to come.

When they were about two feet high he had to go away for a week. He departed reluctantly.

The next morning some green lice appeared on one of the rows.

These first comers regarded themselves as pioneers. A vast and virgin tract of peas was theirs to take and exploit. They established themselves on the choicer leaves and shoots. They soon waxed fat on the rich juices; they bred rapidly; in ranks, in clusters, in dense masses they overspread the vines—and pushing, crawling, writhing they swarmed along the row, leaving behind them desiccated stalks and yellow leaves. This they called progress. Upon their teeming progeny they urged the “policy of expansion all along the line.” Their newspapers published photographs of the ruined vines with such legends as “Twenty-five years ago this was a trackless wilderness. It is estimated that now two million lice pass this spot in one day.” Thus indoctrinated, a colony of lice would settle upon a leaf overnight, multiply incontinently, placard the place with signs “Watch Louseville grow,” and by morning—human scale—they would be infesting the whole vine.

The first row had been nearly consumed—“developed,” the louse-jargon had it. Some pointed with pride to the fact that the population had now increased to one hundred and twelve billion; others contemplated the future with alarm and murmured: “We must think of our children.” It soon became evident that if the lice were to retain their place in the family of insects they must expand still further. So a group of lice of broad vision conceived the idea that the race had a mission. It was their destiny to expand to the next row. The lice masses were only too ready to accept this suggestion.

The second row began to suffer the fate of the first, but it was consumed more rapidly, for the lice were learning their technique. The conquest of nature—that was how they defined their goal—and organization, centralization, co-

operation, and efficiency were the signs in which they proposed to conquer. As time passed and the acceleration of their progress increased, they began to cast covetous glances at the third row. This was, unfortunately, already occupied by some pink lice. But they were few in number, slow breeders, unvoracious of appetite, altogether lacking in enterprise. The green lice of broad vision saw that their pink brothers were backward, incapable of self-government, lamentably failing to develop their row. It was their duty, they declared, to assume the Green Louse's Burden. This they did by invading the row and killing off most of the pink inhabitants. Then they settled down to eat and breed.

As the third row began to go the way of the first two, some of the green lice became apprehensive. They counted the number of rows remaining and estimated the time it would take to consume them. They began publicly to ask what would happen then. They were dismissed as alarmists and prophets of calamity. Nevertheless they persisted in their ideas. They began to preach the necessity for controlling scientifically the numbers of the lice population. Their proposal met with the charge of blasphemy for, first, was it not written in their sacred books that when lice were first created they had received from their Creator the command to be fruitful and multiply? And, secondly, God must have loved the green lice or He would not have made so many of them. And so the march of progress went on, unimpeded by cranks.

When at the end of the week the owner of the garden returned, he found only half of the fifth row of peas intact. He gazed on the devastation for some time. Then he went into the house and concocted an evil-looking and foul-smelling mixture. With this he sprayed the lice. “Damn you, take that!” he said.



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

Commencement Reflections

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

READERS of this number of this magazine will have had their fill of politics and may be willing to be reminded that it is only in Leap Year that June is the Presidential Convention month, and that in other years it belongs primarily to the colleges and incidentally offers to commencement orators their chance to distribute wise discourse in a world somewhat overaddicted to folly. Writing in May, one cannot predict what June conventions will accomplish, but one may possibly come nearer in forecasting what commencement orators will talk about. Communing with the elders, one learns that fifty years ago it used to be considered, at least by commencement speakers, that getting out of college was in a way coming into one's inheritance. If the exit was irregular or unduly quickened by the authorities, perhaps that view was not taken. But the youth who was regularly graduated was felt to have come into something, and his next step was to go out and get it.

Presumably, that feeling still obtains. Colleges nowadays are so voluminous and complex that only experts can really know much about them. At commencement one sees diners dine and orators hold forth, but is apt to have no more than a vague notion about what they are all after and in what degree they attain it. From time to time there come along suggestions that the great work the colleges are doing calls for a somewhat ampler pecuniary support. To these suggestions, if the faith-

ful graduate makes response, as usually he does, he is apt to wonder as he pays whether by doing so he is really helping the world and if so, to what. He may be helping it to knowledge, but is it useful knowledge or detrimental?

We have often to ask ourselves that about knowledge in these days of poison gas and guns that shoot seventy miles and submarines and airplane bomb-carriers and such things. If we wonder whether current knowledge is doing the world good or harm we are warranted in our uncertainty. There is a lot of it, a lot of knowledge nowadays, including a vast deal of applied knowledge offered to us as machines or apparatus of living. A great deal of it has come very rapidly. Just consider, it is only twenty years since people who rode, ordinarily rode behind horses, except in public vehicles such as railroad trains or trolley cars. There have probably been motor cars longer than that, but not a general use of them. It is only twenty years or less since most of the private vehicles in the United States were horse-drawn.

Fifty years ago the telephone was a toy, the street cars were hauled by horses, there were no electric lights, flying machines were a topic for jokers, wireless and radio were not even dreamed of. Observe of what material things was the inheritance that graduating students in 1874 came into. Ahead of them were almost all the applications of electricity which we now know. Ahead of them were bicycles of the pneumatic-tire variety and all their derivatives,

which means, so far as wheels go, all the army of motor cars. Ahead of them was the gasoline engine, developed in the automobile, and making possible the airplane. Ahead of them were innumerable things of that sort, great and small. These things that were a part of the fortune which lay ahead of that generation have changed the externals of life incredibly and have made our world a different thing. They have overcome space and upset time. Now you who come out of college fifty years later, what are you coming in for? What shall you inherit? Is novelty at an end? Has everything been discovered? Will the world go on in your time as it does now? Not a bit. Not a bit. Discovery and inventions were never so rapid. Knowledge never grew so fast. Change was never so rife nor dislocation so continuous. Not this world that we see when we look out of the window to-day will be your world but, as the years roll on, something incalculably different. This that you see out of the window is your inheritance to-day, but to-morrow what will you come in for? Nobody knows. People look about and watch the clouds, notice the signs of change, but what the world is coming to not many of them venture to predict, and they not the wisest.

All the changes so far spoken of have to do with externals, but the greater changes concern the minds of men, the relations of nations, the keeping of the peace in the world, and the course of religion.

Young ladies and gentlemen who graduate this year, do not be too serious. Don't be frivolous of course, not triflers, not light characters, but still not more serious than is necessary. One distrusts the very serious people—that is, the externally solemn people. One suspects that they do not see the whole of life, that they miss quite a lot of it; that they miss the proportions of things and regard various things as supremely important which are not really so important as

other things they do not notice. There are people who feel that money is the supremely important thing and who are rather tragic in their deep concern about it and in their feeling that it is the great basis of human welfare. Of course, money has its office and if you try to get along without any, the sense of its importance is pretty sure to intrude itself upon your notice. But it is not the supreme good, and more or less of it does not matter so very greatly provided one has enough to accomplish the best possibility there is in one.

The great thing is to live. The important thing is not money but life. You get along better with it if you do not take it too solemnly. A lot of us in this country are descendants more or less from the Puritans and they were pretty solemn people. They had tremendous traits, tremendous qualities, and you could not beat them. Perhaps they had to take a solemn view of life because they undertook a job which for generations was mostly hard sledding, but they could have been more gay without detriment to their souls' good, and if some liberty and a quickened sense of joy have crept into the spirits of their descendants it is no harm. So far as we can judge from what we can see of this world, it was not meant to be more than moderately solemn. Its decorations, many of them, are gay. The flowers are joyous. The birds are cheerful and some of them very beautiful, and if you ever see a toucan, that bird colored like a circus poster, with a huge bill, you must recognize that toucans are a joke. It seems obvious that they were designed and decorated with the same underlying purpose which paints and dresses the clowns in the circus. No, young graduates, do not cultivate solemnity as a virtue. You will get enough of it just as an incident of living.

And another thing—do not be satisfied merely with the visible world. There is a lot more to it than that. The visible world, the things of which your senses alone make you aware, is not enough.

you may satisfy all your senses and still not be satisfied. There is something in you that you will need and there is something in you that will always reach out to supply that need. Reach out to what? To the invisible world. That is the job of religion—to keep you connected with the invisible world to the advantage of your character, to your better understanding of life, and better experience of it. Really the visible world is a secondary matter. All our world of brick houses and tall towers and factories seems trifling compared to some other things. Go out on a clear night and look at the sky. It is as though an ant came out of an ant hill and climbed a tree and looked round. When you look at the sky at night and see the stars you get some idea of the real size and variety of things. That sight has always been making suggestions to thoughtful men when they saw it. The great suggestion it makes is that there is a lot more than the visible world and doubtless that is much more important.

But do not think less of yourself for looking at the stars. They are a part of our inheritance. You are men—men and women—and man is an extraordinary creature who can climb ladders and seems to have in him the power to scale in due time any heights that exist. The visible world is important to you while you are in it and a part of it. In it are the first rungs of the ladder you have to climb. If you set out to climb to your inheritance, your first steps must be taken here. You have to work with tangible, finite things. Through the visible world lies the road to the invisible, but while you tramp it keep the goal in mind. Wherever you see a church steeple pointing to the sky, that is what it says. It says: on your journey through life keep the invisible world in mind and practice how to get to it in good order.

After one has considered all the improvements in the apparatus of life and all the increases of knowledge which are

visibly on the way to us, the mechanical improvements that will affect transportation, radio and all the incidents of electrical application, chemistry and all it may do—including the splitting of atoms, medicine and all its future services to health, all that the engineers are going to do to make things handier, all that the architects and painters will do to make them more beautiful—when all such things are considered, anticipated, and catalogued ahead so far as possible, what is the main resulting conclusion?

It is that the important thing of all is man. From our point of view all these developments and improvements matter but little unless man keeps up with them and rides on top of them. It may be that presently machines will take up the work of evolution and surpass man and become the hope of the world. It looks so at times, but as yet man is still in the running and his progress represents—we think it does—the progress of animate creation so far as we know about it. If man really gets ahead, all mundane creation gets ahead, from the dog and the horse and the monkey to the eagle, the glowworm, and the clam.

The notion seems to be getting round, even among the scientists, who really are growing more modest than they were a generation ago, that our generation does not represent in all particulars the top flight of man. What with excavations and explorations and the deciphering of inscriptions and the increase of knowledge about what has been in this world in old times, the suspicion has got round that some of our predecessors in human life knew a surprising amount about living, and developed extraordinary faculties of certain sorts, but that, for one reason or another, they went in turn to smash and their civilizations pretty well perished with them. We find their monuments, some above ground, some below; some rude but undoubtedly thoughtful, some elaborate and beautiful, but overrun with tropical vegetation. We are satisfied nowadays that human life on this

planet is pretty old, a good deal older than the four thousand years which was the popular and pious measure of its seventy years ago. We realize too that written history, so far as we have got hold of it, covers only the latest fringe of human life. Go back three thousand years, and written history becomes extraordinarily scarce. But modern people are well assured that things happened on the earth that were well worth recording for many generations before that. The old story of the lost continent of Atlantis is doing quite well nowadays. Apparently Atlantis stretched across from Brazil to Africa, and the opinion gets attention that when it went under, it left its civilization in the surviving continents at both its ends. There are pyramids in Central and South America and there are pyramids in Egypt. In both countries they testify to energy and learning in their builders and possibly to the same learning, once connected by the continent that is gone.

Well, those ideas are interesting and we are likely to know more about whatever truth underlies them. The notion is attractive that this earth is an experiment station of very considerable antiquity. The more we know about its past the better qualified we should be to deal with its present. The better we know why our remote predecessors fell down, the better qualified we should be to keep our feet. The great difficulty man has found has been in being good. That is what has stumped him. The Atlantis, if there was an Atlantis, went to destruction because it settled down into the ocean and its people were drowned.

Other civilizations may have perished for like reasons. Great changes of cli-

mate on our variable globe, the descent of ice such as got the mastodons—anything of that sort seems liable to happen to our precarious mundane home, but the great reason usually given and accepted why civilizations did not last better is, that human creatures never learned the great lesson of deportment completely enough to endure prosperity and hand it down from generation to generation. If we can learn to be good there is a fair chance that civilization will be permanent. If we cannot accomplish that great achievement it will break down under us. The late War was a tremendous illustration of that truth which has impressed everyone that has survived it, and jolted us all into a lively sense of the need of self-improvement if we are to accept permanence in human progress and human institutions.

There are two ideas of the source of good behavior. One is that it can be compelled from the outside. The other is that if it is to amount to anything and spread sufficiently to keep us going, it must come from within us and must be a fruit of individual effort. Both these methods of inducing it go on and always have gone on at the same time, but unless self-improvement increases in proportion to improvement by compulsion, civilization presently falls down. Beware of people impatient of sin who tell their neighbors "you need not discipline yourself, we will discipline you." That method, that spirit will not keep us going. The other is the right way—the one that teaches us to know good from evil and to strive after good. In it there is salvation and, incidentally, permanence of institutions.

EDITOR'S DRAWER



"IT'S A ROTTEN TITLE"

Homer

BY NEWMAN LEVY

THE blind poet handed his manuscript to the editor of the *Argos Hebdomadal*.

"We're all fed up on war stuff," said the editor. "The public don't want to read about it any more."

"But this is different, this 'Iliad' of mine—"

"It's a rotten title," said the editor. "Why don't you give it a snappy name; something like 'Helen's Ransom,' or 'The Wooden Horse'?"

"Well," said the poet, "I suppose I could change it."

"You see," continued the editor, "most of our readers wouldn't know what an Iliad is. You and I know, of course, but the piece ought to have a name that conveys some meaning to the average reader."

"How about 'So This is Paris'?" said

Homer. "You see, the whole thing started when Helen first saw Paris and—"

"Yes, I get it," said the editor. "That title might get by. But I'm not sure that we want any more war pieces."

"But this gives an entirely new slant to the situation," said Homer. "I really wrote the piece as propaganda against the League of Greek Nations. You see they had all agreed to go to war if any one nation—"

"I know all about that," said the editor, who had been skimming through the manuscript. "This is your first book, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the poet.

"I thought so. It has possibilities, but it needs a lot of rewriting. Here, for instance, you speak of the 'well-greaved Achæans.' That's a good descriptive phrase, but after you use it once your reader knows that the

Achæans were well greaved. It's not necessary to repeat it on every page. Here's another: 'the gray-eyed Athena.' Why don't you say something about the color of her hair? Was she fat or thin? Those are the things that make a character stand out. Every time you mention her you speak of her gray eyes. Enough's enough. Do you see what I mean?"

"I see," said the poet meekly. "I'll try to fix it up."

"My, my! this will never do," exclaimed the editor, turning the pages rapidly. "What's the idea of this catalogue of ships?"

"Well, I thought—"

"Not in this sort of piece. It takes a mighty skillful writer to put statistics across. Nobody wants to wade through all this. Perhaps when you publish it in book form you might add the catalogue as a sort of appendix. But we couldn't print it; it would take up an entire installment."

"All right," said the poet regretfully. "I'll cut it out."

"You can leave the manuscript here," said the editor, "and I'll read it over carefully. But if I were you I'd take it home and work over it some more. Your stuff shows great promise but at present it's rather amateurish. Give your readers credit for a little intelligence. After you've told them

something once there's no need to repeat it in the identical language about ten pages on."

"I have another piece here. 'The Odyssey,' I call it. It's about the wanderings of Odysseus."

"Then why the deuce don't you call it that? 'The Odyssey' doesn't mean anything. It doesn't get across."

"I rather like the name," said Homer.

"No. Take a tip from me. Call it 'The Wanderings of Odysseus.' But I'm not interested. I wouldn't buy a travel story on a bet. Every fellow who has ever taken a little trip anywhere comes home and writes a book about it."

"But this is different," protested the poet. "There's more feminine interest in it than in the 'Ili'—I mean, 'So This is Paris.' There's the Calypso incident, and Circe, and Nausicaa and Penelope—"

"Oh! It's *that* kind of book. Then I certainly don't want it."

The poet looked disappointed.

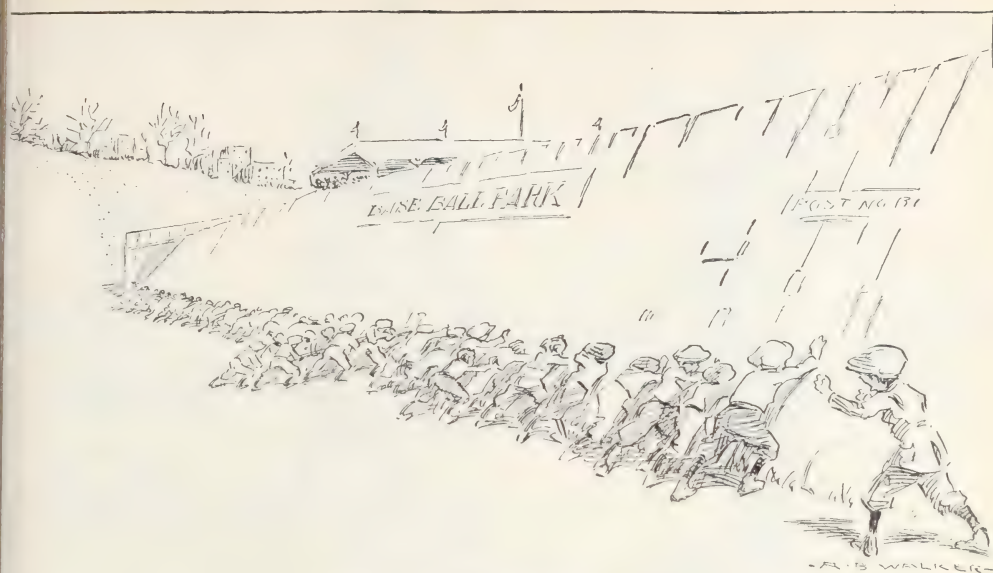
"You'll probably be able to sell it to *Nifty Stories*. They want that sort of material. Come in again. We're always on the lookout for new stuff."

The godlike poet picked up his manuscript and, drawing his well-made cloak about his well-greaved legs, went forth into the rosy dawn.



Looking Backward

Diogenes, sensing the housing shortage, puts up a two-family dwelling



"Now, fellows, all together, PUSH!"

Took His Precautions

FOR four consecutive nights the hotel manager in a small town watched a woman fill her pitcher at the water cooler. On the fifth night he said to her, "Madam, you would ring, that would be done for you."

"But where is my bell?" asked the lady. "The bell is beside your bed," replied the manager.

"That the bell!" she exclaimed. "Why, the boy told me it was the fire alarm, and that I was not to touch it on any account!"

The Wrong Kind

HE was a young and smart-looking Scotch clergyman, and was to preach a "trial" sermon in a strange church. Fearing that his hair might be disarranged or that he might have a smudge on his face, he quietly and significantly said to the beadle, there being no mirror in the vestry, "John, could you get me a glass?"

John disappeared and after a few minutes returned with a bottle containing a gill of whisky, saying, "Ye mauna let on aboot it, meenister, I wadna hae got it at all if I hadna told them it was for you."



"He's in conference. Do you wish to wait?"



STOUT PARTY: "My doctor said, 'Get out into the country, and be quiet,'—and here I am"

Already Provided For

IN one of the largest churches of a large eastern city the clergyman, who had been seasoned by some forty years in the ministry, noticed a young girl who came very regularly to the Sunday-night service. As she was always alone, he concluded that she was probably a stranger, and he determined to speak to her.

He finally succeeded in catching her at the end of the service one evening, and after the usual welcome, said:

"You seem to be a stranger in the city; if you will give me your address I should like to call upon you."

Looking up coyly from under her long lashes, she answered:

"I got another feller."

An Unconscious Sinner

THE Rev. Thaddeus Billings, inclined somewhat to absent-mindedness, appeared one Sunday morning after church in a pouring rain drenched to the skin and with an unopened umbrella on his arm.

"Why don't you use your umbrella, parson?" asked a passer-by.

"Why, uh," replied the parson, "I, er, should hesitate very much to do so."

"Why?"

"I discovered, after leaving the church, that this umbrella is, er, not my property."

The Fish Cure

IT'S funny, now, about a fellah:
Hay-fever red, or janders yellah,
A question-mark with rheumatiz
Or other pet complaint of his,
And lookin' pale and lookin' peak-ed,
Or maybe spotted, maybe streak-ed,
So crippled he can hardly crawl,
Can scarcely git around at all—
And yet, whatever his condition,
He's always well enough for fishin'.

Some women have to take in washin'
Because their men just set by-goshin',
By-gummin' this, by golly that,
Too liver lean or dropsy fat
To do much labor, do much liftin'—
But well enough to watch a-driftin'
A bobber in a quiet nook
And strong enough to bait a hook,
Too delicate to hold a candle
But strong enough a pole to handle.

I haven't any way of knowin';
Perhaps the fishin' keeps 'em goin';
And yet I often have to laff
At just a little paragraph:
Of course, we take the old home paper,
Though far away, the proper caper;
And lots of times I laff a bit
When I observe, a-readin' it,
This item there, this message movin'—
"The fishin's good, the sick improvin'."

DOUGLAS MALLOCH

ANNOUNCEMENT OF AWARDS
IN
THE FIRST COMPETITION
OF THE
HARPER SHORT STORY CONTEST

The Editors announce the following awards in the first competition of the HARPER'S MAGAZINE Short Story Contest, which closed March 31, 1924:

FIRST PRIZE of \$1250.00 to Alice Brown of Boston, for "THE GIRL IN THE TREE."

SECOND PRIZE of \$750.00 to Lisa Ysaye Tarleau of New York, for "LOUTRÉ."

THIRD PRIZE of \$500.00 to Margaret Culkin Banning of Duluth, for "WOMEN COME TO JUDGMENT."

Three other stories which should receive honorable mention are: "The Weather Breeder," by Merrill Denison of Cloyne P. O., Ontario, Canada; "A Calabrian Goes Home," by Viola Paradise of New York; and "Mrs. Eben Paul," by Arthur Johnson of Boston.

The Judges were Meredith Nicholson, Zona Gale, and Bliss Perry.

The first prize story, "The Girl in the Tree," will be published next month, and the second and third prize stories will follow in subsequent issues of the Magazine.

Further comment on the competition will be found in the Personal and Otherwise pages.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

WHY do not Englishmen and Americans get along together better? This is a topic of eager conversation wherever intelligent and right-minded representatives of the two countries foregather. It is a topic of world importance as well. **A. G. Gardiner**, who answers it frankly in the leading article of the month, is one of the ablest of English writers. For seventeen years he edited the leading Liberal paper in London, the *Daily News*. His brief and telling biographical portraits, collected in book form under the titles of *Prophets, Priests, and Kings*, *Pillars of Society*, and *The War Lords*, are favorably known to many discriminating readers in this country. Mr. Gardiner is a sincere friend of the United States, and what he says on Anglo-American misunderstandings should win an attentive hearing on this side of the Atlantic.

H. M. Tomlinson, like Mr. Gardiner, is a Londoner; but his growing reputation rests not so much on his editorial service with the *Nation* and Mr. Gardiner's paper, the *Daily News*, as on his chronicles of travel in far places. This month he gives us another chapter of wanderings in the romantic East, written in that admirable prose which recently caused Clement K. Shorter to say, apropos of the belated recognition given to the late W. H. Hudson: "Now I venture to suggest to the critics that they should not wait until he is sixty or seventy to 'write up' an author at present not in the least in the limelight, but at least as good as Hudson. I mean H. M. Tomlinson." A few days ago we heard it predicted that within fifteen years Mr. Tomlinson's first editions would bring fancy prices; and we should not be greatly surprised.

What is the most sophisticated, best-mannered city in the United States? **Katharine Fullerton Gerould's** answer to this question is not what might be expected from

an Easterner (she lives in Princeton, New Jersey). Yet it must be admitted that she makes out a persuasive—as well as entertaining—case. We are glad to announce that other articles by Mrs. Gerould on the cities of the West are in prospect. As novelist, essayist, and short-story writer she holds a high place among American authors. The echoes of the applause which greeted her forceful article on the lack of true liberty in this country have not yet died, though "The Land of the Free" appeared nearly eighteen months ago.

This country is witnessing a great revival of interest in religious questions. Division of opinion in the Churches have occupied front-page space in the newspapers, and subjects like the Virgin Birth have become a matter almost of street-corner debate. Hoping to throw helpful light on problems of belief which are perplexing great numbers of people to-day, whether church members or not, the editors asked **Basil King** to contribute a series of articles on "The Bible and Common Sense." Mr. King is not only a capable novelist—witness *The Inner Shrine*, *The Happy Isles*, and other delightful volumes—but a reverent student of religion, and a man of broad wisdom, whose spiritual influence was revealed in *The Conquest of Fear*. What he says in his present series is sharply individual, but will prove valuable, we hope, to people of every communion.

Either bee-keepers are inveterate letter-writers (which seems hardly logical) or **Dallas Lore Sharp's** previous articles on bee-keeping have been an unusually popular magazine feature; for they have brought in a flood of enthusiastic letters. This month we publish another story of bee life as observed by Mr. Sharp at his apiary in Hingham, Massachusetts.

The wide variety of articles in this issue is completed by the inclusion of a scientific

contribution by *Benjamin Harrow*, of Columbia University, and a portrait of Keats by the analyst of souls, *Gamaliel Bradford*, of Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts. We beg our readers soberly to reflect upon the fact that "The Romance of the Atom," incredible as it seems to the layman, is no wild dream of the imagination but a plain statement of what recent laboratory research has disclosed. As the author of *Damaged Souls*, Mr. Bradford needs no introduction in HARPER'S; enough to say that his next subject will be laubert.

An equal variety characterizes the fiction of the month. *Ernest Poole* (who does not recall the sensation created by his first novel, *The Harbor?*) is represented by a Russian tale. *Charles Caldwell Dobie*, a frequent contributor who hails from Mrs. Gerould's favorite city, chooses a Western desert for his setting. *George Madden Martin* (Mrs. Attwood R. Martin of Anchorage, Kentucky), best known perhaps as the creator of *Emmy Lou*, attacks through the medium of story one of the critical problems of the month. For her special qualifications to deal with this subject, we refer readers to the editorial note which precedes "Her Husband."

Julie Cane is growing up, and the fifth installment of *Harvey O'Higgins's* serial brings her to the edge of an adventure which will test all the confidence and courage implanted in her by her eccentric father. For the benefit of new readers it may be said that Mr. O'Higgins has been known hitherto principally as playwright and short-story writer. Harper & Brothers have recently brought out his volume, *The American Mind in Action*. Now he has turned novelist, and judging from the comments which have reached us, the result is finding the favor which we believe it deserves.

Among the poets of the month, *Mary Thacher Higginson* is the widow of the late Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson and the author of a biography of her husband and several other volumes of poetry and prose. *Violet Allyn Storey*, of Brooklyn, has written considerable verse for HARPER'S and other magazines. *Arthur Guiterman's* name is associated primarily with his famous

"Rhymed Reviews" in *Life* and his books of humorous verse, the most recent of which is *The Light Guitar*. *Lizette Woodworth Reese* retired a few years ago from her position as teacher of English at the Western High School in Baltimore, but happily has not given up writing verse. Her total output has been small but distinguished in quality, and is represented in the best American anthologies.

Charles Merz, whose little story of Jim Lee opens (as one might say) the "Lion's Mouth," is a recent member of the editorial staffs of the *New Republic* and *New York World*; he is now living at Sandusky, Ohio, and writing a series of portraits of familiar Middle-West types. *A. T. Hugg*, who makes this month his first appearance in HARPER'S, philosophizes about lawn mowers by way of variety from serving as the manager of advertising and sales promotion for the Detroit Steel Products Co. *Charles A. Bennett*, whose recent volume of cheerful essays, *At a Venture*, is hereby recommended to all who prefer their humor applied with a light touch, is a Yale professor of philosophy.

The commentary on the masterpiece on the cover is the work of *Alan Burroughs*, curator of paintings at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts.



The announcement of awards in the first competition of the Short Story Contest appears on a preceding page. A few words, however, may be added about the prize-winners, the method by which the Judges arrived at their decision, and the significance of the competition.

Miss Brown, the winner of first prize, is well known as a novelist and short-story writer, and has contributed frequently to HARPER'S. In 1915 her play "Children of Earth" won the ten-thousand-dollar prize in a dramatic competition conducted by Winthrop Ames.

Mrs. Tarleau, who was awarded second prize, has published a volume of essays and has contributed short stories to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and Mrs. Banning, the third-prize winner has been represented by stories in a number of magazines, but neither of these writers has appeared previously in HARPER'S.

The Judges were deliberately chosen in order to represent markedly different points of view. Meredith Nicholson is a practicing novelist and essayist of Indianapolis; Zona Gale, who lives in Wisconsin, is an outstanding representative of what is often termed the more radical school of writers; Bliss Perry, Harvard professor and former editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is a leading academic critic. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that there was a wide disparity of judgment between them.

It had been agreed in advance between the Judges and the Editors of the Magazine that the stories sifted out by the Editors as available for publication should be set up and sent to the Judges in the form of galley proofs, *without the authors' names*, in order that the previous reputation of the authors could not possibly affect the verdict in any way. Each judge indicated his first, second, third, and fourth choice and the award was made on a point system on the basis of these declared preferences. Fourth choice was included with the idea of giving a better indication of the relative standing of stories, in case of a division of opinion among the judges.

In view of the fact that Miss Brown, the winner of first prize, is a HARPER contributor of long standing, it should be emphasized again that the Judges had no inkling of this; they were unaware of the authorship of any of the stories. "The Girl in the Tree" was the only one ranked among the first four by all three Judges. It was the first choice of one, second choice of another, and the fourth choice of the third.

"Loutr ," by Mrs. Tarleau, was the first choice of one Judge and the third choice of another; it was not ranked among the first four by the third Judge.

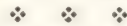
"Women Come to Judgment," by Mrs. Banning, was the first choice of one Judge and the fourth choice of another; the third Judge did not list it.

"The Weather Breeder," by Merrill Deni-

son, secured a second choice and a third choice; "A Calabrian Goes Home," by Vic Paradise, a third choice and a fourth choice; "Mrs. Eben Paul," by Arthur Johnson, second choice.

All these stories will be published in early issues of the Magazine, beginning with "The Girl in the Tree" in the August number. It will be interesting to hear from our readers as to their preferences, and to see how they tally with the verdict of the Judges.

The second competition closes June 30 and the same Judges will make the award: a first prize of \$1,250, a second prize of \$750 and a third prize of \$500, for the outstanding stories submitted. The third and fourth competitions will run, respectively, from July 1 to September 30, and from October 1 to the end of the year. Full information about the conditions will be found in the advertising pages of the Magazine, or will be sent to any writer on application.



May we add a word of caution to those who expect to enter the later competitions? Some conscientious writers may analyze the prize-winning contributions and find, for example, that "The Girl in the Tree" is a piece of romantic fancy and "Loutr " a narrative which runs far beyond the usual short-story length, and that all three prize-winners happen to be the work of women, may come to the ingenious conclusion that fanciful and very long stories are preferred to realistic, adventurous, humorous, or very brief ones, and that HARPER's favors feminine contributors. The prize-winners were chosen not on account of their subjects or their dimensions, but because they were considered the best among more than three thousand stories submitted. We repeat that stories of every type are desired, including especially humorous ones and tales of adventure. The Judges and the Editors do not make their decisions by formula or tape measure, but on the basis of quality.



Painting by Anna Whelan Betts

Illustration for "Is the Young Person Coming Back?"

THE CRINOLINE SOUGHT TO REPRESS EARLY VICTORIAN GIRLHOOD



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THE GIRL IN THE TREE

BY ALICE BROWN

(This story was awarded First Prize in the first quarterly competition of the 1924 Short Story Contest conducted by HARPER'S MAGAZINE. More than three thousand stories were submitted in the competition. Those selected by the Editors as available for publication were sent to the Judges, Meredith Nicholson, Zona Gale, and Bliss Perry, who listed their individual preferences in order, without consulting one another and without knowing the identity of the authors. No other story was ranked as high by all three Judges.—*Editor's Note.*)

THE thing that couldn't happen is the thing that does. Will anybody believe it? Let us see.

The Blakesleys—not all Blakesley in name, but Blakesley by birth—had gathered at the family mansion that has stood for over two hundred years in unchanged dignity in one of our academy towns. They had assembled for the funeral services of its last owner, Mrs. Amory Blakesley—known among them as Cousin Sabrina—and now, four days later, they were staying on, as if the knowledge of the will she had left had paralyzed their nerve centers and they actually couldn't go. Old Maggie, the "help"—not much over fifty, but old in the sense of faithfulness—and Martin, the man of all work, similarly brevetted, were furious in a dumb, lowering way. To them it seemed as if the Blakesleys, who had never been warmly welcome

here in Madam Blakesley's lifetime, had camped down for good, and that it would take an earthquake or some such expedient of God's providence to blast them out. It required all the tact and resolute argument of Mary Gorham, Madam Blakesley's companion, to keep them in order. Mary had herself been here only a couple of years, but she had become, on her first quiet entrance, the angel in the house, and she was still its moving pulse. Now she also was staying on because the cousins took it for granted and even commanded it, and she, who had a direct sense of values but no suspicion of ulterior motives, innocently wondered why.

Perhaps the cousins, who were not given to mental analysis, wondered in an equal degree why they felt obliged to keep a detaining finger on her, though, to a man and woman, they knew they

must. But in some corner of each mind, unconfessed—since a Blakesley had to guard his self-respect—was the conviction that since Madam Blakesley, after trifling legacies to all the cousins and generous ones to Martin and Maggie, had made young John Blakesley, an unconsidered cousin out of the West, her residuary legatee, Mary, in the house at the date when the will was made, might have some idea how it came about. Cousin Sabrina must have been bamboozled in some fashion by this John, and they could only manipulate Mary to find out how the bamboozling was done. John had been living in California with his invalid mother—who had recently died—and it was not long before that he had come on to see Cousin Sabrina with the perfectly transparent purpose of doing the bamboozling. And he was coming again now. Mary said she had written him when Madam Blakesley became suddenly worse. Had she written him at Madam Blakesley's request? a cousin inquired sharply. Oh, yes, Mary said, quite unmoved by the tone. After that one time of seeing him, Madam Blakesley had really fretted to see him again.

And now they were waiting supper for him, all the cousins, sitting round the library in a semicircular formation that was in itself threatening. There was Cousin Jos, the head of the clan, long past seventy now, the dry skin of his emaciated face stretched like parchment over a bony framework noticeably Greek, and his raiment so exquisite of tone and cut that one might have believed him to be given over to the worship of his fading body. Everything about him was aggressively fastidious. He even walked delicately, but that, Cousin Harriet said ruthlessly, was because his frontal arches had given way. So he got no credit there. Cousin Harriet, who was Mrs. Frye, a robust, protruding woman, inevitably suggested to eyes acquainted with bygone fashions a conformity to tight shiny basques over her abundant bosom, the waving of

fringes and glitter of jet. But she conformed bravely to modern styles, though under her floating chiffon you still felt the presence of a corseted bulwark, like immovable masonry blurred by a cloud.

There was Bridgie, her son, a weedy young man who had led a breakneck career from landscape painting to flame-colored verse and a freak magazine where he could say his say which other editors brutally denied him; and there was Milicent, frankly an old maid, caring neither for clothes in their changing tyranny, nor, it seemed, for anything short of the Ideal. She had had many philanthropic enthusiasms, which she took like infectious diseases. Now she was on the side of World Peace, to be attained by persuading the lamb, in all circumstances, to lie down with four legs in the air when he saw the lion hurtling toward him and just see what the lion would say to that. None of the Blakesleys agreed with her here, being all frankly belligerent in their public as well as their private predilections, and Milicent, after sessions of fulminating argument with one after another, ceased speaking to them.

Probably there never was a lover of peace in its dovelike form as it floats in the empyrean more frankly hostile to individual divergence of opinion than Milicent. And now she sat in this encampment of Blakesleys, a spare, delicate figure, her eyes burning under heavy brows, her handsome mouth slightly curled at the corners, her equally handsome nose contemptuous, but her fine hands folded in such persistent quiet that you suspected them. You wondered what they were really prepared to do, those hands, to the misguided fools who tried to manipulate the world in a fashion different from their own. The cruder members of the clan were wont to declare, when her name came up in conclave, that Milicent had never forgotten the old days when she and Jos had been so madly in love with each other and the family had

Drawn by C. Clyde Squires



(Clyde Squires)

"THERE, THERE, MUM," SAID HE, "SIT DOWN."

stepped in and quashed the idea of marriage. That, they said, and not differing ideals, had sealed her lips to all Blakesleys. They understood perfectly that her willingness to consult with them on the topic of Cousin Sabrina's will was to be accepted as merely an armed truce. The emergency over, she would cease speaking to them again.

The cousins had not delayed supper from any welcoming impulse toward John, but because they had tacitly determined to be with him from the first. He must not be allowed a period of delay to prepare his own case, or, more vital still, to consult with Mary Gorham. For Mary Gorham was really a dominant figure in their minds. Mrs. Frye spoke.

"Suppose we have Miss Gorham in? We haven't actually questioned her yet."

"Yes," returned Cousin Jos, in the distinguished voice he had formed long ago in traveling abroad, chiefly with reference to the vowel "a." "By all means have her in."

Mrs. Frye rose and looked helplessly about the wall, as if there ought to be a bell, though she knew there wasn't. On this Bridgie, throwing off his languor, came to his feet.

"I'll get her," said he. "She's a peach. Mary's a peach."

He left the room with his long stride, and an obscure cousin in the corner inquired, in a shocked tone:

"Cousin Harriet, do you think he calls her by her first name?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Frye, in the wearied perplexity she could easily be made to feel about Bridgie, who cheerfully met nobody's expectations, "he calls everybody by their first names."

"A peach!" commented Cousin Millicent, to herself, in a voice that suggested clingstones, very hard and green. "A peach!"

But Bridgie was back again following Mary, for whom he held the door with a suggestion of ceremony mildly irritating to the cousins, who knew her now for an important element in the house, as in

the immediate past, and dangerous. She paused and looked at them inquiringly and Bridgie ostentatiously drew forward a chair. Mary Gorham was a slender girl with an odd clarity of loveliness which lay chiefly in her dark-lashed gray eyes. They were eyes that, unchallenged, looked merely wistful as if they found life a puzzling business and wondered if a person named Mary Gorham could do anything about it. Involuntarily you in turn wondered how she would look if she waked up, if the color flowed delightedly into those pale cheeks and the eyes began to smile. Cousin Jos, by reason of his seniority, was the first to speak. He did so to an accompaniment of ah's and long-drawn, languid intonations which served him in good stead for linking hesitant thoughts.

"Miss Gorham," said he, not unkindly, he hoped, however much of a schemer she might be, "you were here when Mr. John Blakesley made his visit to Madam Blakesley?"

"Oh, yes," said Mary promptly. "I have been here all the time for two years and it was six months ago he came."

"How long did he stay?" inquired Mrs. Frye.

"Only three days. His mother was ill in California and he had to get back to her."

"Now what," said Cousin Jos judicially, putting the tips of his fingers together, "should you say was his purpose in coming?"

Mary's eyes widened in a brief surprise. She thought they knew.

"Why," said she, "Madam Blakesley sent for him."

Immediately all of them with an amazing unanimity, seeming to have rehearsed it beforehand, looked as if they might believe a good many things, but you couldn't expect them to believe that.

"Sent for him?" repeated a skeptical voice from the row of cousins in the background. "I don't believe she even knew he existed. None of us did. He's only a second cousin once removed."

"Oh, yes," said Bridgie, in languid re-

outtal. "I knew about him. He writes things—of sorts."

"It was the book," said Mary, turning on him a clear-eyed glance, "that made her send. She saw it advertised and it recalled him to her—that there was a Cousin John, I mean—and she got it, chiefly on account of the name. I read it to her. And then she sent for him to come on."

"Extraordinary!" murmured Cousin Jos, now putting up his eyeglass to look at her censoriously. "What's the book about?"

Mary's face in the most amazingly lovely way dimpled up into laughter.

"I couldn't tell you," she said. "I've read it over and over, but if you ask me what it's about—why, you'd have to read it."

"What's it called?" came the captious voice from the rear line. "At least you know that."

Mary had ceased laughing; she gave the title quite clearly and softly and as if she loved it.

"*The Girl in the Tree*," she said.

Now there seemed to be a chorus of voices repeating it with a curiously hostile unanimity, in one key, though all the notes jarred: "*The Girl in the Tree!*"

"Oh, I know that," said Bridgie, with his air of being on the spot. "Haven't read it myself, but one of the fellows is going to review it for me."

"Humorous?" inquired Cousin Jos. "George Ade, that sort of thing?"

"Feminism?" suggested Cousin Milicent, in her incisive way.

"Oh, dear, no!" said Bridgie. "It's fanciful, you know, fantastic, if you see what I mean. And not so very original, if you ask me. Derivative, I should call it. You could see what the fellow'd been reading—Walter De la Mare, Forster, Dunsany."

Then Mary astonished them. She colored high, indubitably with anger.

"It isn't either," she said. "Derivative! Derivative yourself! It's one of the most original things ever written, and that's what Madam Blakesley saw in it.

And it was so convincing, so—so—oh, I don't know how to say it—but she felt if she could see him he might be able to tell her more, tell her what to do."

"Do?" said Cousin Jos. "What'd she want to do?"

Mary looked all round the semicircle. She even seemed to seek out the rank and file in the rear and interrogate them with the others: whether indeed it would be possible to enter on this grotesque adventure of teaching a pack of Blakesleys, all running, as the pack does, true to form, how to believe there was a world outside the world they were accustomed to touch and see. She began speaking reflectively, as if resolved to consider their capacities and make no mistake.

"Madam Blakesley," she said, "as you know, had had for many years a restricted life—physically. She had lain in bed seven years, and all her patience, all her determination to forget herself in books and news of the outside world couldn't keep her from thinking of herself as a prisoner. And that book—"

Here she paused, and Cousin Jos, seeing it all perfectly now, was relieved to find he could help her out.

"Oh! ah!" he said. "Some sort of cure in it, what? Osteopathy? Chiropractic? Made her think something could be done."

Hope faded from Mary's face. She had thought something could be done with the receptive intelligence of the Blakesleys, but she relinquished that, with a sigh.

"Now what sort of person," said Cousin Harriet, as if she felt all this had been a divagation from the real thoroughfare, and to be escaped from as soon as possible, "what sort of person is this young man?"

Again Mary hesitated. Then she said, in her clear low voice:

"A quite special sort of person."

"Now, now," said Cousin Jos, irritated as he always was at any unexpected combination of words, "what do you mean by that?"

"Well," said Mary, as if she found it impossible to meet a Blakesley on that point, "he's coming, you know. You'll see."

But Mrs. Frye felt these side excursions into the psychology of John Blakesley to be merely futile. Here were they all intrenched in an impregnable position: Cousin Sabrina who, it became every minute more apparent, from Mary's testimony, had been of unsound mind, had left the major part of her property to this Western relative who had, in some fashion to be found out, actually hypnotized her into doing it. He was clever enough to do that. He'd be clever enough to understand the combined power of all the New England Blakesleys when they set out to contest the will, and he'd be glad and thankful, on a New England promise of an actually generous sum, to settle out of court. But Mary evidently felt she could do a little more toward rendering the New England temperament slightly more malleable for John when he should come.

"You see," she hesitated, "Madam Blakesley had been growing more and more distressed as time went on, and his coming seemed to be the one thing that took her out of herself."

"Distressed?" repeated Cousin Jos, with finality. "Unsound mind! I see."

"Not unsound in the least," said Mary hotly. "Distressed, as we should all be if we'd been in bed seven years and knew there wasn't a chance of our standing on our two feet again—tired, sick of the whole business. And when she read his book, why, it was as if somebody opened a door, and when he came he opened the door farther—gave it a kick, pushed it wide."

Her eyes were shining so that Bridgie stared into them in a manner Mrs. Frye found so undesirable that she ejaculated his name in a rebuking undertone. But,—cutting in upon the warning,—*"Bridgie!"* Mary called in what sounded like a cry of triumph, *"He's come!"* And she flew into the hall to meet him.

She was not the first. Maggie was there, opening the door to him, Maggie who had gone about her duties for the last week like a dour walking image. Martin was there, and they seemed, in a welter of smiles and delighted grunts, to be dragging John Blakesley in between them. He was laughing at them and with them, but without shaking them off he managed a quick hand-clasp for Mary, and the utterance of her name.

"Mary!" he said, and the Blakesleys, crowded in the library doorway, heard and wondered, in mental unison, what "Mary" spoken in that way could mean. He was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow with one of the most distinctive faces that ever attracted the casual eye. The features were large and cut to a pattern only attained through ancestral pride, but there was something soft about it as well as something aloof and serious. The softness was by no means weak. If he sometimes glanced past you as if he hesitated to meet your gaze, it was for your sake, not his own. He must have got used to knowing he had the gift of surprising secrecies latent in eyes and playing about lips, and, really not wanting them, knew also that people ought to be protected from giving more than they wished. But he was equal to all ordinary situations. He might have a shifting foothold in the clouds, but he didn't live there, and he got himself shaken hands with by most of the Blakesleys, with entire adequacy, said he'd like only to give himself a brush-up, and joined them as they flocked out to the table.

All the leaves were in the mahogany, and Maggie looked placidity itself for the first time since Martin had been requested to put in the leaves. The Blakesleys are what are known as great eaters. They are persons of stomachic remorse and hot water, bicarbonate persons, and they have an unquenchable passion at night for the entrées that are *revenants* of the noon dinner, so to speak. It takes a good deal

sheer physical strength
eat as much as the
akesleys. This John
y have known from
nily hearsay, perhaps
ly from the evidence
their overnourished
ysiques. He leaned
ward and addressed
rs. Frye, who occupied
e place of responsibility
posite Jos.

"Cousin Harriet," he
id, with his charming
ile and a voice also
charming that you had
break your own cur-
nt of thought to listen
it, "might I—" but
stead of finishing, he
rned to Maggie who,
th an expression of be-
itude entirely foreign
her these days, had
en handing about a
up of deadly complex-
y and richness. "Mag-
e," he said, "I wonder
I might—could you
ve me a couple of eggs
toast?"

And Maggie who, as
ey all knew revered the
addition of silent service, answered
chly:

"Sure I will, my dear." And more-
ver she left the room hotfoot and did
ot return until she brought the eggs
ith her.

They got through supper as the seri-
is business it was, and without a men-
on of wills or undue influence. Then
ey returned to the library with an air,
ary hysterically translated to herself,
lining up. Again they disposed them-
selves in close formation and Bridgie,
ough after Cousin Jos had asked
etfully, "Why will you, my boy?" was
ne only one to smoke. He stretched his
ng legs out in a way that annoyed
ousin Milicent exceedingly, because



"DO YOU WANT TO GET BACK INTO YOUR TREE?"

they pointed directly at her, and re-
garded John with a cool, inquiring, and
not patently hostile interrogation. As
for John himself, he sat upright in a
Chippendale chair which had, as if by
volition of its own, got into the center
of the arena, his hands upon his knees.
Once or twice he turned to Mary, and
she answered the look with a similar
bright signal of her own, but the glances
seemed to concur in saying, "Really,
you know, we mustn't look at each
other or we shall laugh." John did
laugh, suddenly, not with the robust
volley his friends were used to, but a
queer little chuckle that seemed to im-
ply he had a joke all to himself.

"Now," said he, "behold me, here by

my lonesome in the middle of the room. Something like the prisoner at the bar."

Cousin Jos, having no ear for pleasantry, accepted that as an opening.

"Yes, my dear fellow, yes," said he. "That's precisely how it is. In a sense, you are. Or a witness, rather. Yes, a witness. The fact is, we are all extremely glad to see you here to-day. In fact, we should have sent for you if you hadn't come. No doubt you know the terms of Cousin Sabrina's will."

"Yes," said John, with a quick glance full at him. "She told me all about it."

"Aha!" said Cousin Jos, an aspiration that meant "We're getting somewhere now, and sooner than I thought."

Mrs. Frye drew a long breath, and her excellent corset, valiant under the chiffon, did creak. There were other inarticulate comments from outlying Blakesleys, and Mary, silent, sat mentally tabulating them.

"We understand," said Cousin Jos, accepting now to the full his leadership of the clan, "we understand that you came on here some months ago. You had frequent conversations with Cousin Sabrina. Did she in those conversations refer to her intentions as to her will?"

"Oh, yes," said John promptly, "she told me exactly what she meant to do."

"Did you," pursued Cousin Jos, "ah—advise her?"

John's answering look betrayed no offense. He was a knowing person, and he had learned in this first brief skirmish that you couldn't allow yourself to take offense at a Blakesley. They were like men undertaking blindfold the difficult business of life. They weren't fair game.

"Advise her to leave it to me?" he inquired. "Lord, no!"

"What is your impression," asked Milicent, in her chilliest voice—the one she kept for rebuttal of attacks on the Ideal—"of Cousin Sabrina's reason for selecting you—perfectly unknown to her until recently—for her heir?"

John looked at her thoughtfully. Was

it probable, his glance seemed to ask, that he could tell her?

"It does seem queer," he conceded, "but really it isn't. You see—" he spoke directly to Milicent now, and her dark eyes met his as if they challenged him to convince a lady as near to authoritative sources of conduct as she. "You see," he went on impetuously, "Cousin Sabrina—she asked me to call her that, only really she wanted me to leave off the cousin—got an idea I had a secret."

Cousin Jos seemed to prick up his ears. What the devil did it all mean?

"You see," John said again, as a sort of springboard to help him dive to the rescue of these submerged Blakesleys, "Sabrina was very unhappy."

There was a murmur from the circle, of incredulity, of faint amusement, of denial. He read it so.

"Oh, yes, she was," he insisted. "Think of her, bedridden, tied by the leg!" A maidenly Blakesley in the rear rank made a noise in her throat implying that legs might be expected in this age of lipsticks and cigarettes, but they no more belonged to a Blakesley by marriage than to the Queen of Spain. "And beyond that," he continued, searching his mind for what he had gathered about Cousin Sabrina, "she'd always been tied by the leg. A prisoner, that's what she was. Always had been. First, her mother died when she was quite little and left her to take care of her father. No cinch, I tell you. I know, for mother told me. Then, when her father died she married Cousin Amory. And he was a pill."

A combined roar, of small volume, went up from the cousins, exactly as the animals in the Zoo catch an infection of revolt.

"Oh, yes," said John quietly, "he was. Mother told me. Kind of a country deacon, in spite of his money, the sort that doctors the barrel of apples and makes his wife's poor little trousseau last on into her widowhood."

"Well? well?" said Cousin Jos au-

moritatively. "What's all that got to do with Sabrina's will?"

"I know, I know," said John, drawing his brows together and thinking, as he realized how foolish it was going to sound. "Sabrina was almost crazy, verwrought on the subject of escape."

"Aha!" said Cousin Jos. "Now we're getting somewhere. Unsound mind!"

"Not on your life," said John, looking at him as if, on a repetition of the word, he might deface that parchment countenance. "Sabrina was as sound as a hippin. But she wanted to get away, didn't much care where or how. And he'd got the idea that I should understand. Mary did, and she was no end grateful. And when she heard about me, he thought, 'Why, there's two of them.'"

"I suppose," said Bridgie, eying his cigarette reflectively, as if the secret lay in that, "it was the damn book."

"Yes," said John, in relief, because it looked for a minute as if somebody was offering him a rescuing hand, "as you say, it was the damn book."

He knew, being familiar with books, why Bridgie tagged it with the overworked adjective. There were so many books published from glowing intent, only to die untimely, and here was one that preplexingly was bringing in the writer a fat emolument he had been at small pains to earn. Bridgie's "damn" was hurled disgustedly not so much at the book itself as at Fortune, who is dangerously enamored of her own mad jokes.

"Can't take it in," said Cousin Jos helplessly. "A book!"

A person might be influenced by a book to go as a missionary, he would have implied, to make explorations, to become a theosophist. But escape—what had escape from a comfortable house and a fat income got to do with a book? And especially to the extent of making a will?

"Perhaps, John," said Mary, "you'd better give them some idea of the book."

John frowned, but with perplexity, not in reproof of her.

"I don't know," he said slowly. "Difficult! Makes you feel like a fool, explaining your own stuff. The book itself is no great shakes. However, I'll try. The War," he began slowly, "has brought about new conditions. You know that. Psychology, the general state of mind, has quite changed."

Cousin Milicent seemed to wake here to a surprised interest in him. Her hands trembled upon each other.

"I have never," she said, "known such wholesale interest in the great questions: Organized Religion, Peace."

John gave her a little nod.

"Yes," he said, "but those are side issues compared with the main trend."

"Side issues!" she repeated, and Mrs. Frye echoed her.

"Not unimportant," he conceded, "not at all. But the point that has struck me since 1918 is that, without knowing it, we've really reverted to paganism. There's an earth spirit abroad. Don't you know there is? Don't you see the signs of it? That's why quite nice girls go half naked and paint themselves to look like harlots."

That cousin in the rear rank gave a small staccato shriek like a frightened mouse. Mrs. Frye rose to her feet majestically and ejaculated his name, "John Blakesley!" But Bridgie put out a hand and touched her on her chiffon-clad arm. "There, there, mum," said he, "sit down." Bridgie was curious. He thought the cousin out of the West sounded rather a good sort, and he wanted to hear more.

"No, no," said John, "you don't get me. It isn't any conscious thing we're doing. We hardly know we're changed. It's just one of those mysterious reactions of nature. A lot of men have been killed off. Nature's got to supply the lack. So up comes the earth spirit out of the dark where she's always lying like—like Enceladus, you might say, in a volcano. Something has told her life is thinning out, and up she comes and sets us to dancing and gorging and drinking—Lord, I don't know what she

doesn't do! And she doesn't understand it any more than we do when we obey her. She's just a force, you know—but pagan, pagan. Don't you see?"

They didn't. Mary, loving him the more for his boyish effort, recalled him again.

"The book, John," she said. "Don't get away from the book."

John looked at her again, frowning, and passed his hand across his forehead confusedly, as if he wished to heaven he had the sense to keep in straight roads where Blakesleys could follow him.

"Now," he said, "the book. I called it *The Girl in the Tree*. The girl was a dryad. She'd been touched by the earth spirit, too, and she got out of her tree where she'd been living in the cool for a million years and went wandering. And of course she met a mortal and he fell in love with her, and imprisoned her in his conventions, and she was so unhappy—just like Cousin Sabrina, you know—that she never stopped wanting to get back into her tree. And she might have, you see, only when she'd got out she couldn't tell which tree it was, and when she knocked at the wrong trunks the dryads inside told her to go away."

"Dryads!" muttered Cousin Jos. He saw himself back on his collegiate excursions through classical mythology. "Naiads! Muses! There were nine of them." This numerical fact relating to the Muses seemed to be the only thing he had to cling to, and he kept on repeating it in an undertone: "Nine! nine!"

"Of course," said Mary, still bent on helping out, "of course they didn't know she was a dryad, the mortals. Even her husband didn't."

"No," said John, feeling himself rather a fool, yet following her lead, "and, once she was out of the tree she didn't know it herself. Only she was dreadfully unhappy, you see, and a tree—especially a beech tree—gave her an extraordinary feeling that it was home,

and somehow or other she'd got to get inside of it. The book really is about her adventures, back and forth, how she tried to escape and finally how she did. And somehow or other it hit Cousin Sabrina just right, and she felt as if there were a secret for escaping, of running away for good, even if, like her, you were tied by both legs, and she—quite unreasonably, I own—thought she could come at it through me. And after a while, still unreasonably, she got to think other people could and my life ought to be smoothed out so I could help 'em."

"Well," said Cousin Jos, deliberately as if he challenged them all to deny his right to say it, "I never heard such damned nonsense in my life."

John looked at him assentingly. There was a faint, rueful smile on his face.

"Yes," he said, "I know how you feel. I should feel so myself. But that's really how it was."

Again Mary was ready, this time with her last hopeless gesture.

"I have the book here," she said. "John, I think you'd better read it to them." She took it from the table behind her and held it out to him, and, as he merely looked at it without taking it, added, in a low tone that seemed to hold some persuasive message he would have to recognize, "She'd like to have you."

Upon that he took the book, a square green volume with a tree in gold on the cover, and up in the right-hand corner the outline of a girl's face. It was not a large book, as Cousin Jos noted with relief. He was one of those who "hate to be read to," and he only submitted to this in the hope that it was, though inexplicably, a preliminary to getting through this befogged first issue to the question of wills. John began in a meditative tone as if he wondered as he went along what he might leave out. He didn't want to bore these people, but he had already accepted the attitude of men who love a motherlike



MARY TURNED AND LEFT THEM—SOMEHOW SHE MUST DEFEND THEIR SOLITUDE

woman in feeling that Mary must know best, and acquiescing in it. This was a June night, very still as to wind and outside sounds of any degree. It was a full moon that was going to be fuller, and Mary, from where she sat, could imagine its first glint behind the sycamore, and knew what light it would soon be pouring impartially, yet with inescapable power, over the terraced garden without. She was listening to him as he read, weighing every syllable, and yet her heart was running on before him to a later hour when she knew, without spoken agreement, they would meet down in the grove where he had first kissed her. He read without any of the expedients of the elocutionist, rather monotonously, indeed, and feeling his way along the lines with a kind of interrogation as if he wondered, as much as Cousin Jos possibly could, why a book that seemed to him the most obvious thing to write could incredibly have had an effect on the robust fortunes of the clan. As he read they

grew more and more subdued, perhaps not to him but to the stillness without. Only Mrs. Frye's buckram creakings were still evident, in time to her breathing, and once when they became too importunate Bridgie looked at her and frowned. The reading continued until after eleven and the book was not ended. John glanced up and asked:

"Shall I go on?"

"Go ahead," said Cousin Jos peevishly, and John could not tell whether he wanted an incomprehensibly foolish matter over and done with or whether the story of a dryad out of the wide freedom of her tree really meant something to him, and nerves not called on for years had begun to thrill. Had Cousin Jos a tree? And now the book was ended. John shut it with relief and laid it down on the table. For perhaps the first time in any assembly of their united forces, the Blakesleys were silent. Cousin Jos was the first to speak.

"Come," said he, with a roughness

foreign to his customary utterance, "let's go to bed."

And still in silence the Blakesleys rose and filtered off upstairs. John and Mary turned to each other and stood, and when the last footfall had ceased he went to her and took her into his arms.

"Mary! Mary!" he said. "I was scared blue for fear you wouldn't be here."

"Where should I be?" she asked, looking up at him with the moved, adoring glance he remembered.

"I don't know. All I know is, I don't let you get out of my sight again till we're married."

"No," said Mary, "don't. I want to be married, too."

"Come on out," said John. "The moon must be ripping on the sundial. Do you s'pose it tells moon time same as sun time?"

He was beginning to be silly, and that Mary loved. But she would not go out to the sundial. He had been traveling for days, he had read nearly all night, and now he should go straight to bed; and though he protested, she had her way, saying if he wasn't tired she was, and he was going upstairs at once. Finally, on her mock terror at what Cousin Jos would think of their sitting up courting when it was now all hours, he did go, and she set herself to the casual fastening of doors that always seemed enough in the inclosed security of this residential calm. It was besides, she smiled to herself in thinking whimsically, a night when nobody would want to get in. On the contrary, everybody indoors would want to get out. She herself did. It had been a notable triumph of her own common sense, this bantering away from her the one creature in the house to whom, as she believed, magic and moonlight meant the sorcery they did to her. Still hand in hand with this inexorable common sense, she went upstairs slowly, in the measure of her unwillingness, and, broad awake, sat down by her window

to muse. Not on the Blakesleys! that would bring discord crashing down upon harmonies, philistia itself striding into paradise. Yet she couldn't quite escape their aura, thinking, in spite of herself, of the amazings of life which rains such beauty down in a flood that is all but audible and still lets all the Blakesleys sleep. She almost imagined the combined volume of their snores. There she caught herself up. Mary was rapt into the upper spaces that night; she mustn't be vulgar enough for even the imagined realizing of a snore. She might find herself as Blakesleian as the rest of them. She sat there untired. When she thought of that bright vigil afterward, it seemed incredible that it could have been so long. What was she waiting for? The dawn? It wasn't so far away. Suddenly, as if the hourglass turned, her mind turned with it. She was, she told herself, wild as a hawk. Why shouldn't she slip out and do a little wandering of her own? The moon was regnant. She went noiselessly downstairs and out at the door at the back of the great hall which led directly upon the terrace, and stole as softly down the path toward the little river, past the lilac groves and peony beds, to that smooth-swarded oblong at the right which she and Sabrina had called the Fairies' Ballroom; she crossed it and continued into the grove, still at the right, a grove of dense shadows and smooth, clean beech boles. She stood there for a moment, her hand on the trunk of a tree, feeling affectionate toward the tree and the dryad that owned it, but this was only because John had written about beech trees and dryads. And suddenly, as she smiled a little at herself, knowing she was a hard-headed young person to whom dryads were but the inherited phantasms of the poet's brain, her heart stopped a beat. Coming toward her between the beech boles was a figure in floating white, and Mary, terrified, knew she had to challenge it and did, in a hard, high voice that was half laughing and half afraid:

"Do you want to get back into your tree?"

The woman may have been as startled as Mary, but she came directly up to her.

"Oh, I don't know what I want," she said, in a voice as high and strained as Mary's own. "I couldn't stay in the house—the moon—everything. Did you ever see," she continued recklessly, as if Mary were her dearest friend and she made nothing of confiding in her, "anything so horrible as the way Jos Blakesley has changed?"

It was Milicent. She stood quite close to Mary now, and Mary, looking at her in the moonlight, thought she should never have known her. The unbound gray hair on her shoulders—a braid hanging from one side and the rest floating, as if she had begun it for the night and stopped midway—her great dark eyes, her trembling mouth, these made her inconceivably moving and strange. Mary had got back to her normal state of determined calm.

"You know," she said quietly, "I've seen Mr. Joseph Blakesley only within the last year."

"A god!" said Milicent bitterly. "That's what they used to say, a young god! Beautiful—his feet upon the mountains!" And then it seemed to come upon her that she didn't know what she was saying, and she put her hand to her heart in a gesture Mary found poignantly moving, and stood there and panted for breath. But she hadn't done. "We weren't first cousins even, but they said it was wrong for us to marry. We should have told them—" she hesitated here and broke into a phrase amazing from her lips—"to go to the devil, and run—run away. Escaped!"

Mary laid a hand on her arm.

"Somebody's coming," she said, in a warning tone.

It was a tall figure between the trees. Milicent turned and looked. It came rapidly, with long strides, and had not nearly reached them when she cried out piercingly:

"Joe! Joe!"

The figure came faster. It was Cousin Jos, in his shirt and trousers. Had Cousin Jos, Mary wondered, begun to undress and found the moon and the impulsion of dryads and trees too much for him? Had he, too, kept vigil? He went up to Milicent and took both her hands.

"I saw you go by under my window," he said. "Child! child!"

They stood there looking at each other, and Milicent was sobbing, little dry short gasps that must have hurt her horribly, as they hurt Mary to hear. And Mary at that instant knew Milicent, with a woman's wild unreason, felt it possible to go back through the road that had led to this arid corner and have him hers again. Could she do it? Could the man help her?

"You always suffered so, beyond everything," he was saying. "I never could bear it, darling."

At that word Mary turned and left them; she went back to the edge of the Fairies' Ballroom, and looked once over her shoulder. They were still there, but walking to and fro, and so near that she could believe his arm was about Milicent's waist. Now she smelled a cigarette and, with a wild certainty that somehow she must defend their solitude, she ran forward to the figure advancing toward her across the sward. It was Bridgie. He threw away his cigarette and put out his hands to her, exactly, she thought, with a wildness of her own, as Cousin Jos had done to Milicent. Still she went on. She was willing to clutch his hands and hold them if only she could keep him from charging upon that infinitely pathetic pair striving there in the moonlight to build up the dream towers of their ruined lives. She wanted, foolishly, to laugh. Would he have recourse to his pet formula whereby, for a couple of days, he had been trying to establish some sort of amorous signal code with her? Would he call her a peach? And he did.

"Mary," he said—and for a minute Mary almost liked him because he sounded so boyish though hopelessly underdone—"Mary, you're a peach."

She accepted his hands and held them, and he was so overcome by her meeting him halfway that he stood there exclaiming, in a perfect surprise:

"You do like me, don't you? Mary, you do like me?"

"Not the least in the world," said Mary promptly. "I'm going to marry your cousin John. And you've got to get back to the house and go to bed. You're drunk. Everybody's drunk but me—"

"No! no! no!" he insisted, and kept trying to lift her hands to his lips, while she as steadily pulled them down. She clutched at all the synonyms for drunkenness she had ever heard, to convince him.

"You're slued, half-seas over, tight—and it isn't your body. It's your mind. Go back to the house and lock your door and throw the key out of the window and go to bed. I'll find the key in the morning and let you out."

"I don't know what's happened," he kept saying. "It's different, everything's different, everything except you. Mary, you're a peach."

"Don't you see what it is?" asked Mary sharply. "It's that book, *The Girl in the Tree*. The book may not be any great shakes, as John said, but somehow the idea of it in a time of the world like this, waking up the earth spirit and all—escape!"

"That's it," said Bridgie, almost moaning now. "You come with me, Mary. We'll escape."

He was dragging the more heavily at her hands, and she wondered, under the pain of her wrung fingers, whether she ever could get away from him, when he suddenly gave a sharp little bark:

"My God! there's mother!" dropped her hands and raced headlong toward the house.

Mary began laughing hysterically as she stood there shaking the blood into

her maltreated fingers, and Mrs. Frye, who had passed Bridgie without a word, came on and addressed her in a voice so moved with some unrecognized emotion that Mary ceased shaking her hands and stared at her. And it seemed a part of this mad night that she should find her in her nightgown, though unlike Milicent, she wore no kimono over it.

"Mary," said Mrs. Frye, "you shall marry him. He is a good boy. His mother tells you so. You shall marry him at once."

"But I can't," said Mary, adding perfunctorily, "I'm going to marry John."

Mrs. Frye did not seem to hear that.

"I don't know what it is," she cried brokenly, as if she were groping without hope after lost treasures, joys she might have had. "But there's something the matter with us. What is it? O Mary, you tell me. You marry Bridgie and perhaps he can be saved."

Mary took her hand and led her to the stone seat by the sundial, and they sat down there and Mrs. Frye talked. Mary never would tell what it was about. She wouldn't even tell John. She said she couldn't. Once he gathered that Mrs. Frye was frank to a point of what all Blakesleys would have called indecency. She was not complaining, not repenting. She was simply bemoaning herself and the way the world was made. And having got the idea that you could escape—somewhere, somewhere—she insisted almost to the verge of hysteria that at least Bridgie should escape, for Mary would help him.

It was in the first dusk of daylight that Mary led her back to the house, the spirit gone out of her, blubbering faintly and longing only for her bed. Mary insists that during that vigil there on the stone bench she saw figures dimly in and out among the trees, other Blakesleys wandering up and down. Making love? She did not know. Repudiating their pasts and wondering if, though so late, they could run away?

he did not know. But having led Mrs. Frye up the staircase to her room, he ran out again into the Fairies' Ballroom to see if she could get back her own composure from the rising sun. A figure was advancing toward her from the grove. It was Milicent, walking like the dawn, her face ecstatic. When he saw Mary she stopped and waited for her. Could that look, Mary wondered, be the seal of her triumphal possession of Cousin Jos? Women are strange things.

"Mary," said she, in a warm voice, hued like the sunrise, "there ought to be a service, a ceremonial. Out of doors. Like this. See. We must face the east."

She turned to the east and the blaring splendor of the almost vocally rejoicing sun. She lifted her arms, and the long sleeves, falling away from them, made the pose a statuesque beauty that should have been caught and kept forever. "Hail!" she called, in a voice so sweetly piercing that Mary trembled before the strange beauty of her. Mary, remembering John in there asleep and what gods he worshiped, lifted her own arms and cried, "Hail, Apollo!" It was antiphonal. Milicent was ready. "Hail, Apollo!" she echoed, and Mary followed, "Hail, O sun!" to hear Milicent, on the last note, "Hail, One God of the sun!" Then Mary, dropping her arms, turned and fled. She dared not look at Milicent again. After

emotion, she knew, comes shame, and she would not see that rapture wiped from Milicent's face.

It was solid daylight when Mary came down to find the dining room full of Blakesleys and the odor of toast. Somebody had ordered an early breakfast and Maggie, since it meant their going, had been desperately obliging in her haste. There were portmanteaus at the door and all down the steps. Motors were almost sobbing in their eagerness



HE WHIRLED ABOUT AND ADDRESSED THE BLAKESLEYS

to get away. Only John of them all looked the serenity of the man who has slept through and awakened with an untroubled mind. He was standing by one of the porch pillars with Cousin Jos, and Cousin Jos looked older than Mary had ever seen him, ravaged and ugly. He was beating the nervous fingers of one hand on the pillar and telling John just what he had to expect.

"Once more," said he, "we shall give you a chance to settle out of court. Otherwise—"

John spoke with a quiet steadiness which, as Mary knew, covered a horrid discomfort of his own. He hated to hurt even a rich Blakesley by telling him he couldn't be any richer through him.

"It has already been settled out of court, so to speak. When I was here before, Cousin Sabrina made over the house to me, and the bulk of her property. The will covered only the balance, something inconsiderable—the legacies to you and the servants, and a small remaining sum to which I am residuary legatee. That was really all she died possessed of."

Cousin Jos did not look at him. He glared out into the sunshine where the

motors were throbbing, and the skin seemed to tighten and dry all over his yellowing face. Milicent came out and he saw her no more than he did the waiting motors, and she gave no sign of seeing him. He whirled about and addressed the Blakesleys crowding behind him on the upper step and in the hall:

"She has played it on us. Sabrina! Yes, I mean Sabrina. She gave the house and the bulk of the property to him before she died."

Milicent, drawing on her gloves beside the taxi she had ordered, uttered one word. "Why?" she asked in a kind of negligent scorn, not of Jos but of Blakesleys in general.

"I know," said Mary impetuously, from the top of the steps. "She told me. She said it would prevent trouble after her death."

Then Mary was aware of the Blakesleys stepping into motors but chiefly of Cousin Jos and Milicent going away each alone, he fussily tucking the rug closer about his thin, dew-stiffened legs and she sitting haughtily upright as if, now this particular exigency were over, she need never speak to any Blakesley again.

YOUTH ASKS

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

I WONDER what they know?
They must be very wise,
With all a lifetime's garnering
Behind their dulling eyes;

And yet they talk of tiny things
And petty things long known,
And handle life that burns so hard
As if it were a stone. . . .

Oh what are life and living
And what is great and small?
For I am sick with wisdom,
Who have not lived at all!

YOU CANNOT BUY IT ALL

BY FREDERICK PALMER

[T is not worth your while to read more than half this article if you are not able to be virtuous and happy on less than a hundred thousand a year. For all who cannot, I make at the outset a suggestion which should appeal to them for improving efficiency and reducing waste in overhead emotion.

They know how established rank simplifies matters at official gatherings. The President goes ahead of a governor, who goes ahead of a mayor, who goes ahead of a municipal councilman, while generals and admirals go ahead of colonels and captains. In private gatherings hosts are troubled by the problem of precedence, and at a reception or in the world at large we do not know how much respect to pay to the strangers we meet in these days when the advertisements dress both rich and poor alike in the same stylish brand of collars.

To remove this embarrassment we have only to broaden the application of the custom of Rotary Club meetings where members wear "J. Jones, Hardware," or "S. Smith, Real Estate," on the lapels of their coats. Every citizen would have in his buttonhole a card stating the amount of his wealth and income. If he had no label it might be taken for granted that at least the sum of his fortune was only a few war-trading stamps which he might have to sell to pay his rent the next day. All officially certified millionaires would be divided into classes: one hundred millions or more, first class, and one to five millions, tenth class. All would have the relative rank of peers and the privilege of sitting at the speaker's table.

Occupations would be recognized by

the labels. A champion prize fighter who wrote the story of his life and battles for a newspaper syndicate would be in the millionaire-author class; the stage director who had become a producer of popular "movies," in the millionaire-artist class; and the lawyer who had a succession of lucrative receiverships and favorable income-tax decisions, and the surgeon who could "get away" with a charge of five thousand dollars for taking out an appendix would be in the millionaire-professional class.

The label, "Popular novelist, royalties from all sources last year, \$100,000," would outrank the one with only \$75,000 a year; while the author whose label said, "Just writing on in my way and getting \$5,000 a year" could be put in his proper place at once. In the educator class we should have "College Professor, \$15,000 a year including private income," and "Just an average Professor, \$3,000 a year," down to "Teacher, \$1,500." In the medical class we should have "Specialist, \$100,000 a year," down through the grades to "Country Doctor, \$3,000 a year," and "Medical Scientist, who gave the world a new serum, \$5,000 a year." In the law, "Ex-cabinet member, \$200,000 a year," down through the grades to "Average Counsellor, \$6,000 a year."

All people with large incomes which made them potential millionaires might be knights and baronets, and have a table expectant near the speaker's table. Others of lesser rank would have seatings in their order of precedence according to their incomes. There would remain the mass of the three-to-ten-thousand-a-year class. They would have tables at the back of the room and overflow out

into the hall and into the yard; and they would have to be content with only soup, roast, vegetables, salad, and dessert in this poverty-stricken country of ours.

There would be many college professors, teachers, inventors, artists, musicians, dreamers, and salaried and small business men to keep the conversation lively in this company. Millionaires would be welcome as guests if they checked their fortunes at the door, so that they would not talk about money as they relaxed from the strain of acting up to their wealth and from the strain of trying to work their way nearer the head of the speaker's table.

Mr. Boom-Boom, as I called him, who after too heavy a breakfast used to explode over his morning's newspaper at the resort hotel where I was last winter, should especially welcome my label system. If he had worn a label I might have learned that he was even richer than I thought he was, and that the "bell hops" were not treating him with proper respect.

I noted that the talk among the groups which gathered on the veranda after dinner was usually of money. So it is wherever you go. Last summer on one of the palatial transatlantic liners I moved from one group to another in the smoking room, listening, and learned that eight out of ten were talking in terms of money.

Lately, I have often recalled the remark of an old Buddhist priest in Japan twenty years ago:

"I don't worry so much about the missionaries Christianizing us as about the money-madness of Western civilization which is engulfing the whole world," he said.

His shaven head and beetle eyes as he sat on the temple steps made him look like a true prophet out of the venerable East. Was he one? Is it through lust of money that our civilization will fall? Its fall has been so often foretold that one sometimes wishes it would tumble at once so that we should no longer suffer the agony of suspense. Inciden-

tally, the priest promptly accepted the five yen which I offered for his temple fund.

"I thought so," I hear from money-worshippers.

In those days, while Russian officials and army officers were peculating and speculating in the Far Eastern boom which concentrated in the "Dalny Bubble," I had luncheon with a group of Japanese officers whose pay was negligible to them in the fellowship of their Samurai dream of the day when they should fight Russia.

When the War came and the world thought that little Japan would be overwhelmed by the wealth and resources of Russia, some of us who knew the combatants merely remarked, "The leans usually win over the fats." When the war was over one of that group of Japanese officers said to me:

"We've won—and lost. We've lost the old days. We shall look back to them, thinking how well off we were. It is the money age. Now Japan will have money."

The Russian fats did not apply the lesson administered to them by the Japanese leans. "We did not know how well off we were," one hears from refugee Russian aristocrats who betrayed their responsibility and lost their heritage by the lust for money and pleasures; and one hears the same phrase from Germans who have seen their savings in gold marks disappear into the inflated currency of the Stinnes dynasty.

Trying to realize how well off you are is to look at matters with time's perspective. It is a consummation in kind with the question, "Would you be young again?" and the answer, "Yes, if I could have youth plus experience." We cannot renew our bodies, but we can keep our minds open, and if we do we may realize how well off we are. Certainly Boom-Boom did not realize how well off he was. He was conspicuously one of the fats.

"All this noise," he exploded about the senatorial investigation, "was be-

ause somebody made some money, and that made people sore who were not in the deal. Isn't that what everybody is after—money?"

If we are all like him—wanting to make money any way we can—we shall not wait long before seeing the old priest's prophecy fulfilled.

But I took heart that this hotel was in the region which had sent to France the division that won the largest number of Congressional Medals of Honor, and that, in general, the holders of the Medal and the Distinguished Service Cross—who do not boast about this possession as much as some people boast about their palatial suites and ten-thousand-dollar cars—will be entitled by their moderate incomes to sit at our overflow table. Some of them have had as interesting adventures as normally occur on the Stock Exchange.

Boom-Boom had a wife, and I am sure that this marriage was made in a safe-deposit box—if not in heaven. Her modiste, hairdresser, and manicurist assured her appearance at dinner in a gorgeous variety of panoplies. She had a good memory—for the cost of her gowns.

One evening some of the young people of the region came to dance at the hotel.

"How tacky those girls dress," said Mrs. Boom-Boom in a voice which sounded like the rubbing together of pieces of sandpaper. "They sure didn't get their gowns on the Avenue. All together, they wouldn't cost the price of one decent one."

"I hadn't noticed their gowns," I said, "they have such grace, such life, their voices are so pleasant, and they are altogether so charming."

Inside her head, or her purse, Mrs. Boom-Boom realized that there was something she lacked. It was something other than youth, that you cannot buy at modistes' or have applied at beauty shops—something which those young girls possessed.

It was not altogether dissatisfying to observe that, despite Boom-Boom's

money and his wife's gowns, they were left rather to themselves by the guests except by a few who were helplessly of their own kind and they were petulantly bored. Something else which you cannot buy is escape from boredom. And boredom is almost worse than being shot at. Who among us who have suffered at the speaker's table does not think so? And those girls were not bored, and their partners were not bored, and I have seen many girls and partners of the fats bored. Falling civilization? Not while youngsters of the leans can be charming in such tacky gowns!

Northward bound, with those youngsters fresh in mind, I was the more sensitive to the hardness of the faces on the luxurious "Special" where fats abounded. In the observation car I sat beside a man who told me, on a car acquaintance, all about how he had made his money. Some of his methods seemed to me too hackneyed to be interesting and too rough to be decent. Had I, too, been a fat we should have had a very good time together until each had heard the other's story of dollar-conquest and faced the prospect of having to listen to it again; for always I have found—and I have a sense that the fats themselves find—that they lack variety of conversational resources.

"What do you think of the MacDonald Government in England?" I asked him when I foresaw that he was about to make the circuit of the track again.

"Rotten! Bolshevik!" he exclaimed.

"I think that it is too conservative," I replied, successfully depending, as a means of escape, upon the fats' lack of a sense of humor—which again is something that money cannot buy. When my label system is enacted into law I am going to add to my own label, "I never talk about money except in the shop." Perhaps in common with those of the same attitude of mind, I may share a table out in the garage, although we should have to exclude soup from our menu.

In my portfolio at that time I had a

letter from the wife of a veteran who was in the mountains, still hoping to recover from tuberculosis which he had contracted in the War. This pair and their child, who had been born during the War, were doing it on ninety-five dollars a month. Her highly intelligent letter had a fine quality of faith, of self-reliance, and pride in her husband—which again is something that money cannot buy.

Opposite me in the observation car of "The Special" was a woman who wore on her person a fortune in jewels, a glaring example of the feminine fats. Her complexion was laid on steel, in keeping with the imitation-mahogany graining on the walls of the car, and her voice sounded like the clink of coin saying, "It's three karats, my dear." Although she was respectable I should feel like apologizing for introducing her to a group of friends in which possibly the only jewels to be seen would be set in modest engagement rings. I think that you might feel the same way.

Then there entered the car a woman who did not wear her diamonds in the morning. I had an idea that if my label system were applied she would be published as in the millionaire class. She was not obliged—as the other woman was—to do it all with money. When she spoke to the porter he served with a sense of recognition of her charm, poise, and considerateness for others which was not regulated altogether by the amount of her tip. The something which she had—the something which money cannot buy—was the same thing which the young people at the dance possessed. It was breeding, which may flourish in a house without a servant and be absent in a house with twenty servants.

Out of the car windows, while Mrs. Diamonds-in-the-morning was talking of how much she had spent at Palm Beach and how much she was going to spend in Europe this summer, one saw farmers at their plowing and small villages and humble cottages, which made a contrast

with the life that she led as sharp as that which exists in any Christian land.

Again I took heart. From those cabins youth would come again in time of war to protect the fats as well as the leans with the wall of their lean bodies against an enemy's fire. From such a home came Abraham Lincoln, who would certainly prefer to sit with us at our moderate-income table. So would Benjamin Franklin and Oliver Wendell Holmes, Molière and Shakespeare, Mozart and Beethoven, Michael Angelo and Rembrandt, Homer and Horace, Voltaire and Victor Hugo, Charles Lamb and Mark Twain. If other eminent and interesting ones of the past were to return, what a gathering of good fellows and witty women we should have while Croesus, who, I imagine, was not entertaining, would sit at the speaker's table! The more I think of it the more I like the label system.

Anon on that journey the dome of the National Capitol, under which the leans and the fats are always contending, appeared on the skyline. I did not stop over at Washington. I had already been there in the heat of the early revelations. Not there must we seek the cure. Washington registers only symptoms. The real answer to that old, recurring question of "What is the matter with us, anyhow?" has been partly reflected in the types of human beings whom we have just met in this human world, and in the conditions of the last six years, which are comparable, in our history, only with those of the sordid "carpet-bagging" era after the Civil War.

We who were supposed to be the largest winners in the War may find ourselves the heaviest losers if the fats continue to have their way—which they will not. The War had made us fatter, given us more money than any nation in all history. Should not our elders then have paused, as they realized how well off we were, to consider the danger of adipose and how to keep lean and strong in order to get the most possible for the future out of our treasure-trove?

No, we must have more and more of the source of our power, which was money. More and more money! We would sell unprecedented quantities of goods to a world that must first earn the wherewithal for payment; we would take the shipping of the world from lean competitors who must work cheap.

After thinking in terms of the whole, we had the sharp reaction of thinking only of our individual fortunes. Reparation, public and private, was the first need, and money was the token of reparation in a debt-burdened world. The way to keep step with the procession was to increase one's income. Social groups based upon occupations, education, wealth, intellect, tastes, inheritance, and pastimes—which had been broken down by the common effort of war—were reformed upon a money rating.

In quarters that hitherto had been captious in such matters there was less inclination to question the origin of a bank account, even though it had come from bootlegging. Those who chose might again wear their diamonds in the morning. All to whom the money standard had been supreme were enjoying the sun again after the eclipse. One result was that public extravagance accompanied private extravagance, which is a poor way to make reparations.

The spy hunters, war profiteers, slackers, professional organizers, and dilettante propagandists whom the War had left idle but not voiceless, shouted to the soldiers: "Get to work! Get to work!" as if the soldiers were not used to work and had been on some kind of holiday. Never have returning victors been received with such misunderstanding of their services and what service had bred in their hearts.

Was it surprising that the soldiers, as they compared their pay with that received by the non-drafted munition workers at home, should then have adapted their views to the fashion and asked for an adjustment of compensation? Compared to Boom-Boom they

were sad amateurs who had been "caught" in the draft or had made the mistake of volunteering.

"But you can always get them to go to war when you need them," as I heard one of our "supermen" say.

Had the soldiers followed the medieval methods which some money-worshippers practice, they would have said, "We have the arms, we are lean, and we'll take for ourselves all the wealth which we did more than you to safeguard." On the contrary, they were the bulwark against that so-called bolshevism of which the Boom-Booms are the chief promoters.

Then, one day, we awoke to realize that we were all messy in our fat, which had the smell of oil. The revelation was the more unpleasant as our officers and soldiers and officials had been clean in the War and we had had sound reason for our conviction that since the Star Route scandals both our business and governmental ethics had improved.

The lean of us—which is the majority of us—felt shame, just plain shame; and the healthy and happy thing was that the truth did come out and we did feel shame. The strict money-worshippers were irritated by the bad manners which let such little club secrets out of the bag. Not of this class were men in public office and men of position who, in their own shame, were obviously thinking, "Why did I even associate with people like that? Was I tempted in that way? Had I become such a money-mucker?"—which at least is the sobering resurgence of a sense of decency that leads the toper to take the pledge.

The lean of us as a people cried, "This must stop!" How make it stop? Only through individualism again acting in service for the whole in peace as we acted for the whole during the War.

In war the danger stands in arms before us, holding our alarm to concentration by the decision of a battle. In peace the danger to the fat nation is insidious. The addict takes more opium to rid himself of the effects of opium.

"What the university wants is to get the coin!" I heard one of a group of alumni saying after my return to New York.

True, the university must have funds and endowments. The philosopher asks how the university is to use them. To make college and university presidents mendicants for more luxurious equipment or to make them better educators? To graduate more fats or more leans? To graduate more men and women who have the qualities which money cannot buy and who know how to use money, or more who will make money supreme? To inculcate standards which lead to fatty degeneration or standards which count for strength, character, and culture? And you may be a gaunt athlete and yet be a fat. Golf or tennis or boxing is no cure for the adipose I have in mind, the adipose which settles round the heart of a people's culture and a nation's strength.

To anyone who says, "You are calling Americans dollar-chasers again," the answer is obvious. Americans are the most generous of peoples with their money. We give largess, from tips to endowments, without stint. This, however, may be only an exhibition of money as power, a further confirmation of our weakness for the money-standard. Seeking money as a means to comfort and for better education is one thing. Quite another is seeking money for display and as a proof that we are keeping the pace, when many of us honestly get more enjoyment and satisfaction when we measure by other standards—standards which champion both thrift and prosperity.

Thrift means individual independence to lead your own life; to care for those dependent upon you; to hold the freedom of your views; to contribute your share of service and to preserve the fine quality of your self-respect, your *amour propre*, in your relations with your fellow men. Never more applicable than now was that old maxim, "Money is a good servant but a bad master."

Why should the richest of people let it be their master? Prosperity, prosperity for the whole—which is the truest prosperity for the individual—goes with thrift; and one honors and respects the leaders and organizers of industry when they keep the faith of the lean, if one is not merely a phrase-maker whose barking at the heels of giants may make the giants turn to cynical materialism.

Money-worship is confined to no one class. Money-worshippers of moderate incomes of which they fail to make the most only contribute to a firmer adherence to the money-standard among those who have large incomes. The public may have a part in the education of the twenty thousand new millionaires—War and post-war—and especially in educating their children to standards which they will find makes life a thing to enjoy fruitfully and wisely and not a thing that is tiresome, hard, and sordid.

Recently I was talking on this subject with a man of great wealth who gives bounteously to good causes and in a sense of understanding that comes only from the high sense of service. He complained against the money-standard warping the minds of other men of financial and commercial power with whom he had to deal. I found him in agreement that more unity on the part of the leans, who think that money really cannot buy it all, toward those who think that it can, would help him as well as the rest of us, in our everyday life and in our social groups, to hold to those principles of conduct which supply the best preventive medicine against present day ills.

Having in mind external and internal upheavals which have happened, with little or no warning, to several nations in the last quarter century of this speedy age, my own contribution to the subject is thriftily concerned with preserving the value of pieces of paper upon which I depend to relieve me from standing in line before a public soup kitchen in my old age. However, if a cataclysm does come—well, I prefer to face it as a lean.

THE WEATHER BREEDER

BY MERRILL DENISON

THE farm lay at the eastern end of the bay, a straggling clearing of fairly level land which seemed to be eternally battling for its life with the second growth of poplars and birches that hemmed it in. But it was a good farm; over sixty acres of stiff blue clay such as is found deposited in pockets among the glacier-scoured granite hills and round the mouths of creeks. It had been cleared of pine stumps of the original forest, left by the lumbermen, by the same pioneer who had built the log house and barns, the stable and the neat workshop. He must have been a good workman, that early pioneer; the adz-work on the two-foot logs showed it, but he had eight children and when his wife died, officials came up from Toronto and took the children because he would not send them to school. The school-house was twelve miles away and on the other side of the lake.

He sold out to old John, and left. Old John never lived there, choosing to remain nearer the village on his own farm, a sorry thing which straddled a glacial moraine that every spring spewed a new crop of bowlders on the scrawny fields. But he abandoned them, except for garden stuff and as pasturage for a few sheep, and used the lake farm in Settler's Bay to grow his grain and hay.

In spring it was mosquito-infested lowland; in summer something like a gigantic fireless cooker with its surrounding hills of rock, burnt bare by succeeding fires. The stiff clay was hard to work. It meant steady, unremitting toil that could not even be commenced until the eight-mile row up the lake had been accomplished. He cleared out an old shanty trail across the big rock—for

there was no road on that side of the lake—led his horses up the back way, plowed the land and harrowed it, sowed the seed. Old John never complained; he never thought his life monotonous. It was all part of the yearly fight to grow enough food to carry him and his daughter, Lize, through the winter until the fight could commence again. Year after year the same, and he was sixty, and dry and hard.

The third year he bought a second-hand threshing outfit, and one of the summer campers who owned a launch towed it across the lake for him on a raft that he and Jim, his prospective son-in-law, made out of huge driftwood cedars. The outfit was of great assistance. It saved so much time, and he was able to get his grain down to the foot of the lake before the freeze-up.

Old John knew little about machinery and he was obstinate and opinionated, as old backwoods farmers who have waged a drawn battle with Nature all their lives are apt to be. He was also the least bit hard of hearing. These traits combined to do him injury. Standing on the mow frame, bundling great armfuls of dusty straw behind him, the old man paid no attention to the boy's warning, shouted to him above the clacking noise of the thresher. The frame gave way, he slipped and fell, wrenching one knee so badly that Jim had to help him to the house. There he remained for three weeks while one after another the perfect days of late September slipped by, the boys went on threshing and, after it was finished, carrying bags of grain down to the water's edge, and Lize cared for his leg and souring mood as best she could.

It was the first time old John had ever been forced to remain indoors. He roamed between the kitchen, where he had two chairs arranged in front of the window, and his bed in the back room—restless and grouchy. He left his pipe in one place and growled because he could not find it somewhere else. He got in Lize's way when she was cooking and when she was clearing dishes. He complained bitterly about everything: about himself, about the boys, about the weather.

Particularly about the weather.

Never had there been such a fall in Ontario. An unvarying succession of mellow, cloudless days with a soft haze purpling the hills, even at noontime, and adding a greater richness to the autumn coloring of the hardwoods. Perfect autumn days when sunlight lay like a caress on hills and lake, and trees seemed conscious of their flaming beauty.

Days for pagan prayers; and each morning the old man hobbled to his window, looked out, and growled:

"Grh! Another of them damn weather breeders."

No longer could he trust the weather: too often had his hopes, his very sustenance been wiped out in a few hours. A lifelong struggle with the soil had taught him. Late frosts in spring and early frosts in autumn; grain burnt with drought one year and the kernels of the

grain scalded by sodden fields the next; a field of oats, golden ripe for the reaping, pounded flat by hailstorms.

To him the weather was a personality, vague and formless, but filled with trickery and deceit and low cunning which sent such days as these. A personality with which he was engaged in a lifelong duel of wits. A duel he could never win, he realized; the best he

hoped for was a draw. A decent enough old fellow, rugged and patient, hard working and honest, he lived in a state of epic pessimism in good weather. Bad weather he did not mind: it could not get worse. Good weather he hated: it could not get better.

Lize did her best to cheer him; the boys joked with him, tried to hearten him with gossip about the work, their progress and the success of the crop. They bantered him about his gloomy weather prophecies, and every day he grew

more sour. Each morning he foretold calamity; each evening a serene and placid sunset mocked him. The boys scoffed at him, and later scorned his miserable forebodings. It made him bitter and it hurt his pride to have his wisdom jeered at by youth. He would not go outside the house but stayed inside and brooded.

At first Lize did not mind him. She was twenty, a dutiful daughter, fair, with an elusive beauty that might last two babies, certainly not three. She was



EACH MORNING THE OLD MAN HOBBOLED
TO HIS WINDOW



OLD JOHN USED THE LAKE FARM TO GROW HIS GRAIN AND HAY

happy and she had her work to do. When she was drying dishes she could look out of the window across the sunlit field of oat stubble and see Jim, her lover, stout hearted and strong limbed, carrying bags of grain on his back from the barn to the water's edge. The drying waited while she watched his sturdy figure until it was hidden from her by a shoulder of rock down near the beach. And she would turn to her dishes with a slow, happy smile. They would be married before winter; with such a crop Jim's share would give them enough to start. Unlike most backwoods lovers, they had waited a long time for each other and had not mated as the wilder animals do with the spring. Young Levi passed, too, sweating under his heavy

load. Each time she was glad to see him; every bag he carried added to the slowly mounting total she carried in her mind and heart. But she did not pause in her work as she did when Jim passed.

However, even Lize's even temper had its limits. With the growing of the pile of bags down on the beach, old John's perpetual grumblings grew worse, until the boys lost patience with him and Lize, long-suffering and tender-hearted Lize, grew troubled. She did not rebel or answer with the caustic wit of backwoods women—she crept within herself. When Jim, proud and happy in his work, stole a moment, so that he could talk to her, to come to the pail of drinking water standing on a bench inside the door, she was quiet. When he tried to catch her

she put the table between them and glanced nervously over her shoulder at the door of her father's room. Jim could not understand it; he would go back to his work, hurt and disappointed.

At last the end was in sight. Early one morning Levi took the boat and rowed across the lake to the summer camper's and asked him to come that afternoon with his launch and tow the big flat-bottomed punt behind it. He returned at nine o'clock and all day the boys worked feverishly in the hot sunshine, each one trying to outdo the other, carrying the hundred-pound bags from the barn, through the yard, along the path by the edge of the field, and down to the water. It was a lazy day, humid and breathless. The smoke from the Mallory Lake fires hung low above the hills to the north, and the lake lay still under the heat.

Dripping with sweat the boys worked on, stopping impatiently when Lize called them for dinner, gulping down their food and hurrying back to work again. At four they looked out on the lake for the camper with his launch, the two of them standing on their bags of grain like children playing "I'm the king of the castle." The last bag was there under their feet. Another year's battle ended in victory; the moon was full that night and before morning their grain would be at the foot of the lake and sold, perhaps, by noon. Jim spoke:

"You watch for Murl, Levi. I'm goin' up to the house to tell Lize we're through."

He found her wiping the table when he gently opened the door. Her back was to him and he stole quietly up behind her and kissed her neck where the fair hair curled away from it. She was startled, and pushed him from her with nervous haste.

"No, Jim. No!" she pleaded. "Paw'll hear you'n be out here raisin' ructions. Please, Jim, go on away. He's gettin' sourer'n sourer."

She looked anxiously toward the door of her father's room, and then at the

flushed, disappointed face of the boy before her, hurt because she had no praise to give him.

"It seems like you didn't want me hangin' round—to my way o' thinkin'," he complained.

"Jim!"

"And it ain't as if you hadn't promised, neither," he continued hotly, too grieved to notice her concern. "If I hadn't been goin' with you sincet we was young ones."

"Please, Jim," she interrupted, placing her hand soothingly on his moist arm. "Don't talk so loud. He'll hear you and there ain't no sense gettin' him out here when he'll stay in there, quiet. And he ain't been talkin' kindly about us gettin' married this fall." The look in his blue eyes made her slip her hand to his shoulder. "Please, Jim, don't look at me like that, please. It ain't my fault, but we can't go agin his wishes. You said so yourself."

He suffered her hand unwelcomely, it seemed, and spoke in a hot whisper:

"It ain't my fault. I guess I done my share this summer'n last spring. I got half shares in them oats 'n I'm goin' to tell him so. I'm goin' to see your paw and I'll say to him, I'll say, 'Lookut, you ain't the only one round here that's gettin' sour.' He ain't done no work; he ain't done nothin' but set 'n growl. I'm gettin' 'bout sick o' this sort o' thing. I ain't goin' to stand it. I'll say to him . . ."

She wanted to comfort him, but he turned angrily from her and strode toward the door, opening it quickly. Levi was standing outside. He was on his way from the beach and had paused, puzzled by the look of the sky toward the east. It seemed heavier and darker there, but then the lower reaches of the sky are deceptive on hazy days. A dull pewter sheen comes over them and makes it difficult to know for sure if clouds or dust-screened blue are there. When he heard the door open behind him, Levi decided it was smoke, and turned.

"Murl's comin' round the end of Chris's Point," he said, stepping past him into the house. Jim followed him to hear the news. "He's towin' the punt and two rowboats. We can take fifty eggs at a lick. Get her down in four trips easy."

They made their plans while Lize eaded with them to go. They were on the point of leaving when the old man opened the door of his room and stood there looking at them, a picture of dismal gloom. His gray hair, usually picturesque, chrysanthemum-like mass, was pulled far down on his forehead, accentuating the scowl that was always there and giving him an expression of comic sorrow. He stood bent forward, leaning on a short cane, his ragged vest falling vertically from his shoulders and his braces festooned dejectedly about his knees.

Lize turned guiltily to her work; the boys shifted awkwardly under his steady gaze. The old man bowed to himself and bobbed toward his chair, on which the afternoon sunlight was falling. He jerked it away, as if somehow the chair had betrayed him and gone over to the enemy.

"Sure is a slick day, Mr. Hawley," Levi hammered, as one will try to say anything to break a strained silence.

The old man snarled and slumped farther into his chair.

"You're fools, the pack of you. Don't you know nothin'?"

"I know we got the rain down," Jim exclaimed, a hint of triumph in his voice. "It's waitin' on the beach,

and Murl's headin' up the bay now with his launch."

"It'll all be spoilt," old John predicted with assurance. The boys laughed with an easy confidence that infuriated the old man. "Damn crazy notion, draggin' a couple o' tons o' grain round the big lake with the squalls that's always comin' up."

Levi added to his rage:

"Why, there ain't been a wind for a month, Mr. Hawley."

"Ain't that what I been tellin' you all along? Jest one day like this after another," he said.

"Aw, what do you want?" Jim interrupted, disgustedly. "Want the sun to shine all night? There ain't been a day since we come up here we had to knock off work."

"They's weather breeders, I tell you," the old man shouted. "Jest one damn weather breeder after another. The trouble with youse is you don't know



HE SUFFERED HER HAND UNWELCOMELY

nothin'. We ought to had a storm when the moon turned." He sneered at them with the malignant pity of old age. "You think it's all right not to have a storm with the moon, don't youse? There ain't been an equalnoxiol this year. Do you know what that means?"

He spoke as one who tells of Armageddon—next week. Jim snickered:

"Kinda lucky we missed her for oncet, eh?"

"Missed her?" the old man roared. "We ain't missed her. Lookut there," waving his cane toward the window flooded with sunlight, "she's savin' herself up, that's what she's doin'. Same haze on the hills, not a breath of air movin', jest crouchin' there, simmerin', and waitin'."

He rambled on, an inspired wrathful prophet of nature's malevolence, filling the small room with his predictions of horrible disaster until Lize felt as if the low-beamed ceiling were becoming lower and the log walls crowding in. In desperation she went into the other room and Levi, wearied, edged toward the door and slipped outside. Jim watched the old man, slouched down in his chair, his stubby beard sunk upon his chest and his brooding eyes staring into the oven of the fireless stove as if therein lay winter and a hope of better things. Jim, for all his anger, could not help feeling a contemptuous pity for him, aged and discredited.

But he wanted to speak to him, to have it out with him about Lize. Nothing had ever stood between them but lack of money—his was the poorest family in the Mishinog—and that was over now. The grain, his shares, would start them. He smiled as old John peered hopefully out of the window, searched the distant sky and then settled back into his chair again with the old disappointment stealing over his face.

"Ain't nothin'," he muttered to himself. "Thought I seen a cloud there to the north but it ain't nothin' but them damn fires. If it wasn't for them

weather breeders they'd been out long ago."

Jim came, quite abruptly, to the end of his patience.

"Aw, you're actin' like a cow with sore tits in fly time," he broke out, the accumulation of real and imagined wrongs goading him on to dangerous insult. "Youse old lads always figger you can tell about the weather, and by gawd, I ain't never seen one o' youse ever get it right yet. Not oncet. Last fall when we butchered that there pig and you looks at the milt, you was awful wise 'cause it was poor. You says it was goin' to be an open winter without snow. It was the worst we seen in years. Thirty-five below down at the store, snow to your waist. You says so yourself when it was over."

The old man rose to his feet, quivering with a mighty rage, too wrought up to speak. He pointed his cane, palsied with his righteous indignation, toward the door. Jim had committed treason, foul treason. Jim did not move; he stood his ground defiantly, but feared that he had gone too far, perhaps.

"Well? What're you hangin' round for?" the old man quavered when he found his voice.

"I was goin' to ast you somethin'."

"About Lize, I s'pose," John spat scornfully. "Comin' round whinin' 'bout marryin' when you ain't got a cent in the world but shares in that grain down there on the beach waitin' to be spoiled. By gawd, you ain't goin' to come round here throwin' no milt outen a half-starved hog up in my face and expect me to give you a thank's offerin' o' Lize."

Having avenged the insult of the pig's milt—the most respected form of divination in the backwoods—by forbidding the boy the thing that lay nearest his heart, the old man felt a little better, and a little ashamed. That was why he jerked the chair round and banged it into a new position and sat down with his back to Jim, childishly, as if in that way he defied the boy to argue with him



"IT'LL ALL BE SPOILT," OLD JOHN PREDICTED WITH ASSURANCE

question his decision. Besides, he did not care to meet the boy's eyes.

Jim looked at him and knew that it was useless to say anything. The old man would feel differently when the grain was sold and he could be up and bound again. Jim felt sure of that. He opened the door, which faced due west, and the sight of the peaceful fields and the blue lake beyond them restored something of his natural gayety. On the beach, Levi and Murl were standing beside the bow of the launch, looking anxiously toward the house. Jim closed the door and walked toward them.

The old man stared at the stove with unfocused eyes, his hands folded across his belly, long legs stretched in front of him. From time to time he drew slowly on his pipe and the smoke escaped from his lips with a tiny pop. Lize returned to her work with a suspicious redness about her eyes, which she wiped from time to time with her knuckles. The house was still except for the old man's heavy breathing, the frustrated hum of

a bluebottle fly at the window, and the rustle of Lize at her work.

A low rumble like distant thunder broke the stillness. John raised his head and listened. The sound came again, far off and low. He shifted his chair and looked toward the half-open door through which a bar of golden light illumined one corner of the dim interior.

"Lize, what's that noise?"

"It must be Murl draggin' the boats up, paw."

He accepted the answer and lapsed into his morose silence.

On the beach three young men stood close together and looked toward the east.

"What do you make of it, Jim?"

"Don't look like smoke. Lookut there, Levi. Just beyond that swale. Lookut them birches."

"See that there swirl of sand by the fence corner. There!"

"Look! There's another!"

"My gawd, look over there above the knoll. Beyond the Dyer Lake hardwoods."

"Look! There's another."

"Funny, there doesn't seem to be a breath of wind. It's curiously still, isn't it?"

"But they's whitecaps out beyond Chris's Point."

"Jim, she's a comin'!"—in awed tones from Levi.

"Ain't nothin'"—with forced assurance from Jim. "You're gettin' as bad as the old lad."

"Looks pretty black to me, boys," from Murl, a slight dark lad with the city stamped on his khaki slacks and his white shirt. "Coming up to the house?"

"Think I'll stay here and watch it a bit."

Murl left them there, two motionless figures which cast long purple shadows across the sand, pink in the late sunlight. A great fright was growing in their hearts, but each of them was afraid to admit to the other the meaning of the thing they were seeing in the east.

Murl spoke to Lize, who was standing in the doorframe.

"Been a wonderful fall, hasn't it, Lize?"

"Yes, ain't it," Lize answered, and moved to let him pass.

Old John moved restlessly and scowled toward the door. They were good friends, had helped each other in small ways, exchanged views and gossip—a front-gate kind of friendship with definite conventions of civility. But old John had sunk into a condition which defied convention; he offered no other greeting than a grunt. Surprised, the younger man seated himself, talked pleasantly of local happenings, blundering on the things the old man wanted least to hear: the weather, its unusual beauty, the success of his season's work.

Outside, the sky was darkening with that prodigious rapidity which accompanies long-delayed storms that seem to be making up time with the remorseless haste of overdue express trains. Inside the house the same dull fly beat against the small-paned windows, through which

the long rays of the sun poured in on the grimy papered walls.

The low rumble came again, nearer and more ominous.

"What's that?" exclaimed Murl anxiously.

"Figgered it was you druggin' your boats up," John answered indifferently.

"It's thunder, Mr. Hawley."

The old man slowly took the pipe out of his mouth and turned to look doubtfully at the younger man. He was not sure he could believe him, and when he saw behind him the open door, he knew he could not. He waved his pipe toward it disdainfully.

"Thunder? You're daft as the rest o' these here young ones. Look at that sun." He slunk back into his chair. Murl was beginning to be nettled by the old man's persistent rudeness.

"It'd looked pretty threatening toward the east when I came in," he said. "Smoke!"

"No, it wasn't smoke, either. It looked to me like a mighty bad storm."

"A bad storm, d'ye say?" old John asked querulously.

Murl solemnly nodded his head. Old John raised himself slowly to his feet and hobbled into his own room, where there was a window which looked out toward the east. He went to it and leaned his hands on the low sill. To the east and south the birch trees shone with an unreal whiteness against the black sky as if they had been picked out with white paint. The storm was approaching with incredible speed and yet there was no wind. Old John watched silently for a long while, enjoying the scene with morbid satisfaction. He thought of the grain down on the beach and of its inevitable ruin. It did not bother him. He spoke softly to himself with reverential rapture:

"By gawd, she's goin' to be a hell bender. But I knowed she'd come. I knowed it."

At the front door Lize stood horror-stricken with the first premonition of the impending disaster that would keep her



THE SKY WAS DARKENING WITH PRODIGIOUS RAPIDITY

starved for Jim another winter. On the
each the two boys looked at each other
nd then at their pile of grain, brought
here with such an expenditure of happy,
l-considered labor. They shook their
eads, it seemed so trivial now, and
moved listlessly toward the house.
Murl, understanding something of the
oss impending, walked toward them to
ive what sympathy he could.

And then the wind came. A whining
blast that bent the aspens before it and
whipped the lake into a fury of small

waves. A dead poplar crashed beyond
the creek and at the edges of the field
the bushes leaned far westward. A
swirl of dust spun down the road, broke,
and was flung toward the lake. A wood-
chuck scurried across the corner of the
field.

Lize closed the door with difficulty
and stood with her back against it.

"Paw," she cried. "It's goin' to be
an awful storm. Somethin' terrible.
Oh, paw, ain't there nothin' we can
do?"

The old man came to the door of his room, a peculiar smile playing across his face for one who has just watched ruination sweep toward him.

"Nothin' but sit here and enjoy her," he answered.

She ran to him and caught his shoulders with her frightened, clutching fingers.

"But, paw," she pleaded, looking at him with eyes in which sheer terror showed. "All Jim's bags down on the beach. They'll be soaked through."

"They won't be worth a red cent when this rain gets at 'em. Might as well throw 'em in the lake."

He had no sympathy. The girl guessed it, although she did not know why, and she wrung her hands together and stumbled across the room where she looked, through tear-blinded eyes, toward the lake with the wind-tossed road to the sun upon it, a beaten froth of gold.

Overhead, the loose old shingles rattled in the wind. The noise of them and the sounds of the storm outside brought the old man a holy joy. They vindicated him, his age and his experience. The righteous, leaning over the balcony railings in an orthodox Heaven, watching the torments of the damned in Hell beneath them, must have some such splendid feeling. He sat down, content in the vicarious retribution of the approaching storm, and waited for the boys.

They came in after a few minutes, wet with the first gust of rain.

"Shut the door, Levi!" Jim said. "By the livin' twist, she's a goin' to pour."

He looked for Lize, but she was standing in front of the window, very rigid and forbidding, fighting to control her grief. Old John watched the boys slip dejectedly into chairs. He was in the center of the room, but they ignored him and each other. When some one spoke it was as if he talked to himself alone.

"Seems kinda funny it couldn't've kept offen us till we got that grain down," Jim muttered, hopelessly.

"Sorta shoots the whole summer's work to Hell, don't it," Levi said. "Think o' the times we rowed up her this summer buckin' a north wind. This is jest about give me enough o' farmin' Goin' to get me a job out front in some fact'ry. Listen to her pour. Them old shingles won't stand much."

The wind whipped round the corner of the house and moaned in the space between the logs and window frames. A pane of glass insecurely held by lifeless putty, long since dried and cracked, rattled pettishly against the muntin with the semi-personality inanimate things assume when roused to movement by some external force. The kitchen was in partial darkness. The leaden half-light of the storm obscured the corner and made the bowed figures vague hulks radiating gloom. There was a long silence such as comes when words seem futile or inadequate. It was broken by Lize asking in a strained voice, barely under control:

"You won't make a cent outen the summer, will you, Jim?"

He shook his head despondently, and then rose and clumsily took her in his arms. Murl, whose city life made him less of a fatalist than the backwoods people, broke the silence with indignant sympathy. He was profoundly sorry for them, and offered to do what he could to help. . . . He noticed the old man crouched in his chair before the stove.

"It's hard luck, Mr. Hawley," he said. "After all, yours is the greatest loss. I wish I could do something."

"That's right, Murl," Levi added with a generous sympathy that forgot the old man's ceaseless grumblings. "The old lad's hit hardest."

Even Jim murmured something while he tried to comfort Lize. The old man listened and his eyes roved from one to another of the saddened group gathered in the dim shack to lament their misfortune and ponder on the useless villainy of the storm. At last he could restrain himself no longer; the humor of

The situation was too delicious. He first into a long peal of hearty laughter. "Ha, ha! Listen to her. Comin' down like the whole Mishinog Lake was turned upside down. By gawd, she's a nin'."

"Paw, stop that awful laughin'," headed Lize.

"You lads look good and mournful now, don't you, eh? And feel kinda mournful too. Didn't I say all them good days was weather breeders? Didn't I tell youse all them fine beautiful days'd breed a storm like this here? Didn't I say we'd missed the equalnoxiols and we'd pay for it?" His voice rose in its triumphant insistence. "When you lads've farmed like me, for forty years, you won't be so damn cheerful when you see a spell of good weather."

The boys acted as if they had not heard, but Murl thought the old man insane to laugh at such a time.

"Mr. Hawley, you don't seem to appreciate your own loss. Get hold of yourself. Why, you're going crazy, man."

"Oh, no, I ain't," John assured him cheerfully. "I ain't goin' crazy. It's them that is crazy. I was right all along, wasn't I, youse young ones? Eh, Jim? Didn't I tell you, Jim?"

"Shut up," snapped Jim. "You've made life miserable for everybody in camp for most a month with your damn cheerless prophesyin'. You'd get a day from Heaven, made by all the angels for God Hissself, and you'd get sour and claim it was a weather breeder. You got your storm, damn it. Why can't you keep quiet and enjoy it? You're satisfied." He patted Lize's shoulder. "There, there, Lize, don't take on so. Your paw's havin' a good time, anyways."

Levi edged toward the door.

"I can't stand this," he said to Murl. "Comin' out?"

They went out together and an angry gust of wind blew through the opened door. Jim did his awkward best to comfort the girl, but she seemed inconsol-

able. The old man, oblivious to anything but his startling vindication at the hands of Nature, returned to the attack.

"I'll wager none of you young lads'll ever try to tell me I don't know what kind of a day it is again."

"Dry up," ordered Jim. "Can't you see Lize is bawling her eyes out? You may think a cloudburst's a fine thing, but you're the only one that does."

The insatiable old villain still lusted to hear a recantation.

"But I was right, Jim? Wasn't I right?"

But Jim, who had suffered greatly in silence, lost his temper at last. He strode toward the old man and tightened his fingers on the bony shoulders, shaking him as one shakes a dusty bag.

"Great Gawd, *Yes*," Jim shouted, with his face close to old John's. "You was right. A million times you was right. If you'll only keep that sour trap of your'n closed, I'll say you was always right."

The old man made no effort to defend himself. He only seemed surprised that anyone should take such violent offence at his natural desire to have his prescience acknowledged.

"Ain't no need to take on so, Jim," the old man placated through his chattering teeth. "Ain't no cause to get mad, Jim. As long as you know I was right, I'm satisfied."

Jim loosed his hold, but Lize, to whom this last remark seemed the crowning mark of inane cruelty, screamed at her father:

"You're satisfied? An' how about us? How can we get married when you says you wouldn't let us until the grain was sold and Jim had a little money? There ain't any grain to sell. How about Jim and me? I'd like to know. We ain't satisfied."

"But that don't matter, Lize," Jim added bitterly. "Your paw's havin' such a good time outen this here storm. You oughta be happy he's cheered up. He'd been Hell to live with all winter if they hadn't come some kinda calamity."

He took her in his arms protectingly, and glared defiantly at John.

"I got a mind to marry you anyways." He tried to see her face, but it was hidden against his own chest. He brushed the soft hair with his lips, and leaned forward to speak closer to her ear. "Will you, Lize?"

She shook her head. He could not tell whether the answer was yes or no. Old John looked on, mystified and somewhat offended. He had only pointed out the correctness of his predictions, that was all. He saw no reason for the children attacking him so viciously. He had done nothing. But he felt uncomfortable and wanted to make things right with them.

"Lize," he said quite humbly. "Don't take on so, Lize. Don't rob your old paw outen the only fun he's got this fall." Lize gave no sign she heard him, and Jim's blue eyes kept their unwavering angry stare on him. He tried again. "Lize, I didn't know you and Jim wanted to get married that bad. There ain't no reason you two shouldn't get married if you want to."

"With the hull summer's crop down there soakin' on the beach with your damn weather breedin'? How can we get married?" Jim snorted.

Old John ran his fingers through his gray hair, apologetically.

"You could live down to the house, I s'pose, Jim. Lize's got to look after one of us and there ain't no reason why she can't look after both."

Lize slowly raised her head and looked at her father, but she could tell he was in earnest by the very shyness of him. She flung herself on him, danced up and down in front of him, pulled his stubby beard to draw his face nearer to her so she could kiss his wrinkled cheek. Her joy was so frank, so natural and so unusual that it made the old man feel a little ashamed that he could be the cause of such emotion. But it filled him with a mighty pride as well. He was a power who could give or withhold happiness at will. And he was an un-

questioned authority on the weather, a acknowledged prophet whom no one would ever doubt again.

He took Lize in his arms.

Levi found them thus when he and Murl rushed in the door, tremendously excited.

"Jim! Jim!" he shouted. "It ain't hardly rained a drop: There ain't nothin' wet but the top layer, Jim. The storm's passed south o' here."

He rushed out again, and Lize broke away from her father to go and see the wonder for herself.

The shadow of a great disappointment stole slowly over the old man's face.

"Not rained a drop?" he quavered. "But we heard it, here on the roof."

"Must have been the shingles rattling in the wind," Murl told him over his shoulder. "We were just on the fringe of the storm."

Old John stood in the center of the deserted kitchen, trying to collect his thoughts.

"I don't believe it," he muttered, and slowly turned to seek his chair. On the far wall he saw the faint pattern of the window muntins, wan shadows against feeble sunlight. But while he watched the light strengthened, as the tattered edges of the storm were swept away, through yellow and orange until the wall was stained the deep rich red of the setting sun when he promises a fair day to-morrow.

God, and Freud, might know why the old man chose the strawberries. Perhaps because they were sitting there on the corner of the table. Perhaps because they were the same color as the sun-stained wall. Perhaps because they were the only things he saw.

Whatever the reason, quite suddenly, he caught the tin dish in his two hands and hurled it against the wall.

"Set! you damned old weather breeder, set!" he raved, and obligingly enough the sun slipped behind the western hills, leaving countless trickles of deep rich red dribbling down the wall paper.

'LIJAH

BY EDGAR VALENTINE SMITH

Fortune had long since ceased to smile on the last master of Holmacres. Then, suddenly, with the advent of the strangers and the coincident reaction of 'Lijah, came, too, the visit of the angels.

The two strangers—being strangers—of course, knew nothing of the evil days that had befallen Judge Holmsted, nor were they particularly interested, since their mission concerned not the fortunes, either good or ill, of others but the betterment of their own. What they knew concerning the Judge and Holmacres—other than the fact that the two were intimately connected with the business which was bringing them to the place—was furnished by the aged negro, who, with his ramshackle surrey and ancient nag, eked out a precarious existence driving occasional transients about the countryside. They had found him at the railway station in Wynnesborough, the county seat, and he had driven them along the five miles of deep-rutted road that stretched from the town to Holmacres. Being old, he was naturally garrulous.

For a long time he had sat fidgeting on the front seat of the vehicle, one ancient ear cocked rearward, listening to the unfamiliar accent of the strangers' speech. Finally, during a lull in their conversation, curiosity overpowered him and he half-faced about.

"Scuse me, gen'lemens," he observed ingratiatingly, "I don't mean no hahm by astin' it, but—you all is Yankees, ain't you?"

"Northerners—yes," one of them answered smiling. "Why do you ask?"

"Yessuh. I thought so. You jus' don't talk like white folks—I means like us's white folks, Boss."

The stranger who had answered the query—the younger and less grave-appearing of the two—smiled again. "We'd heard so much of your Southern hospitality that we thought we'd come down and see what it is like."

"Hawspitality? Well, suhs, you is comin' to de place wheah it was invented at—when you comes to see de Judge."

Then the old man—product of a by-gone day and still living in the memory of its glories—described the hospitality of Holmacres as it had been and as he still saw it. It was the most fertile plantation in the country, and its owner, Judge Holmsted, by odds the richest man, the most learned lawyer, the noblest gentleman and the most open-handed host who ever breathed. His house was the finest that had ever been built; he set the most sumptuous table in the land; niggers fought for the privilege of working for him, even accepting the humblest tasks merely for the honor of being counted among the Judge's retinue. Judge Holmsted, to sum it up, was real "quality"; not like some of the trash which had sprung up with the last generation.

Thus the strangers were prepared in a measure for the picture which greeted them a few moments later: a grove of broad-topped live oaks, with the house in the near distance, a mansion of cement-walled, slate-roofed dignity, with the huge-columned, two-storied veranda reaching in stately welcome across its entire front. And as they stepped from the conveyance and came up the cape-jasmine-bordered walk, another picture was limned before them: a man well past threescore who had risen from his chair. He had removed his broad-

brimmed hat, baring a mane of iron-gray hair, and now stood, despite the dingy frock coat that he wore, a figure as imposing as one of his own Ionic columns, courteously expectant at the visitors' approach.

The younger stranger introduced his companion and himself. They were from the North, as he had explained to the ancient driver, and their business was that of timberland investors. One of their agents had sent reports of hardwood acreage adjacent to the Tombigbee, and they were making a personal trip of inspection. They wished to find a place—a boarding or lodging house, perhaps—closer to the river than the county seat. Did Judge Holmsted know of such a place? They would be in the vicinity for several days.

Masters of Holmacres, since that first one who had erected a mansion in what was at that time a wilderness, had been famed for their hospitality. Nor had they been content with the thought that the neighboring gentry only should be the recipients of their bounty; for that first one, a little strangely perhaps for one of cavalier forbears, had caused to be carved beneath the broad fire mantel in the central hall this inscription:

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

Judge Holmsted was of that breed. "I couldn't think of letting you gentlemen stay anywhere but here." He spoke with a soft slurring of r's and a dropping of final g's which any attempt to put into print serves only to distort and make grotesque. "You must do me the honor of becoming my guests during your stay."

The older stranger demurred. "Why . . . that's awfully kind of you, Judge. But we really couldn't take advantage of your hosp—"

"You'll be taking no advantage at all, sir." There was no hint of subservience in the way the Judge said "sir." It was the courteous form of address to-

ward strangers which had been the custom during his youth. "On the contrary, you'll really be doing me a favor. I'm an old man, gentlemen"—his smile would have won them had they really been hesitant at accepting his hospitality—"a little lonely at times, and I like company. And visitors, nowadays, are rare."

The strangers accepted the invitation with suspicious readiness. They hailed the ancient driver of the surrey, who had remained waiting in the driveway and who now brought in their luggage. For just a moment Judge Holmsted seemed ever so slightly embarrassed, a slight flush mantled his cheeks. And then, without stopping to think what it might mean, he created—"Lijah."

"Be seated, gentlemen," he invited, "while I call some one to bring in your baggage." He took a step toward the broad doorway. "'Lijah!" he called. There was no answer. He called again, more loudly, "'Lijah!" and still no one answered. Frowning, he walked to the end of the veranda, and peering about, shouted the name for the third time, with the same result as before.

He turned apologetically to his guests. "That trifling rascal," he explained, "is never about, particularly at this season of the year, when I need him." He glanced about for the driver of the surrey, but the old man had gone. "Come with me, gentlemen." Taking up their luggage, he led them within the house.

Though his welcome to the strangers had been extended in all sincerity (he had not been a Holmsted had it been otherwise) their coming brought a problem—another one—to the Judge. And, somehow, in his declining years life seemed to hold little else save problems, and all of them as yet unsolved.

Time had been when Holmacres threw its doors wide open to the countryside, for its masters had lived in the traditions handed down by its founder. Even now Judge Holmsted, daydreaming at times, permitted his thoughts to stray

back to the days when servants swarmed about the place; when there were stableboys who seemed actually to get underfoot, and house boys who fairly hunted the guests, eager to be of the lightest service. The big stable had contained riding and driving horses, which were not merely to be had for the asking but were almost forced on one. There had been dogs for the fall mail shooting, and master and guests had ridden to hounds. But now . . . seemed that there remained little of misfortune that could happen. For of the hospitality for which Holmacres had been famous there existed but a shell, a shell so fragile that it might be crushed at any moment. Pity, too, that he, the best of his race, should not maintain the heritage which was his!

Had he belonged to that modern school which placed the mere god of commercialism above neighborliness, he might still have kept himself from actual want. But a friend in financial straits had come to him, and it was a neighborly act to indorse a note for a large sum of money. It was a hideous fate, though, that caused the friend to die, leaving an estate heavily encumbered, and forced the Judge to pay the indebtedness by mortgaging the home of his ancestors.

Even before this, though, the soil of Holmacres, planted for generations exclusively to cotton, had been growing less and less fruitful. Judge Holmsted had seen the yield dwindle year by year. He had divided the plantation into small farms for tenants. Then the northern exodus had begun; one by one the tenants had left, until now, with the few hired "hands" that he could secure, he was cultivating perhaps one-tenth of his tillable lands.

Still, for a time he had not experienced want. His salary as judge of the circuit—which position he had graced for thirty years—while not munificent had enabled him to make a pretense of the hospitality that had brought fame to Holmacres.

Then a new order of things came to pass. Politics was played with the precision—and the heart—of a machine. Those in control of the political destinies of the counties composing the circuit banded themselves together—that is, all of them save Judge Holmsted. Old-fashioned jurist that he was, he refused to lend himself to what he considered certain questionable pre-election machinations. Then the ultimatum went forth: he could submit or take the consequences—political oblivion. He accepted the gage, for he came not only of a hospitable but of a combative breed.

Hitherto his mere announcement that he would be a candidate for nomination at the Democratic primaries had assured his re-election. Now, for the first time in his life, he entered upon a vigorous campaign. He traveled incessantly about the various counties of his circuit, spending, legitimately, of his slender means. He made countless speeches, he met hundreds of friends, and received—promises.

He returned to the practice of law in Wynnesborough, but it seemed that his methods, like himself, had become old-fashioned. Friends insisted that he retained too much conscience to compete with more modern and, in certain instances, as he maintained, less ethical procedures than met his ideals.

"The practice of law," he had said once, when the matter came up, "is an honorable profession. It was never intended that it should degenerate into a display of legal acrobatics."

Clients were few and those who came were not always of the soundest financial standing. But there was always more or less bickering and litigation between the poorer class of hill-farmers, and some of these brought their troubles to Judge Holmsted. They paid their accounts in various ways: some brought small lots of cotton, others poultry and pigs, while one, an aged bachelor recluse of uncertain temper, just before his death had willed to the judge forty acres of land. This, people inclined to

be humorous asserted, was in the way of a subtle revenge, for the Judge, suing for the old man, had lost his case; and the hill forty, as it was known, was not considered worth the tax payments.

There had been excessively poor crops. Years, too, when the cotton raised had not paid operating expenses. Twice the Judge had borrowed money—which he still owed—in advance on his crops. And the present outlook, with the late spring rains and cultivation sadly hampered, was now worse than ever.

Even his plainly dwindling income did not cause him to forsake his ideals. These, he insisted, one must cling to, even though he go down with them. Certain other changes, though, had forced themselves on him. Horses and other stock had been sold, since the plantation would not longer support them in numbers. Now all that remained were a few work mules and the Judge's own mount, Grover Cleveland. Servants were dispensed with until all of them, save one, had gone. She stayed.

Christened Alabama, she was variously called Miz' 'Bama, Sis 'Bama, and 'Bama, the form of address depending on the degree of intimacy she permitted the speaker, the Judge and those of her race whom she considered her equals using the last named. She had remained at Holmacres after all the others had left, though her wage was more often a mirage than a reality. Latterly, continued urging by certain of her friends that she leave Judge Holmsted's service and go to the city, where her skill as a cook would return her a fabulous income, always met with scornful rebuff.

"But he ain't payin' you nothin'," the tempter would insist.

"'Sposin' he ain't?" 'Bama, hands on her ample hips, would face the speaker. "You is fergittin' somep'm, ain't you? What 'bout my social p'sition?"

Usually this ended the discussion, for 'Bama, born and reared in the atmosphere of Holmacres, was the recognized leader of her people in the vicinity. No wedding was complete without her in the

role of general adviser and master of ceremonies; nor was any funeral fittingly held without her presence to lend due solemnity to the occasion. But sometimes argument failed to convince those who tried to tempt her. Then 'Bama would fall back on flat refusal.

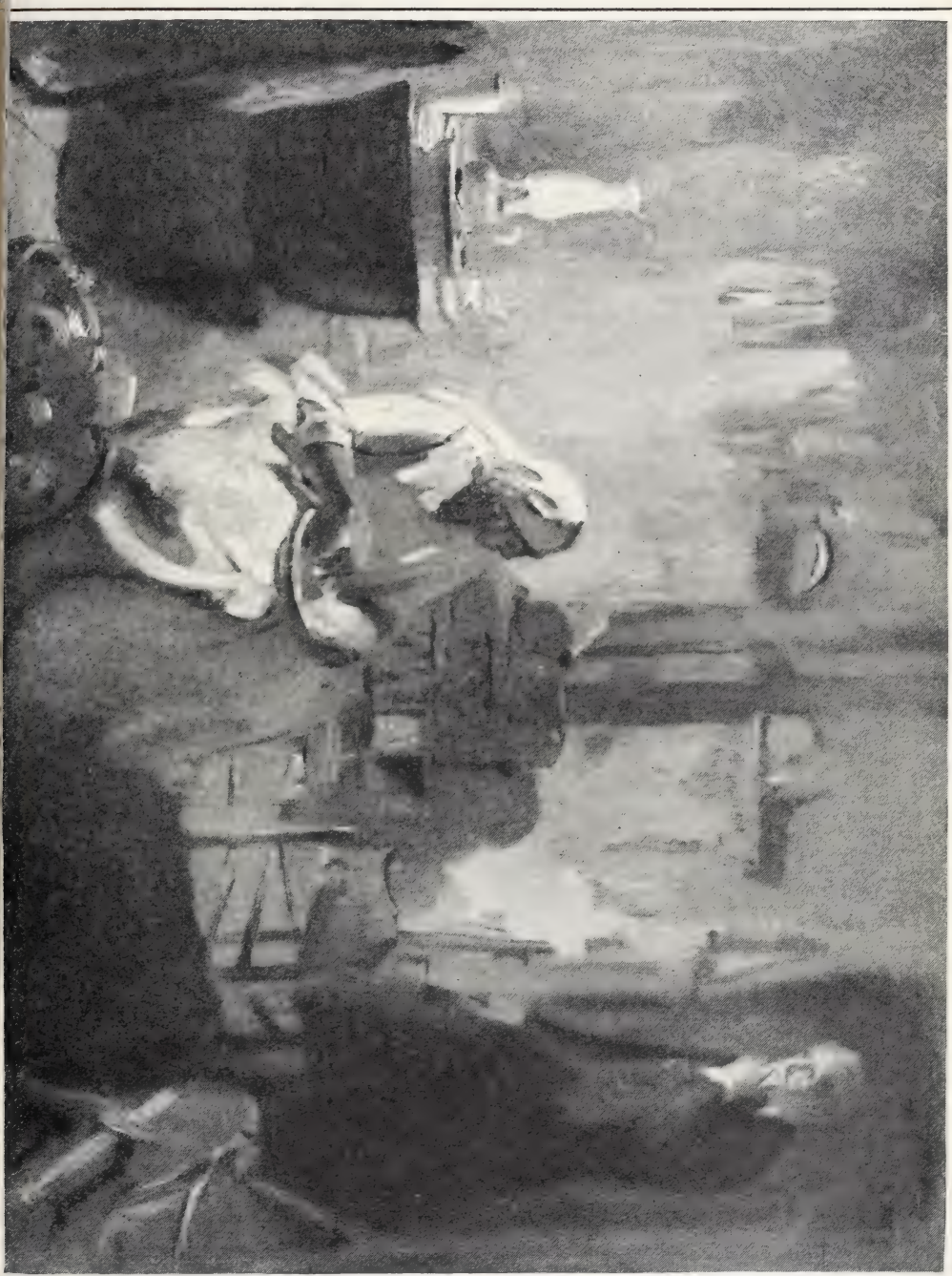
"Go 'way, niggahs!" she would command. "I wouldn't leave 'is heah plantation foh—foh a *hund'ed dolluhs a yeah!*"

So she remained steadfast at Holmacres as general house factotum for the Judge. It was 'Bama who tactfully reminded him, at those times when the larder became more depleted than usual, that supplies were needed. And it was she who, out of the merest nothing, could serve food fit for a king's banquet. It was 'Bama who attended to the laundry—carefully washing the Judge's shirts to save the frayed cuffs as much as possible—and looked after the scanty supply of household linen. She darned Judge Holmsted's socks, saw that his shiny coat was occasionally brushed, and kept him generally from being out at elbows in the matter of clothing.

Her manifold duties had brought her to the front of the house that afternoon when the Judge summoned the mythical 'Lijah. For a moment she listened in open-mouthed amazement. Then understanding of a sort came to her, as she peeped between the curtains and saw the strangers. For some reason Judge Holmsted wanted it understood that a personage who answered—or should answer—to the name of 'Lijah belonged about the place. And any undertaking that the Judge set on foot was worth seeing to its conclusion. While she lacked the Judge's creative ability, she could, at least, embellish that which he had made. Her first attempt was in evidence that evening when she served a supper that would have tickled the palate of a gourmand.

"Judge," she remarked, taking the privilege of an old servant, "does you know, suh, 'at triflin' 'Lijah ain't got back till yit?"

Judge Holmsted choked momentarily;



he seemed to experience sudden difficulty with his food, but he recovered his self-control instantly.

"He hasn't?" he demanded sternly. "Won't he ever learn to come in on time? Tell him that I wish to speak with him the moment he gets in."

"Yessuh. I knows wheah he's at. He's down to 'at river, settin' out catfish lines."

'Bama had cast the die. Judge Holmsted's creation of 'Lijah had been the result of a sudden—and now inexplicable—impulse; probably, upon reflection, he would have made no further reference to him. But 'Bama had given entity to the myth; with a word or two she had made of it an outstanding personality: a house servant who, by implication at least, took whatsoever liberties he chose.

And suddenly the realization came to the Judge that his creation had been nothing short of inspiration. With the present state of affairs at Holmacres, numberless things were sure to happen which might cause embarrassment to one who sought to fill the role of dutiful host; and the lack of a perfect hospitality, in many instances, could be blamed on the erring—though mythical—'Lijah.

"He's one of the older servants about the place," the Judge explained casually to his guests. "Does pretty much as he pleases."

He followed this with a laughing remark about 'Lijah's fondness for fishing. It was almost impossible to keep a negro and a river apart when the catfish were biting.

"I'd like very much to see 'Lijah." It was the younger stranger speaking. "I've read so many stories dealing with Southern plantation life—and especially the old family servants—that I've often wanted to see one of them. And your man, 'Lijah, seems to be typical."

"Oh, he'll be about the place—off and on," the Judge assured carelessly. "And if you're interested in types, sir, you'll probably like 'Lijah."

Thus for the moment he dismissed 'Lijah. But 'Bama, apparently, was determined not to let the errant one off so easily, for, later, as the Judge and his guests entered the high-ceilinged living room, where portraits of earlier Holmsteds gave greeting from their oval walnut frames, she came to the doorway.

"Judge," she observed meaningly, "don't 'spect you'll hahdly find no see gars. I seed 'Lijah sof'-footin' it round 'at sec'ta'y whilse I was dustin' 'is mawnin'."

Mechanically, Judge Holmsted's eyes sought the old rosewood secretary in one corner of the room, but before he could speak the younger stranger broke in with:

"Oh, that's all right, Judge." He was laughing heartily as he extended a cigar case. "Take one of these. So, he 'borrows' your cigars, does he? I've simply got to see him."

The strangers spoke of their business in the vicinity. The timber which they wished to inspect lay some miles away and, although their actual cruising of it would be done on foot, they would need some kind of conveyance to take them to their starting point. They supposed an automobile could be obtained in Wynnesborough?

Guests beneath Holmacres' roof had never been compelled to hire conveyances. It would have been unthinkable. The judge explained that the swamp roads were in such condition that an automobile would be impracticable. He had never bought a car himself for this reason. His guests must use one of the numerous horses about the place. He would have 'Lijah hitch one of them to the buggy. It would be the very thing for their trips.

When one of them, giving as an excuse their long railroad journey, suggested retiring, Judge Holmsted, first ascertaining that 'Lijah was nowhere to be found, led them up the broad, winding stairway to their room. He lighted the kerosene lamp. Then, carelessly turning back the bed covering, he stopped in

udden horror. There was only one sheet on the bed!

He turned, his face crimsoning, to his guests. They had seen. "That trifling, worthless—" he began and stopped. It's 'Lijah—of course, gentlemen—as usual," he said helplessly. "Come with me."

He led them to another room—his own—which for more than forty years no one save himself had occupied. This, he knew, would be in readiness. It always was, for he was fastidious about certain things, among them fresh bed linen. 'Bama attended to that.

"Just leave your shoes outside the door, gentlemen," he said in parting. "Lijah will polish them."

He found 'Bama in the kitchen. Her answer to his question about the sheets brought home to him dishearteningly the scarcity of household linen.

In the library he picked up the latest issue of the Wynnesborough *Clarion*, a weekly newspaper published in the county seat, but he could not fasten his thoughts on the printed page. There were weightier things to be considered. Plainly, the visit of the strangers—should it prove of some duration—meant a still further drain on the slender resources of Holmacres. Since he had promised his guests the use of a horse, they would have to take Grover Cleveland. The Judge sighed. All of the work-mules were sadly needed, but he must use one of them for his daily trips to his office. By waiting until the strangers had left every morning, though, and remaining at his office till he was sure they had returned, they need never know of the subterfuge he had resorted to for their convenience.

Another matter claimed his attention: the disquieting letter—rather the letter that spelled doom—which had come that morning. The interest payment on the mortgage would be due shortly, and the letter stated brusquely that the mortgage had passed into other hands. Hereafter all payments must be met at maturity. Covetous eyes, Judge Holm-

sted knew, had long looked toward Holmacres. Once or twice he had succeeded in having his payments extended, but now . . . alien owners—people with no reverence for its traditions—would come into possession of the place. The thought was bitter—unbearable.

Once—more than twoscore years ago—the Judge had hoped that an heir might succeed to his name and estate. But with the passing of the one who could have made this a reality, this hope, too, had died. Better so, he comforted himself now; far better that the odium for failure to live up to Holmacres' heritage be his than that it should have been shifted to a son who would have borne his name.

He mounted the stairs. Just outside the door of his guests' room he found their shoes.

And that night—and for succeeding nights—he slept in the bed that had but one sheet.

But his guests at the breakfast table next morning probably thought that his only solicitude lay in planning for their well-being. He was sorry that, owing to 'Lijah's shiftlessness—the black rascal!—he had been compelled to make such short shift for them on the previous night. He hoped they had rested well.

After breakfast they found Grover Cleveland, freshly curried and rubbed till his coat shone like satin, hitched to the buggy ready for their trip. The vehicle itself bore signs of recent washing; the harness, too, one would have said, had been freshly oiled.

"I wonder how we're going to begin talking business to a man who treats us like members of his family," the older stranger said as he climbed into the vehicle. "We'll have to use a lot of diplomacy."

"We'll just remember," the younger man reminded, "that we've come several hundred miles to secure a property at as favorable terms to ourselves as possible. And that business is business—always."

Judge Holmsted waited only long enough to see his guests off. Then he

walked to one of the fields where a negro was plowing.

"Eph," he said, "I'll have to be using the mule for a few days."

"But, Judge, suh!" Eph stared, gaping. "Dis grass! It's plum' ram-pant since 'em las' rains, suh. Can't you see it's jus' nachelly chokin' de cotton to death?"

The Judge could see, plainly enough. The spindling stalks of cotton were struggling weakly through mazes of Johnson and Bermuda grasses. But he saw something else, too; something that Eph, being a recent comer, could not have seen or, seeing, could not have understood: there were guests beneath Judge Holmsted's roof.

It was the first time that he had ridden a mule since he was a boy. Often then, in a spirit of mischief, he had done so. Things had changed now. Horses . . . dogs . . . servants . . . gone. Everything! Everything save the will to be a hospitable host.

At the little bank in town he was courteously but firmly refused an additional loan. The bank officials liked the Judge—and sympathized with him—but his previous loans were still outstanding. And it was doubtful—exceedingly doubtful—that his crop that year would pay the cost of raising it.

But that evening, as he sat with his guests on the broad veranda, he was solicitous only as to the result of their investigations. Were they finding the hardwood timber of good quality? And was it in sufficient quantity to justify them in purchasing and logging it? He hoped this might be the case; he was looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to welcoming them as permanent neighbors.

He proved himself to be a raconteur of rare ability and charm. The grave-faced stranger seemed fascinated by his stories as he spoke of the days when steamboats from Mobile plied the Tombigbee daily. Now there were only one or two boats weekly. But then many were the gay parties that made the round trip.

There was always a negro orchestra on board and stately men and beautiful women, after the dining saloon had been cleared, danced the schottische and the polka until the early hours of morning. More than once, too, a steamer had been forced to pull in to the bank while two young blades went ashore and settled their hot-blooded quarrels according to the code. Judge Holmsted sighed reminiscently. Those had been wonderful days.

The air was soft with the softness of Southern nights. There came to them, as they sat there, the odor of cape jasmine and the fainter but more caressing scent of honeysuckle. A light breeze rustled the leaves of the water oaks, shimmering now by the light of the full moon in a mantle of pure silver dust.

The younger stranger lighted a cigar and leaned back in his chair, sighing restfully, "Two weeks of this," he said, "and I shouldn't want to go home. You Southern planters lead an enviable life, Judge."

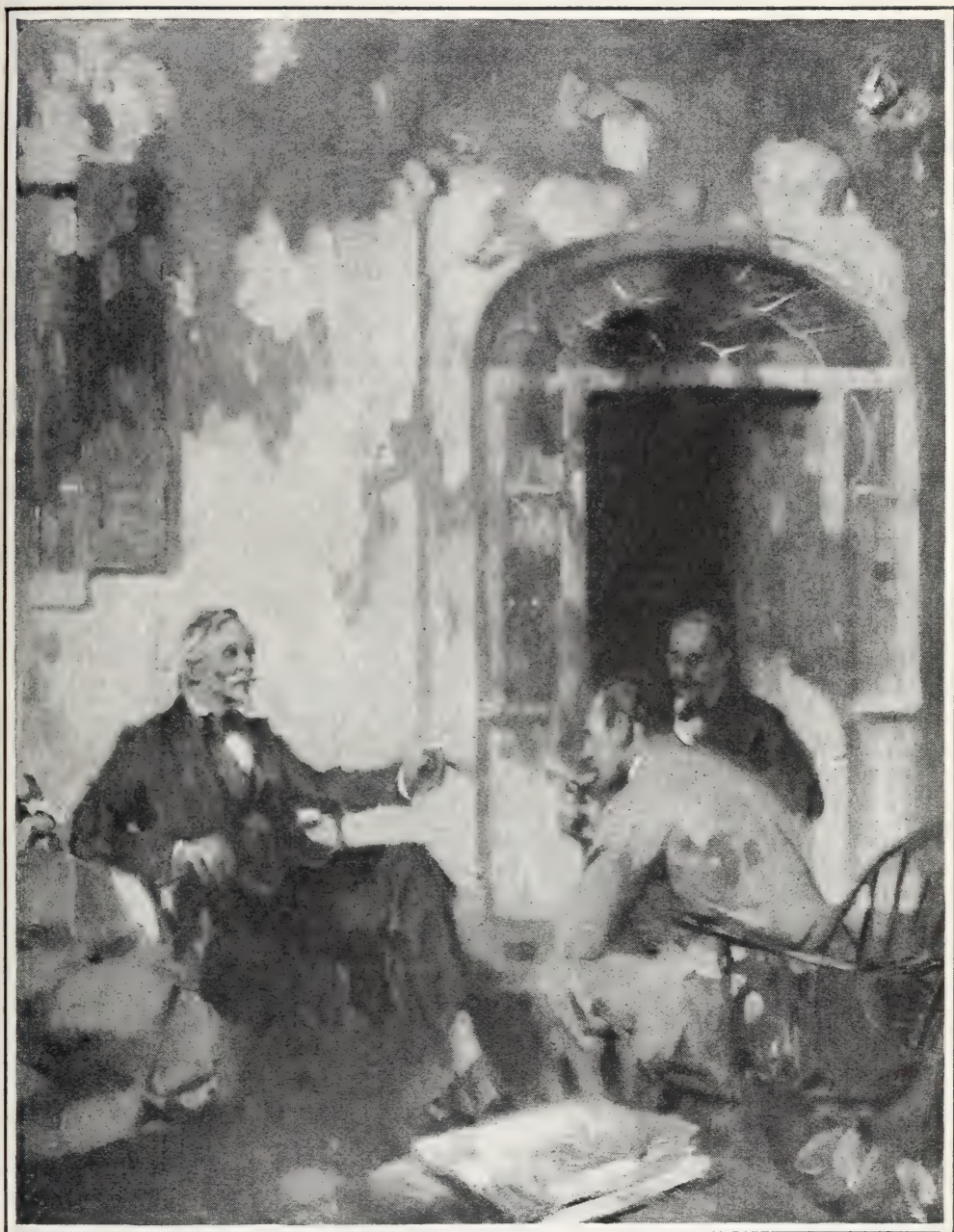
"It's enchanting," his companion assented.

"We like it, sir—some of us," the Judge admitted. He spoke with a tinge of regret of former neighbors who, one by one, had been lured away by the cities. Many fine old places had been left to the care of tenants and had speedily gone to ruin. But the Holmsteds, being lovers of the land, had always lived close to it. "Maybe we are more firmly rooted in the soil than some of the others were," the Judge said.

"It seems to me, Judge," the grave-faced stranger offered, "that you have a wonderful place here for a stock farm. Aren't these native grasses—I believe you call them Johnson and Bermuda—good for grazing?"

"Excellent, sir."

"That's just what I'd do with this place if I owned it," the younger stranger broke in. He was more outspoken than his elderly companion. "I'd divide it into pastures with good fences, build up-to-date barns and pig houses, and



Drawn by Walter Biggs

THAT EVENING HE SAT WITH HIS GUESTS ON THE BROAD VERANDA

stock it with blooded cattle and hogs. You've your grasses for spring and summer. And I understand that those river canebrakes make fine winter grazing."

"I may try something of the kind next year," the Judge admitted. "I've been thinking for some time of venturing along that line."

Venturing! Blooded cattle and hogs! Fences and barns, when the burning question was one of bare existence! Not that he had never had dreams. Many times he had pictured his broad lands dotted with droves of sleek cattle and herds of swine, with an income assured that would again crown Holmacres with its fair name for hospitality. But the realization of this dream would require money. . . .

It was the next morning that a mocking bird, nesting in a near-by tree, awakened the serious-faced stranger with its early song. Arising, he crept softly to the window and stood listening. And suddenly, as he looked out, he started and stared fixedly. Then a dull, red flush mounted slowly to his cheeks. He withdrew from the window even more softly than he had approached it and lay down again without wakening his companion.

But that morning brought consternation to Judge Holmsted. Modern plumbing had not been installed at Holmacres, and he remembered suddenly that his guests must shave. And there was one item that he had overlooked.

"I suppose, gentlemen," he remarked at the breakfast table, "that 'Lijah—you see I have to keep close check on him—brought you hot water?"

They admitted that he had not.

"He'll be the death of me, yet," the Judge said hopelessly, "if I don't wring his neck soon. He's getting more worthless every day."

The young stranger laughed. "You're more lenient with your servants, Judge, than we'd be in the North. They must attend to their duties there or they're discharged."

"But it's different with us, sir." The Judge smiled. "Take 'Lijah, for example. Been on the place all of his life—going on fifty years. I couldn't get rid of him. If I were to discharge him he'd refuse to stay discharged. He'd simply come sneaking back and I'd have to feed him."

The younger man's interest in 'Lijah was more intrigued than ever. Returning with his companion earlier than usual one evening, he sought out 'Bama. He was eager, he said, to see 'Lijah. But that worthy, as usual, failed to answer even when 'Bama, standing on the kitchen porch, called his name lustily several times.

"When does he sleep?" the stranger asked. "He doesn't seem to be around the place of nights."

"Sleep? Him sleep? You neentuh worry 'bout 'at, Cap'n. All 'Lijah needs is a sof' place on de shady side of a tree when dey's somep'm needs doin' round de house. He'll 'tend to de sleepin'. Dey's jus' two things 'Lijah's good foh: he de sleep-lovin'es' an' de catfish-ketchin'es' nigguh you eveh seed."

"He's typical all right," the stranger laughed. "And I must see him—I've simply *got* to see him before I leave."

Judge Holmsted found himself gradually forming a sneaking fondness for his creation. Maybe it was because he was unconsciously bringing into being an ideal. For 'Lijah was just the shiftless, work-dodging, cigar-pilfering type that the Judge would have loved—the kind that would run rabbits with his bird dogs—provided the Judge could afford the dogs—or slip his pack of fox hounds out on cold autumn nights—if the Judge should ever own a pack—for surreptitious 'coon and 'possum hunting. Yes . . . that would be just like 'Lijah. Indolent, grumbling always, complaining of a mis'ry in his side; absolutely dependent, thoroughly undependable—and utterly likable. In short, he would be perfect. The Judge even caught himself at times murmuring aloud, "The trifling black rascal!"

But such things—oh, well!—they were dreams, visions that an old man was seeing.

As the strangers showed no signs of terminating their visit, 'Bama, with visions of a rapidly depleted larder, began to experience a real concern. With only the Judge and herself to care for, she could have made shift of some sort. Maybe a hint to Judge Holmsted of the real state of affairs might not prove unavailing. So she tried, very diplomatically, one evening at the supper table, to sound a warning.

"Judge, suh," she remarked meaningly, "'Lijah is been 'mongst de chickens ag'in."

"What of it?" Judge Holmsted smiled on his guests. 'Lijah, he explained, was probably giving a party for some of his friends. "A few chickens, more or less, don't matter, do they, 'Bama?"

"But dese is *fattenin'* chickens, suh; de onlies' ones I had left."

"You don't mind 'Lijah entertaining his friends, do you?" the talkative stranger asked.

"Not gen'ally; no, suh. But he's been gittin' entirely *too* entertainin' lately."

"Doesn't he catch enough fish for his feasts?"

"Yessuh; he ketches plenty fish. But catfish, you knows, is just a nigguh's reg'lar eatin' victuals. Dey uses de chickens kind o' foh dessert."

"You must find his parties something of a drain on your resources."

"'Tain't no pahty, suh, he's givin' his time. It's just a shindig—a plain shindig."

The Judge explained that a shindig was a dance.

"Dance?" The younger stranger seemed amazed. "An old man like 'Lijah?"

"Him dance?" 'Bama gave answer. "Just de thoughts of a fiddle 'll send him shufflin' his feets 'cross de flo—right now! Age ain't purified him none."

'Bama, strictly orthodox in her religious beliefs, was patently outraged by this latest of the hapless 'Lijah's esca-

pades, for as she left the room they heard her muttering:

"An' him wid gran'chillun! I's gwine to have him churched—I *sho'* is!"

Between themselves the strangers discussed the business which had brought them to Holmacres.

"It's showing up even better than the estimate we received," the older man said one evening.

"One of the richest deposits I ever saw," the other admitted.

When they went to their room he complained of not being in the mood for sleeping. The rays of that Southern moon, he said, must have affected him. He felt restless; he'd walk round a bit.

Five minutes later he returned quietly to the house, mounted the stairs softly, undressed silently, and went to bed.

The next morning as they seated themselves at the breakfast table, 'Bama's voice, raised in loud and indignant self-communion, was heard in the kitchen.

"Co'se, *he* don't keer! Out dere diggin' yearthworms to go fishin' wid an' lettin' all 'em cows an' ca'fs git together! Don't make no diffe'nce to him if us *don't* have no milk foh de cawfee."

It was much better, 'Bama reasoned, to blame this lack on 'Lijah than be compelled to admit that their only cow, bitten by a snake two days previously, had died.

But the younger stranger, usually so talkative when reference was made to 'Lijah, was strangely silent now.

Another day, as the visitors were dressing in their room, the more taciturn one spoke of their business. "I wonder," he asked, "if the Judge knows anything about the value of the property?"

"Oh, yes!" The younger man's loquaciousness had returned. "He knows all about it. I was talking to 'Lijah only yesterday—" he made sudden pretense of searching for something in his traveling bag—"and he said the Judge had received several offers for the property, but that he wasn't eager to sell. Saving it as a sort of nest egg, I was given to understand. In fact, 'Lijah said—"

"So, you've seen him?" At the first mention of the name, the serious-faced stranger had seemed surprised—almost startled. Then a look of comprehension—of complete and sympathetic understanding—lighted his grave features. And, as he smiled softly, tiny wrinkles creased the corners of his eyes. "What's 'Lijah like?"

"Just what I expected. Quite a character. Unique. He let me understand how these Southern planters feel about parting with any of their landholdings. From what 'Lijah said, the Judge probably wouldn't even name a figure if we were to approach him on the matter. And don't forget that it would be fatal even to think of trying any haggling or 'jewling down.' He doesn't want for money, with this plantation bringing in a steady income and all the servants he needs. That's not even considering what he gets out of his law practice. Now, I'd suggest—"

"Just a moment!"

At the interruption the voluble young stranger looked up from his traveling bag. Something that he saw—maybe it was the quiet smile in his companion's eyes—sent an answering flash into his own.

"We're partners," the serious-faced man reminded him, "and ought to be frank with each other. Just how long have you known the actual conditions here? That 'Lijah is a myth? That it's the Judge who has been polishing our shoes—"

"And washing that damned old buggy!" The younger man's face was crimson. "And letting us have his saddle horse—the only one on the place—while he rode a mule! Think of it! That hospitable old aristocrat! Poverty-stricken! My God, I—" He stammered and stopped.

"We both understand, I guess." The quiet-spoken man extended his hand, which was grasped in silence.

That evening they announced to Judge Holmsted that, having finished their inspection, they were ready to return

home. After thanking the Judge for his hospitality, the younger stranger broached the matter of business. They were not only timberland investors, it appeared, but dealt also in other property. But, as he tried diplomatically to come to the subject uppermost in his mind, he seemed strangely ill at ease for one accustomed to business deals of magnitude. And finally, instead of the tactful approach which he had planned, he came very bluntly to the point.

"There's a deposit of mica on that hill forty of yours, Judge," he said simply. "Would you care to sell it?"

That old hill forty! Hope blossomed faintly in Judge Holmsted's breast. The strangers might—it was barely possible that they might—pay enough for that rocky, worthless waste to take care of that threatening interest note. If so, he was assured tenancy of his home for another six months. After that . . .

But the stranger was speaking again. "We realize, Judge, that, between gentlemen, there should be no haggling over such a thing as price. We've talked it over, my friend and I, and have decided to offer you just what the property is worth to us."

That faint gleam of hope flickered and died. Evidently the strangers considered the hill forty almost valueless. Foolish! Just an old man dreaming. . . Holmacres . . . home of his ancestors . . . home of hospitality. . . .

He heard the stranger's voice again. He was speaking rapidly. "We can offer you, for all rights to the land, fifty thousand dollars."

Fifty thousand dollars! One watching Judge Holmsted closely might have noticed a sudden throbbing of the blue veins at his temples; might have detected a slight tremor in the hand that went up, trying unconcernedly to stroke his gray goatee; might even have observed his other hand grip tightly for a moment the arm of the chair on which it rested. Maybe, in that brief instant, the Judge saw a dream fulfilled: broad fields fenced to pasture and dotted with sleek cattle

and fat swine; bottom lands, yellow with
opening corn; barns and outhouses, as
refitted a vast estate; Holmacres, with
its doors once more flung wide. . . .

But whatever might have been his
emotions, he gave no evidence of them,
as he answered with his usual grave
courtesy:

"So far as I know, gentlemen, the
matter can be arranged on that basis."

When the strangers left next morning
he expressed regret that he could not
accompany them to town, since urgent
matters necessitated his presence on the
plantation. They could leave Grover
Cleveland and the buggy at the livery
stable in Wynnesborough. He would
send 'Lijah for them.

After they had gone he seated himself
before the old rosewood secretary.
Maybe he dreamed again . . . of quail
hunting during the crisp months of fall
. . . of fox hounds in their kennels . . .
of servants. Servants?

Suddenly he drew up a sheet of paper
and began writing in a firm, precise
script. And when he had finished he
scanned what he had written:

WANTED: Negro house servant,
male, aged fifty, or thereabouts,
for light work in plantation home.
Must be willing to answer to the
name of Elijah. Apply B. L. H.
care *Clarion*.

REVERBERATION

BY JOHN HALL WHELOCK

AT night in the old house of life I lie alone:
Spiders have fastened their soft webs, like clouds, between
Rafter and ceiling; threshold and gray floor are grown
Heavy with dust, where for so long no foot has been.

Mice in the dark of the old walls gnaw at the deep
Roots of the night, and softly on the dewy air
The cricket's cry comes drifting in—even in sleep
I hear it; but I am too sorrowful to care.

Love has left me and Song has left me, and I know
I am a harp silent to all those lovely Things
That laid such hands upon me here so long ago.
Night deepens. Echo slumbers along the strings—

Only the murmur, vaguely felt, of the hushed blood
That on the shores of the old dream, like a vast sea,
Moves in the darkness, mourning; and in the solitude
Of my heart's forest a far horn sounds drowsily . . .



SMOKE BLUE

BY CARL SANDBURG

THE mountains stood on their bottom ends;
The smoky mountains stood around in blue;
The blue mountains stood around in smoke;

The higher the line of the timber climbed
The lower the line of the green timber crept;
The creep of the burnt and the green
Was a couple of shadows moving through each other.

The farms and the fences came,
And the farmers fixing fences.
The snake-rail fences measured the farms;
Hog-tight, horse-high, they held for the owners
The hogs for hams and the horses for hauls.

The farms came to the valley,
And the mountains stood on their bottom ends;
The mountains stood in a smoke and a blue.

The cities came, the lumber wagons,
The lumber carpenters, the lathers, the plasterers;
The bricklayers came in their overalls,
And the hod-carriers up and down the ladders with mortar
And the bricklayers calling down to the hod-carriers, "Mort!"
And the concrete mixers came with their endless bellies
For sand and crushed stone and gravel and cement;
The cities came, stood up, and swore, "This is us, by God,"
The cities, the families, the tall two-fisted men, swearing,
"This is us, by God, this is God's country."

The boomers boomed the boosters.
The boosters boosted the boomers.

And the mountains stood on their bottom ends.
The mountains stood in a smoke and a blue.

IS THE YOUNG PERSON COMING BACK?

BY ALEXANDER BLACK

THE suggestion that world reaction has produced a youngest younger set of a markedly new sort is not to be taken lightly. If a post-war younger set which was accused of taking itself very lightly could bring about some of the most solemn and apprehensive speculation our social life ever occasioned, a still newer youth may hold a portent which should be considered with a decent seriousness. Who is to say, offhand, that the new appearance may not mean something as momentous as the coming back of the Young Person?

The Young Person of tradition had a Cheek to which no one, on any account, must bring the Blush of Shame. The restraints imposed upon human society by the Young Person's cheek were enormously significant. This cheek became a kind of barometer, the reading of which regulated not only sociology but the arts; so that when, in the course of time, it seemed to be discovered that the cheek had ceased to be a surface and had begun to be a quality, that impudence had taken the place of demureness, social sentiment was staggered. Apparently, the shattering of standards from this cause alone inflicted one of the sharpest pangs of the War.

Of course, the Young Person had begun to fade long before the War. The image of that traditional cheek might be held with fanatical desperation, but its owner had ceased to be vivid. She was, it is to be noted, older than the Victorian. It has been the fashion to paint Victoria as her goddess. But she was born long before Jane Austen. Perhaps she reached the height of her influence in the middle of the nineteenth century, when she not only furnished Victorian

literature with an inexhaustible theme but marked impressively a certain boundary. Her wistfulness threatened like a barbed barrier. It was what Darwin must do to her that made him an ogre. It was a theory about her which divided authors into sheep and goats. A literature was made for her. There began to be magazines that were her very own. She was not permitted to read honest-to-goodness novels. Sweet substitutes were provided. She nibbled these things, like chocolates, with an adorable resignation. She was sharply separated from her brothers. Coming-Outs were invented. When she was finished in some school she went forth into society. When she was married she went forth into life. She was to know nothing at all real until her husband chose to tell her. He was to decide what it was good for her to know. Knowing anything more was unwomanly. In fact, the system was beautifully devised to make her a hypocrite.

And she was a hypocrite. There was a pictorial charm and other attractions in her hypocrisy. Her father, having encouraged her to be a winsome liar, liked the effect. Her husband liked it. Even her sons learned or pretended to like it. But all this time she was a human being, living in the midst of other human beings. She had the job of living, and the job of knowing could not be diagrammed quite so easily as the system managers assumed. She might look like the theory on the outside, but inside she was, as the phrase runs, "something else again." I quote from Montague Glass. As a man-made idea she was tremendously over-sexed—the stressing of a male conception of con-

trast in general and docility in particular. The thing she was asked to be belonged as completely to a strict male idealization as did the harem. So much for the theory, the plan. As a fact, she was simply the female of the species, basically a human being—incidentally female—and her natural instincts, whatever might be done about their expression, could not be thwarted completely by any æsthetic formula or counter sex prejudice.

The pretense could not last forever. The conspiracy between maleness on the one hand, and older women representing social interests, on the other, began to crumble, and the Young Person, meanwhile, refused to stay young enough or ignorant enough to give the plot any plausibility. The discovery that women were persons was followed by the discovery that even children were persons. A newer education introduced notions of human development which made it hard to hold in place the arbitrary rituals and schedules of a venerable system. Stodginess took fright. To this state of mind the beginning of the present century was the beginning of the end. If youth lost its innocence and began eating of the tree of knowledge before it had received permission to have a digestion, the gate of the garden must soon close against it. If youth went to the bad, what hope was there for civilization?

As usual, when civilization crumbled the world found something just as good. Viewing with alarm continued to be popular. The changing of the Young Person was indicated as appalling proof that the future held no hope. Manners were decaying. Youth that no longer cringed was mischievously defacing the temple. Education actually began to truckle instead of to mold. The modern girls' college became as different from the Victorian seminary as—well, as the modern girdle is different from the Victorian corset. Awful talk about evolution made it impossible to think of "finishing" a girl. Conservatism realized with chagrin that the world was

frightfully unfinished, and that the girl like the rest of it, was simply on her way. Girls went into business at about the time their brothers did. It was no longer feasible to keep on being a Young Person in a rush hour. You couldn't be wistfully withdrawn in daily sight of dictating boss with a thick neck. A youth that mixed in affairs, that read news papers, that began to get acquainted with the world it was living in could no longer be segregated. The sophistry of a special knowledge for a special age required conditions which had been brushed away. The truth is that youth always knew what it was old enough to find out rather than what it was old enough to be told, and the changed situation consisted mostly in the coming of something that was a little closer to honesty. Honesty meant acknowledged privilege, acknowledged responsibility. A society that set about abolishing classes was bound to find that the young had been made a class, and that this classification was as untenable as any other. The young were young, just as the ignorant were ignorant or the poor were poor; but the democratization of life, if it was a good theory, must mean that if poverty, for example, were not to be an imposed condition, neither was youth to be penalized for its youngness. The inherent penalties of being young, like the inherent penalties of being old, cannot be done away with. What democracy asked was that penalties should not be invented, that it was a useless and hazardous hardship to keep on asking youth to deny knowing the things it knew, to avert its head, to withhold its hands, to perpetuate hypocrisies about its "place." When woman stopped having a "place," so did her daughter.

The change spoiled an old picture that was supposed to be beautiful. The picture was beautiful when it was beautiful. Also it was hideous when it was hideous. Girlhood in that old picture could be, and by many a revelation often was, a maddening slavery. More frequently it merely dulled. Al-



Painting by Anna Whelan Betts

THE ARTIFICE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY WAS A TRIUMPH OF ART

ways it tended to stultify. Emancipation brought the usual bewilderments. The strong who had habitually wiggled through were not hurt by the change. The weak had to find their feet in freer going. The new picture showed much confusion.

And then came the War, fear, hate, hysteria, and the flapper. Youth behaved like the rest of the world. It would have been comforting to have had youth ignore the delirium, to have had it wait, close to the gate like good children, until the excitement was over. Unfortunately, the excitement lasted a long time and the factor of example had its effect. Youth made a free translation of mature conduct. Generally, the translation was quite faithful to the original. The young girls' clothes mimicked the old girls' clothes. When so many social safeguards came tumbling down, it would have been asking a good deal to demand that youth keep its fences carefully mended.

The spectacle of the flapper has been painful as a picture and as a symptom. We did not need the cartoonist to tell us that the flapper could be funny. Street giggles anticipated the print. Yet she was less funny than the prototypes. Painted nakedness can take on a genuinely comic cast only in the mature. In the young this funniness carries a disturbing note. Perhaps the saddening effect of the typical flapper has depended upon the age of the spectator, upon the acuteness of any sense of implication; or, let us say, upon the sense of humor. How much the flapper has represented the legitimate joy of youth, how much a devastating loss of restraint, how much pure neurasthenia has been open to all sorts of opinion, and there has been plenty of opinion.

It is to be remarked that lightened domestic discipline for the young inevitably places a special tax upon the instincts of daughters. The son is always more definitely under the discipline of circumstances. In the matter of manners, for example, the son is

constantly subject to the stress of an operative criticism. He can be knocked down. His queer hat can be knocked off. A trace of loudness or preciosity in his clothes is sure to elicit more than a guffaw. He is reminded that a mere mannerism may block his business progress. He is constantly in the presence of codes.

Outside the home the discipline of the girl is much less closely codified. Fashion is, indeed, a kind of pressure, yet it is an excitement rather than a discipline. The sanction of fashion is fashion. The boy who starts in to sow his wild clothes is not only brought up with a round turn somewhere, but is roughly or otherwise reminded that man does not live by clothes alone. The wherewithal for clothes puts a tax on ingenuity which both sexes must meet; the disparity appears in the young man's need to buy entertainment for Her.

There is the story of the young man who asked the city girl whether he might call on a certain evening. In a homelier era girls studied various arts of entertainment applicable to times when men called. They made fudge or played the piano. There was recognition of a balanced interchange by which she presided over a home evening and he provided adventure at the county fair or town hall. We do not know precisely what was in this young man's mind when he strode forth, whether his expectations were flagrantly sentimental or quite without dream elements of detail. We know only that he was misled. "When I got there," he said, "*she had her hat on.*"

Before we measure the calamity to the young man who was, as this story went, forced to spend four weeks' savings to meet the presumptions arising from the fact that she had her hat on, we should remind ourselves that this girl had no parlor or piano. She slept in a flat called home, but she lived largely in the great open spaces of a city. Her notion of an evening was going somewhere, and in these great open spaces



Painting by Anna Whelan Betts

NEITHER REVOLUTIONS NOR WARS COULD DEPRESS THE FLAPPER OF 1800

going somewhere means money. Thus entertainment became a responsibility belonging solely to him. Her contribution was her company. He contributed his company, but this, in common practice, is to be estimated as of lesser value since he must add the money to balance the bargain. Under these circumstances the morality of the young woman's position is full of subtleties. I cannot make it seem less than cruel to declare that, if her company is worth more than his, her company must by these terms be sold to him. It is always fascinating to watch her shrug out of the dilemma, as if the dilemma were nothing of the kind; and the niceties of the argument (I mean the theoretical argument, for no one really *does* argue about it) are still further complicated by the fact that the young man, discovering that she must be bought, likes to buy her when he happens to have the money.

Among young men to whom money considerations are no embarrassment, going somewhere received lively encouragement. Home and its arts went out of date. The domestic photograph gave a certain impetus to improptus in dancing, but the motor horn furnished a more potent muse. Doing anything without a car became equivalent to doing nothing at all. Social life ceased to mean assembly. Chiefly it dragged. When we are through with all other analysis, the automobile will remain the most conspicuous of explanations for the transformation of social forms. All human functions for the enterprising fell into the classification of things you might do while the car waited. So far as the young girl was concerned, the dilemma had long since disappeared. The chaperone, after becoming a non-intrusive joke, was finally forgotten. The automobile took her place as the third party.

For the sentimental the flapper era was, indeed, a fearful disenchantment. The one thing that era seemed particularly to repudiate was being sentimental. So much emotion had been wasted on a

mere war that a great many springs went dry. There were signs of a wish to accentuate rebuke of all sentimentalism about feminine modesty. I fancy that as an era it was less deceitful than some of its lamented predecessors. Humanity, young and old, may have been finding various avenues of Freudian "escape." We were reminded, for example, that sensuality came in with clothes. There was no difficulty, on these lines, in arguing for fewer concealments—this era specialized in exposure. The spiritual parallels are equally tenable. If inhibitions make for hypocrisy, and we hate hypocrisy, why have inhibitions? If complexes make trouble, why generate complexes in the sensitive years by saying "Don't"? Nothing could be easier than such a plan of escape. There is something wrong with the plan. One cannot linger over it long without realizing that it leaves out something. The thing it leaves out is the thing the hustling American business man most insistently looks for in his business: it leaves out the vital element of results, that total of the sum which the most ambitiously liberal among us has to estimate at last.

There are two especially interesting implications to a "don't" either in life or in art. One is the implication that the expert may counsel the novice. The other is the implication that control serves expression. Conservatism, wringing its hands, asks frantically: if we may not be taught and must not take command of our instincts, what invention is to supply the place of these expedients?

Of course, there is no such crisis. The social disturbance started by the poison of the War had not the dignity of a revolution. It was not even a disease. It was only a paroxysm. It was, in the first place, the flowering of a social liberty with which American theory had let itself experiment. Moreover, the flowering was forced, as when you put hot water on the stem of a cut plant. The War fevered all relationships. It hurried a cycle.



Painting by Anna Whelan Betts

THE FLAPPER OF TO-DAY IS FREEDOM PERSONIFIED—AND COLOR

I have (as you will have noticed) ventured to speak of the flapper in the past tense. Technically she "went out" some time ago. The easily pleased who can get comfort out of the pendulum image are sure that the swing to safety has set in. Perhaps something less stultifying than automatic reaction has really happened. Of itself, a lowered temperature is no proof of returning wisdom. Yet betting on American sanity is supposed to be betting on a sure thing, and it may be a patriotic duty always to be getting ready for the entry of an undebatable common sense, even of common sense about the young.

Assuming that a change has set in, how will it be manifested in the young? What is to be the new attitude toward the young, and what is to be the attitude of the new young? It would be absurd to suppose that any social stock-taking could be likely to result in the reapplying of ancient formulas of authority. Parenthood might try putting on the lid again, but no disposition to do so would meet the case. The spirit of youth has escaped from the old container. It must be bargained with. A change which the young did not "get" on its own account would not be one from which we ought to look for sure returns. The notion of a bargaining would have been shocking to ancient disciplinarians, yet something of the kind, however cloaked, has always been going on. To-day's difference is created not only by changed theories of possible pressure but by a franker feeling about personal choice.

The degree of rightness in the decisions of the young may fall just so far below the decisions of the older, but, if you will pardon the platitude (on the way along, we pull out a truism like a watch or a compass) wisdom has no age and instincts antedate knowledge. We have to live before we know how. There seems to be no way of rearranging that. And this fact keeps on giving a dramatic twist to all decisions. At the moment there is the effect of a world of young

and old returning sullenly, sheepishly, whimsically, defiantly, to truisms. The fascination of the different, the sheer refreshment of getting away from old stuff, are explanation enough for many fling. It is the yardstick or the commandment—the fact or force of which cannot be denied—that present a constant temptation to run. These explain quite as fully the comfort of coming back home. Even a wise radicalism is apt to forget its daily dependence on the basic. Soon or late every excursionist into delirium must return to the real things—to beauty, babies, character and other fundamentals. I suspect that youth, like age, is capable of discovering that the north star is quite where it used to be.

The flapper herself, it is indicated, has found out that flapperism didn't pay. This is not to endow her with any special sagacity. I do not mean that she really saw what had been happening—that she had a glimmering of either the tragedy or the comedy of herself. I mean that in the end she felt the pressure which is the definite regulator of human conduct—the social pressure which has so many ways of making itself felt, in a school yard as well as in a jail yard, a ballroom, or a legislature. The young may never, on their own account, discover that theories of conduct were not arbitrarily invented, but they are quick to get the results of their own experiments, not in logic but in response. The exhilaration of chucking tradition, of being ingeniously shameless—which we have seen in artistic conduct as well as in social conduct—may never be rebuked by the discovery that tradition is simply the accumulated results of previous experiments, and that a sense of these results is what we call culture; but it cannot escape the discovery that it really needs and has looked for response. When response fails, when our own class, applying the closest pressure, shows apathy or disgust, the game palls.

Certain traditions are very important to the young girl. Efforts of charm or

mystery represent a significant asset not to be overlooked by self-interest. She may abandon mystery, as in the dressing of her body or her mind, and diminish the chance that some one will carry her out of curiosity; but giving up charm is another matter. She may get on a wrong theory, yet the human stuff she is made of precludes the likelihood that she will ever consciously give up her lure. Ordinary feminine shrewdness was bound to tell her after a while that the lure had faded, that she might be picturesque, that she might be a good diversion, but that she had begun to look like a poor investment. In the end she was sure to find that being regarded as a good investment was at the very front of her interests.

Not her interests alone have whispered to the young girl. She does not escape having at least rudimentary ideals, a fine or frivolous sense of destination—it is in youth that ideals are born if they are to be born. And ideals naturally draw her glance to the compass. The social compass tells her that, though outward signs be subject to revision, though the language of life be in a state of flow and formation, no one has budged from the simple fundamentals. Allowing for eccentricity and high spirits and plain railty, we still admire a gentleman, still uncover reverently before that feminine equivalent from whom the washlady has stolen the name. Unless theory or practice can modify our sentiment of admiration for a certain sort of man and a certain sort of woman, it is unlikely that youth will ever lose a sense of these images. So long as this admiration is acknowledged we are not destitute of a clear-shining incentive to young adventurers.

The Young Person's descendant, the exuberant freshman to whom the flapper has become a sophomore, enters a situation with all the old perils intact but in which there is less noise and an admonitory wreckage that will hardly escape her attention. In her freedom to see and to hear she will know that some

things have not paid. She will find fundamental things thrown into a certain relief by the subsidence of the clamor and the clearing away of the dust. She will raise a merry dust of her own with her car. It may be that she will like the radio better than reading. That will depend much upon her family's state of development. She will not be a knitter—certainly she is not by way of being a *good* knitter—and she will never, like her remote ancestor, aspire to be pale. Neither will she be demure or *dévôte*. She comes into a nervous, hustling, self-conscious world, a world of reforms and efficiency and dotted lines, that talks slogans in its sleep, and no one will expect her to sit by the ingle with her hands in her lap. She is likely to live where there isn't any ingle, and where it is necessary to invent some other symbol suggesting that one may stay at home; she may, indeed, be further prophecy of that day when each individual's home will be under his hat. It will give her a good laugh to recall the days when girls carried their hats in their hands and ate lip paste with their meals. She will have the newcomer's advantage of not missing the things which in an earlier era she would have thought she needed. She will see through the cheap pose of being bored. It will not amuse her to be *blasé*. She inherits a jazz called classical, a slightly lessened responsibility as to dreams, a complete map of sex, and a routine knowledge that the brontosaurus would be a living factor to-day if they had taken out its tonsils. She will not know for a long time that each era seems feverish to the survivors of the one before. She will take herself and the United States, if not outlying parts, for granted, and have a privilege profounder than her ancestors' of making her own mistakes.

Whatever these mistakes may be, she will make them in an enormously illuminated world. If she is differently foolish she will find herself under a spotlight. If she is humanly sensible she will be printed and pictured anyway to please

those who insist that everybody must be either young or scandalous. She will have heard that wedding notices should be put in the amusement column. Cynicisms about the sacred will be too commonplace either to shock or to amuse her. The noise of them will be old to her before she begins to think deeply, since she will have heard everything. Not to be able really to "come out" because she has never been in, will mean that nothing can strike her suddenly. She will be no more subject to social surprise than a girl brought up on a farm would be open to astonishment about orchards or cattle. Not being able to be wistful about weddings, she may come a shade nearer to belief in the theory that staying married is simply being a good sport, even if she reserves the right to quarrel with the rules committee.

Her world will tell her that it has been disenchanted. Sour preserves will not interest gatherers of fresh fruit. And she will see spring as they may see it who do not remember too many autumns, see it with the penetrating, wonder-working glance of youth. In her igno-

rance she will make her share of blunders, and by the divinely precious good fortune of not knowing that certain great things can't be done, will go ahead and do them. We have been promised a period of romanticism. Who knows that the notion may not appeal to the flapper's successor, and that she may not usher it in? Certainly, it cannot happen without her connivance. She may attain great concessions. Who knows that some one may not contrive, for example, to make gentle speech fashionable, and that she may not, after hearing the shrillest voices in the world, herself become low-voiced? It would be a fearful radicalism, but at this juncture romanticism would be radical, and, after all, the flapper's successor may hate the noise as much as the rest of us do. Who will venture to predict that, though she may refuse to be a hypocrite and will know too much to be enslaved by any awe, she may not, indeed, find high satisfactions in the sheer art of being a young girl—in rehabilitating an art by whose vicissitudes all other arts are delayed in coming back?

AFTERMATH

BY CORINNE REINHEIMER

YOUR mute hands lifted to my lips
 A fragile, moon-white grail.
 Thin, silvered grape leaves wreathed its brim;
 So cool it seemed and frail,
 Laughing I sipped its perfumed draught. . . .
 Swift, swift its anodyne—
 I had not known how magic-sweet
 Could be the taste of wine—
 For when the dawn came singing in,
 An empty cup was there:
 Gone was the golden wine, but now
 The leaves are in my hair.

TRUMPERY

BY SUSAN ERTZ

It was the sort of day that inspires tourists to buy gaudily colored postcards and, sitting at marble-topped tables with coffee cups beside their elbows, to write:

"Monte Carlo looks just like this to-day. Having a lovely time. Wish you were here. Love to the children."

Monte Carlo did look like that. The sky and sea were of too brutal a blue, the mountains too sharply outlined, the unnatural grass too green, the flowers too crudely bright, the marble and the white paint too dazzling to be "true to life." The whole thing was expensive musical comedy without the music. Even nature had lent itself to the deception. The sea, with no appearance of either life or depth, lay like a painted canvas. The palm trees in the public gardens had forgotten the honest mother sand that bore them. The flowers, pranked out in stiff mosaics within stars, squares, and diamonds, might have been laid down by the yard.

A girl came out of the mouth of the Casino and stood undecided on the steps. She saw the crowding blue mountains behind the town as the drop curtain of a stage on which, for a little while, she played the leading part. A Frenchman who looked upon sixty as the prime of life had followed her from the gambling rooms and now stood behind her, brushing some specks of dust from his sleeve, aware of her indecision and rightly connecting it with a consciousness of his presence and a desire for lunch. He had just seen her lose a hundred francs, and although he judged from her appearance that the loss was not of the most serious nature, it was still possible that it might have incommoded her.

She was tall and blue eyed, and her fair hair, untidily arranged, drooped from under a large white hat. Her dress of blue china silk was too thin for April even on the Riviera, and she wore over it a white-cloth coat that evoked for him little English scenes connected with bicycling and tennis. Her features were regular, her expression good humored. He saw that she loved pleasure, and that she wished to please and be pleased.

Three minutes later they were walking together toward the Café de Paris.

She had no strong convictions as to the food she would like to eat or the wine she would like to drink. She begged him to suit himself. What he would like, she said, she would like. He smiled more broadly at this and his eyebrows mounted higher. She thought him very well groomed and told herself that he was certainly a man of the world. Old enough to be her father, possibly, but there was a jaunty, holiday air about him that pleased her. Out of doors he wore his gray overcoat like a cape, buttoned about his shoulders regardless of its dangling sleeves. His gray felt hat, too, was placed slightly on one side of his head. He moved youthfully and briskly. His dark blue suit was well made and fitted his full figure admirably. Beards, as a rule, she disliked, but his was more like an imperial than an ordinary beard. You could hardly truthfully call it a beard, and it gave a distinguished, pointed look to his round face.

She pulled off her gloves that were of washing suede and smelled innocently of soap, and the interest in his smiling eyes was immediately sharpened. She had beautiful hands. She stretched them out and they were white as milk

and her fingers spread prettily, the tips curving back just enough to be agreeable to the eye. She spread those rounded, finely pointed fingers as a peacock spreads his tail. So would she spread them were some one to place a new ring upon one of them, and she would tilt her fair head this way and that, admiring the effect . . . adorable! Her hands were bare now; no trumpery bit of turquoise set in cheap yellow gold marred their smooth beauty. She should wear a single jewel caught on a thin hoop of platinum . . . a brave, important jewel . . . on the little finger of her right hand. He liked the right hand a shade better than the left.

In his suave, correct English he drew from her replies to his questions. Was it not so that she was abroad for the first time in her life? Come, come, why not be frank with each other? Surely, surely, everyone must some day travel abroad for the first time. The first time . . . what a lark, eh? And was she not perhaps too carefully and tediously chaperoned, and had she not escaped to-day just for a taste of freedom . . . a little taste . . . ?

"No, you're wrong," she corrected him. "I'm abroad for the first time, but I'm here alone. I came over as companion to a French girl, but she got married all of a sudden and that left me without a job. I've got enough to get home on and a month's salary, so I thought I'd see life for a bit. I'm staying in diggings here. Are you staying in Monte, too? Oh, Nice! That's quite a long way off. It's great fun being on your own, my word, it is! Why, I've had adventures enough already to fill a book."

She laughed, and her companion smiled at her and stroked his beard.

"Well, well; and these adventures . . . what were they like? Tell me."

She colored and looked down at her finger nails.

"Oh . . . you wouldn't call them that, I don't suppose, but they might have been. You know . . . a girl has

to have some fun. There's a young Swede where I'm staying . . . I called him the Blond Beast at first, but he's as gentle as a lamb now. He eats out of my hand. He's got white eyebrows. And there was Henri . . . the man my friend married . . . yes, even after he was engaged to her he wasn't above trying to carry on with me. Men are . . . well!" She spread out her fingers, looked at them, and then looked up, smiling. "Aren't they?"

"They are very beautiful," he said. "I speak of your hands. Very, very beautiful. Don't you know that?"

"My hands? Are they? Well . . . I thought they were nice as hands go, and I look after them a bit better than most do, but I don't think anything counts for very much except faces, do you? Faces and figures."

He leaned toward her, still smiling.

"Do not misunderstand me if I say that I like your hands best."

She flushed and dropped them in her lap, out of sight.

"Well, I must say, you are . . . !"

"No, no!" he cried. "No, no! Do not hide them, please, please do not."

"All right." She raised them again and rested her chin upon them, self-consciously. "Only I don't understand Frenchmen, and I suppose I never shall."

"Ah." He had fifty smiles, that man, all different. He raised a thin glass in which little points of light shot upward. "To your better understanding of all Frenchmen through knowledge of one."

She too raised her glass, boldly.

"And here's hoping that one will be you," she said, and as he bowed she laughed at her own boldness.

Eggs on spinach under a rich cheese sauce followed the *hors d'œuvres*. Veal cooked in cream with truffles followed them both. Then came pale, beautiful asparagus stalks, shading delicately to their green tips, and as she ate them her hands looked white as lilies and her fingers like the fingers of La Gioconda. The Frenchman's smile was as suave as

er. He read her as easily as he read the wine card and as comprehendingly. "And in England," he was saying, "in England. What do you do there? You live in the country, you say. I think that in the summer you play tennis with young men. There are perhaps one or two favored ones whom you allow to put their arms about your waist and kiss you, on warm evenings. You like that, but you are a little ashamed. You walk down your lanes, saying very little to each other. You tell no one, except perhaps a girl friend. Am I right?"

"You're simply uncanny!" she cried, putting down her coffee cup. "Uncanny! Well, what else do you know, you . . . you wizard?"

"I think you are a good daughter to your father or mother, I do not know which. Perhaps both. I think you work at something, but I do not know what."

"I ran the typewriting office in our village," she said, "until I got the chance to come here. I've run it since I was seventeen, and done half the typing myself. I'm twenty-five now. Eight years. . . ."

He closed his eyes.

"With those hands . . . !" He opened his eyes again to say, "But all the time you are working, all the time you are playing, you dream dreams, always of a man. Of a strong, older man who will understand and dominate you. Who will make love to you . . . *savamment*, I do not like your word 'knowingly' . . . and whom you would therefore follow to the ends of the earth. He will offer you marriage, and you will say, 'Does that matter when I love you?' But he will not accept your sacrifice, though he has never offered marriage to any woman before. He will marry you. He will revere you all the more for your generosity. You will be exquisitely happy and rich, and have two children, a boy and a girl, in the order that I have named."

Her coffee spoon fell with a clatter.

"Lord! How you do understand! You give me the creeps, I swear you do. How do you know all this?"

"You are a woman," he said, smiling. "Restricted, romantic, young. Our dreams are whatever our lives are not. Tell me your life and I will tell you your dreams."

"But we're not all like me . . . surely we're not all like me?"

He made no answer to that but tilted his head back and the smoke curled slowly upward from his bearded lips.

"And this afternoon, child, what shall we do, eh?"

Her heart leaped. The afternoon, too!

"Anything you like. I don't care."

"Gamble?"

"No, thanks. I've had enough of that. Oh, I say! There are the Olympic Games on . . . the girls, you know. I'd love to see them."

"The girls . . . yes, we will go. Strong young female athletes, one day to be mothers. It is like teaching flowers algebra. We will go."

But outside the clouds—vaporous, low, and full of rain, came down over the shoulders of the mountains like wet torn blotting-paper and put out the fire of the sun. In a few seconds the world was gray and streaming and cold, and the palms dripped and sawed their branches, and shiny umbrellas opened everywhere. But as the rain continued even they disappeared, and only the man with the overcoat buttoned about his shoulders like a cape, and the girl in the white coat seemed to have nowhere to go. Then at length they hailed a hooded *fiacre* and crept inside, and it drew them to the top of the public gardens and down a long street beside tram lines, where awnings flapped and dripped, and pedestrians huddled hopelessly in doorways. Inside the *fiacre* a man's voice spoke quietly, suavely, persuasively.

The cab stopped in front of a jeweler's, and after a little wait the two got out and entered the shop. There, little trays were displayed for them, one after the other, and were banished. But over

one tray the man's hand hovered for an instant and then descended. He had made his choice. That was the ring for her finger.

"Put it on."

Off came the glove, smelling of soap. The little finger . . . yes, that was the finger for the ring. He held it lightly. He put the ring on himself as she hesitated. Stepping back, he watched.

Ah, that hand, that divine hand! The fingers all asprayed and curving back at the tips, the emerald glowing like distilled summer. She bent her fair head this way and that, cheeks suffused with color, eyes alight . . . adorable! It was exactly as he had hoped it would be, exactly as he had seen it in his mind's eye. He was satisfied.

"The ring is yours, my child. Keep it."

He turned to the jeweler, note case in hand.

How her heart beat! He hadn't even asked the price . . . he must be very rich indeed . . . and what a man! Dominating, eccentric, extraordinary. This was life, life, life! The word drummed in her ears, loudly. Life, life, life! She turned away from the two men. She raised the ring to her mouth and felt it icy against her lips. Her darling ring. Out went her hand again, with the cold green fire flashing upon it. Beautiful! Why had no one ever told her before how lovely her hands were? Each finger was unique, perfect. She felt his touch on her arm.

"Come."

It was still raining heavily, pitilessly. They drove to the Aquarium at Monaco and looked at the wonderful fish. He kept close beside her all the time and never stopped smiling, but he never touched her. There were dark places, too . . . the men she knew at home would have put a hand on her waist or an arm about her shoulders. He knew a great deal about all sorts of sea things, and he talked cleverly. She kept her glove off and every now and then he said, "Let me see," and she would

raise her hand and hold it out for him in the strange little green light of some little ocean where beautiful colored fish flickered and turned behind the glass

The *fiacre* took them to Monte Carlo again. It was still raining. The driver had not been told where to go, and they were back now, where they had started from. Well . . . what next?

"*À la gare*," the man inside called out to him, and he made strange sounds to his horses and cracked his whip.

They took the train to go to Nice just as it was getting dark. They found an empty first-class compartment and sat in corners, facing each other. She had never ridden in a first-class compartment with a man before. She wondered if they would have it to themselves all the way.

There was a great commotion outside . . . laughter, and high, excited voices. People came crowding onto the train just as it was about to start, talking and laughing. Girls . . . they were all girls. What a lot of them . . . dozens . . . all talking in some queer language she didn't understand. Oh, the Olympic Games, of course. They all wore badges. But what were they? Norwegians? Belgians? Swedes?

"Czechs," he told her, and added, smiling, "young athletes."

She nodded.

The train was filling up. The girls came crowding into their compartment. They occupied all the empty seats and still others came and perched on the knees of their friends, laughing and talking all the time. Everything seemed a joke to them. What high spirits they were in! The games had had to be postponed because of the rain, and still everything was glorious and amusing. She looked at each one of them in turn.

Opposite her sat a plump, fair girl, and a serious, dark, impassive one with a fine throat and a deep, deep voice like the voice of an oracle. When she spoke they all listened. Next to her sat a slender, pretty creature who laughed

cessively at everything that was said. He was flushed and helpless with laughter. On her lap sat a younger girl with short hair and a freckled face. A minx, that one. On the other side of the slim, laughing one sat a great amazon with ropes of reddish hair. A magnificent young woman, but not pretty. In the far corner sat one who seemed to be in a position of authority. She was treated with great affection and little respect. Their talk was as rapid and unintelligible as the talk of birds. What splendid, healthy young creatures! Oblivious to everything and everyone but themselves. She glanced at her companion. He sat in his corner with his coat wrapped about him, looking under drooping eyelids at the girls, smiling and amused. They paid not the slightest heed to him or to her. He leaned forward presently and touched her on the knee with his gloves.

"Let me see," he said. She held up her hand once more, turning it this way and that, spreading out her fingers. The ring flashed and glowed under the dim lamp. In the semi-gloom of the carriage her hand looked paper-white.

The girls' clamor increased. One of their companions was passing the open door of the compartment and they seemed to be calling her to come and join them, but she shook her head.

She was dressed in black and under her severe black hat her hair fell in two thick, fair braids. Her profile showed up cameolike against the black square of the window. What loveliness! The heart of the girl in the white coat was suddenly hushed, and something in her spirit moved its wings as she looked at that serene and perfect face. She was like a new blade first drawn from its scabbard; like young green wheat; like the silver curve of the new moon at sunset; like scented flowers at night with the dew on them.

A young athlete . . . she gave no heed to her noisy friends but looked out of the window where she could see

nothing, and thought her own quiet thoughts; possessed, steady-eyed, and calm. . . .

"Let me see," said the man again, and reached for her hand, but she shook her head and drew it back. The train rocked and clattered on its way to Nice. The girls talked and laughed. The lovely one standing in the aisle held the rail with both hands and looked out into the night. The Frenchman looked at the girl in the white coat, smiling indulgently at her.

Trumpery . . . that's what she was . . . trumpery. That man smiling at her and watching her like a cat. That bit of green glass on her finger and what it would end in. . . .

How had he known, that man, what she was like? Was it written in her face? Did thoughts, wishes, tendencies write themselves in one's face, so clear that he who ran might read? Or was it just a lucky shot? You couldn't tell, with men.

She looked back. She remembered the young men at home with their encircling arms and their hot hands. She thought of the young Swede. She thought of Henri . . . and the others. A girl had to have some fun. . . . That was what she had always said.

He was still smiling at her . . . he was always smiling . . . but she saw that behind that smile sat a man who bought what he wanted. A good buyer. He knew what he wanted . . . he knew what he could buy, too, and how much he would have to pay for it. He knew what was trumpery . . . he knew.

The noisy ones called to the girl standing in the aisle, and she turned and smilingly shook her head. Her clear eyes met the eyes of the girl in the white coat and for an instant they lingered there. What years, what miles, what whole countries apart they were; and yet when their eyes met they looked at each other like friends . . . like sisters almost.

She turned away again and the heart

of the girl in the white coat was beating as though she had passed through some strange experience . . . some crisis.

Rocking, the train slowed down and came to a standstill. Lights gleamed outside, reflecting themselves in puddles; bright little lakes that were shattered by the hurrying feet of travelers.

"Villefranche!" shouted the guard. The rain whipped against the windows, and the girls heard it and laughed.

"Let me see," said the man again.

She fumbled with her hands. She slipped the ring off her finger and held it out to him.

"You hold it for me, just for a minute," she said.

She went out into the aisle. The man held the ring up to the light, turning it this way and that, delighting in its beauty. He had seen many fine emeralds, but never one with a better

color than this. Lovely! And on that hand!

"*En voiture!*" shouted the guard. "*En voiture!*"

The train started with a jerk. Soon it was rocking and clattering on its way. The man looked up and down the aisle. He saw only the girl in black, holding to the rail, and some of her companions. He waited. The girl in the white coat did not come back. She was not coming back. He understood.

He dropped the ring into his pocket, drew his coat about his shoulders, and settled himself more comfortably in his corner. He still smiled.

"Foolish," he said to himself. "And in this rain. Foolish!"

The water ran down the windows, seeped through the cracks, and lay in little pools upon the sills. The girls continued to laugh and chatter. Presently he dozed.

AN ALPINE VILLAGE

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

THEIR world stands all on end; no place at all
Is left for even the little fields to lie
That they have hung aloft like tapestry
Upon the granite reaches of the wall
That towers round them. There they cling and crawl
And still contrive between the earth and sky
To reap the fruit of their brief industry
Before the snows and the swift silence fall.

Then in the church the meager women pray,
And in the huts the patient cattle sleep,
And earth the vow of her white peace fulfills,
And heeds them not who with such passion pay
Into her icy breast the faith they keep
And still lift up their eyes unto those hills.

CIRCUS FOLKS ARE FOLKS

BY SARAH COMSTOCK

DURING the long years that I have known the circus—have enjoyed a confidential chat with the Strong Lady, I've discussed cross-stitch with the Supreme Equestrienne, or have dished up gossip with flying families—I have often wondered vaguely just what the lure might be. For it isn't the lure of spanges and tinsels and gaudy electric glares, or of Breathlessly Hair-Raising, Spectacularly Sensational, and Unparalleled Feats of Daring Never Before Attempted. Spangles and Spectacular Sensations alike tarnish with the years and the glitter is no more.

No, it isn't any of these obvious enticements. I am not agreeably stunned or paralyzed or petrified by the performance. Rather, it is the performers themselves who hold me chained by an affection that age cannot wither. It is the circus people as they are, beyond the spotlight, minus the rouge and tinsel—homely sometimes, and often middle-aged and out of curl, and not especially heroic—it is they themselves that call forth the *neighbor* in me.

For this being exists in each one of us, I firmly believe, tucked away in a secret place perhaps, but still responding to the world. Those of us who dwell in the rigorous climate of the great city's apartment life, where it would be a breach of etiquette to know the next-door family's name, can yet warm (give us a chance) to the spirit of the village street. And having meandered thus far along my path of analysis, I bring up at the fact that few things more warmly call forth that hidden *neighbor* in me than to enter the great dressing-tent of the circus women, to see a hand waving from one corner, to hear a "Hel-lo!" ring from an-

other, to have a contortionist's baby goo-goo at me, to meet a smile here, a bit of bursting news there as I pass along the aisle of trunks.

"Look at my sofa pillow! The Sword-Swallowing Girl showed me that stitch, and I'm going to embroider this for home next winter," announces an aërialist.

"Oh, I've got a new recipe for spiced peach marmalade, and if we get back before the peaches are all gone, I'm going to put up three dozen jars," declares a bareback rider.

It all comes to this. I love these people, not because they raise my hair but because they warm my heart. I love them not because they are performers of intrepid feats, but because they are human beings who like home, husband, wife, children, family cat, baked beans, darning bag, "The Suwanee River," and homemade piccalilli. They are not theatrical, they are not *poseurs*; they leave florid adjectives to the press agent and speak commonplace Americanese; they don't for a moment think of themselves as Unrivalled Marvels of Dauntless Heroism, but as Jennie's husband or Bill's wife or the father or mother of freckle-nosed Dicky. They don't, during the half-year off the road, live in an atmosphere of glittering splendor, but of simple home comfort—the sort of comfort where a husband gets into his shirt sleeves and takes the clock to pieces because *he* knows how and that confounded clock tinker down the street doesn't understand his business; where a wife dons her checked apron and makes the waffles herself because Jim always did like her waffles better than any others. Is there any reason why a clown should not take the family clock to pieces or why

an acrobat should not perform somersaults with the waffle iron? For the simple but seldom realized truth is that circus folks are folks.

It's a curious little world, entirely sufficient unto itself, this world of the circus actors. It is walled about and seldom approached by outsiders. From generation to generation passes the art of bareback riding or animal training or trapeze flying: "Gran'ma's a grand aërialist, her ring work is only beat by two others, and she's fifty-eight last March." Intermarriage is as much the rule as with royalty, or with a Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor; rider marries contortionist, juggler marries acrobat, bear trainer marries high-wire dancer. So, closely bound, unknown to the outside world and indifferent to it, these people go their own way; and it's a happy, wholesome, sane, homely, folksy way. The other day I asked a trapeze performer if she wanted her seven-year-old son to follow in her own and her husband's footflights.

She shook herself out of the green-and-gold trunks and ostrich feathers of Mlle. Adèle, stepped into a cotton kimono, and became Mrs. Muldoon.

"Well, he'd have a grander time outside the circus," she reflected. "S'ciety, and a chance to go to shows and dine at restaurants. He could lay around."

In circus parlance, be it known, those of us who do not fly through the air for a living, or daily turn fifty flipflaps in succession, are condemned to the outer darkness of sloth as "the people that lay around."

Maternity brooded in Dellie Muldoon's eyes as she kicked off the slopshoes. "Of course, I'd like him to have the grandest time he can," she went on thoughtfully, "but I'll feel safer about him if I know he's growing up with the show. One boy left us, got into one of those swell sets—my, it was terrible—nearly broke his mother's heart. He went to the dogs till she lost her nerve and fell one day when there wasn't any

net. Yes, for health *and* morals, the one sure place is the circus every time."

Mrs. Muldoon had summed up the attitude of these few hundred people toward the rest of the world. We are the idlers of the earth. We stroll through a life of pleasure-seeking leisure, we "lay around" while they toil by the sweat of their brows and at the risk of their necks for our capricious pleasure. We are a good enough sort, but we don't grasp the fact that life is real, life is earnest—a trapeze is not our goal. Many of us may be virtuous, but in our midst vice exists, and to permit a young person to mingle with the world of outsiders is to run a risk. Acquaintance with that world beyond the wall is discouraged; boys are kept busy at their training, girls are held under a grim duenna system.

The six acrobatic Hoppe maidens turned to Prunellas at my query:

"What happens when unknown young men write you notes and send you candy?"

They pursed twelve rosy young lips and folded twelve hands primly in the laps of their sky-blue tights.

"We always give them to Momma right away," replied the spokesman of the six. "Three of us are too young to have anything to do with gentlemen. And we three older ones only know those that are properly introduced. Momma reads the letters first, and if they're very respectful, just that they admire our work, then she lets us write and thank them for their kind appreciation. But if they are one speck sentimental—"

"There!" broke in Momma dramatically, and pointed with a direly significant finger to the wastebasket.

The Hoppes are as perfect an example of the old-time circus family as remains with us to-day. Both grandparents on both sides were acrobats, even as the third generation is now. Poppa Hoppe has trained his flock from the cradle up; their first word is said to have been "flip-flap" and their first step to have been taken on their hands. Momma Hoppe, meanwhile, has clucked like a tiny so-



Drawn by George Wright

I HAVE OFTEN WONDERED VAGUELY JUST WHAT THE LURE MIGHT BE

licitous hen from the arrival of the first chick, twenty-four years ago, until now that she is followed by six strapping daughters and one son of ten—"all born in Michigan except Arabella, and she was born on the train. I says, 'Poppa,' says I, 'I think I'd better stay in the Pullman and you go and see if somebody won't come from one of those houses over there.'"

The circus woman's manner of meeting this problem is disheartening to those earnest reformers who strive to convince us that legal measures must be taken to give every woman leisure during her period of contributing to the census. The tent performer simply laughs to scorn the idea that it is any problem at all. She "takes a little time off" and promptly "feels fine again." This wiry, wee Mrs. Hoppe, whose daughters stand inches above her and outweigh her by many pounds—powerful as boy ath-

letes, blooming as a dairymaids' chorus—observes, "I never stop up to two or three weeks before—that's always been aplenty for me. Those that lay around have time to feel bad. I feel better when I go right back to my flipflaps."

It is with the same simple courage that the circus woman meets sickness, pain, or grief wherever she happens to find it. No elaborate systems of mental science, autosuggestion, or Couéism help her to it; she merely takes the knocks as they come, in the arena or out, as all in the day's work. She is totally devoid of the vanity in ill health that leads so many of her sex to select embroidered negligées for future headaches and to date all history from "my operation." She will show all the sympathy in the world toward others in trouble, but she has none for herself. I remember coming upon a little aerialist lying curled like a sick kitten on her trunk. A rider, pink tighted and crystal decked, was laying compresses on her head.

"I've got to go now, Honey—that's my call," the rider said, clapping a golden wig over shorn gray hair. "The other girls'll help you in the trapeze. Think you can stick it out?"

"I'll say it," came faint but firm from the heap on the trunk.

Twenty minutes later the sick kitten pulled herself together and went on. I saw the performance.

"Heavens! You've beaten your own record!" I cried as she staggered back to the dressing-tent. "You must have made at least five extra twirls!"

"I'll show myself I don't lay around if I *am* sick!" she declared stubbornly, and unpretentiously fainted into a Wild West rider's arms. The show, departing that night, left her in a hospital with pneumonia.

And, of course, letters and gifts showered on her up to the day when she swam airily back up into her familiar heights of the Big Top. For these people are knit together in a



TRAINED FROM THE CRADLE UP



A LITTLE AËRIALIST LAY CURLED LIKE A SICK KITTEN ON HER TRUNK

freemasonry which neither years nor miles can break. Once with the show means forever with it in heart. The other day as the tents were going up in New Jersey a throng was collected in the midst of swaying elephant trunks, arriving performers, bustling managers, rooing tigers, incoming baggage, peevish midgets carrying their own suitcases, and thumping red vans. I found that in the center of the throng was a little old lady, spectacled, snowy, tremulous with delight—her hand being shaken almost by politicians' cramp while she beamed up at everybody from ringmaster to cook.

"It's Mrs. Black!" everybody was

crying, and more came running to welcome her. They pelted her with news.

"Remember the Lion-Faced Boy? He's back this year. You used to make him lemonade in hot weather, he complained so of being shaggy in the heat."

"The Noonans? Yes, they're with us again. Mrs. Noonan tried settling down but she says people are so cranky outside the show. She kept her lion cubs in the apartment and the landlord objected, though she always shut them into the bathroom when he called."

"This is my baby—you wouldn't believe it, would you?" triumphed a pretty gymnast, swinging to her shoulder a lusty cherub of three as you or I might

handle a bean-bag. The old lady made charming overtures to the cherub, but he remained unresponsive, being preoccupied with a grievance.

"Want my all-day-sucker! Pin Head's got it!" he wailed.

"One of the Pin Heads grabbed his candy," explained his mother apologetically. "There, there, Buddy—he didn't mean anything more'n an elephant when he grabs a peanut. Those Pin Heads—nobody home," she concluded in grave aside to me.

And all this outpour of welcoming news was by way of proving to a little old lady that because she had been thirty-five years with the circus she would always belong to its innermost

circle, even though the infirmities of age have brought her to a life of church sewing societies and pie-baking in Newark, New Jersey. "In 1872 Mr. Barnum made me wardrobe mistress," she preens herself, and the very tone in which she utters it carves the name's niche in the Hall of Fame.

The wardrobe mistress is far more than a mere needle and thread. She is guide, philosopher, and friend-in-general of the women's tent. She clk-clks to their babies while they are performing, bathes their sprains when they come off damaged, comforts them when home letters do not arrive, chaperons them through their love affairs, and stands patroness to their social gatherings.

These are many and exclusive. Every season is gayly littered with them, but rarely does anyone outside this happy family enter in. The woman's dressing-tent hums with the buzz of teas and cards; sometimes the girls give a vaudeville and invite the men; and the coffee clubs, bridge clubs, sewing clubs, and reading clubs would warrant a Federation of their own. Inquiry concerning one of the last named led to the information that it had devoted one summer to a thorough study of the works of Harold Bell Wright, Gene Stratton Porter, and Thomas Carlyle.

The prime social event is a wedding, but this seldom occurs on the road, although romance flourishes like a green bay tree. A gymnast may fall in



SHE BATHES THEIR SPRAINS AND COMFORTS THEM

love with the poodle trainer, carry chocolates to her Pullman section, and take her riding on Sundays; but the wedding is usually put off until the season is over, "so's not to interrupt."

"A fine crop we had last spring," the wardrobe mistress tells me. "Six weddings before we started on the road. And every one inside the show, as it ought to be. Twelve of our finest. A great crop."

The winged god now and then gets ahead of practical considerations. One young aerialist lost his heart to the pretty Cinderella who rode beside him in "The Spec," and slipped off and married her on the sly because he was so vigilantly chaperoned that it was his only chance. The elopement turned out the event of the season. Parents for-

gave, clowns had a special performance in its honor, the band gave a private concert, teas and card parties and dinners overwhelmed the couple.

But for all the good fellowship, social boundaries are kindly but firmly drawn; the Freaks do not mingle with "The Big Show." An attitude of gentle and sympathetic patronage exists, and there the relations stop. But these whom nature has singled out for fame by forms not of their own choosing make a merry group of themselves. One summer Sunday I came upon them in a grove; for a blazed moment I pinched myself to determine whether I was Sarah Comstock or Alice in Wonderland. For the woodland was a-chirp with the chatter of midgets, bearded ladies, giants and giantesses, missing links, fat ladies, The Homeliest Woman, and indescribable others.



HE LOST HIS HEART TO THE PRETTY CINDERELLA

"We're having a picnic!" this fantastic company cried. From the groaning board a midget seized a plate of sandwiches, gallantly passing it to Positively the Most Superlative Giantess of the Age and Universe.

"Say, Thumbby, send it up on the dumbwaiter, won't you?" she bantered with bovine playfulness.

"Aw, get a parachute and come down after it!" he retorted.

The repartee may not have been subtle but it was significant. It evidenced what I have found to be true: that for the most part the Freaks do not suffer from the sensitiveness which our sensitiveness attributes to them. With rare exceptions, they accept the stares of the public with an easy stoicism: "We can make more money this way." The show is their drudgery; when it is over they,

with the other side-show performers, turn to their picnics, sewing bees, and gossip. The Sword-Swallowing Girl studies dancing; the Fat Midgetess snatches every opportunity to do a cosy bit of chafing-dish cookery, though complaining that "kitchen shelves and tables are made so stupidly high"; the Snake Charmer revels in her birds, cats, and dogs when at home, "being fond of *all* pretty pets"; and the Tattooed Girl's greatest thrill is found in seeing Norma Talmadge in "a *réal* drammer."

The strongest reaction that these people have left with me is a shame at my own early squeamishness. I began with a shudder; I ended by forgetting all except that a grotesquely fat and short woman likes to put on an apron and make a Welsh rarebit because she *is* a woman; that a hopelessly crippled girl crochets exquisite lace because the creative longing is at work in her as it is in you and me . . . that even freaks are folks.

Domesticity being the keynote of the circus performers' life, they enjoy a portable domesticity even on the road. No sooner are the car sections and staterooms assigned for the season than up go the curtains which each woman has made for herself. Magazines, photographs, cushions, flowers turn every Pullman section into a miniature home. Mrs. Barna, the rider, confesses in a whisper that "it isn't allowed, but I have

to carry a little stove in our stateroom so that I can do a chicken with mushrooms now and then for my husband he gets so homesick if I don't."

The two fundamental arts of woman kind are at the finger tips of every one. Not one but is adept with the needle and the kitchen spoon. Their free hours are divided between the Pullmans in which they sleep, the dining-tent served like an army mess, and the dressing-tent; in

the latter eighty-eight women have summered together without one quarrel, which is their boast, and should bring a blush to the cheek of every church sewing society in the country. Here they gather to sew for their babies to discuss "how hard bears and tigers are on your clothes"; and to repair the arena's daily wreckage of torn ruffles and spilled spangles.

Sunday finds some of them attending church they usually belong to the Y. W. C. A., and I know some acrobats who

always doff lavender tights to teach Sunday School when they reach their home town. But one Darby and Joan couple may be caught of a Sabbath morning slipping off from the Pullman like children at hooky to seek the nearest stream; in their dingy old fishing garb you would never guess them to be the Beau Brummel master of the ring and his devoted spouse, the glittering queer of equestriennes.

A quiet home in the country is the circus performers' dream. Some of them



"I CAN DO A CHICKEN WITH MUSHROOMS NOW AND THEN"

re kept busy through the winter in audeville; even so, there's a farm or a mall-town house somewhere awaiting them. Their art must be sandwiched in between such domestic acts as shaking down the furnace or seasoning the pot-past; it won't do to get out of practice, therefore the rider lays out a ring in his backyard and the acrobatic parents build concrete gymnasium under their house and drill the children there after school.

"I don't believe in being hard on 'em," Poppa declares. "I don't punish 'em when they don't make dirty flipflaps. I says, 'Dicky, what do you want most?' 'I'll give it to you when you get those backward revolutions down fine.' 'He's only ten, but he says, 'A typewriter.' And now he's got it, and he's written a letter on to a Senator, and he's got an answer, too."

Parenthood is proud among these people, but it is wholesomely rigorous as well. A substantial respect for the three R's prevails; some children are left with relatives to attend school, others travel with the show, but even here their mental prouting is not neglected. Although you may never have heard the Ringling brothers named with Doctors Eliot, Inley, or Butler among the nation's educators, it is nevertheless true that they have maintained a traveling school.

Manners and morals, too, are given strict attention. A little acrobat came from school in her home town crying bitterly:

"The gym teacher don't like me any more."

"Now what did you do?" began the maternal investigation.

"I didn't do noth—anything. I did everything she told us in class, even if it *was* baby work, but while we were waiting I thought I'd put in a little practice, and one of the girls had to yell, 'Look at Ada, she's walking on her hands!' Then another one said, 'Teacher, can you walk on your hands?' 'Course you can, being a gym teacher.' And the teacher got just as red, she was so mad, and she said, 'Well, anyhow, I can stand on my head!' And she hasn't spoken to me since."

"Serves you right," came the prompt reproof. "How many times have I told you girls never to show you was superior?"

No—it is not all bliss unalloyed to be a circus child. This was brought home to me when entering a rear gate that led to the show-grounds. Outside,

peering in, stood a youth of four or five; inside, peering out, another. Suddenly as these two gazed at each other, grief seized them simultaneously; each on his own side of the fence burst into a howl.

The mother of the one outside, gathered hers up. "There, never mind! He wants to go in and see the elephants and giraffes and things."

The mother of the one inside, ditto. "There, don't cry, don't cry! He's sick of the show—he's the circus kid. He



NOT ONE BUT IS ADEPT WITH THE NEEDLE



PAUSING WITH A COMICAL GESTURE, HE SEIZED HER
HAND AND WAVED IT

wants to go see the Aquarium he's heard about, and the toy stores, and all the nice things outside."

But in spite of occasional human yearnings, the "circus kid" will cling to his own from birth to death. He will grow up, love and marry, and some day die within it.

There is a story of a bareback rider who was thrown one day by a humping horse. She lay still where she fell.

Her husband, a clown, ran and picked her up, flung her over his shoulder like a sack of meal, and made a grimace to the audience as he ran off with her. Pausing once, with a comical gesture, he seized her hand and waved it. The audience roared applause for what they took to be a rehearsed finale.

"Out back" he collapsed. But, "She was always bent on making an artistic exit. 'Leave the arena artistic,' that was her hobby. An' I was bound she should do it even then. It's the way she'd want it."

He said it over and over all that day, and all the next day—"It was the way she'd want it"—even when, in a Middle West drizzle, the line of black hacks drove to the cemetery. Other clowns and a great rider and even one of the circus owners were the pallbearers. Thus do these people live with, work with, play with and bury their own.

So it's with a sort of homely idealism that they meet the common human experiences—love, marriage, friendship, birth, parenthood, suffering, death. They are simple, they are stalwart, they are affectionate, they are folksy. I never bid them good-by without a pang. A vacant lot, dismal disorder of tanbark, chewing-gum wrappers, dead toy ballons, a train pulling out, waving hands—and the last yapping of

poodles fades, the voice of elephant and tiger die in the rumbling distance.

"I'm putting up my mustard pickles as usual in my stateroom. Cucumbers are exactly right in September," the queen of equestriennes said to me as she bade me good-by. She had just come from the ring.

"My husband gets so homesick without my cooking," she added, smiling at the ringmaster as he bent, after a quarter-century of married life, to kiss his wife in her apron.

Oh, the band may blare, pachyderms may astound, jovial joeys may caper, and unparalleled feats may dazzle. But to me the charm and the meaning lie in the whiff of those mustard pickles and all that they stand for.

THE DARK

TO BE READ TO A CHILD

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I SEE the first star shine,
Delicate, fine;
I hear a watch dog bark!
Hush! the sedges sway, and bow, tender and low!
They know! They know!
Hush! Hush! Noiseless, noiseless, here comes the Dark!
The Blessed Dark

And all her garments woven are of dreams,
And her white feet are silver on the streams.
Gentler than any breeze,
Tall, dutiful,
And, oh, most beautiful,
She brings star splendor and heart's ease
In either hand. And as she comes she sings
Songs that no mortal ear
But birds only hear,
With their fluffed heads beneath their sleepy wings.

What would you? For she brings
The heart's most dear desire.
Thyme, and rosemary, and sweet-smelling spice,
Sandal, and cinnamon, and most magical odors out of Paradise.
Ivory and peacocks from Samarkand;
O'er sapphire sea and topaz land
She brings. From Sheraphan
In Turkestan,
Ivory and pomegranates, amethyst, tourmaline,
And smoldering opals such as never yet were seen,
Save only of the boy Alla'ad dhin,
Stuffing his deep pockets full of gems,
The size of plums and apples, from the stems
Of trees in subterranean gardens marvelous;
All these, all these, and more she brings to us.

Oh, she has a store of riches that no spending can exhaust;
She has a key to kingdoms that can never more be lost;
She has in her cool fingers joys that no one else can bring,
And the mere hem of her garment is surcease of sorrowing.
The Dark, the blessed Dark!

Hark!

I hear a watch dog bark!
Hush! the sedges bend low, low!
They know! They know!
Noiseless, here comes the Dark—
The Blessed Dark!

THE BIBLE AND COMMON SENSE

2. *The Inspiration of the Bible*

BY BASIL KING

IF the Bible is the record of man's progress in the knowledge of God, it is essential to understand some at least of the processes by which it has reached its position of authority. Where so much is claimed the credentials become the more important; and though it is impossible to deal exhaustively with so large a subject in so limited a space, some lines of suggestion may be sketched.

There were years during which the subject of the inspiration of the Bible was to me personally a puzzle. In what I had been taught as to God's taking possession of the minds and pens of certain individuals to produce work which would guide the world into absolute truth, I could see little or no reason. The process seemed so oddly indirect, so woefully roundabout. If He was doing this at all, why should He not have made the result more lucid? Why should He have strewn His course with traps and snares and stumbling-blocks? The Holy Ghost which has endued Moses or David or Paul with an authority different in essence from that of all but their colleagues in producing Holy Writ could as easily as not have made the issue so clear that there would have been no wrangling. A series of divinely dictated books, which perplexed the world almost as much as they helped it struck me as perhaps the strangest of all the strange phenomena which religion placed before us.

And yet I held fast to the inspiration. The more I read of the Bible the more sure of it I felt. Bewilderment remained, shaking this conviction but never quite destroying it. It was only

with the passage and the thought years that I was able to get the subject on the rocklike basis of what to me seems common sense.

I beg to repeat here that what I have to say in this, and all other respects stands for no more than a personal point of view. I am not arguing or trying to convince. If in what follows I seem to speak in that way, it is only for the sake of conciseness. With no desire to convert anyone, I give my views because I have been asked, and only for what they are worth. If they are wrong they are wrong. If on the other hand there is anything in them which a single reader finds helpful, it will be that much to the good.

I have already acknowledged my debt to the Anglican, Evangelical, Christian Science, and Roman Catholic Churches, and wish to acknowledge again. I speak as one who, in many of their aspects, reverences them all, and yet is outside them all. Outside them all, with some mental perspective between me and them, I am able, it seems to me, to accept more easily what I can accept from them, while what I must put aside disturbs me less. Bringing perspective into play, I am able to see them all as essentially one, with only minor differences between them. They impress me as a great family, with the same ruling traits, the same virtues, the same weaknesses, the same mutual hostilities and loyalties which families develop, with the same verbal bickerings, bitter among themselves, but affecting the outsider only indirectly. Owing them much, and admiring them

ll, it is from their united opinions, as I et them, that I distill for myself an idea f the Bible which possibly no one of em would countenance.

Beginning with the human race before has appeared above the horizon of ritten history, the Bible shows us rst an elemental people with an elemental concept of the Divine. Nevertheless, certain principles have been volved. Between Good and Evil the istinction has been made. Conscience as begun to work. Adam, the Man, nd Eve, the Mother—those two fundamental types—having eaten of the ree to be Desired to Make One Wise, ave passed the stage of the innocence hich is ignorance. The Garden of hildhood is behind them. Responsibilities have been incurred. The urdens of life must be shouldered. Its problems must be solved. In the pening pages of Genesis the human ace has been started on that long upward climb of which we in the twentieth century have probably not attained alfway.

It is not, I take it, the object of the ible to reflect the whole of that long truggle to the top, but only the part of in which man works up from his rimitive notions of God to the concept of the Universal Father. By eaching the concept of the Universal ather, I do not assume that he discerns all the fullness of God, but only he degree of that fullness which, in our resent stage of development, we are ble to assimilate. In proportion to od's Infinity, that must be little; in roportion to our own powers, it is uch. The Bible begins with a God ho is manlike, partial, incomplete; t ends with a Vision of Infinity, ntelligence, and Love beyond any escription or definition possible to hought or words. Having reached this oint, it stops. It has given us all of hich as yet we can make use.

But whence came its authority to give us anything? How is it that a

collection of books, some of which draw from prehistoric data, some of which were penned perhaps three thousand years ago, all of which belong to epochs and conditions alien to our own, can have obtained such a hold on that portion of mankind supposed with reason to be the most materially minded? At the moment of writing I read in the newspapers that the presses which print the Bible cannot keep pace with the demand. How did this demand arise? What maintains it? Why do people buy and read this ancient book, when they can buy and read so much that is newer, fresher, and, on the surface at least, more directly suited to their twentieth-century needs?

Of one thing we can be certain, that unless these books supplied something which the heart of Europe and America craves for its sustenance, no such demand would continue. Nowhere else in history, to my knowledge, do we find a group of peoples, extremely diverse among themselves, appropriating a whole literature not their own, which they had no part in producing, and living on it as they never live on the most vital works of their own children.

The phenomenon calls attention to itself, and is perhaps its own best explanation.

Demand is always in proportion to the quality of the supply. That is all. There is no further mystery. It is with the Bible as with everything else. Where there is that which meets a need, those who feel the need will turn to it. No factitious sentiment would keep the printing presses of the Bible working overtime. No pietistic or sectarian or ecclesiastical incitement could, year in and year out, support a sale which possibly equals that of all the rest of the books in the world put together. Life does not work that way. Nothing is continually and eagerly bought and paid for which is not worth its price to the purchasers. Deception or over-estimation may rule for a time, but it is discovered in the long run. If in the

long run the demand for any article is greater than it ever was, we may depend upon it that there is value in that article which is not to be found elsewhere.

There, then, is the basic reason for the Bible's authority: its value. Make all the allowances you like for the unread Bibles on the shelves of homes, schools, and churches, and there still must remain a vast number of people in the world studying these books and finding in them truths essential to their welfare. It is they who primarily give to this volume its right to speak. It is they who have primarily given the Bible its power ever since the days when the first of these spiritual classics was singled out as having a special quality.

The fact should be recognized that this was not done by some magic stroke outside the methods of nature, or by a mysterious divine influence differing from everything else we know. This is to cheapen the Bible and divine influence alike. The master-works of Hebrew literature took their place in public esteem by exactly the same process as those of any other literature. It was a matter of general acclaim, similar to that which gave Shakespeare his rank among English writers, or Dante his among Italians, or Emerson his among Americans. Led doubtless by the cultured and critical—as culture and criticism were understood—the mass of the people came to know that such and such a work had a significance of its own, and it was placed apart.

Let us put ourselves back in the days before any portion of our existing Bible had been compiled or composed. It was already, as recent discoveries in Egypt have shown us even more vividly than we knew before, a period of high cultivation. Among the Hebrews the ancient Babylonian wedge-shaped script, suitable for use on hard materials but not elastic in expression, had been superseded by a Hebrew alphabet nearly as graphic as our own. The clay tablet

and the stone stele had been replaced by parchment or some form of paper made from the Egyptian papyrus. Manuscripts were not common, but they existed. Where they existed they were held and housed in honor. Scholars were familiar with their contents. At times they were read aloud to audiences, as lectures are among ourselves. There was an interested public. It was a public so well informed as to the substance of their literature that a reference was all they required. In the historical books of the Old Testament, where some of a king's most significant acts have been given, we come repeatedly on a formula like this: "Now the rest of the acts of Baasha, and what he did, and his might, are they not written in the Book of the Chronicles of the Kings of Israel?" Or again: "Now the rest of the acts of Josiah, and what he did, are they not written in the Book of the Chronicles of the Kings of Judah?" That is to say, for a people who knew so well such books as they possessed, a mere *videlicet* was enough.

Equally well, doubtless, they knew their other books, of which fragments at most have survived into our time. The Books of the Chronicles of the Kings of Israel and Judah mentioned above were not the First and Second Books of Chronicles of our present Old Testament. There were these histories now lost to us; there were others. There was the Book of Jasher; the Book of Gad; the Book of Nathan; the Book of Shemaiah; the Book of Iddo the Seer; the Book of the Wars of the Lord. There were others still. Some were earlier than any of the books of our Bible; some were written while the Bible was in course of formation. My point is simply that there was a literature more or less known and enjoyed by the public to whom it was addressed.

To this public, then, came the first of the books we now hold as sacred. Many critics think it was the Book of Job. For our present purpose the particular work is unimportant, and the

book of Job will serve as well as any other. The fact to bear in mind is that those who first read it, or heard it read aloud, it was not a more sacred book than books already familiar. There was no one to say, "This will be the nucleus of our Bible." There was no thought in any mind that thousands of years later, in continents called Europe and America, millions of readers would pore over that book, and mark with hundreds of millions of annotations. It was just one more book where there were already a good many. It is probable that the class to which the book of Job belongs, the dramatic poem, is fairly well represented. The author had possibly written other books. Great masterpieces do not, as a rule, spring all alone. That the Book of Job is the sole survivor of its type and time means no more than the solitary column which marks the site where once there was a city.

But some power was at work to keep this book a living thing when other books, which at first seemed equally vital, passed out of mind. The same power acted on behalf of another book, and of another, and of another still. What was it? To all intents and purposes it was the power of instinctive, popular critical acumen. I call it instinctive for the reason that, even with regard to the works of the present day, we have never learned how and why it acts. I call it popular because its decisions come somehow from the heart of a whole people. It is not only among the Hebrews that we have seen it at work, but among all the nations with vitality enough to produce a literature.

By this spirit of critical acumen, in the course of centuries, a selection of works was set aside as classical. As time went on the number of these works increased. As readers drew from their wisdom a more and more energizing strength, veneration for them became still more deeply rooted. But it must not be forgotten that the action was

that which has singled out merit at all times, the use of a sound judgment on the part of the intelligent. In other words, the Hebrew classics were marked as classics in the same way as the Greek or the English. The values by which they were appraised were different, but the method was the same. The Bible would probably gain much in living, practical use to us if we could view it free from the artificial or superstitious slants which the teachers of our childhood, for the most part unauthorized and uninformed, have taught us to assume.

Otherwise expressed, Hebrew literature commends itself to the world by its own inherent value, and not because it is forced on our attention by the decrees of Jewish or Christian Councils. Jewish and Christian Councils have indorsed it, but they indorsed it long after the choice of works had, in the main, been made. Gold has its value as gold, not because the mint puts a stamp on it. The stamp of the mint means something; but it would mean nothing were the real gold not there. Wisdom, then, gives its authority to the Bible, not the image and superscription put on it by any body of men whatever. All that a body of men could have undertaken was to define, delimit, corroborate, and accept what had been done centuries before by the instinctive, popular critical acumen.

This is not said to minimize the authority of Jewish or Christian Councils, but to give their due meed of credit to the Scriptures themselves. To those who find what they have to give, they are their own best introduction. Were this not so, the books which run from Genesis to the Apocalypse would never have stood out above those of Nathan or Gad or Iddo the Seer. The pre-eminence is natural, spontaneous, like that of the Alps or the Canadian Rockies above the surrounding valleys and plains. Where the spirit of man is passionate in searching after God it will, of course, reach a higher and more

glowing point than where it is less intense. The high points are those which the Bible reveals to us. They are sometimes obscured by what may seem to us irrelevant matter; but in the end they will make themselves visible, as the Schreckhorn and the Jungfrau will show their white peaks over seas of cloud.

What then becomes of the mysterious force we call inspiration?

We shall see that better if we know what we mean by the word. It is a word that has been used so vaguely, so inexactly—I will even say, so corruptly—that a simple matter has been made to appear difficult.

Moreover, and the fact cannot be stressed too strongly, a tradition acquired "at mother's knee" has so woven itself around the phrase "verbal inspiration" that much passes current as Christian belief which Christians have never dogmatically taught. Lack of space forbids me to dwell on these assumptions, but we cannot forget that they are made. We can perhaps meet them best by finding the basic co-operation through which God becomes the dynamic energy not only of the universe at large but of the rightly directed works of man.

Briefly it is this: God is man's working power. Our works are more inspired in proportion as they keep close to God; they are less inspired in proportion as they tend away from Him. In complete departure from God, if that were possible, there would be no inspiration at all. In complete surrender to Him, as in the case of Jesus of Nazareth, the inspiration would be full.

It is necessary to point out here that this inspiration must be available for all our undertakings. To see God as infusing Himself into one part of our legitimate life, and not infusing Himself into another part, is to bring inconsistency into the Universal. To speak of Him as giving more inspiration here, and less inspiration there, is to ascribe

to Him an element of caprice. It is, in fact, to make Him in large measure the cause of our failures and defects. If He helps us to be right at one time, and does not help us at another, the responsibility for our going wrong must, at least to some extent, be His. If by an extraordinary use of His Holy Spirit He compels Matthew and Mark to write good books, and refuses this Spirit to me, when He could so easily breathe it into me, then He is to blame for my inefficiency. A spasmodic inspiration would surely become the cause of our merely spasmodic successes.

In all that we do that is right Omnipresent Energy must, from its very nature, be backing us to the last possible degree. There is not more inspiration for this task, and less inspiration for that; there must be full inspiration for every task. To ourselves some tasks may seem more important than others. To Him who sees the end which all things serve all that is right must be equally significant and essential.

Our initial confusion as to inspiration springs from the idea that God is more concerned with some of our occupations than He is with others, and that for some of them He gives us extra help while He leaves others to take care of themselves. In this way we speak of a poet as inspired to write a song, but not of a carpenter to build a house. We speak of a bishop as being inspired to preach a sermon, but not of a banker to extend a loan. We speak of the Church as inspired to teach the truth, but not of the Government to put it into action. It is easy enough to think of the Holy Ghost being present when the Book of Ruth was composed, or the Gospel according to St. John, but not when Mr. Edison invented the electric light or Madame Curie discovered radium. God, for perhaps most of us, is a Being interested in churches, in services, in philanthropies, and all compositions to which we would append the word sacred but not in business, or science, or rail ways, or coal mining, or any but the

most idealistic forms of art. From the part of our life with which we ourselves are most anxiously preoccupied, we shut out His inspiration.

To no small extent it is a matter of verbal expression. With the phraseology of our understanding we use our words backward. We say that God's inspiration goes more into this than into that when we mean that this more than that utilizes God's inspiration. God's inspiration must be universal, since God Himself is universal. It is for all to breathe in like the air. It is for all right tasks, for all useful purposes. If the poet gets more of it than the carpenter, it is because he is mentally keeping closer to the source of it. If the bishop gets more of it than the banker, it is because he is more consciously depending upon it. If the Church gets more of it than the State, it is because it expects to receive it. But all receive it to some degree, even when they do not expect it, or depend upon it consciously. God being the working energy of man, His force may be wasted, abused, or misapplied, but never lost entirely.

The Bible, therefore, is not only inspired as all other honest work is inspired, but in the same way. If it reveals a higher measure of inspiration than any other work, it is not because it was given it, but because it has reached it. The powers its writers displayed in reaching it caused their books to be singled out. Gad, or Shemiah, or Iddo the Seer might have reached it too, but they fell short. Relatively, we all fall short: our artists, our scientists, our preachers, our priests, and our saints. Up to the present the writers whose works compose our Bible have grasped the universal inspiration to a point at which they have no rivals. They are our inspired writers *par excellence*, through the greatness of their achievement.

It will be noted that the fact that God did nothing for them which He does not do for all of us by no means detracts from His honor or from theirs.

On the contrary, it seems to me to add to that of both. There is something puerile in ascribing to God special efforts in this direction or in that. If He is going to make special efforts at all, we might reasonably expect Him to make them oftener and with more efficiency. He might ward off from us sicknesses, disasters, calamities, wars. The fact that, even when besieged by prayer, He refuses so to do has often made Him seem to the heartbroken an unreasonable, futile God, not worth believing in. Granting the existence of a God who can make special efforts if He likes, and yet will not make them, one cannot refuse some sympathy to the indignation that denounces Him. On the other hand, a God who always gives all to all, and who gives to all—differently, doubtless, and yet without injustice or inequality—is so easy to understand that the heart goes out to Him spontaneously.

Inspiration, then, being full and free, not only for the purposes of the Scriptures, but for all other purposes as well, what particular end is it meant to serve?

As far as the Bible is concerned we might say in a general way that it serves as a guide to truth. Truth is one of the Bible's main objectives. By this I mean that, whatever the stages of development of the people whom it portrays, whether more primitive or more advanced, it shows them as at all times struggling after truth. To put up this struggle is this people's ruling instinct. Where the Greek's ruling instinct may loosely be said to be for Beauty, and the Roman's for Law, the Hebrew's is for the working out of Truth as the medium of life.

Not that they were always conscious of this aim, or that, as a life-motive, it was constant. Rather it was a blind impulse, often erroneously followed, often perverted or forsaken. Often, too, they rejected Truth after it had been made known to them. The pages of the Bible teem with their misconceptions,

their abjurations, their distortions, denials, and apostasies. And yet in the end the movement was forward. Just as among ourselves progress maintains itself in spite of crises in which all that is best seems threatened with collapse, so among them there was the ebb and flow of effort which always carried the advance a little farther.

Like the longing for God Himself, this longing for Truth, in spite of recessions and betrayals, worked up and up till it found its fulfillment in Jesus of Nazareth. Truth was what He came to exemplify. "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." This purpose might be said to underlie all His other purposes. It might be said to infuse and mold and direct them. He not only knew the Truth, He lived it—He made it manifest in action. It is what gives breadth and height to His mission. In it lies, I think, the secret of the charm which draws all men unto Him. With this life as its crowning point, the Bible has become a compendium of Truth and of truths beyond anything else in our possession.

Here we must recognize and keep in mind some of our own limitations. Truth is doubtless a final Absolute, complete, positive, without variations. Reading of Truth in the Bible, we should be able to see it at a glance. The many specific and separate truths should be self-evident, admitting of no dispute.

And yet, as it is we have a common saying that you can prove anything out of the Bible. The implication is that the meanings you can read into it are so numerous that they lead you nowhere. If they lead you anywhere, it is into confusion. It is a fact that of the three hundred and more Christian sects, each takes its stand by the Bible. Out of the Bible each proves itself right. Through the Bible each is ready to confound all who differ from its views.

When you come to individuals, of whom it is probable that in the last analysis no two, however dogmatic the

sect to which they belong, have exactly the same beliefs, the conflict of evidence, always drawn from the Bible can be classed beneath the heading of the humorous. If you were the proverbial inhabitant of Mars come down to earth to seek an explanation of the Christian Church in terms of its Holy Scriptures, you would be likely to find that no two Anglicans, or two Baptists, or two Presbyterians, or two Roman Catholics, or two Second Adventists would agree in what they would tell you. Each would think that he was interpreting the formulas of his church with a reasonable exactitude, and yet, such is the capacity of the human mind for individuality, that each would really be seeing from his own unique point of view.

The oddest fact of all is that, considered with detachment, each of the three hundred sects, each of the millions of individuals can be more or less justified out of the Bible's pages. If you carefully follow their reasonings, and if you exclude for the moment all other lines of reasoning, you will see how much there is to establish their convictions. It is this that enables the Anglican, the Baptist, the Methodist, the Congregationalist, the Plymouth Brother, the Roman Catholic, the Quaker, and the Second Adventist each to swear by his own interpretation of the Scriptures, and ban all others as anathema.

Now this incoherence is not on the Bible's part; it is on our own. Truth as expressed in the Scriptures is of vast extent. It is not only stupendous in sum but intricately rich in detail. Sentences of half a dozen words are profound. Profound sentences are scattered as profusely as shells on the seashore. Their complete inter-relation is as yet beyond our grasp. Having no classification for truths as we have for Crustacea, we can only deal with them singly, or at best in little groups. Our view is so narrow that we see Truth only in spots. Each of us sees a few

ruths at a time, according to his capacity for spiritual sight. The whole of Truth is like the whole of the universe, an immensity beyond our range. Even the Bible does not present the whole of Truth; but it presents more than any one man, or any one group of men—be it nation, church or federation of the world—can as yet compass or co-ordinate.

A long step in advance will have been taken when one man is able to concede to another the ability to see in the Bible something of Truth that has escaped himself. It will be a longer one still when one church is able to make this concession to another church. Only something of the sort will give us that inter-sectarian charity essential to saving the Christianity of our day, so clumsy and uneconomic as it is, from seeming a wastage and a futility.

But after all, and in the final test, the value of anything whatever is its value to the individual. If one man who needs one thing can find it in the Bible, and another man who needs another thing can find that also there, it is the Bible's wealth that must be apparent, not the boneless disposition we are often inclined to ascribe to it of being all things to all men. It *is* all things to all men, but in the sense of meeting out of its abundance the most diverse spiritual needs. No real seeker after God can turn to it and be disappointed. He may be puzzled; he may be given tough material to deal with; he may find the supply so much greater than his individual demand that by it he is almost overwhelmed; but all types, and all tastes, and all ecclesiastical leanings, and all racial promptings, and all moral states of mind or soul can be satisfied herefrom.

Inspiration acting in the Scriptures as a guide to Truth, it is important to remember the precise kind of Truth the Hebrew was trying to work out. Like everyone else, he had his limitations. He could go no farther than his national

gift carried him. There were aspects of Truth, plainly evident to us, which he, in the main, ignored.

In the main he ignored, 1. Historic Truth; 2. Scientific Truth; 3. Truth in the sense of exactitude of statement as to persons and events.

1. Historic Truth was almost unknown to the ancient world, as even to the modern world it is still without its sharpest point of precision. With all our advantages of scholarship and research, the histories of twenty and thirty and fifty years ago are in no small measure obsolete. History on the whole is no more than one man's weaving of conflicting stories into a narrative that seems probable. Where strong interests center, as around periods like the Reformation or the French Revolution, or about characters such as Mary Stuart or Napoleon Bonaparte, there are as many versions of the theme as there are historians to handle it.

If variation can be so common with the open archives of the modern world, still more must that condition have obtained where records were so few. As a matter of fact the ancient historian made little pretense at being accurate. Only at times did he possess the information to make him so. Taking the relatively little that he knew, he added what had come to him as hearsay, filling in with what he himself judged as likely to have occurred. He enlarged on events; he composed speeches. To historical exactitude his audience was not sensitive, just as even now, in the twentieth century, no public that genuinely cares for historical exactitude has as yet been born.

2. Still less was it the mission of the Scriptures to give us information on the subjects we class to-day as scientific. By the ancient world, scientific knowledge in our modern sense had not been dreamed of. It was scarcely dreamed of by Europe and America until a hundred years ago. It was, in fact, the coming to birth of a real Physical Science in the middle of the nineteenth century

that directed the Church and the world to the Bible's actual purpose. After the so-called struggle between Science and Religion in the seventies, eighties, and nineties of the last century, the Bible ceased to be a mere handbook of useful knowledge and it became, to an extent that it had never been before, the veritable Word of God.

3. With regard to temporal facts the attitude of the ancient mind was so different from our own as to render it nearly incomprehensible to people like ourselves. One is driven to assume that the faculty of precision had not yet been developed, as it is not developed in young children. The difficulty experienced by young children in discerning between what has happened and what they imagine to have happened is now a recognized condition of early childhood. The credulity of ancient peoples must be part of the same disability. When the mind is undeveloped the boundary line between everyday life and wonderland is easily moved. Strange tales are easily believed. Facts are not hard, concrete, clearly outlined; they are vague, pliable, lending themselves to whatever use a speaker or a writer makes of them. The value of the literal event, with no less and no more, did not attain to general recognition till within the last two or three generations. Though tentatively pointed out by Aristotle, and emphasized in the thirteenth century by Roger Bacon, it was not till the nineteenth century that the child-mind of the race began to be outlived.

It is not a question of truth and falsehood; it is one of the adjustment of the mind to reality. The modern mind is

only partially so adjusted; the ancient mind was scarcely adjusted so at all. There are incidents recorded in the Old Testament which would doubtless not have been included had the compiler possessed the critical equipment of the twentieth century. Even so, our grand fathers had no difficulty in accepting them, and the disturbance of simple minds when asked to view such narratives through correct historical perspective is within living memory.

What we can reasonably expect from the Bible is the gradual climbing up to the highest spiritual point of view; and this is what we find. The effort to reach it lies behind myth, legend, tradition, historical artlessness, lyric hymn, and prophecy, waxing stronger as it runs. Inspiration is the force which urges it along.

This inspiration may be briefly expressed as God's co-operation with man's endeavor. It takes man's endeavor at the stage at which it is. If it is credulous it takes it there. If it is naïve it takes it there. If it is struggling up to higher and wider outlooks it takes it there. It is man's best friend for all his efforts, accepting man as he stands. It does not leave him in the lurch because he is not wiser than he is, or, on the other hand, force him on to knowledge which he has not worked out for himself. It is with him in all the ups and downs and backings and fillings of his progress. Unlike much of our own good intention, it is not in a hurry. It gives man his time. Without haste, it is also without rest, content with no lower objective than that *All-Truth* into which the Spirit of Truth will eventually guide us.

BARE SOULS. V: GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

FLAUBERT was born at Rouen in 1821 and died at Croisset near Rouen in 1880. The whole serious purpose of his existence was to interpret life in beautiful words. "My course," he says in 1852, "has never varied, from the time when I asked my nurse what letters to use to make the words of the phrases I invented, up to this evening, when the ink is drying on the erasures in my pages." He might have said the same twenty-five years later. It is true that he did not settle to systematic work very early. His father was a physician, and he himself was bred to the law. But he never liked it and never practiced. He had a moderate but sufficient patrimony, and at twenty-five he set himself to literature as a business—an enormously engrossing, destroying business—and practically never left it.

At the same time no one understood better than Flaubert that literature is based on life and cannot exist a moment without it. More than that, he had a natural zest for living, entered into pleasures and pains, both his own and others', with extraordinary keenness and intensity. He could snatch the bloom off a bit of passion and brood on it for

years. Words were absorbing, delightful to him: they were his instruments, his tools, full of endless revelation and charm; but back of words were always things—obscure, uncertain, tormenting you, teasing you, holding you, and making you and the words do their bidding.

Before literature got hold of him completely, he went out into the world with an enthusiastic ardor for travel. The Orient fascinated his rich and oriental imagination, and for over a year he wandered through the picturesque East. Such voyaging then meant rough experiences; but this was nothing to Flaubert. He had a superb physique, was a great blond Norman giant, made for mad adventures and robust toil. His nerves were high-strung and sensitive, and when he abused

them by reckless disregard of hygiene, they finally played him false. But he bullied them and mastered them at all times. "I am a Barbarian," he says of his physical constitution: "I have their muscular apathy, their nervous languors, their green eyes, and their vast stature."

In the East he enjoyed everything. Nature enchanted him, the wide spaces,



A YOUTHFUL PORTRAIT OF FLAUBERT

the tropical odors, the monotony of the desert, the blaze of the unbroken sun, the calm splendor of the stars. That wealth of imaginative suggestion which enriches his letters more than those of anyone, unless Keats, is all expended upon depicting and interpreting this charm of the Orient—the color, the solitude; the stinging, penetrating, exotic qualities of sound, and even more the oppression and exhilaration of silence. He carried it all home in his heart and dreamed of it for years. Yet he was well aware that the nature which really counts for us is that we have grown up with. The picturesque of far countries is well enough to remember; but what enters into the tissue of our lives is the woods and fields we have roamed in childhood, the simple flowers and sounds and lights of home. And he reminds us of the profound truth, "It is only commonplaces and well-known countries that have inexhaustible beauty."

If the landscape of the Orient appealed to him, perhaps the humanity appealed to him even more. The intense vivid quickness of his response to the external world, in spite of superficial cynicism, shows in a careless phrase of his later letters: "If one were to derange one's habits for everything that is worth seeing, one would not stay still a minute in an existence of a century." His younger heart did not care to stay still, and his eyes and ears feasted on all that Eastern tumult of passion and movement and color and life.

But this was play. After it he went home and settled down and worked, worked with a dogged, persistent, devouring ardor which few literary men, or any other kind of men have ever surpassed. He sat at his desk and stuck there, allowed no diversion, no reasonable, necessary exercise, hardly a duty even to distract him from it. There were moments when nature rebelled, when he had to relax and give up: "I am going to eat, smoke, yawn in the sun, above all sleep. I sometimes have

vast impulses to sleep for days on end.' But these were only moments. In the main it was a steady, prolonged, terrific effort toward a definite end. For his work was not done, as is that of some authors, with one golden outflow of spontaneous ease. The even, rapid, un-failing production of a Scott or a Sand or a Trollope was incomprehensible to him. With all his enormous labor he cannot accomplish more than half a dozen small books in thirty years. A sentence sometimes costs him hours, even days of toil. A page has to be rewritten and recast and reconceived until it is finally accepted as perfect, if it ever is. "I have now spent three days in making two corrections, which will not come: the whole day Monday, and Tuesday also, were passed in the search for two lines."

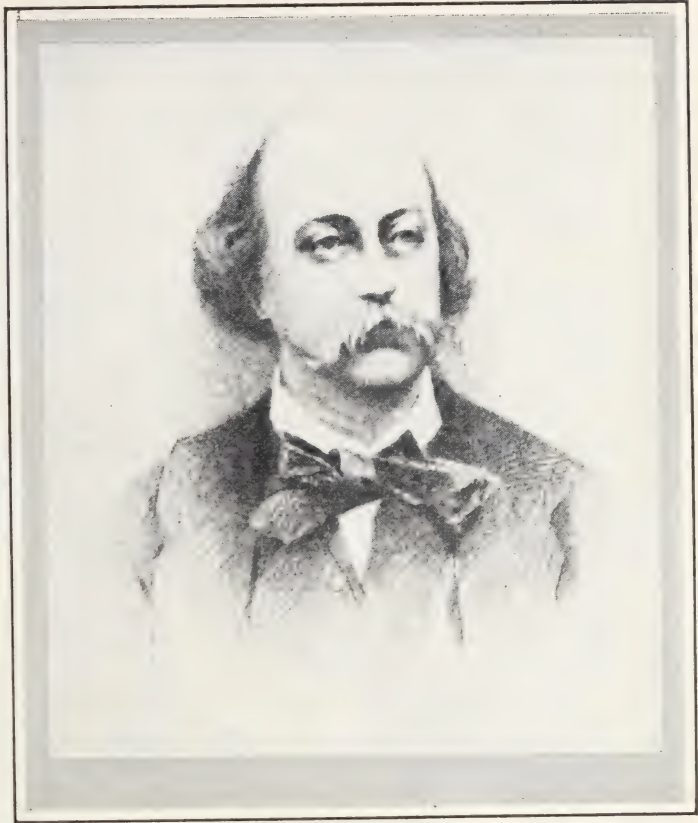
Work done so slowly of course implies immense difficulty in the doing. The external difficulties are bad enough, the interruptions, the distractions—petty in themselves but intolerable when the nerves are fretted and strained. People will intrude their chatter and their irrelevance and their questions. Far slighter things than the intrusion of people will set one's thoughts a-dancing, scatter concentration to the winds of heaven. But even with perfect quiet, even in the dim remoteness of midnight, with the curtains drawn and the lamp singing monotonously, there are still the obstacles from within—inexplicable but hampering, harassing, blocking. The words will not put themselves together, the phrases will not get their music, the incidents and the people are all criss-cross and out of place. "I lead a harsh life, barren of all outward delight, and in which I have nothing to sustain me but a sort of enduring rage, which sometimes weeps for impotence, but persists forever. . . . At moments, when I find myself empty, when expression simply refuses to come, when, after having scribbled long pages, I discover that I have not made one single perfect phrase, I fall upon my divan and lie there stupe-

ed in a smother of
tigue and disgust."

Thus often there come
aves of vast discour-
gement and despair.
rt is so difficult, so
normously difficult, so
npossible. One sees
he beauty achieved by
thers, but somehow
ne cannot oneself at-
ain it, at least not as
ne wishes. And at
imes the despair is so
lense, so prostrating
hat one is tempted to
ive up altogether, leave
rt to others, enjoy, and
eek to create no longer.

But the born writer
cannot give up, never
gives up. No matter
how the troubles swarm,
he grits his teeth, per-
haps bows for the mo-
ment but is at work
again before you know
t, grimly determined to
deserve success whether
he achieves it or not.

And then suddenly from one knows not
where there come the hours of delight
when all goes as it should, when the
golden words slip easily into their
places and the rich music of the phrase
sounds more gloriously in your own
ears than perhaps it ever will in any
others. And even as you feel it, you
analyze it; but you feel it just the same:
"I was moved myself, I enjoyed de-
liciously both the emotion of the subject
and of the phrase which rendered it and
the satisfaction of having found that
phrase. At least I believe there were
all these elements in my feeling, in
which, no doubt, the strain and quiver of
the nerves had an important place. But
there was more in it than mere nerves,
an ecstasy in which the physical element
is nothing, which passes even virtue in
spiritual beauty; because it is so inde-
pendent of everything personal, of every



GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

From a drawing by his niece, engraved by Champollion.

human relation." And so the days and
the hours and the years were absorbed
in work.

But life could not be all work, even
with this indefatigable worker. Al-
though the voyaging of youth was over,
one could not shut oneself up entirely
and forget the world. One's work
would be the worse for such a seclusion,
if one's heart were not. At least you
had to meet humanity, if you did not live
with it; to touch men and watch them
and talk with them and deal with them,
however impatient you might be to get
back to pen and ink.

And Flaubert did all these things, did
them intelligently if reluctantly, and
perhaps not always reluctantly if the
truth were known. Business relations
indeed he hated, was apparently inept
and indifferent in matters of money,

though always exact and conscientious. And he had that frugality which enabled him to have cash for his own needs and for his friends when it was required. How charming is his simple offer to lend to his adored George Sand, with whom money was always pouring in and pouring out, she could not tell how.

In the more intimate connections of life Flaubert appears thoroughly attractive. Having neither wife nor child of his own, all his real depth of affection was expended upon his relatives, and he cherished them with singular tenderness. It is true that they sometimes interrupted him and bothered him, true that his theory was all against them. He quotes with delighted envy, but also with some appreciation of its significance, the admirable sentence in which his mother ventured to criticize his mode of life: "The rage for phrases has withered up your heart." Yet he worshiped his mother and made every possible effort and sacrifice for her. And his tenderness for his niece shows both in his letters to her and in all her words about him.

But for humanity at large he cannot be said to have had much regard. It is evident that he did not move easily among strangers, did not open himself to them either to give or to receive. He did not have the intense impulse that draws men to their fellows whether they are immediately sympathetic or not—the pleasure in human contact just because it is human. On the contrary he shrank, turned away, or if he looked it was rather to emphasize the tedious and offensive sides. Perhaps he did not enough allow for the tendency to reduce any crowd to its lowest and most conspicuous elements. The *bourgeois*, the average ordinary man with his ordinary thoughts and his ordinary passions and his ordinary laughter, irritated him. When he has to go to a funeral he rebels, not because mortality troubles him but "because the contemplation of the greater part of my fellows grows more

and more odious to me, nervously speaking."

Nevertheless, in spite of this appearance of a misanthropy as bitter as Swift's, there is no question but that Flaubert could be a charming companion when he pleased. Those who knew him intimately all testify to his frankness, his cordiality, his boisterous rollicking spirits, his splendid abundance of rich and entertaining talk. At the Magny dinners, so fully described in the *Goncourt Journal*, still more in the later, more intimate reunions with Goncourt, Zola, Daudet, Turgenev—he appears with a singular and attractive abandon, pouring out his own experiences and listening to those of others with equal zest.

And however he detested humanity in general, he was a most devoted, affectionate, and self-sacrificing friend. His letters are full not only of warm tenderness but of constant sympathetic inquiry and solicitude. His attachment to the memory of the poet Bouilhet, and effort to preserve and cherish it are most touching and winning. And there is no sweeter or more charming monument of friendship than the long-continued correspondence between him and George Sand. Though George Sand represented everything in art most different from Flaubert's own achievement and ideal, he was able to appreciate fully the nobility and largeness of her character, and no one understood better than she the passionate contradictions which at once tormented and sustained his lofty effort.

Above all, she insisted that his misanthropy was a pose, that he insisted upon hardening his heart and rebelling against his gentler impulses, but that really his inner nature was all sympathy and kindness; and it is hard to read his letters carefully and not agree with her. He might repeat as much as he pleased, "I have little sensibility for collective misfortunes. Nobody pities my miseries; why should I trouble myself about those of others? I return humanity, what it gives me, *indifference*." But the

Alors de :

Madame Bovary. N. les mots soulignés, des
vauts soulignés sont
les endroits fautes.

Mettez.

- p. 7. trois boudins cirulans ;
p. 10. à mener la fortune des femme = Trois boudins cirulans ;
p. 11. obtenait des retards, & à la maison = sur la fortune des femme
p. 12. point à chaussés ou dans la Magistrature = obtenait des retards ; & à la maison
p. 16. et il paraît en entrant, la = et en entrant, il paraît la maison
p. 17. Charles deja était installé = deja = Charles était installé
p. 18. soutenu par les pièces (Charles avait
Mettez à la ligne : Charles avait
p. 28. était pour lui comme un droit d'aimer.
Et puis l'avance etc
p. 31. L'idée Valer seulement au cap
p. 37. Quantité des plats = Quantité des plats

A corrected proof page of Madame Bovary, reproduced from the original manuscript

A PAGE HAS TO BE REWRITTEN, RECAST, AND RECONCEIVED UNTIL IT IS FINALLY ACCEPTED
AS PERFECT, IF IT EVER IS

List of corrections for the original manuscript of Madame Bovary. Reproduced from *Egoists*, by James G. Huneker.
Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.

vide pity peeps through nevertheless:
"I have had compassion for many
things which ordinarily sensitive people
do not trouble themselves about." And
one feels the intimate truth of George
Sand's assertion: "You try to shut up
an overflowing spirit in a jail, to make
willful misanthropy out of a tender and
indulgent heart—but you will never
succeed."

The truth is the man's intelligence
and his emotions were at war, as so
often happens in this fighting world.
The emotions were all pity for human
folly and incompetence and, if you like,
baseness. But the uncompromising in-
tellect demanded always that life should
be other than it is. He was a thorough-
going idealist, and as with so many of
that type the idealism soured into pes-
simism because it could never be satis-
fied. The deepest pessimism does not

spring from mere negation, still less from
a fat and slothful materialism which is
apt to enjoy its senses and let the world
go. The saddest pessimist is one who
asks too much of life and of the living,
one whose ideal is so high, whose con-
ception of what men should be, of what
men might be is so noble that the sordid
reality, as it creeps upon the dull and
muddy earth, breeds nothing but per-
petual disappointment and despair.
Human souls might be glorious in hope,
in aspiration, in love, even in actual
achievement; and they are—what they
are.

So you turn away sadly into the
"ivory tower," where ideal thought and
beauty dwell, there to weave dreams and
visions with exquisite words and phrases
that cannot die. Unfortunately, after
all the only stuff your dreams are made
of, or ever can be, is just this weak-

stumbling, groping, deplorable humanity which you reject and despise. And more unfortunately still, when you are constituted like Flaubert, what you emphasize in your dream weaving is the intellectual, not the emotional part of you. Therefore Flaubert's art, great and exquisite as it is, is bitter when it should not have been and need not have been. All through his novels there is the finest, the subtlest, the profoundest observation of life. But though he insisted it was abstract, detached, impersonal, the stamp of his own bitter disillusion is upon it. So with his characters. They are done with a depth and power that make it impossible to forget them: Madame Bovary herself, the incomparable Homais, Jacques Arnoux, those strange twins of the world's irony, Bouvard and Pécuchet. But surely, there are some men and women who are lovable; only not in the novels of Flaubert. It may be that George Sand saturated her books with the milk of human kindness; yet a drop or two would not have damaged those of her greater friend, no matter how much he would have resented it.

But again you could not work at phrases or dream creatures all the time, whether they were ugly or beautiful. Fortunately there was the world of thought and reflection to distract you, as well as the world of humanity. What marks Flaubert in this as in everything is that he was passionate and intense. There was no casual interest, no light or flippant curiosity for him. Anything that was worth attention was worth profound attention, worth loving or hating with all possible energy.

As regards the subjects of thinking, it could not be expected that he would have much sympathy with applied thought in practical matters. The compromises necessary to run the daily machinery of life were irritating, incomprehensible to him. Action in the sense of the concrete managing of the world's affairs did not tempt him in the slight-

est. At worst it was tainted with base and sordid motives. At best it was often incomplete and often futile. The fact that the world's work must be done did not greatly impress him. Why must it be done? Let all go to ruin if necessary: things would not be likely to be much worse than they are now. Anyway, what would it matter to Sirius? Far better that a thing should not be done at all than be bungled and botched and left a pitiful spectacle of imperfection for fools to mock at and the wise to sigh over. In general his attitude was: "As for me, I execrate all that is obligatory, all law, all government, all rule. Who art thou, O Society, that thou shouldst *force* me to anything whatever? What god has made thee my master?"

The man found himself more at ease in abstract thinking. Here he could give his splendid ardor full rein without stumbling over the inconvenient obstacles of fact. When he felt that he could let his work go, he liked to surge out into great thoughts; to toss and tumble the problems of the universe with swift, burning, fearless fingers; to set his solid Norman barbarian shoulder to upheaving old theories and dull, secure beliefs, regardless of what might come in place of them. He wanted to read everything, to think everything, to know everything, though his restless activity would have been in despair if anything could have been really known. "I am thirsty for long studies and fierce labors." He read the fathers of the Latin Church. He read the vast series of German philosophers. He tore the world to pieces with his penetrating analysis. Yet so essentially dynamic and constructive was his temperament that the doubt was not merely skeptical but always fruitful, stimulating, full of suggestion and development. Like Keats, he protested against systems, but only in behalf of truth. "Conclusion seems to me, for the most part, an act of folly." Let reason rove, and follow its leading fearlessly into all sorts of

strange regions, always with wonder and delight.

So with religion. Flaubert was never a mocking skeptic, never could have been. Life in all its aspects was too earnest, too serious. You must find the key to it, even if it never could be found. And he had a sort of tenderness for the forms of positive faith. He reads the Bible devotedly. "For three years I read it every evening before going to sleep. At the very first free moment I have I am going to begin again." He has strange spiritual yearnings and might have been a mystic if he had not been an author.

Yet with religion as with other things, there is always the dread of fixation, of dogmatism, and the feeling that dogmatism means death. Make your belief as you go, then let your belief make you, and so sweep on into the infinite in a perpetual joyous process of evolution and growth. "Light people, shallow people, presumptuous and eager spirits want conclusions in everything: they seek the object of life and the dimensions of the infinite. They take in their poor little hands a bit of sand and they say to the Ocean: 'I am going to count the grains on all your shores.' But as the grains slip through their fingers and the count is wearying, they tremble and weep. Do you know the only thing to be done on that vast shore? You must either kneel or stroll. I stroll."

Ma chère amie
 tout à l'heure en dinant, la bonne nouvelle
 a été que elle n'avait trouvé de bien
 à la Fête de Bolzano que: Mlle Tasia.
 puis on a parlé de vous; et la Gise s'est
 attendue sur toutes vos perfection extérieures
 figure, toilette, à marier. Il va sans dire
 que je vous ai félicité. bref, la Gise vous
 invite à venir à la messe le dimanche prochain
 à 9 h 1/2. Je suis chargé de vous en
 remercier par l'affront. - Vous me ferez
 parvenir par un domestique, à jeûner présentée
 mais vous recevrez Mlle Tasia. - My chaperon
 vaudra. n'est-ce pas?
 tout à vous, le plus dévoué de vos
 amis
 G. Flaubert

Amant de mon cœur 1 heure.

Facsimile of an unpublished Flaubert letter.

107

FACSIMILE OF A FLAUBERT LETTER

Reproduced from *Egoists*, by James G. Huneker. Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.

But if Flaubert put passion into thinking about God and the universe generally, he put it most of all into thinking about art and beauty, since these matters came so nearly home to himself. He was not particularly interested in sculpture or painting, yet the note of enthusiasm before a bit of ruined statue at Athens rings with the ecstasy with which all loveliness affected him: "How gladly would I have fallen upon my knees before it, with my hands crossed in devotion . . . a little more, and I

should have prayed." And when he approaches the masters of literature his ardor is unbounded. Shakespeare? He buries himself in Shakespeare: common things and common thoughts are lost in that wilderness of beauty. Don Quixote? He has lived with Don Quixote from a child, has adored him always. And be it noted that there was a certain noble affinity between the Don and Flaubert himself—the ideal hope, the ideal struggle, the ideal passion for shattering the noisy, futile windmills of the world. In connection with these works of perfect or aspiring art, Flaubert pours out to his correspondents all sorts of speculations and suggestions and comments on the nature and object of art itself. Here again, as with philosophy and religion, there is no effort at consistent or systematic thinking. Creeds and dogmas are as cold and lifeless, as misleading and fatal in matters of beauty as in matters of pure truth. Feel, seek, aspire, enjoy—above all labor with all the power that is in you. Leave the systems to those who know little about enjoyment and nothing about creation. It is evident enough that Flaubert's ideas and sayings on these things are confused, incoherent, often incompatible. But no one can resist the vigor and the splendor of them. They are the outpourings of a spirit itself splendidly creative, dashing off sparks of dazzling illumination as it goes.

Of course in all the comment and analysis he is thinking of his own creative work. How could it be otherwise? He explains and dissects his artistic practice with constant curiosity and anxiety. To produce beauty, immortal beauty, but how? That is the point. And it cannot be denied that by nature and temperament his attention is mainly fixed upon detail, as indeed he himself admits. He labors with his plan, tries to make a large conception, does make it. Then he spends months and years on the structure of sentences, and somehow the general movement is more or less obscured and effaced. He is en-

chanted with rhythm, seeks strange and subtle effects of haunting music, contrasts and correspondences, sometimes hidden from all ears but his, yet again enthralling any reader for whom verbal magic has a charm. He works over words, toils to make them yield all their secrets, to find the one perfect expression which can alone convey all the weight of meaning with which his spirit aches to burden it.

For note that always with Flaubert, style is fundamentally and eternally one with thought. It is no mere varnish, no superficial ornament. It is simply the best, final way of saying what you have to say. If you have nothing to say, style is nothing, there can be none. And so all this ardor for beauty is but ardor for the expression of life. Life is the gross, crude substance; but it is all the substance, and art is merely the means of taking life in its ugliness, its crudeness, its grossness and making it eternal and worthy to be eternal by the transmuting, transfiguring glory of creative loveliness. Poetry is not merely moonshine and flowers: "We must get it out of anything whatever; for it is to be found anywhere and in all things."

Difficult and in some respects incomprehensible as these theorizings may be, one must take them into account in understanding the realism which produced *Madame Bovary* and *L'Education Sentimentale*. It was a matter of principle with Flaubert to take the commonest material, the everyday wear and drag of plain, prosaic, ugly life and show that the highest beauty could be made out of it. Immoral? Was life immoral? Was truth immoral? Be true and your art could not be immoral. Only keep your poor petty personality, your own trivial narrow emotions out of the matter, make your work impersonal and eternal, and it would be as moral as God. Unfortunately we have already seen that what Flaubert considered the personal part of him was his tenderness, his sympathy, all his human and kindly impulses. The impersonal was his in-

lect. And his intellect was idealistic; it tried poor humanity by an ideal standard and condemned it. Hence his intellect was cruel. So, too, was his work. Yet it is most curious to see how in the splendid spontaneity of his letters, written without labor or effort to make perfect every detail, the whole man shines out in instinctive rebellion against his realistic work that he was doing so completely on a theory. He loved romance, he loved color, he loved poetry, he loved dreams. In the strange visions of *Salammô* and *La Tentation de Saint-Antoine* he indulged these ardors to some extent. But even here the intellect, the bitterness, the analysis trampled him. There was a cruel conflict in his spirit always; and no labor, no thought, no theorizing sufficed to reconcile or overcome it. He could not somehow attain the serenity of the greatest masters, could not achieve the light and splendor and glory for which he so passionately longed. Scores of passages in the letters suggest the longing, as this on the reveries of his youth: "Between the world and me existed I know not what screen of stained glass, stained yellow with rays of fire and arabesques of gold, so that all things were reflected on my soul as on the pavement of a sanctuary, embellished, transfigured, yet melancholy; and only what was beautiful found place there in dreams more majestic and more richly garmented than cardinals in purple robes. Ah, what shudderings of proud delight, what hymns, what a delicious odor of incense exhaling from a thousand

caskets always opened wide! When I am old, I will write all this, and it will warm my heart. I will do as those do who, before setting out upon a long journey, visit the graves of their beloved dead. I, before I die, will revisit my dreams."

This intense, passionate, high-wrought, imaginative temperament of Flaubert constantly recalls Keats, and makes one ask how love, which played such havoc with Keats's imagination, affected Flaubert. It is evident that his general attitude toward women was much the same as that of Keats: they were exquisite toys to trifle with, but somewhat alien from the serious purposes of life. Flau-



FLAUBERT'S HOUSE AT CROISSET

From a contemporary drawing.

bert's comments on the sex at large, on their sentiments and their interests, are too apt to be marked with that fierce and acrid veracity which women find so peculiarly distasteful.

As for marriage and children and domestic life, these things are quite left out of Flaubert's scheme of existence. They may be all very well for the *bourgeois*, necessary and suitable. For the artist they hardly count. Even the praise of marriage treats it from an ideal point of view which amounts to satire: "I believe, like the pariah of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, that happiness is to be found with a good woman. The difficulty is to come across her, and to be oneself a good man, a double and quite appalling preliminary." Children Flaubert rarely if ever mentions. No doubt he loved those near to him and did what he could for them, as evidently for his niece: but there is nothing of Victor Hugo's or Swinburne's adoration.

Yet it was impossible that such an ardent soul should not understand and to some extent cherish ideal passions, no matter how much analysis might undermine and destroy them. In his extreme youth there was a certain lady at Trouville who took possession of his whole being, till her image mastered and involved years of his life. But the way in which love shows itself most with that literary temperament is in the caressing dreams of memory, and the passages in which Flaubert elaborates and dwells upon these have extraordinary vividness: "I recall the spasms that shook me, the depths of grief, the strange longings, like gusts hissing through a vessel's cordage, and the vast vague desires whirling in the black void, like gulls in the fury of tempest." Or again he has this subtle and profound definition of melancholy: "No! No! Days of gayety have too, too sad to-morrows, and melancholy is nothing but a past which does not know itself."

The only later love affair that seems to have taken deep hold upon Flaubert's life is that recorded for us in the long

series of letters to Madame X (Louise Colet), covering, with a considerable break, the years from 1846 to 1854. If this love had no other significance it would have immortal value in having produced these letters; for there are none in the world, except a few of Keats', that can pretend to rival them in height and depth of imaginative intensity and beauty. Flaubert pours out his whole life and thought, his whole ambition and effort and despair in these wonderful pages, with the speed and abandon which he so carefully and tragically kept out of his books. As for love, well, it must be admitted that he was a singular lover. He tries his best, lashes his sides to achieve the ideal which perhaps no one but him could have conceived or aimed at. Yet the damnable analysis will enter and show its lurking serpent head everywhere.

The truth was that love was doubtful as an ideal, and extremely difficult in actual practice. It was a craving to get fulfilment outside oneself, and this was weakness after all: "for it is corruption not to be sufficient unto oneself." At any rate, love was difficult for him: he was not made for it, or, however it might have been in young days at Trouville, at thirty he was past the age of ecstasy. "A man like me, grown old in all the excesses of solitude, ready to collapse with nervous strain, torn with dead, trampled passions, full of uncertainty without and even within, is not the one you should have loved." Love is too violent, tumultuous, full of conflict and despair; he does not know what to make of it or do with it: "Such is my pitiable nature: if you did not love me, I should die; you love me, and I write and beg you to stop loving. . . . Yet, don't, don't curse me: I shall have loved you enormously before I love you no longer."

But there was no use talking; the demands of this insatiable, eternal feminine were too exacting, were impossible. He wrote to her, he thought of her, he loved her, what did she want more? His whole self? My God! He couldn't give

no man could who had a self worth living. Jealous? What was she jealous of? The old lips he had kissed, the old thoughts he had flung away? He could not dig them up and tear them in pieces: why not let them rest? He gave her what he could, all he could, more than she could. It was poor enough, but it was all: why not be content? "I love you as I can, not enough, I know it. But, my God! whose is the fault?"

Then there was his art. After all, his art was his life and the rest was mere distraction, at least he could give it only the leavings, however unworthy. "How can you expect that a man bruised and crushed by art as I am, perpetually craving an ideal that he can never attain . . . should love with a heart of twenty years and should have that ingenuousness which is the supreme charm of all passion?" He urges her to remember that there is something in life more than enjoyment, more than love even, "something that sings through everything, no matter whether one stops one's ears, or gives one's whole soul to listening to it, something to which the merely *contingent* is of no account, and which has the nature of the angels, who require no mortal nourishment: I mean the ideal." But she was a woman, and the ideal seemed cold to her, chilly and far away, especially as it was his ideal, not hers. And the end was as might be expected. What she felt we shall never know. But he, after due protest and regret, shut himself into that tower of ivory, and made phrases for twelve hours a day with more than a lover's ardor, and forgot.

And one asks, as usual rather vainly, why he did it? Was it the desire of success, fame, applause, to flutter through the mouths of men? Yet Flaubert joins the almost unanimous chorus of artists who vociferate loudly that they do not care for this. It is rare indeed that one meets the straightforward honesty of the Goncourt's avowal: "Our disease at bottom is literary ambition, insatiable and embittered, the perpetual

irritation of the vanity of letters, when the newspaper that does not speak of you wounds you, and that which speaks of others drives you to despair." With Flaubert there is no such frankness as this. He works apart, indifferent, and the rapture or railing of the crowd is not supposed to affect him.

All the same, the criticisms do prick, and the scorn and the abuse when one knows that one is doing one's best. To work ten years with unselfish devotion on a masterpiece and then publish it and be haled into the police court as an enemy of morality is intensely disagreeable, however one may condemn the opinions of men. The *Père Beuve* is a great critic, but when he ventures to pick flaws in *Salammbô*, it is hard to think of his greatness or his criticism with equanimity. And again one goes on working, gives up life and love for it, in one's later years turns out phrases that appear to ring with a strange magic, such as no ear or heart can resist—and the public is callous or even mocking, and the dim echo of it all in an ivory tower is not soothing to nerves always stretched to tortured tautness by abnormal effort.

No, glory is not indifferent, and the verdict of readers must be considered as well as one's own. In Flaubert's younger days there is a fairly frank word about it: "I do not despise glory . . . My heart has beaten at the word perhaps more passionately than most hearts." And even toward the end he permitted himself to be fooled by the thought of it—as Henry James was—into that most bewitching, ensnaring, deluding, defrauding of all seductions for the purely literary man—the theater. And if he did not know the sweet of glory in this line, he at least tasted all the intensity and bitterness of disappointment.

Yet, after all, glory was a small part of it, and what really counted was the pure delight of creating beauty, of feeling these strange, mysterious, magical phrases emanate in their satisfying perfection from depths of your being that

you did not know and could not understand. There was toil about it, torture about it; but there was rapture about it also, beyond the rapture of worldly success, beyond the rapture of contented and eternally discontented love. Joy was not the word, happiness was not the word: it was rather the mystic's ecstasy of self-achieving, self-dissolving oblivion.

And so with all these months and years of enormous, exhausting labor, shattering the nerves and withering up the heart, Flaubert left behind him his half dozen books which posterity will prize among its treasures. Yet curiously enough the very effort of perfection that he lavished upon them seems to make

the imperfections stand out all the more. On the other hand, his letters, which presumably he did not work over at all and which simply welled up from the profoundest depths of his passionate soul, will always remain some of the richest and finest expressions of such a soul that the world has ever seen. And still more curiously it was the extreme endeavor of his art to be objective and impersonal, to render life without the intrusion of his own emotions and experiences; yet the part of his work that touches us most is the intense utterance of himself. *Madame Bovary* is the triumph of the art, but the letters are the triumph of the artist.

SINCE YOU PASSED BY

BY SYLVIA MORRIS

I KNOW some things, since you passed by,
 I never knew before:
 That I could hold a pretty thing
 And drop it to the floor;
 Could hear a key turn in a lock
 Yet beat upon the door;

That I can speak when I am dumb
 And wish you a "Good-day,"
 Though every sense has hid its head
 And scampered far away,
 And nothing can I hear at all
 Of what my own lips say;

That love's a prisoned bubble held
 In a window pane;
 That many things be counted loss
 That are most precious gain;
 No penny's worth a single thought,
 And sunshine's less than rain.

And here's another thing I know:
 I've learned I can be true;
 And isn't it a pity that
 I should learn this of you,
 Who never know where I may be
 Or care what I may do?

PRINCESSE DE CONDÉ AS DIANA

BY JEAN MARC NATTIER

(Reproduced on the cover of this Magazine)

DURING the lifetime of Jean Marc Nattier, Watteau, Boucher, Chardin, Greuze, and Fragonard were at one time or another painting in France—strong competition for one who hoped for fame as it is recorded in bank statements! But Nattier pulled through in spite of bad luck made worse by a temperament too gentle for a successful money maker. He discovered the secret of feminine charm, and with soft brushes he transformed the plain or peculiar features of social leaders of the time of Louis XV into an engaging type, perfect as to complexion and modest in sensuality. After a short period the court was all aflutter over these “beautiful likenesses.” For the time being the gentle flatterer was a made man.

One wonders if his preoccupation with money was wholly natural to him. It seems rather to have been forced on him by the financial troubles of his father's household, where lived a paralytic mother and a brother who came to an expensive and criminal end. Jean Marc showed no particular love for money, though compelled to a persistent interest in it. When he married he believed he was doing a stroke of good business, but the matter turned out to be after all only an affair of love. His wife's family, like himself, had lost heavily in the Mississippi Bubble—that strangely modern example of juggling with unlimited paper money. Young Nattier had previously let slide an opportunity to become painter to Peter the Great, Tsar of Russia; he couldn't determine whether or not it would be a profitable venture. At other times he could not bring himself to collect payments due for portraits of Princesses. So it would be unfair to lay against him any suggestion of greed. He had rather an indecisive character, which is exactly what one reads in the self-portrait now hanging at Versailles.

In another sense this helped him on his career. For it was the indecisiveness of his work which made it so acceptable to the self-satisfied world of Paris and the court. The portrait of the Princesse de Condé as Diana, reproduced on the cover, shows the method of this “pupil of the Graces,” who persuaded his sitters that they were as fair as any on the theatrical eighteenth-century version of Mount Olympus. After his hour of fashion was over people said that Nattier painted with face powder. And the criticism sticks in one's mind as being quite just. He dealt in rouged cheeks, vaporous eyes, in silks and satins and expensive nothings. Even his most highly praised portrait, that of Marie Leczinska, Queen of France, seems perfumed with a medley of boudoir preparations. If we admire Nattier to-day, it is largely because in this very respect he was true to the “expensive nothings,” the noble society of his time.

ALAN BURROUGHS.

AN OCEANIC VOLCANO

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

BUT for the durian, the spell of Ternate in the Moluccas might not have been broken. I should have lost count of days and nights. I might have imagined that I had been cast upon a place beyond time and storms and was living on another plane. There is much to be said for the lotus. It is a benign gift. What happens when we neglect it is seen in the strained and haggard aspect of morally superior communities. But the durian is different. I did not know that, however, when I mentioned it to my companion, the Dutch missionary, as a famous Malay fruit I had not experienced. Nor did his answer forewarn me. He became alert and eager at once. He confessed he was greedy when he saw a durian. He said grandly that it was the king of fruits. Other men, I remembered, have been as extravagant over the durian. What is it Russel Wallace told us?—

“Its consistence and flavour are indescribable. A rich butter-like custard highly flavoured with almonds gives the best general idea of it, but intermingled with it come wafts of flavour that call to mind cream-cheese, onion sauce, brown sherry, and other incongruities . . . rich . . . glutinous . . . perfect . . . a new sensation, worth a voyage to the East to experience.”

What a fruit! The *padre* assured me most earnestly that he would get me a durian. I must eat one. Then my soul would be more gracious. However, he must have forgotten it. No durian came. Then late one afternoon I returned from an attempt upon the mountain and was light-hearted after losing myself in a forest above the clouds which refused to let me pass. I had seen crim-

son lories flying in solitude like pigeons. A great bird-winged butterfly, a gold and emerald Ornithoptera which till then had never been more than a colored flash in the distance, that day paused overhead, planed down to a flower which was near my face, and pulsed its vivid body so near that I could see the quivering of its antennæ. We may call mind the aim of life, if that flatters us, but the tense life which vibrated that superb creature evidently was obeying a command which we have never heard! No sooner had it gone than a *Papilio* even larger, a very folio butterfly in black, crimson, and primrose alighted on the same white trumpet, weighing down the pendulous and swinging flower and dancing to its movements. Overhead an eagle was poised, surveying the mountain seawards. He knew I was watching him. His bright eye kept meeting mine severely. The sea was even more remote below us than some of the clouds. I got back to the veranda of the rest house, tired but pleased, and was going to my door, but stopped . . . what was that?

I forgot the crimson lories. My memory went straight back to an old German dugout with its decaying horrors. I thought I must have been mistaken, but advanced cautiously. Nothing could be there, I told myself, that was like the trenches of the Flers line. Confidence returned; the suggestion had gone. Then the ghost passed me again, invisible, dreadful, and I clutched the table, looking round. At first I could determine nothing, but presently on a wall bracket I saw resting a green and spinous object as large as a football, and tiptoed to smell it.

It was!

The *padre* appeared, but was not dismayed. Instead he called a native with knife to open the durian. The man performed this on the green porcupine most expertly from one end, disclosing soft and creamy contents. I tried to forget the smell, took a portion and, as they used to say in France, went over the top in daylight. But I knew at once this was my last durian. Facing the foe, I fell. That indelicate odor, and the flavor of a sherry custard into which garlic had been slipped overshadowed Ternate for some hours afterward. The smell shamelessly wandered about, and the taste of the garlic remained after the sherry was forgotten. Only sleep interposed to stop my bewilderment over what Russel Wallace could have meant by it.

And in the morning there was something else to think about. With the Assistant Resident—a young Dutchman who talked like a boy from an English public school because that was what he was—I was to attempt the crater of the volcano. It was two hours before dawn. Sirius was blazing over Gilolo. We wished to be well up the slope before the sun was there. But our two Malay porters had another opinion about the need for an early start, and Sirius was paling into a sky of rose and madder before we got away. Our men, father and son, were not so interested in that mountain as the other two in the party. The father was the guide, and carried a *parang*, a bright Malay weapon of such weight and balance that it is good for either agriculture or homicide. Not one of our party knew the mountain above the upper forest, and only the guide and myself had been as far as the forest; nor Ternate, even official Ternate, though its interest in its crater is acute, yet is satisfied with a distant prospect from the beach. This oceanic volcano is fifty-two hundred feet high at present, and in the sun which is usual to the island the summit may be said to look out of sight. Why go? One need not.

But if one goes the beginning is made in elation. The gardens of spices and the coconut groves are traversed with ease. The gardens are cool and scented. The ascent is gradual. You feel that such a journey could be continued forever, and that any material refreshment would profane it. But suddenly and brusquely the slope is not gradual. It is quite otherwise. For a few minutes while a fierce light beats upon you—no more nutmeg trees—and the ground is rough which rises within a foot or so of the nose, you suppose that this interlude is only a playful gesture by the mountain. It wishes to test your devotion. In this it succeeds. When you pause, the thumping of the heart is like the pulse of the silence. The perspiration drips from the fingers. You are surprised, and a little dashed. Every mirthful thought has deserted and gone home. When the uplands are surveyed to see if they are any nearer, sweat runs into the eyes. And they are not any nearer. The slope is immediate, continuous, tractless, and tropical, and the summit has vanished behind that overhanging forest which has yet to be reached. This playful little gesture of the mountain seems to be its normal attitude, and requires some thought.

So our party discovered this morning. With what enterprise the Dutchman strode ahead, energetically kicking pebbles backward at me! He was as frolicsome as a goat. He leaped from root to root where they were tangled in the shady path like cables. I followed meekly, wondering how long I should last. I hoped his ebullience would be diluted presently. The sun came up; but we were still deep in the plantations. My companion appeared to have decided that the British should see what a little nation could do; and it had clearly dawned on me that, though my flag may have braved the battle and the breeze for a respectable period, I should disgrace it in a race to the crater against Holland.

While I was still valiantly holding

out, determined to go on or drop dead on the track, I saw my friend stop, take off his helmet, and gaze into it reflectively. He did not move when I reached him. That was a good chance to show him the attractive character of the sugar canes growing beside us, their plumes surmounting staffs which were of chocolate circled regularly with thin gold. If one stood in a certain way, I assured him, the chocolate had a purplish bloom. But my friend wiped his face and gazed at me with an expression abjectly pathetic.

We turned aside, while recovering, to a small cluster of native huts. They were built on a narrow step of the slope, from which we looked out over treetops to the place below where the village was a smudge on a long serpentine coast. Under a thatch apart were several shrines to the spirits of the sea and land, and in one of them was a good model of a sailing *prahu*, beside which was placed a little rice to prosper somebody's voyage. But only the chickens were about; we saw no ghosts of the sea or land, and not even a solid husbandman.

The sun was now above the trees, apparently crystallizing the foliage into rigidity with its straight glare. We continued our upward toil. The sun was on our backs. Above a half-acre of scratched earth, in which were hasty pineapples, tobacco, and cassava, the track vanished completely at a point where an earthquake had flattened three huts. That clearing was grown over with labiate herbs and a kind of raspberry. Above it the cliff of the forest regarded the huts and the advancing wayfarers with such impassive aloofness, as though man were a late and unimportant curiosity on the earth, that I myself felt it might be as well to erect a shrine to whatever hamadryads haunt tropical groves. But my Dutchman, though he affably agreed, did not appear to get more than a misty notion of the idea, so we continued to ascend.

Our guide disappeared in a canebrake. We stooped and followed him, and at

last were crawling astern of the sound the Malay's busy knife. This origin of progress began in amusement—at least it was a relief from the sun; but I could not help noticing, in less than a minute that a tunnel full of spikes and a like steam has its disadvantages. Then we had to stop and wait on our hands and knees, for we could not hear our guide. Suddenly his *parang* broke loose again somewhere on my left, and abruptly ceased. The guide's face, after a long silence, pushed aside the stem near us—how native to the wilderness is a Malay's face when morosely it just peeps out of jungle grass!—and he told us he was lost. It had seemed to me that it might be so, for the *parang* had had a wild and erratic ring, as though the obstinate vegetation were being punished. We crawled back therefore in the reverse order, and the elegant young Dutchman reverted to his native language, as that, probably, was better equipped for expressing the results of the brittle but resistant nature of the herbage on the knees. The guide, though, was a good man. The world is wide, his manner led us to infer, and the day is young. Why not get lost? He turned on the mountain again with a quiet energy altogether different from his early display. For the first time I began to suspect that we might reach the summit.

He went to the gigantic grass again, struck it with his knife, and thus sank into it. We stooped in slow pursuit of him; sometimes crawled, were whipped in the face by elastic stems, were stilettoed and bayoneted. I learned, being so near to the earth, why grains and spores turned at once into such a high tumult, for what was under my hands was warm and humid, and I should not have been surprised to feel it stir at my touch. We continued to move carefully on hands and knees, but excepting that we were going up I had no sense of our direction; only a tangle of dark ribbons could be seen overhead. Why was I enjoying it, even as I withdrew

another broken dagger from my trousers, wiped the sweat from my face on my sleeve, and looked at the blood on my hands? I don't know. Perhaps some of the energy which jetted upward in that mass of hard green fountains was charging me. The smell was strange, and it may have been the original smell of earth; we may have been close to a young and salutary body. I had an idea that if I crawled long enough there might overtake some lost time. It was while bravely continuing with this fortifying thought that we emerged from the cane and found ourselves in an open space with the jungle at hand. But before toiling up to attack that towering palisade we thought we ought to pause and recover uprightness, so we leposited our gear about us, reclined on a fallen tree, and contemplated the way we had come. The Malays crouched below us. They are very good at contemplation. They can maintain it all day if necessary, and without a movement.

Our log was situated well on the way to the clouds. It might have been a seat on the edge of a darker cloud. The log was hot and dry, being nearer to the sun. I was idle-minded—I felt that I had been excused from what was necessarily occupying the attention of envious men, who were now a long journey below us. The way we spent time here was no matter, because it was unlimited and unmeasured. The corrugations of the log were lanes and alleys for an industrious population of ants, and I watched them with the calm abstraction of an immortal who was far too great to understand the reason for so much activity and resolute enterprise which apparently got the tiny laborers nowhere, except into trouble now and then. But they appeared to like it. They did not know they were ants. With what industry and courage they carried particles up and over the ridges of the log, which were mountain ranges to them, determined to get their burdens somewhere, however high their mountains! They

took no notice of the contemplative gods above them, and very little of the commotions and earthquakes the gods made on the log with idle fingers. Probably that log was too immense for them to know, so how could they understand that it was only one log of a forest in a small island which, to the knowledge of the immortals, was insignificant among many islands of a vast globe? No doubt most of them got their particles safely home by evening. Success, success!

A little way down the incline, upright on the verge of space, were two areca palms, but far more distinguished and remarkable shapes than ever before I had seen those trees. They framed a far vision of Gilolo and cloudland. It was not easy to say at once which was island and which was vapor. But then, even the minor projecting sprays and fronds about us there seemed strangely posed and of more than the usual significance. The bee which alighted on a labiate flower at my feet was not related to anything I knew. I was invading his world, which seemed to have been warned of intruders and was curiously intent and quiet. Nothing moved there but the bee, and perhaps he had not yet heard news of the invasion. Immediately below the black figures of the areca palms the eastern coast of Ternate and the sea reminded me of the indentations of a chart on which the ocean was symbolized with the usual color. It was not easy to believe that our mountain top was based on anything more substantial than a tinted presentiment of earth.

The Dutchman overcame the spell and the silence with a shout, and we rose to face the rest of the upward journey, which was only half done. A little climb brought us to the woods, and there we worked at first along the edge of a ravine the bottom of which was in night. We entered by a wilderness of bamboos and the crackling of the dry parchments of their spathes under our feet made an uproar which startled me, for it announced us to every dryad on the

mountain. And there is no arguing with bamboo piping. If the pipes are stacked in any number in your way, then you must find a path round them or go back. The forest grew darker as we worked toward the head of the chasm. It was dank and elfish. The light was dim. The shapes of the trunks and boughs were gnomelike. The way along the edge of the ravine was difficult with wreckage which looked like fallen trunks, but the shapes collapsed at a touch. They were only a treacherous semblance. The profusion and variety of the ferns, the queer tricks of parasitic growths—one decadent climber, its air roots no more than spider-webbing, studded a tree with fleshy discs like green dollars—and an occasional view on the stem or the under side of a leaf of a shield-bug as brilliant as a black and scarlet flower, ought to have kept us from going farther, but the intelligent curiosity of adventurers always moves them on from what they see is good to what they know nothing about.

The slope often rose so steeply that the angle seemed unsafe for so heavy a load of forest. When we looked upward the trees were descending in apparition at a noiseless speed. We were always on the point of being overwhelmed. It was an act of faith when a projection was grasped for support, because you imagined the vast overhanging weight would at once begin to revolve with the extra burden. That sense of insecurity made the shock the greater when a bough gave way. But we did not fall far; the next tree below checked us and flung us against another tree and that one threw us to the ground. Luckily it was much cooler up there. A full view of the sky was infrequent, even when we looked back. When we looked down, during a pause to recover breath, instead of the contorted tentacles of aged roots ridden by fungi and moss reaching toward our faces, and the columns leaning out of the shades, there was an upper show, in a light which was as fixed and greenish as a rare fluid that no wind

could stir, of giant leaves even more fantastic than the succuba of roots banners of wild plantain, hanging tongues and cables of epiphytes and climbers, and the crowns of tree fern which suggested, in that light, that we were lost in time and not in space, and had worked backward to the Mesozoic epoch.

From the beach of the island, looking toward the summit, above the forest one sees what appears to be grassland. It seems from below as smooth as the English South Downs. We emerged from the forest at last into this very upper region, and found the grass. I had been looking forward to the experience of tramping over bare downs at such an elevation above a tropical sea. But that smooth grass was elephant stuff ten feet high, and for another half-hour we could not see more than a yard about us. Then our way began to descend, so that when we got out of the tunnel we had cut we were in a great bare depression of the mountain, which from below would not have seemed to be more than a dimple. To the bottom of this we had to make our way, with but one brief peep ahead of the terminal cone to encourage us. The cone was certainly much nearer, but surprisingly more distant than I had expected to find it from that vantage; and our outlook was more restricted than we should have found it in most of the by-ways of the village below. The ground of that basin and up the farther slope of it was broken and thinly grown over with coarse grass. But I must confess that I had ceased to pay much attention to the details of our circumstances, for I had the feeling which, I suppose, used to trouble those who could hear as they approached him the grumbings in the fiery belly of Moloch. We were very much by ourselves, and the god, although as yet his face was hidden from us, was immense and powerful. Now we knew it. We smelled him now and then. His breath was of the Pit. I began to have premonitions concerning the security of

the tenure of those spice gardens down low. We toiled up to the top of the ridge which veiled the face of the god.

At last, there *he* was. He was black and naked, and smoke was drifting from his head. And he was still some distance away, apart, elevated, and awful in the serene blue. It was clear that Milton had wrongly reported his expulsion from Heaven. He still dwelt there. In fact, he had it to himself. He was solitary in the sky, monstrous and malignous under his lovely canopy, with a desolate court about him, and a foothold of blackened ruin from which the angels had fled.

Before we could mount to his throne we had to make another long descent, as were an act of obeisance; and as the Dutchman, who had become very humble, advanced deferentially over the cinders and clinker, I could see plainly that though we might hope to be ignored, divine compassion in this spot was as present as the supernal choir. Our only lack would be to find the god asleep.

This, too, was the worst stage of the journey. We were compelled to forget the distant prospects. We had to keep our eyes searching for likely foothold in the chaos of knives and ax blades made of the slag. A slip in that chaos of spiked and edged metal would have been deadly; and a few minutes of the careful exercise made us pause. There was not a sound. The buzzing of an invisible fly was remarkable. During the pause I noticed in surprise that our exertions had taken us but a little distance. The journey to the bottom of the descent and up the final slope had been prodigiously lengthened since we had discovered what a walk to a crater was like. The two Malays, I observed, were seated on the top of the ridge we had left and were again in contemplation. They were not fools. They had no desire to look into the gape of a volcano. Their curiosity was already satisfied. Around us on the litter of broken ore were scattered numberless great boulders that had acquired a horrid iridescence

and some flowers of sulphur on cooling. They were the bombs which the god throws about when he is playful. But at the moment all sound had ceased except the murmur of that unseen fly, who kept with me for company; and the only movement was the quivering of the air over the heated stones, for the sun was magnificent.

By the time we reached the edge of the crater every ten yards had grown to a mile, and we were in the tired mood to be insulting, even if challenged by Cerberus. There was no sign, however, that our approach had been noticed. We were free to gaze into the open mouth of the god. He was fast asleep, and breathing so gently that his gusts of vapor were slight and unalarming. Our own foothold was more disconcerting than the crater. It was not easy to find a standing place that was clear of communication with the nether fires. Vents and fissures everywhere were exhaling hot mephitic gases, and when I thought I had found a corner, by a huge bomb, which gave me a space exempt where I might be at ease, a fumarole presently became active under my feet and sent up strong sulphurous blasts. The rocks about me were bright with the lichens of Tophet, lurid incrustations of chemicals which showed more than anything else the kind of garden we were in.

The crater itself was halved by a wall, and the half within our view—we did not visit the other half—was a precipitous hollow the bottom of which seemed choked with rocks; but as to that I offer no definite opinion, for I did not climb down far enough to satisfy a scientific conscience, but only a conscience which is amenable to desire. Those stained cliffs were not usual. The crags were calcined red and black, and they were blotched with sulphur and verdigris; there were occasional bursts of steam from their shadows. That gape was loaded and charged. The desire to play adventurously inside such a muzzle vanished at the sight of it. When the natives of Ternate prudently as-

semble their canoes at signs more violent than usual, and even abandon their nutmeg groves, they are not showing timidity, for on the summit I got the impression that in the belly of the island there was a power latent which could lift it bodily from the sea.

But where was the sea? As soon as we turned from the crater and looked outward we forgot the infernal fires. There was no sea, however. There was no sky. There was only a gulf of light which was blue in infinity. We were central in space. We looked southward for the cluster of the Moluccas, but in that blue vacancy the islands and the clouds were all immaterial; the isles of Motir, Makian, and distant Batchian were mere conjectures, though in that clear and tranquil light I imagined I could see as far as Paradise and the solution of sorrow. But what is an island when the clouds float below it? There we saw Motir, the nearest of those suppositions of land, a frail and pallid wraith which did not move from its place in the blue but was constant in the midst of the traveling islands of cloud. Some of them, in appearance, passed under it.

Gilolo had sunk profoundly. It was only a lower abstraction of bays and promontories. Beyond it the glimmering sapphire was the Pacific. Our near neighbor, Tidore, and the lower slopes of our island were occasionally revealed; we had immediately below us at times a far but vivid memory of the green world we left one fine morning. But that memory would dissolve under lambent white ranges of cloud, and then we were marooned again on a raft of burnt rocks translated to the neighborhood of the sun. The clouds of the trade wind were much more substantial than Gilolo. They approached us as lunar continents, resplendent and ma-

jestic, moved down rapidly on our meager upper foothold as though to sweep us along, but divided below us and surged past in shining ranges while our raft in midway space felt anchored to but the slenderest hope.

It was with reluctance that we began our return. We had a surmise that we should like to continue forever in that upper light where what was mundane was reduced to faint symbols and abstractions; but doubted the value of our intuition. We had but little faith that we could maintain ourselves in that rare light, in that serene expanse; and perhaps we were right. We are not ready for it yet. We plunged downward rapidly, once we were over the slag heaps, and were soon in the gloom of the forest. The forest seemed more secure in its darkness more homely, its troll-like shapes more in accordance with the hearing of man than a luminous vision of infinity.

I do not know how long it took us to descend. We fell automatically. Fatigue flung us, at times, long distances which did not seem to bring us any nearer to home. The never-ending jolts in weariness destroyed thought, and reduced the mind to a heavy enduring lump. My personal lump acquired a measure of intelligence again when at last some inconstant sparks in the air took my attention, and I found they were fireflies in a Chinese graveyard. We were nearing sea level. Then music approached, and lanterns, and a wedding party passed by with tom-toms, pipes and dance. My friend the Dutch missionary stood near. He was relieved to see me there once more. "I've been praying for you," he remarked grimly. He was thinking of the nether fires. But he did not know that perhaps it was his very prayer which had saved me from the danger of a transcendental mirage of sublimity.

JULIE CANE

A NOVEL—PART VI

BY HARVEY O'HIGGINS

XXX

THERE were no tennis rackets to be bought in Findellen, but tennis balls were procurable, and Alan found, in the stationery and toy shop, a baseball catcher's left-hand glove with a palm pad as large and thick as a leather tambourine. Could they sell him four of these? They could—at an extravagant price. He bought them. The shop had no paper in which to wrap them, so Van Schoeck and he paraded back through Center Street with the gloves under their arms, to the amazement of the street's small boys, who could not imagine what anyone would want with enough catcher's gloves to outfit a minor league. And when they arrived at the Carey veranda, where Julie was waiting for them, she and Alice and her mother were equally amazed.

Alan waved one of the gloves to greet them as he came up the path. "We're going to play handball—hand tennis," he cried. "I never played it in my life; did you?"

Mrs. Carey had been worried. She had not wished to resume neighborly relations with the Birdsalls. But he had so much the air of an innocently irresponsible schoolboy that she could not resist him; and he bantered his way through the introductions—supported by Van Schoeck's beaming solemnity and Alice's excited laughter—with a high spirit that carried all before him.

"Come along, Mrs. Carey," he begged, fastening a glove on Alice's hand. "You'll have to umpire us."

"But I don't know anything about it."

"Neither do I! Neither does anyone! It's a new game. We'll have to make up the rules. You can make them up as well as anybody."

He almost persuaded her to do it. She had to fall back on the plea that the sunlight might start one of her headaches. And she even looked a little wistful as the four of them turned at the hedge to wave to her, and Alan lined them up to make her an absurd military salute with their huge mitts, like semaphores.

It seemed to her that her husband had been, as usual, wrong to dislike such an entirely charming boy.

Julie was a bit bewildered. The purchase of the gloves was plainly a wild extravagance. The idea of inventing a game to play with them was foolish. She would have played tennis as she played chess, to master it; but how could you master a game that had no rules? It was like being invited to join in a dance for which there were no steps. She felt silly.

"Julia and I will play you two," he announced as they came through the Birdsall orchard. "Mother'll umpire it. We'll have to shake hands before we begin, like prize fighters. This way." He offered Alice his glove, throwing his other hand up like a fencer. They struck their padded palms together. "Now then." He turned on Van Schoeck, and began to spar left-handed; and Van Schoeck, making a quick feint, reached out and slapped his hat off. "Fine! First round to Kid McCoy. Fifteen love. The boy's good. Slow but deadly. Oh, mother!" He had caught

sight of her among the flower beds. "Mother!" He waved to her. "Come and help your son. They're picking on him."

It was a very gay group, all smiles, which went to meet her. Van Schoeck had laughed, in one of his violent outbursts, when he knocked off Alan's hat; and he broke into another hilarious guffaw at Mrs. Birdsall's surprised expression as they approached her.

"You remember Julia Cane," Alan called to her. "And Alice Carey. They've come to finish that game of tennis. I've got some more balls."

She had been digging in the garden with a trowel; and she stood waiting for them, bareheaded, her hair white in the sun, wearing an overcoat of Alan's, a baggy tweed skirt, a pair of heavy laced shoes. In that costume she looked exaggeratedly dumpy and set. Julie would not have known her from a distance, but on a closer view the change in her was less striking. Her face had not aged. It was only plumper and less vivacious. Her smile was slower. And after the first few moments she looked more at Alan than at the others.

He put his arm round her with a proprietary affection as she greeted the two girls. She received them as old friends of whom she had nothing but pleasant memories. But it was noticeable that he did not succeed in communicating to her any of his excited gayety. Her smile was merely motherly as she listened to his explanations of the ^{her's} mitts; and Julie got the impression ^{her's} it was more Alan's arm round her than ^{her's} own inclination which drew her along with them toward the tennis court.

She turned to Julie in the midst of Alan's exposition of the game of hand-tennis to ask, "Can you stay to lunch with us? And Alice?" And when he took up that idea eagerly, and together they overcame Julie's objections—she could telephone to Martha, as Alice to her mother—Mrs. Birdsall stopped at the path to the kitchen door and said, "I'd

better see how they're getting on with that old range. I'll be with you in a few minutes."

"All right," Alan agreed easily "Hurry up." And Julie found herself for no intelligent reason, depressed.

Her depression passed off in the absurdities of their hand tennis. The grass court had not been rolled for years; and it was winter-heaved and April-soggy; the markings of the base and court lines had long since disappeared; the decayed net that Alan and Van Schoeck had strung was as tattered as a discarded seine; they all found it difficult to strike the ball deftly with the left hand, particularly when serving; and most of their time was spent in burlesque disputes about whether the ball had bounded inside the required lines or not. Julie and Van Schoeck were inclined to be sober and determined about their play. Alice was giggly, and Alan kept her so. Under all their minds was that exciting stimulus of young attraction which made the game possible; they played so as to be together, on any terms, and were amused.

Mrs. Birdsall did not join them; and after several humorously peevish comments on her absence, Alan broke up the game to seek her out. And they never returned to hand tennis. With an inconsequence that troubled Julie—after all his excited preparations and the purchase of expensive gloves and a degree of expectation sufficient for a fancy-dress ball—he played his absurd game for less than half an hour, dropped it suddenly, and never spoke of it again. He found his mother in the kitchen and dragged her forth, scolding her affectionately, and sent her upstairs to dress. He had the manner of a popular husband who is trying to make his stay-at-home wife share in his social success as a host; and this marked such a change in Mrs. Birdsall, as Julie remembered her, that the girl frowned over it and was thoughtful, recalling some of Carey's reports on how Alan had his mother "terrified."

He teased her at the luncheon table,



SHE HAD BEEN DIGGING IN THE GARDEN AMONG THE FLOWER BEDS

for the amusement of the others, and she took it good-humoredly. The conversation had got round to books, and he declared that Elbert Hubbard was the only author his mother ever read. His own opinion of Hubbard was scandalous. She retorted with a poke at Aubrey Beardsley and *The Yellow Book*, of which Julie knew nothing.

It seemed—although she had not known it—that the world, a few years before, had passed through a “little-magazine movement” which had failed and left Alan pessimistic. His talk was all about *The Yellow Book*, *The Chap Book*, *The Clack Book*, *The Lotus*, *The Philistine*, and Gellett Burgess’s *Lark*, none of which Julie had ever heard of.

Her light reading had gone no farther than the Victorian classics. She still believed, with Martha, that Browning was the last word in up-to-date poetry; that Stevenson was a gentleman but that Kipling was not; and that Henry James had gone astray, with continental moral laxness, in *What Masie Knew*. She kept these meager opinions to herself, however; and when the conversation moved on to the theater, she had no opinions at all. There was no theater in Findellen, and the nearest she had ever come to a New York stage was the concert hall of the Eden Musee. Her mother’s religion had put a “holy curse” on the drama, and her father was as hostile to it as he was to all forms of

mental activity which seemed to him designed to prevent real thinking. She was, accordingly, as indifferent as posterity to Alan's contention that his mother's favorite Mansfield was only a "grease-paint actor," or that America had nothing of its own in the theater to offer the world except Weber and Fields. The names of Irving and Terry and Bernhardt were merely names to her; and when she was asked for her opinion of any of them, she answered truthfully, "I don't know."

Alice Carey was embarrassed by her own ignorance, and after advancing Richard Harding Davis as an example in the literary discussion, she retired in confusion. Not so Julie. She was oblivious to the claims of honorific culture, even when Alan came to discuss music and the young triumphs of Paderewski. Piano-playing was a schoolroom study for which recently she had had little time; the name of Beethoven ranked for her with the name of Euclid in academic distinction. She heard Alan on Paderewski, unconcerned; she was struck only by the confession that Mrs. Birdsall played very little because Alan found all music depressing except dance music.

She missed, in fact, the whole point of the conversation, which was this: all Alan's talk was what would now be called "a gesture" of his egotism. He was clever in argument because as soon as he was crossed in an opinion every faculty of his mind rallied desperately to the defense of his vanity. And he knew he was clever in argument, so he sought arguments in order to show his cleverness. He argued especially about the arts because he was æsthetically sensitive; but his admirations were never blindly enthusiastic. Whatever he liked he was impelled to seek a flaw in, out of a sort of jealousy; and hence he was by temperament a born critic. Being by disposition opposed to authority, he was a natural defender of anything new or unpopular, but it had to remain unpopular if it was to retain his support.

He was one of those who, as they say,

talk in order to discover what they think—the truth being that he never knew what he thought until he had to expound a point of view in opposition to some other point of view which he accepted as a challenge to himself. Most of his objections to Hubbard, for example, were inspired by the fact that his mother admired Hubbard inordinately. He loved to talk art before Van Schoeck because Van Schoeck knew nothing whatever about it and cared less. He held forth throughout the meal for Julie's benefit, parading from books to plays and from plays to music in an attempt to engage her in a contest of wits. He threw Alice into disorder easily, but Julie remained intrenched behind her silence, and he maneuvered round her in vain.

He was no longer crudely egotistic. He had been polished by a rough contact with schoolmates. He had learned to protect his thin skin by the exercise of a mental agility that showed as humor, and he disarmed attack by making fun of himself as he closed with you. After he had you laughing at him he knifed you with his wit.

Most important of all, he had defeated and subdued his mother, and by that victory his ego had been as subtly fortified as a domineering husband's. He was no longer jealous. He had no longer any cause to be jealous. No guests except those whom he invited ever came into his home; his mother had no friends but his friends; she had no relations with the world except through him. And he, safely tyrannical behind the domestic moat and walls, let down the drawbridge only when he sallied forth to conquer the unprotected passer-by.

Alice surrendered without a struggle; that was plain enough before they had finished lunch. But Julie continued to maintain at least the appearance of unyielding independence. She insisted as they rose from the table that she must return to Martha; and she held to her resolve—though she did it pleasantly—when he proposed that they go for a

drive, that they all take a walk, that they have a dance, that she teach them to play chess and join with them in a tournament. Her resistance, of course, only made him more determined. When everything else failed he said, "All right. We'll wait for you. You go and make your sick call and we'll be here when you come back. By that time we'll have everything arranged for Alice with her mother. Leave it to me."

He walked with her to the Perrin's, attacking her with an endearing ardor. "It's great to be back," he said. "I'm going to make mother move right out here for the summer anyway. We've been knocking round so much—with strangers—I feel as if we were home again at last, among friends. I often wondered what you were doing. I felt that I'd been a frightful cad the way I'd behaved with you all. Did you forgive me?"

"Why, yes," she said, shyly. "There was nothing to forgive."

"Well, it's decent of you to say it. I'll bet Carey doesn't think so. Did he ever speak of me?"

"I don't see him very often," she evaded. "We used to play chess together but we've been too busy lately."

It satisfied him. "I like Alice. She hasn't really changed at all. Neither have you. Or if you have, you don't show it. You're just as much a mystery as ever. I was never able to make out what you were thinking. And I don't know now. What *are* you thinking?"

She answered truthfully enough, "I'm afraid I'm not thinking much of anything," and she laughed and blushed.

He embarrassed her by walking almost sideways with his face continually to her, in an attitude of exaggerated interest and fascinated attention. She found it a conspicuous way to behave on the street. The more she kept her eyes from him and gave him her profile, the more he edged round to make her look at him; and when she glanced at him—as she did with her confession that she was not thinking "much of anything"—she was

struck full in the face with his smiling display of excitement and enthusiasm. It confused her.

"All right," he said. "I'll find out some day. And when you say to me, 'I used to think you were sort of silly,' I'll say, 'That's what you were thinking once when you said you weren't thinking much of anything.' Don't forget it, now. I want you to remember."

"Good-by," she put in hastily, stopping him at the Perrin gate.

"Not unless you promise to see us on your way back. Promise, or I'll sit on the front steps here waiting for you."

"I promise."

She all but ran as she hurried away.

It seemed as if her mind were calm enough about him; it was calm enough, at least, to contain a suspicion that his interest in her was partly affected and put on. But her heart was excited; it throbbed like a drum in her ears; and there was a lightness in her breast which made her breathe as if the air were rarified, in long suspirations that were almost sighs; and this lightness was somehow physically happy.

She went to the Perrin back door so as not to disturb the household with a ring, and then she stepped into her schoolroom to be alone for a moment before she faced Martha. Standing in the doorway, looking round that familiar scene of her past, with a hand pressed down on the unreasonable buoyancy in her breast, she had the eyes of a person who is seeing an unchanging environment that she is about to leave. It was almost the lingering and preoccupied look of a hasty farewell.

XXXI

Not that she was conscious of any change or new departure in her, or of any impulse to conceal the change from Martha. No. Her behavior was, as Cane might have said, purely instinctive—a behavior of the body in which the mind was scarcely involved. Or rather, it was as if her body were a

horse that she was riding, almost absent-mindedly, and this horse had become excited and uneasy at the sight of another animal in a field which they were passing; and she, tightening the rein and gripping with her knees, tried to continue along the road to her destination, undistracted.

So she rode, as it were, up the staircase and into Martha's room as if nothing had happened. She greeted the invalid with a reassuring affection and a kiss that was warmer than usual because her lips were unexpectedly hungry. "We played tennis," she said, "and had lunch." She did not explain what sort of tennis it was or try to put into words any of the impressions of the table talk. "She looks a lot older—Mrs. Birdsall. I think they're going to stay here for the summer."

"You'll like that," Martha probed.

Julie nodded. "So will Alice. He makes her laugh all the time."

She reached out a hand to her book on the bedside table—it was George Eliot's *Middlemarch*—and began to turn over the leaves to the chapter at which she had stopped reading. The action appeared wholly irrelevant but, as a matter of fact, it had seemed to her that Alan was somehow like Ladislaw in the novel, and she hoped dimly that the story might throw light on Alan's character.

"He has a nice man with him from New York," she said, "but I suppose he'll only stay over Sunday."

Martha had accepted the book as an indication that Julie did not wish to talk about her young friends. "They were just in Rome, on their honeymoon, weren't they?" she suggested as Julie turned the pages.

"Here it is," Julie said. "Chapter twenty." She made Martha comfortable with pillows and found her crocheting. Then as she drew a chair to the bedside she began: "Two hours later, Dorothea was seated in an inner room or boudoir of a handsome apartment in the Via Sistina."

They had not been reading very long when they were interrupted by a summons for Julie to go to the telephone. She put down her book reluctantly enough. "I suppose it's Alice," she said; and Martha insisted, "You must go if they want you. You mustn't stay any longer."

"Why I've only just come," she protested, moving slowly to the door. She felt the impulse to hurry, but she checked it. She checked it until she was on the stairs, but there the horse rather bolted with her and she arrived at the telephone breathless. "Yes?"

"Listen," Alan said, in a low excited pleading tone that thrilled her. "I'm over at the Carey's. I can't get Alice away. They won't let her come without *you*, and Carey's snubbing me off the earth. You'll have to come—quick—and save me or I'll be frozen to death with cold looks. Really. I mean it. I'm coming over for you. You'll have to make your sick call some other day."

"But I've been here only a minute."

"It's nearly an hour. And it seems like a week. I'll die of exposure if you *don't*. Isn't it better to *prevent* sickness—pneumonia or something? Listen. Hear my teeth chatter—" And when she laughed at the gnashing sound he made—"I mean it. I'm coming right over. I might as well shiver myself to death on your doorstep. I'll sit there and shake the house till you come out. Good-by. Listen for me. I make a noise like castanets as I walk."

He hung up and left her smiling. She went smiling back upstairs to Martha. "They're having a terrible time," she said. "They're with Alice. And Mr. Carey has come home. And he won't let Alice go with them unless I'm there. I'm afraid I'll have to. He's coming here for me."

"Why of course!" Martha cried. "I couldn't think of letting you stay." She drew Julie to her and hugged her to the jealousy which ached in her breast. "You darling! I'm so glad."

It was the voice of sentimental con-

gratulation and Julie blushed, alarmed. "What for?"

"Oh, because they're young people," Martha fibbed, "and they like you and want you with them. It's so much better for you than poking round with invalids and old women." Her eyes were bright—with a film of tears.

Julie kissed her and felt inexplicably weak and trembling. "You mustn't talk like that," she whispered, "or I'll not go. You're—you're making too much of it."

"I know I am," Martha agreed. "I'm an old silly. But you're so sweet and so lovely. I like to think they all adore you."

"Oh, *please!*" She clung to Martha. "You mustn't—they're not—"

"Well, if they're not," Martha teased, "they're blind."

"Oh, *please!*"

It was as if Martha were betraying her into the agitation against which she had been struggling, and she pretended to be annoyed, scolding and slapping Martha's hand; but Martha persisted playfully, in a tender disguising of her jealousy, and the girl was out of countenance and visibly confused when she left the teasing finally and escaped downstairs to await Alan's arrival.

She intended to watch for him in the drawing-room window, but it occurred to her that this might involve unnecessary explanations if Miss Perrin saw her standing there; and she wished to be alone in order to recover her composure before she met him. For that reason she stepped out on the porch, closing the



"CAN'T YOU STOP AND TELL ME WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

door softly behind her, and now she found herself conspicuous in the sunlight and as if guiltily waylaying him before he could ring the bell. That would be too absurd. She turned to go back but the door had locked. It flustered her. How silly! She would have to walk round the house and come in the back way. She started—and stopped. If they saw her they would wonder. More explanations! She turned again to wait for him on the porch and then she realized how foolish she must look, stopping and starting and turning first this way and then that way. She reddened angrily. What nonsense!

Nonsense indeed! Why wait for him at all? She might just as well walk to

the Carey's and meet him on the way. And with that she hurried down the steps and along the path toward the gate at such a pace that when she rounded the curve of the walk, among the bare lilac bushes, she almost ran into him before she saw him. She checked herself and tried to look composed but he had seen her haste—which looked like girlish eagerness—and her pretense of composure was contradicted by the suppressed excitement that showed in her high color and her self-conscious eyes.

She tried to explain, "I didn't wait—"

"You're an angel," he said. He took her hand and found it trembling. "It's awfully good of you not to treat me the way Carey does." His voice deepened. "You're wonderful. I don't deserve it." He drew her to him. "I've never forgotten how you—I've always remembered it. I was crazy about you. That's why I behaved so badly. I am still. You're such a darling."

At the first touch of his hand it was as if her physical strength had begun to dissolve out of her; and when he drew her to him she almost fell against him for support. She kept whispering "No, no," in an attempt to fight against him, but her body yielded weakly to the arm that he put round her, and when he tried to kiss her she was able to avoid it only by dropping her face against his shoulder. She shut her eyes, shuddering in a sort of clinging and delicious horror.

He whispered, "You're a darling. I've always—I've always loved you from the first time I saw you."

When she opened her eyes the sunshine was staring at her. Only a thin screen of leafless bushes concealed her in his arms from anyone who might be in the garden. "No, no," she said. "Not—not here—" and tried to draw away from him.

He kissed her on the cheek. "You're a dear. You're a darling. I'm crazy about you. I love you so much."

She was struggling against him.

"Please. No, no. Please. They'll see us."

When he let her go she staggered away from him, putting her hand up to her burning face. She turned and stumbled toward the gate. He drew her arm through his with an air of protective possession, flattered by the emotion that had evidently overcome her, and caressing it indulgently with a tender tone of voice.

"All the time I've been away I've never met anyone—anywhere—like you. I've always thought of you and wondered about you, and no one else ever meant anything to me." He was, of course, exaggerating. "I used to think it was because you were an American girl, but when I got back here I knew it wasn't that. You're not like the American girls either—not like any I know, anyway. You're a darling."

He squeezed her arm against his ribs. She tried to withdraw it but he held it as if in a vise, smiling at her averted face. She felt as if he had given her wine and were still giving it to her. It had gone to her head and frightened her. She wanted to get away from him—from his touch and his voice and the intoxication that he kept forcing on her.

"I—I can't," she stammered when they came to the street and he turned her toward the Carey's. "I can't go there." She could not face them in this state. She pulled away from him and began to flee in the opposite direction, walking quickly, her head down.

He caught up to her at once and tried to take her arm again.

"No, no." She fought off his hand. "What's the matter?"

"Leave me alone," she said, in a harsh, hoarse, uncertain voice.

"Why, what is it?" He was hurt.

She shook her head, hurrying as fast as she could. A strange sort of resentment had risen in her against him, against herself, against Martha.

"But, darling girl!" he cried. "You must tell me. I don't understand. Have I said something? Have I done some-

thing? What is it? You're not *angry* with me?"

She shook her head impatiently. Her face was pale and set. She was frowning at the road before her and walking at a furious pace.

"Well, *gosh!*" he said. It was impossible to be sentimental at that speed. She seemed to be trying to get away from him, and he was in the position of pursuing her—an undignified position. "If you won't tell me what's the matter what am I going to do?"

She did not answer.

They came to the end of the cement walk; the footpath in the roadside grass was only broad enough for one. He tried to keep beside her but it was rough walking; he stumbled and jolted himself. When he stubbed his toe against a hidden rock he burst out, "Well, for heaven's sake why *run*? It's so damn silly! Can't you stop and tell me what's the matter?"

"I don't," she said. "I'm not—"

He caught her arm and swung her round and held her. "You're not *what*? What's the matter with you? I never saw such a fool performance. I tell you I love you—that I'm crazy about you—and you act like *this*! What do you think you're trying to do?"

She looked at him. There was rage in his eyes and his mouth was cruel. It chilled her as if with a sort of frightened pity.

He jerked her to him and began to kiss her insolently. "You love me. You've always loved me. If you don't know what's

the matter with you, I do." She had closed her eyes to shut out the sight of him. He mistook it for surrender. "You love me and you're too proud to *let* yourself. That's what's the matter with you. There's 'too much ego in your cosmos.' It's always been your trouble. That's why you behaved the way you did before. And you're not going to do it to me again. I love you and you love me, and I'm not going to have any nonsense about it." And then, as he softened at the touch of her lips—"You lovely, proud, silly thing—don't be afraid. Don't be afraid to love me. Let yourself go. I'll protect you. I'm mad about you."

She shook her head. "I don't—"



SHE STOOD AT BAY AGAINST THE TREE

"You don't *what?*"

"I don't know."

"You don't know *what?*"

In his exasperation he released her and she backed away from him till she struck a tree behind her. She stood against it at bay. "I don't want you to—to kiss me," she said.

They glared at each other like enemies for a moment, and then the absurdity of their position struck him and he began to grin. "Nonsense," he said. "How am I going to keep from kissing you? You can't be in love with a girl and not want to kiss her." She looked down at his feet, frowning. "What do you expect?"

"I don't want you to kiss me," she replied. And that was all he could get out of her.

They were under a pine tree whose fallen needles had killed the grass at its roots. "Listen," he said. "Sit down here. I want to talk to you." The ground looked warm and dry. He had a picture of himself with her in his arms "underneath the bough," pouring out a poetical flood of persuasive sentiment.

She shook her head. He tried to take her hand. She put it behind her. "No."

"What's the matter?"

No answer.

He was baffled. He had made what he considered an original discovery about women—"sweet, frail women," as he thought of them. Most of them could be stampeded very easily into a passionate emotion by a few caresses, an adoring phrase or two, a soft enunciation of the word "love." That word alone had a magic over them. They were such darlings. They all wanted so to be loved that you had only to look the part, to speak the word and they came as unresistingly into your possessive arms as Julie had. She loved him. She had always loved him. Yet here she stood defeated, drooping, with her back against a tree, still resisting him, staring painfully at the ground with her somber eyes and thinking—what?

"Listen," he said, "I'm sorry if I've

done anything to offend you. I'm so fond of you I couldn't help myself. You know that. I've always felt that way about you." He was beginning to believe it. "And when I met you on the street I was so glad to see you that if Biddy hadn't been with me I'd've licked your hand and run barking up and down the road." He chuckled. "You mustn't be angry with me. I'm an awful fool, I know, but it's your own fault if I'm a fool about you. You know I love you, *don't* you? You must have known it—always. And if that's so what does all the rest matter?" He waited. "Please speak to me."

Her lips parted. She drew a long breath. She looked up slowly, as far as his smile, and then quickly down at the pine needles, which she began to brush aside with her foot until she had uncovered the bare earth.

He watched that operation amusedly.

"Well," he said, "if you can't tell me what's the matter, I'm just going to ignore it. It can't be anything very serious. I'm in love with you—and you know it—and that's the main thing. Come along now. They're waiting for us."

XXXII

No doubt she was in love with him. Certainly in the ordinary meaning of the words she was. He was "Alan"—"Alan Birdsall." The very name ran a soft warmth through her blood when she thought of it and the sight of him stampeded something in her that it seemed impossible to control. Moreover, she had a real affection for him—an affection that was made up of several warring sentiments, as most affections are, but still a deep and true affection. She was sorry for him because he was so nervously strained and sensitive, and yet these qualities in him were part of his charm for her. She was also a little afraid of him, as you might be afraid of a willful child that will hurt you and hurt itself if it be crossed. And she was by no

means ready to submit to him, if it was submission that his domineering love demanded. Her resentment against him and herself and Martha was based on that deep refusal to be overcome and handed to him, either by his demand or Martha's expectation or her own emotion that had first surrendered her to his embrace. In this sense he was right in saying that there was "too much ego" in her cosmos; but he was wrong if he thought that he could take that ego out of her by an insolent overriding of it, or by any such salutary brutality as he had used on her in his boyhood, or by the superior and smiling tolerance with which he treated her now. He might be foolish enough to think that love was a predatory relation between the sexes which added chiefly to the poetry and entertainment of life. She had sufficient instinctive sense to know that it was the essential stuff of which life and happiness were made. And she was in no mood to appreciate humor.

When he ordered "Come along now. They're waiting for us," he said it with a light authority which she obeyed because her mind was elsewhere; but when he preceded her on the footpath with some remark about showing her the way, she drew herself up and followed him with a slow independence that left him waiting for her when he came to the cement walk where they could go abreast.

"Pardon," he grinned, "if Fido trotted on ahead. Shall I bark for you?"

She understood only that he was laughing at her. She frowned and moved away from him without replying.

He fell into step beside her. "I talk too much, of course," he said. "And like everyone who talks too much, I say things that I don't mean. You silent people have a great advantage: you don't even say what you *do* mean. It makes me feel like a blind man playing checkers. I spend half my time trying to find out where you've moved."

It was evident from her expression of face that this sort of banter would get

him nowhere with her. He changed his tactics. "Come out of the silences," he said, "long enough to help me with Carey, anyway. He's still as sore as bruises at me. He can't look at me without remembering the way I cheeked him—and hating me for it. I know I was an impossible young pup. And I'm surprised that nobody poisoned me. But he wasn't exactly innocent in that affair himself, and anyway, he gave me so much the worst of it that you'd think he could afford to forgive me now. After all, it was *his* revenge that has kept me from seeing you for seven years. You'd think that would satisfy him. I should think it *would* if he knew how much I liked seeing you. Perhaps I'd better tell him?"

She was at least sufficiently distracted from her resentment to become aware that her hat had been knocked askew in her encounter with him. She straightened it to face the Careys.

"Do you want a mirror?" He bent adoringly. "Look in my eyes. You'll never see yourself in a more flattering glass."

She reddened. "I don't like being made fun of."

"But, my darling," he pleaded, "I'm not making fun of you."

"You are," she said. "You've been making fun of me ever since—"

"Well, what am I to do? What am I to say? You seem to be angry at me, and you won't tell me why. And when I give up trying to find out why, and attempt to ignore it—and talk brightly about something else—you say I'm making fun of you."

"So you are."

"Listen, then," he cried. "I'll never be anything but serious with you as long as I live. It'll make my life one damned horrid grind, but I'll do it."

"You take a lot for granted," she said coldly.

"Of course I do." He threw out his hands in plaintive exasperation. "I have to. If you'll tell me *how much* I'm to take for granted, I'll take it and no

more. Tell me then! How much *am* I to take for granted?"

"You took a lot too much for granted when you—when you said—what you did—under that tree."

He knew that he had made a foolish speech "under that tree" and he had been trying to forget it. It annoyed him to have her refer to it. "You seem determined to force a quarrel with me," he said. "I don't know why. And it's darned silly. And I'm not going to let you do it." They had come to the Carey gate. "I've enough on my hands with this cursed lawyer. I can't afford to lose my temper now, and I'm not going to."

She made no reply, and they walked up the path toward the house, side by side in a malevolent silence. The Careys and Van Schoeck were in a group on the veranda. As Alan approached with Julie, Carey rose and spoke to his wife and retreated down the veranda to the French window into his study. Mrs. Carey followed him with an air which Alan understood. "Now comes the battle," he said. "Carey is about to issue his ultimatum."

He made a gay salute to Alice. "Well, here we are. It hasn't been easy, but we've arrived. 'Life is real; life is earnest.' Biddy thinks so, and *he* ought to know—he made it that way." This was a purely gratuitous jibe, authorized by his repressed ill temper. He grinned. "I think it might help if we all went over to our house and rolled my talented mother up against the piano and had a dance. What?"

"That would be lovely," Alice agreed with one lobe of her brain.

Van Schoeck was watching Julie, whom he had stood up to greet. He silently offered her his chair. She took it with a grateful glance that pleased him. Alan saw his pleasure.

"The *ayes* have it," Alan replied to Alice. "The lovely *ayes*. 'For the light that lies in woman's *ayes*'—if I had time I could work up something witty about the difference between her *ayes* and her *noes*."

They took it distractedly. They were thinking of the consultation in the study and Alice at least was plainly apprehensive about it. She laughed and glanced at the study door.

"Thank you," Alan said. "A smile would have been enough. I think I might do better if I had a cup of my parent's tea. Tea and a dance! I wonder if we might invite your father to join us." And when Alice looked frightened at that threat of impertinence—"Oh, just to make the ceremony of joining us legal, you understand—legal as well as solemn. Why don't *you* go into law, Biddy?"

Van Schoeck cleared his throat for speech, but he got no farther. He looked at Julie. She said calmly, "I'm afraid I shouldn't stay. Saturday's such a busy day in the store. They'll need me."

Alan wakened with a horrified start. "Come along," he said hastily. "Don't let us wait. It would do us all good to show a little contempt of court. We're too blamed dutiful. These parents have to be kept in their places."

On top of this—to their embarrassment—Mrs. Carey arrived, a sudden apparition, looking white faced but determined. She had evidently not heard Alan; she was too perturbed to have heard. The others rose in a shocked silence at sight of her, but Alan took it all in his stride. "We're going over to my house to have a dance," he announced. "Come with us. It'll do you good."

She found Alice with her bravely painful eyes. "No. Run along and enjoy yourselves—all of you."

The girl was plainly reluctant to leave her in that state, but Alan overwhelmed the seriousness of the situation in a rattle of nonsensical chatter and carried Alice along with him, and drew the others after him with malicious gayety.

"Good-by," he called back to Mrs. Carey, when he had them on the path. "And say good-by to *Mr.* Carey for me!" He hurried off with Alice.



"IT'S AWFULLY DECENT OF YOU TO TAKE IT THAT WAY"

Julie followed moodily with Van Schoeck, who had ignored the whole scene in a blank reserve. As soon as they had turned away from the veranda he asked unexpectedly, "Do you work in a store—as well as teach school?"

"Yes," she said. "In my father's grocery store," and she gave it in as matter-of-fact a manner as possible, though she knew it might change his manner to her.

He accepted it inscrutably. After thinking it over he remarked, "It must be pretty hard work."

"Oh," she hastened to explain, "I help

in the store only on Saturday nights. That's the busy time."

In her emotional depths she was still occupied with Alan, and she gave Van Schoeck only a surface attention. He said, "I've often wondered about working in a store. We used to play we had a shop when we were kids. We had a lot of sand and stuff in cans on a shelf. Is there really any fun in it?" And she did not notice that this was a significantly long speech for him to make.

"Well," she said, "I've always liked Saturday nights. They're so exciting."

"Are they? How?"

It was difficult to explain. They were rather like bad weather at sea. There was too much to be done—too many customers to be waited on; too many pay-day orders for groceries to be wrapped up and sent out for delivery; too pressing a danger that in the haste and confusion a mistake might deprive some one of his Sunday dinner. You were up till after midnight, working like a sailor in a storm. If you were a little girl you fell asleep finally on a sack of rice in the back of the shop, and were carried upstairs by your father after the excitement was all over and the doors were locked. It was somehow romantic and picturesque. She tried to say so without giving him the necessary details.

He listened solemnly. "That's why he called you 'Sugar Cane,'" he said. "Because of the grocery store?"

"Who? Oh, him!" She did not remember that Alan had spoken of it. "How did you know?"

"He said so just after I met you."

"Oh, did he?"

"My father," he volunteered with difficulty, "was a sugar refiner. The rest of the family were kind of uppish about it. They weren't in business, and my mother used to be ashamed of it. And at school my cousins started them all calling me 'The Sugar King,' to tease me."

It had no particular importance for her. The mention of Alan had plunged her into a confusion of disordered thoughts. She watched him ahead of her, turning into the Birdsall gate with Alice, gesticulating humorously. She would have to face him again in a few moments. She hung back, walking as slowly as possible.

"You haven't any brothers or sisters, have you?" Van Schoeck asked.

"No," she replied, mechanically. "Have you?"

"I had a sister. She was killed in a fire."

"Oh, that was too bad."

"They were all killed in a fire."

"What?" She came out of her

preoccupation, shocked to realize what he had said.

"When I was away at boarding school—the house burned. It was one of those old brownstone houses on Forty-third street, without fire escapes."

"Your father?" she breathed, horrified. "And your mother too?"

"Yes," he said, reluctantly. "It's nothing. I mean—I don't know why I told you. It all happened years ago. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to—" He was as distressed by her concern as if he had been guilty of some shameful social error.

"But how terrible!" She was perhaps unconsciously trying to make amends to herself for the selfish thoughtlessness that had received word of such a calamity with a perfunctory "Oh, that was too bad!" She pressed the horror of it upon her remorseful imagination, shutting her eyes.

"No, no," he begged. "Don't think of it." They had stopped at the Birdsall gate. "I shouldn't have told you. It was—it was a long time ago, you know. I—"

"And you have nobody?" She searched his face in an agitated effort to understand and appreciate his tragedy.

"Why, yes—I've a lot of relatives, and—and friends. For—forgive me," he stammered, "for telling you."

"Forgive you!" she murmured. "Thank you for telling me."

She meant that by telling her he had explained his silence and his reserve, which she had been mistaking for stupidity. She meant, too, that she was silent and reserved herself because she was unhappy about Alan; and that she was glad to understand and sympathize with *him* because his silence and reserve were of the same sort. She felt as if she were about to weep. Her agitation of course was largely due to the ground swell of emotion—from the storm of her scene with Alan—that still shook her. She turned to conceal her expression from Van Schoeck and began to follow the others up the path.

"It's awfully decent of you to take it that way," he said in a low voice, much moved. "I don't know why I—I never speak of it, really."

"It isn't only that," she confessed. "I'm—I'm upset."

He asked with unexpected penetration: "About Alan?"

She nodded blindly.

"I'm sorry," he said with sincerity.

XXXIII

When they joined the others on the Birdsall veranda Alan had already demanded tea and his mother had gone to order it. They distributed themselves among the chairs and swings and cushions which furnished the place for the summer; and with the pause of silence that settled down on them they began one of those tedious congregations of absent minds that are the despair of human intercourse.

Alan's high spirits had suddenly ceased to flow. He sat empty, silent, and as if sulkily saying to himself: "You've refused all afternoon to be amused by me. Now, *gol darn* you, amuse yourselves. I've got other things to think of." And by the direction of his glances those other things pertained to Julie.

Alice was either watching him in an apprehensive helplessness or she was thinking that her father had declared she must not associate with Alan, and that her mother had defied him. Would her mother be able to hold out? And what should she herself do if her father stepped out from behind her mother and gave his orders direct? Life, in fact, was confronting her with the awful necessity of having an individuality of her own and asserting it. She turned to Alan for assistance, in her thought, and he seemed to have abandoned her. She worked her fingers nervously, and her lips kept forming and forgetting a faint resolution to speak or to smile.

Van Schoeck's long medieval countenance was only more set and uncom-

municative than usual—his mouth tight, his eyes puckered either with speculation or with the western light into which he stared. The day had grown warmer; the heat had steamed up an April haze that made blue the hills beyond Findellen. When he turned his gaze from them he moved a silent scrutiny over the trees and grass and bushes until he found Julie sitting at the veranda edge with her back to the view. His eyes rested on her—as firmly as his hands rested on the arms of his chair—and then moved off reflectively again to the misted distances. As always, he seemed quite insensible of any social obligation to talk.

And Julie sat facing the white paint and clapboards of the house wall, with her mind focused on an invisible prospect as if the side of the house were the blankness of her immediate present and behind it immense events were gathering. She was grateful for the pause and the silence. And she might well be. For as it happened it was the pause of a wave that is about to break. All her past had flowed to the crest of a decisive crisis and now, poised motionless before it, three itself with a foaming crash into her future. And this was no less true for Alan, for Alice, and for Van Schoeck. Sitting there silent and preoccupied, they were no more than a row of corks on the summit of such a wave that held a moment, balanced and deadly still, before it toppled.

The pause lasted while Mrs. Birdsall returned and tried to talk to them. It held while tea was served and poured and passed round. Alan devoted himself nervously to cigarettes and repeated cups of strong Ceylon which he drank as if he needed the stimulant—refusing to answer questions except with an impatient movement of the head. His mother after an appraising glance ignored him, took the two girls indoors to consult with them about the curtains for the living room and, when she returned, gathered Van Schoeck into her party to make a tour of the garden in search of the first appearance of her spring bulbs.

Now that Alan had abdicated his social leadership she seemed more like a merely muted version of the woman whom Julie remembered as his mother. They came back to announce the renaissance of the daffodils. Alan overlooked it.

She got out a book of garden photographs—snapshots that she had taken in Italy, in France, in England. The young people disguised their lack of interest in it as if it were the family album. Alice was fidgeting. "I think I'd better go," she said at last. "Mother—" she tried to smile apologetically, "Mother looked ill. I'm afraid she needs me."

Mrs. Birdsall could see that something had happened, though she did not know what. "I'm *so* sorry."

"Let me walk over with you," Van Schoeck volunteered.

Alan answered her good-by indifferently, rising but making no other effort to be polite. She went, dejected, to face the situation which he had forced on her and to which he now abandoned her.

He watched Van Schoeck and her till they were out of hearing. "I wish you wouldn't talk about the grocery store before *him*," he said to Julie. "He won't understand that sort of thing."

And the wave had begun to fall.

His mother looked at Julie. Julie turned to look at the cedar trees that hid the tennis court. She had the advantage of feeling that she understood Van Schoeck better than Alan did, and it showed in her face.

His mother misunderstood the expression. "You mustn't say such things to Julia," she remonstrated. "You have no right—"

"Yes, I have," he said. "I'm fond of her. And she's fond of me."

He said it sulkily, but that manner of announcing it only made it seem more serious and agreed upon. Mrs. Birdsall drew a deep, unhappy breath. "Oh, dear!"

"Besides, I'm only saying that if we introduce her to people like Van Schoeck I don't want her to jump up and say

she can't stay any longer because it's Saturday afternoon and she has to work in a grocery store."

His mother wailed, "Oh, Alan, why *must* you say things like that when people are fond of you!"

Julie had not moved an eyelash.

"I'm not saying anything," he cried, exasperated. "I'm only asking her not to talk about it."

"You young—" His mother swallowed wrathfully the word "snob"—"You don't expect her to be ashamed of it!"

"Well" he glared—"she needn't be dragging it in all the time, as if she wanted to defy people with it."

Julie rose. "Father's been ill with a cold," she said. "I ought to be helping them."

"There she goes again," he cried.

"No, no," his mother begged, "Don't leave us like this. Alan, please apologize."

Alan grinned angrily.

"Don't go," she pleaded, her hand on Julie's arm. "I want to talk to you."

"Talk to her!" he jeered.

"Julia," she said in an agonized whisper, "it's important." Her lips moved as if she were trying to say something more but her voice did not come. It was less her words than her face that held Julie—the face of a deathbed request. The girl looked at her, frightened, and she tried to nod reassuringly and to smile. "I want to talk—" she gulped—"to talk to you. Please come."

"Talk to her!" Alan sneered to himself as they went indoors. "You might as well talk to a deaf horse."

Naturally he supposed that his mother was going to plead his cause and try to avert a quarrel that might make him unhappy. He relied on her. And he relied on his own ability to be irresistible when his ugly mood had passed. That was one reason why he yielded to these ugly moods: he had learned by experience that the person with whom he quarreled always found his boyish and humorous repentance delightfully

endearing. He felt better already. He lighted a fresh cigarette and shrugged his shoulders.

And his mother, having hurried Julie upstairs to a bedroom, shut the door and stood with her back to it and gasped, "You mustn't! You mustn't, Julia! Oh, *don't!* Don't do it!" She was excessively overwrought, with tears in her eyes, and she leaned against the door, holding the doorknob, as if some calamity were pursuing them and she was barring the way to it.

Julie blinked at her, pale. "I—I don't understand."

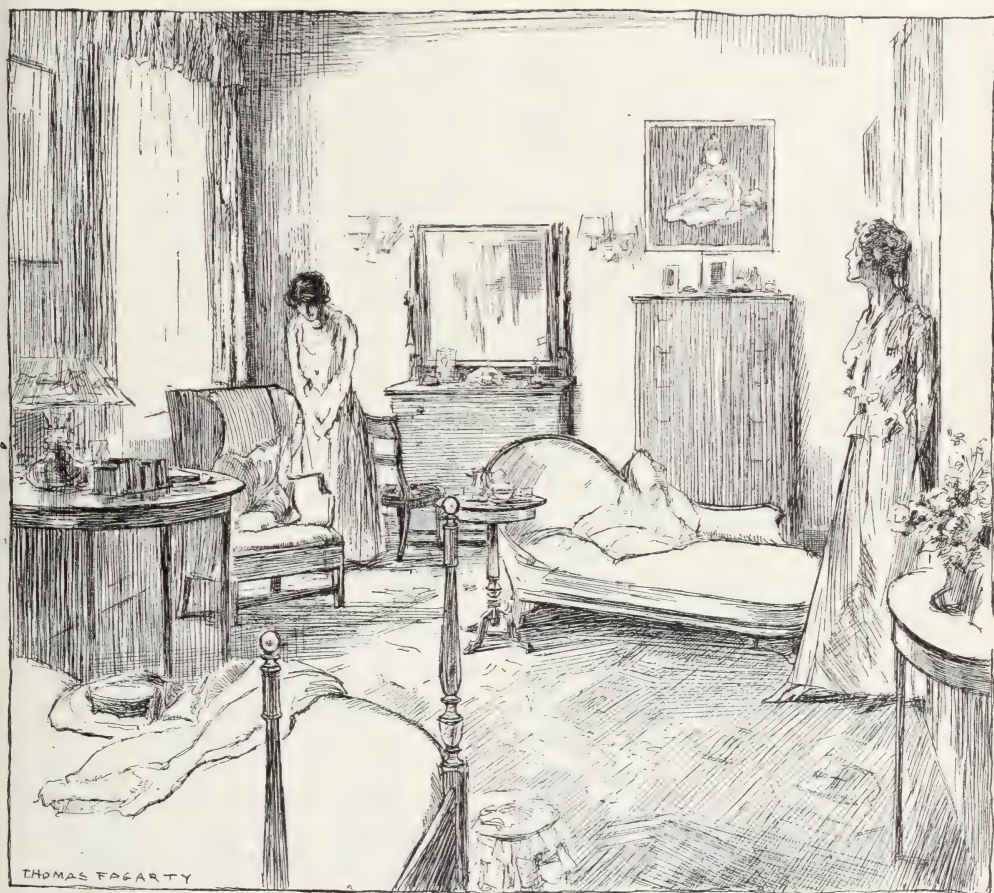
She caught Julie in her arms and held her. "Do you love him?" And when Julie did not answer, she shook her frantically. "Do you love him?"

"I don't know."

"Oh, *don't*, then. Don't!" she pleaded.

"Not *you*. I wouldn't care if it were some of these others, but I can't let *you*. You couldn't—you couldn't be happy. You'd tear each others' hearts out. Oh, Julia dear! Don't do it." And clasping the girl to her, she began to weep on Julie's shoulder. "It's my fault, I know," she sobbed. "It must be my fault. No one else has had him. I don't know what I've done to him, but he's—he's cruel. He's terribly cruel. And I'm so fond of him—fonder than any of you could be—and it doesn't help. It doesn't help to love him—to yield to him. I've given up everybody—and everything—for him, and it doesn't help. And it doesn't help to fight him. He tears himself to pieces if you fight him. It's frightful. Oh, it's all frightful. I don't know what I'll do."

Julie took it stiffly. It seemed to her



an excessive emotion, uncalled for and embarrassing. Perhaps, too, she sensed a certain jealousy in the mother's love that exaggerated Alan's faults. She said nothing. There was nothing for her to say.

Mrs. Birdsall controlled herself. "He's been better since he got away from me—to school," she said, wiping her eyes. "At first he was terribly unhappy. He fought everybody. I had to stay near him or I think he would have killed himself. But then he began to make friends. He began to get along better with people." She was leading Julie to a cushioned window seat against cretonne curtains. "And I thought it was going to be all right—that he was going to grow up and be different. And it *is* all right as long as it's anyone who doesn't *care* too much." She drew Julie down beside her, holding her hand. "I shouldn't tell you, I know," she said in another tone. "But I have to. You'd have to know some day. He has affairs with women—and—he's terrible to them. He doesn't seem to care how cruel he is."

She had been studying Julie's immobility with an anxious scrutiny which the girl evaded by keeping her eyes down. "Oh dear!" she cried. "I can't make you understand. You're too young." She clasped her hands and wrung them. "So was I. I was scarcely more than your age when he was born. I knew nothing—nothing. I must have made him what he is and I never knew it. As soon as I began to see I tried to change him. I tried to make him over. I did everything—I gave up everything—to undo it. And I can't. I can't. I can't change him. He's spoiled. He's ruined." She was sobbing again. "He has no—no—nothing! No ambition—except to amuse himself and torture people. No responsibility—about money—about anything he does. No affection—no real affection! No, no! Or he couldn't be so cruel. Oh, Julia, if you were just some weak-minded girl who'd yield to him in everything, perhaps it

might be possible. You might get along together. But you're *not*. And if he to marry, he'll have to marry some one with money—some one rich. He's useless—useless! He's spoiled. He's ruined. Oh, *don't*—don't let him marry you."

Julie started to rise. "I don't think—"

The mother caught her by the arm and held her. "He's fond of you. He loves you. He thinks—he loves you. And he's sure you love him."

"I don't think he—"

"Yes! Yes, he does. Or he never would have dared to speak to you like that. I know him. And he'll make up. He'll be charming. Oh, when he wants to he can be a dear. He'll persuade you. He'll win you. If he makes up his mind to do it he'll win you."

Julie looked round the room, confusedly distressed, caged with this frantic emotion that seemed like some sort of indecency, exposing intimate feelings and private griefs and insisting upon stripping from her the reticence behind which she had hidden. She freed herself, revolted. "I can't," she said. "I can't talk about it." She got up.

Mrs. Birdsall sprang to her feet. "I'm not asking you to talk about it," she flamed. "I'm warning you. You'll have no friends—he'll not let you. If you so much as look at anyone but him he'll claw at you like a wildcat. He won't let you do—or be—or wear—anything he doesn't like. If you do he'll say terrible things to you—scandalous. He'll believe them. He'll nearly kill himself with them. Do you think I don't want any life of my own? Any friends but these—these children! Do you think I *like* to be nothing but an old—gray—just *his* mother—without a thought or a friend or an interest?"

Julie shook her head—deaf and staring as if she were trying not to see or to hear this tirade of resentment and jealousy and misery and affection. "I don't," she gasped. "I don't—" And then she caught sight of the door. Running to it in a panic, she threw it open and fled.

(To be continued)



THE LION'S MOUTH



POUNDS, SHILLINGS AND PENCE

BY PHILIP CURTISS

HERE'S news that will cheer the public. I've made up my mind to cancel the International Debt. It is quite a new point of view, even for me, as last week I believed that all the Allies should pay up. If Poland would only pay France, then France could pay England, England could pay us, and we could do away with the income tax—possibly even send a little relief back to Poland. It seemed quite as simple as the village in Maine where all the inhabitants lived by taking in one another's washing.

In the past week, however, I have got another and clearer view of the situation. As the Clinton twins used to say, there is more in this than meets the eye. If Wall Street and Washington will take my advice, they will say no more about foreign loans, for I personally have washed my hands of the whole blooming business.

My wife and my cousin Hairbut are responsible for my change of front and before I continue I had better explain that my wife, like my cousin, is English. She was a sweet little thing when I married her, two years ago, fresh off the boat, but it was not at all like most international marriages. I had no money and she had no title. In fact she brought me nothing except a Mayfair accent and a hopeless love for the Prince of Wales.

Nor is "Hairbut" the way that my cousin signs his name. It is merely the way he pronounces it. He arrived straight from London last Tuesday and, by what seemed a pretty coincidence,

a copy of an English illustrated weekly on my study table was the first thing that met his eye.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, in pleasure. "Did you get this for me or do you have in the English reviews right along?"

"We have taken that one ever since the War," I replied. "Maude likes to look at the sporting prints and I like to read the advertisements of Haig & Haig."

"O-oh?" replied Herbert, suavely.

"Speaking of advertisements," he continued, a moment later, "I suppose that in this country I must be prepared to pay about twice what I should in London. Now they tell me that shirts—"

"In some things you will find prices very high," I answered glibly, "but in others you will be quite surprised."

To bear out my argument I picked up the magazine and began to run through the pages.

"For instance," I said, "take the matter of pipes. Now here is a brand of pipe—the 'Piccadilly Cantab'—for which I recently paid eight dollars in New York. The very same pipe is advertised in London for five shillings and six *pence*."

To my surprise a roar of laughter broke from both sides of the room. I looked up, rather nettled.

"Well, it *is* five shillings and six pence," I retorted. "Or, wait a minute. It couldn't possibly be five pounds and six shillings?"

I looked back at the page. Sure enough, there it was, a "5," then a slanted line, then a "6"—"Price 5/6." With my own hands I shoved the page before my wife's laughing eyes.

"Isn't that five shillings and six pence?" I demanded.

"Certainly it is," soothed my wife, "but it sounded funny to hear you say it. We should just say, 'Five and six.'"

"Say what you like," I retorted. "In any case it is a bargain for that kind of pipe. But now, on the other hand, look at tobacco. Over here you can buy almost any good brand at the rate of thirty-five cents for a three-and-a-half ounce package—about ten cents an ounce. In tobacco we've got you beaten to a standstill, for I notice that in England—"

To get at my figures, I went back to the magazine and found what I wanted at once, on the inside cover:

"Old Monks Tobacco. Full Flavored Leaf. Good Enough for Sir Walter Raleigh, Good Enough for You. In Three Ounce Tins for Tropical Climates. Price 3/3."

"There you are!" I exclaimed. "In England you see that the same sized package costs 'three and three.'"

Again came the same roar and again I looked up.

"What's the matter now?" I demanded. "I said it just the way you did—'three and three.'"

"Not 'three and three,' Sweetheart," corrected my wife, "but 'three and thruppence.'"

"But why," I demanded, "if you say 'five and six' —"

"I can't tell you why," laughed my wife. "We just do, that's all."

"Please go on," interrupted Herbert, diplomatically. "This is very entertaining."

I saw that it was. Nevertheless I continued.

"Now here is an American shaving stick," I began, "that is just about the same on both sides of the water—not meaning a joke. In America it costs twenty-five cents and in England it is advertised for —"

"For what?" asked Herbert, but I was not going to be caught again. The price of the stick *seemed* clear enough.

It was printed "1/1" but when I started to say it, it seemed a bit tricky. Rather than commit myself to the spoken word I pointed it out with my finger.

"Read it yourselves," I suggested. "It's written 'one-one' and it looks to me like one shilling and one of those other things. But what do you *call* it when you walk into a shop? Do you say 'one and one punce,' or 'one shilling, one punce' or just 'one and one'?"

"We don't say any of those," laughed Herbert. "We say 'one and a penny.'"

"And if it were one shilling and *two* of those little jiggers, what would you call it then?" I demanded.

"One and tuppence," explained Herbert, gently.

"And one and three?" I persisted.

"One and thruppence."

"But one and four?" I pursued warily, for I had a feeling that the style of play was bound to change at any moment. "You wouldn't say 'one and fuppence'?"

"No," answered Herbert, without a smile. "That's 'one and fourpence.' But you're getting the swing of it."

For a moment I thought that I *was* and I forged ahead bravely.

"Then from now on," I asked, "you just play straight rules? Next 'one and fivepence,' then 'one and sixpence'?"

Again came the roar. "No, dear," expostulated my wife. "That's just what we tried to tell you. It's not 'one and sixpence.' It's just 'one and six.'"

I shook my head and my eyes went back to the magazine which had fallen to the floor. As I picked it up, I saw this on the cover:

"Postage, Inland, 1d. Foreign, 1½d."

I was humble this time. Mutely I held out the inscription to my persecutors and asked them to read it. They looked at it without surprise and then looked at each other.

"What about it?" asked my wife.

"But how do you *say* it—out loud?" I argued. "I mean that little '1½d.'"

Of course I know that 'd' means pence, but do you say 'one and a half pence' or 'a penny and a half'?"

"But, dear old man," begged my wife, "it's 'three haypunce'!"

She must have seen a queer look in my eyes. "There's no reason to get angry," she pleaded.

But I was not angry. I was merely foggy. Perhaps, I thought, it might be simpler if we talked in big figures. It sometimes is, even in American money. I looked through the pages again to find something that cost a lot. I found it after a while in a big advertisement of Oriental rugs. It was there, plain enough—in print:

"Fine Persian, size 5 ft. by 3 ft., price £6. 8. 5."

"And what do you call that?" I demanded. "'Six pounds, eight, five'?"

"Almost," agreed Herbert. "You nearly got it. It's 'six pounds, eight and fivepunce.'"

"I think I see light," I replied, "now that we're talking in money of the size I'm used to handling. I really believe that you have a system after all. Now let me try another."

As a matter of fact, the rugs did offer an excellent school for a beginner. There were eight or ten sizes listed, one under another. I picked out the next, which was listed this way:

"£8. 10. 0."

"Now," I reasoned brightly, "if the one above it is 'six pounds, eight and fivepunce,' this one must be 'eight pounds, ten and nuppunce.'"

I had held the magazine behind me while I gave that figure and for a moment I thought I had floored them. From neither my wife nor my cousin came any answer.

"Please say that again," asked Herbert, slowly.

With growing triumph I repeated and then held it before their eyes, just as it was printed—"£8. 10. 0."

Immediately both laughed. "Why, no, you poor ass," said Herbert. "Can't

you see? That's merely eight and a half pounds?"

"The system's crooked!" I retorted hotly. "But just look at the next rug below. The price is '£12. 12. 0.' You can't tell even me that *twelve* shillings are half a pound. What I'm trying to get at is this: What do you say when the pence column is zero?"

Again they wavered until I showed them the price itself, in print—"£12. 12. 0."

For answer I got nothing but that same idiotic laugh. My wife must have thought that I was going to burst into tears, for she came to my rescue.

"But, dearie," she said, "can't you see? That's merely twelve guineas!"

"What is?" I grunted.

"The whole thing. A guinea is a shilling more than a pound. So twelve pounds and twelve shillings is another way of saying twelve guineas."

"It's a hell of a way," I retorted. "If they feel expensive and want to talk guineas why don't they *say* guineas?"

"Sometimes they do," replied Herbert. "If you look on through those pages I've no doubt you'll see a price in guineas printed out in words."

And Herbert was right for, as with listless hands I continued to turn the pages, I ran right into a motor car labeled "500 Guineas," but on the next page was even a better car priced at "£525," which figured out at just the same thing.

By this time my wife and Herbert had tired of the game and their conversation had wandered to other subjects. Yet from time to time, like the bulldog that I am, I continued to break into their happiness.

"Now tell me this," I suddenly sputtered. "If your damned old rugs are priced at ten pounds and nine shillings, why is this overcoat on the next page advertised at '130 Shillings'?"

With my last ounce of strength I took out a pencil and began to figure on the margin of the magazine.

"If they thought the coat was worth

all that money—which I don't believe it is," I persisted, "why didn't they come out like men and call it six pounds and ten shillings—or, if you *will* have it that way, six and a half pounds? In England do they not only want you to buy their old goods but keep their books as well?"

Herbert shrugged his shoulders. Clothing frequently *is* priced that way—simply in shillings. If you will look along you will probably find that whisky is advertised in pounds, shillings, and pence; port and claret in shillings alone, and champagne in guineas."

"A pound income and a guinea appetite?" I suggested. That joke made me feel a little better, and I left them alone for quite a few minutes until suddenly I came on an absolute knockout. I gave a wild yell.

"Listen here—both of you!" I ordered. "I'll bet you a farthing, a pound, and three pieces-of-eight that neither one of you can do this in your heads: Here is a motor lawn mower that will be delivered right at your door in any part of England, Scotland, or Wales for 29½ guineas. There are the figures. Look at them with your own eyes. It is printed right out—'29½ Guineas.' I'll give you ten seconds. Now tell me quick. How much would that lawn mower cost you in pounds, shillings, and pence?"

At that shot my wife did begin to look troubled, but Herbert, the man of affairs, never batted an eyelash.

"Why, no," he replied. "It's very simple. Twenty-nine and a half guineas are twenty-nine pounds plus twenty-nine shillings plus ten and six! You can figure it out for yourself."

"Not me," I replied. "Rather than that I'd mow all summer by hand."

I couldn't help feeling that I had made more or less of a comeback, and Herbert must have felt so too, for very shortly he asked if he might go to bed. Not that he was tired, of course, but after all he had had a long trip. Besides, he said, it was always his custom

to read for an hour before he put out the light.

At the time I didn't believe him. I thought he was merely running away like a coward for fear of what I might ask him next, but, half an hour later when I myself went up to bed, I noticed a ribbon of light under his door, and going in, found him propped up in bed with a book in his hand. At the sight of me his face brightened oddly.

"Oh, hello!" he exclaimed, "I've been waiting for you. You see, I thought I'd begin my visit by reading one of your own books. It's a bully story, but won't you please explain this passage? Where is it? Oh, yes, here it is."

Completely unsuspecting, I took the book from his hand, and Herbert's finger pointed out the following paragraphs:

As the ragged stranger took up his cards, he emptied a handful of small coins on the table—coppers, nickels, quarters, and dimes.

"Open her for six bits," he muttered.

From the dealer's chair, the sheriff glanced at his pile of coins with a look of contempt.

"Take that chicken feed off this board," he commanded. "Nothing but 'presidents' go in this game."

The stranger hesitated, then, with a queer look in his eyes he drew out a wad of jack as big as a drainpipe. Long green it was mostly, but I could see one or two yellowboys gleaming among it.

"How much to open?" he asked. "One simoleon?"

"Five beans, nothing less," retorted the sheriff, and as the stranger peeled off a V, the sheriff tossed down a big double-eagle.

"I'll leave it all there," he waved grandly. "I'm meaning to jump her fifty berries each shot; so, Stranger, you'd better get ready to answer in centuries."

"Now will you please tell me," began Herbert eagerly, but with a shamed smile I gave the book back. I thought it over a moment, then suddenly, like a man and an Ally, I held out my hand.

"*Pax*, Herbert?" I suggested, wistfully.

He took my hand and answered me—"Pax."

THE PARTIAL POST

BY MARIAN STORM

THE line at the window was growing longer, and the old lady decided to speak frankly.

"Well, I can certainly tell you what's it, if you're so keen on knowing," she said. "There's two sheets, not absolutely worn out, but with holes big enough to put your toes through, in case you're a restless sleeper, and my daughter says she never can get enough rags, with the girl throwing them away after she's used them once, the way they do now, and that honestly she'd like a nice supply of rags for her birthday as well as anything. Rolled inside the sheets are some shirt tails, plenty good enough for dusters, and then inside of those—I thought it would be such a fine chance to pack it—is a small bottle of black-erry brandy—"

The clerk's face lighted. "That's gainst," he exclaimed, and then asked meditatively, "Did you want it insured?" But his civic sense wrecked such a train of thought. "We can't accept exhilarating beverages, madam. In fact, you had better take it right back home."

The old lady was about to discuss the package more fully, but the next in line pressed on.

"Insured for ten, please."

"What's in it?"

"A gift."

"What kind of a gift?"

"Wearing apparel."

"How classified?"

"Oh, it's just a *robe de nuit*."

"Robe de what?"

"I'll spell it for you: R-o-b-e—robe; d-e-n-n-u-i-e—*de nuit*."

"Here's your slip. Next."

A long package, very much like an umbrella, is shoved under the grating. The clerk can just see the tilted freckled nose belonging to its sponsor.

"What's the contents?"

"One shipment."

"Shipment of which?"

"Live Stock."

"Look here, kid, what have you got in this box? What are all these holes cut along the top for? You can't send this by mail. Great suffering Cæsar, take it back! I see his eyes."

"Aw, Gee, go on and take it. Red wants a black snake. They can't keep nothin' in their apartment that takes up room. I tole Red, I says, 'I'll send you a snake. He can fit in anywheres. Yer mother won't kick at a snake, even if she won't let you have a pup.' And Red says, 'Gee, will ya mail it to me?' So I caught this ole feller yesterday, and I found an umbrella box, and it was just right for him, and—"

"Take him off quick," urged the clerk through the little hole in the closed window. "Get a nice firm snake skin this August and stuff it. Carry the package gently, that's a good boy."

He passed a hand across his brow.

"Contents?"

"Just some things my wife asked me to get—A teddy, a middie, a brazier, a libretto, a jar of mud, an invisible, a transformation, a combination, a half-in-half. . . ."

"All right; sixteen cents. What's in it, madam?"

"I simply cannot tell you. There is no reason why you should know."

"Lady, you simply will have to tell me or we cannot accept it for the mails."

"Well, it contains an intimacy."

"Is it perishable?"

"Yes. Insure it for five dollars, please."

"This parcel," I told him, for my turn had come, "enfolds a blouse which I really hate and which I am mailing to my sister, who is fully informed of my attitude. Within the blouse is a wonderfully silly book that I do not care to have around the house, and neither would she, but she has a furnace. This is the only method I have of disposing of these two articles, and I wouldn't have them insured for anything. After all, why do you keep on asking us? You bring it upon yourself."

"Lady," said the clerk, "it is my lawful entertainment."

AS THE CROW FLIES

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

SO many miles by foot; but so many—less, a great deal less—"as the crow flies."

The crow has always stood to me as a kind of symbol of a fine economy of the intellect, a swift efficiency of the spirit. While we landlubbers plod the weary winding roads of our contradictory experience, he goes straight along the short-cuts of the air, arriving at his destination as wise men at their conclusions, without waste of argument or dissipation of opinion.

He is above all—and I believe I like him most for this—nothing of a bigot. I know of no other bird so observant without prejudice; so ready, really, to suit himself to circumstance and adjust himself amicably to conditions. He is more willing than any person I know to give the devil his due, even if the devil be a river. I have seen him coming up from a plunge with a fish in his claws like any kingfisher; and you can hardly say more as to generosity and adaptability than that of one who by nature prefers the highest, dryest, topmost bough.

It seems certain he must have speculated about us a great deal, forgiven us much, and laughed at us not a little. I have always had the impression he would be extremely good friends with us except for that miserable moot question of the farmer's corn. If only one could ever give in to the other!

But even so, he never seems to me unfriendly as he flies over broad acres. The very sweep of his wing, so leisured yet steady, has always something amicable in it when I compare it with the busy, rather crafty flitting of small birds, bent so absorbedly on their own affairs, or the sinister sailing of the hawk that hovers waiting its chance to pounce when you are not aware.

No, the crow as he goes his slow way, cawing, may make sarcastic or humorous comment upon us but he does not

stoop to deceive us. It is we, rather who deceive him, and set up scarecrow made so unflatteringly in our own image, that he may suppose we are abroad faithfully, industriously, hours after hour in our gardens when we are lazily not there at all. Nor is it his sagacity, I believe, that fails him when he does not discover the deception; seems to me only that he is too much of an openhearted person himself to suspect us of such duplicity—he who goes straight to a point, and so directly that we have put his directness into phrase and symbol—"as the crow flies."

Though it is the dove, owing to that bit of olive branch, that has received all the glory, I have noted in Genesis that it was the "raven"—which is to all intents and purposes the crow—that was first sent forth after the floods had abated on an embassy and commission of inquiry; and it was to birds of the same tactful and trustworthy family that the bread and meat destined for Elijah the Tishbite were intrusted; nor is it reported that the rations were diminished on their delivery.

In short, I have a respect amounting to downright fondness for a creature of so much intelligence and adaptability.

"It is an existence, but not a life," says old Montaigne, "to be tied and bound by necessity to only one course. The goodliest minds are those that have most variety and pliability in them."

There is a great deal of all this in the crow. I think he might even be called the very Montaigne of birds—interested in all things, peevishly bound to none.

So many miles by foot! and it is a weary way; but not "as the crow flies." Above the plodding of the daily practical tasks the intelligence goes winging, winging, straight to its point.

I have traveled a long road to-day; and have been directed by many guideposts, and have arrived at my destination, God knows, body-weary; yet—as the crow flies—the way has not been long.



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

WHAT AILS CONTEMPORARY LIFE?

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

NOW and then something comes along in the news that jolts people. So it was when a great liner was sunk some years ago. To be sure that was a vast catastrophe, but the impression made was greater than even its vastness warranted. The number of the drowned was great, sixteen hundred or thereabouts; many of them were very well-known people and that made a difference; but for months and years together in the War more people than that were killed over night, day in and day out, so it was not merely the number or quality of the dead which made the sensation. It was as though civilization had got a black eye. That was at the bottom of the feeling that prevailed.

There is something of the same quality in the story that broke out in the front headlines of the papers of June 1st of the two Chicago boys who had murdered their young companion. Rich boys they were, or the sons, at least, of very rich people; mentally clever; high scholars in the universities they had been to. Nobody that reads anything can have missed the details of that story in the papers nor can yet have forgotten them. It jolted people very much. Scripture says, "The love of money is the root of all evil." We see the point of that, but still are apt to think of money as the great cure-all. Ask the farmers if it is not! Ask the bonus men! But those boys had money; they had plenty. The immediate motive for the murder was to get more money, at least it seemed to

be, but it was not at all a pinching motive, for those boys had money enough even for extravagance.

Education is lauded as the great panacea for all evils. But those boys were "educated," and good at it. That must have been what shocked people. Here were the two great popular remedies for the ills of life coming complete and awful croppers—money failing to appease; education, so called, failing to direct, and the boys upon whom these blessings had been lavished for years suddenly discovering themselves as murderous monsters, destitute of moral sense, degenerates, anything you like, and carefully equipped to excel in crime.

We all know how crimes of violence abound just now. The murder rate in this country has doubled, Dr. Frederick Hoffman tells us, in twenty-four years. Doctor Hoffman is statistician for a life insurance company, and keeps the run of such matters as murder. He says our foreign-born population does not do much killing and is comparatively orderly. About the next generation of that population he does not say. The foreign-born come here with habits formed by the restraints of the countries they come from. What restraints their children find here, what sort of teaching, how much religion, what sort of moral influence does not appear in Doctor Hoffman's statistics. If we think we find a large proportion of Italian names in the stories of violence in the New York papers, that seems to mean something,

but Doctor Hoffman does not deal with that. He finds the homicide record is greatest in the South and is related to negro populations. The highest rate of all is, as it has long been, in Memphis—more than sixty annual killings in every 10,000 population, whereas in New York the ratio is only about 5.5 for each 10,000. Whatever the cause, Doctor Hoffman shows that the homicide rate in the United States is scandalously high and apparently increasing, and of course one asks why? Here comes this appalling story of these rich Chicago boys developing into murderous monsters, and again one asks why?

Their case with its extraordinary features came before the American Psychiatric Association then in session in Atlantic City. The business of the psychiatrists is to understand the mind and its diseases, and of course the Chicago story was proper meat for them. How these boys came to be what they were and do what they did naturally became a topic of discussion at that meeting, but was used mainly as an example of what was happening in the United States. Doctor Barker of Johns Hopkins pleaded for an awakening of the public mind to the prevalence of mental disorder and the need of efforts toward prevention of insanity, as against satisfaction with the present methods of incarceration and treatment.

Another psychiatrist, Doctor Cowles, declared—not at Atlantic City but in a newspaper interview—that Leopold of the Chicago pair had *dementia præcox* which might, he said, have been easily cured if taken in time; and that Loeb, the other one, was obviously controlled by him. Every year, said Doctor Cowles, according to the interview, “we send some 240,000 persons suffering from mental derangements to insane asylums and private sanatoria. An astounding figure! And a shameful figure when it is realized that 80 per cent of those hopeless people could have been cured had the state done its simple duty.”

And what remedy did he recommend calling it easy and inexpensive compared with the cost of insanity. I would have “a thorough physical examination of every child in the schools the United States. Not such a cursory examination as is conducted now, but the fullest clinical investigation of each child’s physiology, with proper laboratory analyses. Upon the basis of the physical report a mental examination should be made by competent psychiatrists. These examinations should be repeated periodically. They would be comparatively simple after the first, their chief object being to detect variations and tendencies in mental and physical development.” By so doing, he thought, incipient insanity could be cured while still curable, and potential criminals either straightened out or segregated. The obstacle he found to setting up this system was the lack of competent psychiatrists. At present he believed there was only a handful of men prepared to do the work, but that he considered the fault of the medical schools, and thought psychiatrists could be trained in due numbers if there was opportunity for them to work.

Is it really so bad as that? Are we going crazy so fast and in such numbers that all the school children should be carefully examined to see if they are sane? That seems to offer us a rather bleak prospect. But here is the story of the Chicago boys, and the daily score of crimes of violence all over the country and the homicide record, the highest in what we call the civilized world. What is the matter? Is the strain of life too great? Do we have to think about too many things? Is society too highly organized? Have we got too many machines?

And what is the state of religion? One of the offices of religion is to keep people sane. Nothing else is so good at it, but now in this country it does not seem to be handling the job. My friend Theophilus Broadhead, who is still on

the windward side of middle life, says that the need of the times is "to put religion into religion." That is what he tells me when I talk about religion as a power to save the world. He cannot see

He is pious himself, in moderation, and well instructed. I think he approves of religion, "but what," he says, "am I to do?" He sees the Fundamentalists and the Modernists forever discussing theology, and it does not look to him as though they were getting anywhere. In religion, as he sees it, he does not find the power which will save the world, and yet he suspects that it ought to be there, and that is why he storms at his demand to put religion into religion.

It is a difficult demand. There is a great deal of religion in this country now. There is an extraordinary amount of devotion to all work that promises to improve the condition of the people. There is a vast amount of religious belief of one sort or another floating about, some of it organized, a good deal not. The reason why prohibition went through was the belief of millions of people, mostly religious people, that it was the great panacea for improving the morals of the country. President Butler says it is not doing so, but quite the contrary. His Chicago story, the hold-up record, the homicide record, all impair confidence that shutting off rum is going to save the country even if it can be accomplished, which it probably can't. And there will be many who will not even accept the suggestion that the development in training of a sufficient number of competent psychiatrists and the examination of all the school children will quite accomplish our national salvation. What one would like to have is an explanation why the children would need to be examined; why we need a quarter of a million people a year in insane asylums; what is the matter with current life that so many people break down under it!

Is it too complicated and expensive? Many of us think so. Farming is badly

off and that is one of the most soothing of callings, but it is only soothing when it is in a fairly good case and people can make a living by it. When a year's work brings the farmer a deficit and an increased mortgage, probably it is not soothing. Everything is done in this country to stimulate manufactures and to multiply the conveniences of life. We have good roads and plumbing and electric lights and telephones and motor cars and radios and airplanes and Heaven knows what else, but they are all expensive, and to keep them in repair and going keeps most people's fiscal capacity on the stretch. This life we lead is not an easy life. This religion that we lean on is a splendid subject for controversy in the newspapers, but it does not seem to support our souls as much as they need. We do not know enough about the life we live or the world we live in. We know only the visible world, only the practical life, and by no means the whole of them. But of the invisible world and the spiritual life our knowledge seems far short of our requirements. Somehow we must increase it. Somehow, if we are not to go crazy in increasing numbers, we must meet the demand of Theophilus Broadhead and put religion into religion.

After all, that is only another way of expressing what people have in their minds when they say the world, or this or that nation, or this or that group needs to have the fear of God put into it. When the need becomes sufficiently urgent and the authorities of one sort or another seem unable to meet it, in resourceful countries it usually happens that amateurs rise up and take a hand and do what they can to meet the situation. So it was in California following '49, so it is now in Italy and more or less in other states of Europe, and one hears of a growing Fascisti organization in England that is getting ready to take hold whenever, if ever, the call comes with power enough. The spirit that would foster such an association in England may be represented here in a way

by the Ku Klux Klan, but who would have the Klan or anything much like it attempt to do in this country what Mussolini and his men have done in Italy? We like not that method on a large scale, quite capable though we are of vigilance committees to meet emergencies. Neither would a Fascisti organized in England be likely to do any such work as Mussolini has done in Italy! It might transpire as a big *posse comitatus* to enforce order or break unreasonable strikes, but hardly more than that.

But both in England and in this country, party government is in trouble. No single party has a majority in England, and here the party in power cannot pass its bills. We all know how the Republicans are divided and what effect their division has in Congress. The Democrats are thought to be under better discipline and more coherent, but it will be four years next March since they have been tried out. It used to be that platforms meant a little something and that a party whose management of the government had not been satisfactory could be turned out and the other party put in charge with power to act, but now it seems doubtful whether the Republicans will have power to act if they are continued in office, and not at all certain that the Democrats will have it if they are chosen. That is the sort of situation in politics that favors the organization of amateurs to get political results. The prohibitionists have shown what they can do, and the bonus men seemed to profit by that example, and the farmers seem inclined to try it.

And now for three months of discussion, following which we may possibly know more than we do now! Maybe it is going to be an interesting campaign. Writing before both the conventions have nominated it is hard to say, but certainly there is a great need to talk things over, get our bearings, try to discover where we are and whither going, and what to do about it if we are not

heading right. Mere politics won't save us. A political party is just like a motor car: whether it gets anywhere depends on the competence of the driver. It is the same with Congress. Congress is a good enough machine but somebody has to handle it. No doubt that is true of all organizations, the Church included.

The writer of a letter to the *Easy Chair* says: "We ought not to try to formulate religion but allow it to formulate itself and reach others, if through us, nevertheless not by our assistance, and the most when we are perhaps silent." How far that applies to politics is hard to say, but politics has had plenty of noise lately, enormous clamors of it, and has not been going any too well; the notion that silence may help it is rather welcome. This much at least there is in it: there must be a lot of voters not active on the stump, not speakers at meetings who may gradually get through their heads what is going on in politics, what they think about it and what they want done. Then if some candidate is offered who suits them, something may happen. What we are warned is not unlikely to happen is that the impotence of the two great parties, and their inability between them to express the aspiration of all the voters, may result in a third party that will carry state enough to throw the election into the House.

But whatever works out of the elections, we shall have on our hands in November and after the same problem as now, and the same need to know why so many of us every year go to asylums for mental treatment, and why crimes of violence and homicide abound so, especially among the young. Our world needs something to shape conduct. Science tries to do it, but it does not succeed. There must be something else, and possibly it will come by putting religion into religion, though that is not a feat that can be accomplished by main strength, or even by organization and bloc politics.





Drawn by George Wharton Edwards

THE SPANISH STEPS—ROME

Leading up from the Piazza di Spagna to the Church of Santa Trinità de' Monti. At the foot of the stairs is the flower market where artists' models congregate.



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THE DRAMA, THE THEATER, AND THE FILMS

A Dialogue between BERNARD SHAW
and ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

THE dining room at 19 Adelphi Terrace, London. Time: late March, 1924, just after the production of Shaw's latest play, "Saint Joan," at the New Theater, London. A room full of sunshine overlooking the narrow gorge of the Adelphi. The walls are sparsely decorated, the principal object in the room (besides the original) being a portrait of Bernard Shaw which startlingly confronts you on entering the room—the impressionist, posterlike portrait by Augustus John, with flying locks and mustaches, rectangular head, and exaggeratedly flouting lower lip—done in bright colors: reds, yellows, blues. Its close analogue, a superior study and a better likeness, hangs in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. Bernard Shaw and Archibald Henderson discovered seated at opposite ends of the dinner table, à deux. During the course of the meal the food is often sadly neglected for the sake of argument—the Irishman waving his long arms and tapering fingers, the American energetically hammering his closed right fist in his left, open palm.

HENDERSON.

Well, I must say you made a neat get-away at the New the other night. One moment I was talking to you in your private box and the next Miss Sybil Thorndike was explaining to an audience stentoriously shouting "Author! Author!" that, *as usual under such circumstances*, the author was not to be found. Your wife and Miss Lena Ashwell must have spirited you mysteriously away. I felt defrauded—robbed of a long-anticipated pleasure of hearing you make a footlight speech. Of course, I understood that you wished Miss

Thorndike to have all the honors for playing beautifully the title role in your greatest play.

And now to come to the films. Has the enormous development of the cinema industry benefited the drama, or the reverse?

SHAW.

No: the colossal proportions make mediocrity compulsory. They aim at the average of an American millionaire and a Chinese coolie, a cathedral-town governess and a mining-village barmaid, because the film has to go everywhere

and please everybody. They spread the drama enormously, but as they must interest a hundred per cent of the population of the globe, barring infants in arms, they cannot afford to meddle with the upper-ten-per-cent theater of the highbrows or the lower-ten-per-cent theater of the blackguards. The result is that the movie play has supplanted the old-fashioned tract and Sunday-school prize: it is reeking with morality but dares not touch virtue. And virtue, which is defiant and contemptuous of morality even when it has no practical quarrel with it, is the lifeblood of high drama.

HENDERSON.

In spite of the fame of certain artistic directors—the Griffiths, De Milles, Lubitschs, and Dwans—perhaps it is true that the film industry is, for the most part, directed and controlled by people with imperfectly developed artistic instincts and ideals who have their eyes fixed primarily on financial rewards.

SHAW.

All industries are brought under the control of such people by Capitalism. If the capitalists let themselves be seduced from their pursuit of profits to the enchantments of art, they would be bankrupt before they knew where they were. You cannot combine the pursuit of money with the pursuit of art.

HENDERSON.

Would it not be better for film magnates to engage first-rate authors to write directly for the films, paying them handsomely for their work, rather than paying enormous prices to an author of novel, story, or play, and then engaging a hack at an absurdly low price to prepare a scenario?

SHAW.

Certainly not first-rate authors: democracy always prefers second-bests. The magnates might pay for literate subtitles; but one of the joys of the

cinema would be gone without such gems as "Christian: Allah didst make thee wondrous strong and fair." Seriously, though, the ignorance which leads to the employment of uneducated people to do professional work in modern industry is a scandal. It is just as bad in journalism. In my youth all writing was done by men who, if they had little Latin and less Greek, had at any rate been in schools where there was a pretense of teaching them; and they had all read the Bible, however reluctantly. Nowadays that has all gone: literary work is intrusted to men and women so illiterate that the mystery is how they ever learned their alphabet. They know next to nothing else, apparently. I agree with you as to the scenario founded on existing plays and novels. Movie plays should be invented expressly for the screen by original imaginative visualizers. But you must remember that just as all our music consists of permutations and combinations of twelve notes, all our fiction consists of variations on a few plots; and it is in the words that the widest power of variation lies. Take that away and you will soon be so hard up for a new variation that you will snatch at anything—even at a Dickens plot—to enable you to carry on.

HENDERSON.

American newspapers and magazines teem with articles, interviews, counsels, and admonitions regarding the films and measures for their improvement. Have you in mind any definite suggestions for the further artistic development of films?

SHAW (*explosively*).

Write better films, if you can: there is no other way. Development must come from the center, not from the periphery. The limits of external encouragement have been reached long ago. Take a highbrow play to a Little Theater and ask the management to spend two or three thousand dollars on

the production, and they will tell you that they cannot afford it. Take an opium eater's dream to Los Angeles and they will realize it for you: the more it costs the more they will believe in it. You can have a real Polar expedition, a real volcano, a reconstruction of the Roman Forum in the spot: anything you please, provided it is enormously costly. Wasted money, mostly. If the United States Government put a limit of twenty-five thousand dollars on the expenditure on any single non-educational film, the result would probably be an enormous improvement in the interest of the film drama, because film magnates would be forced to rely on dramatic imagination instead of on mere spectacle. Oh, those scenes of oriental voluptuousness as imagined by a whaler's cabin boy! They would make a monk of Don Juan. Can you do nothing to stop them?

HENDERSON.

The only way to stop them is with ridicule. That is why I am making you talk. Already such scenes are greeted with ribald laughter and shouts of unpolo glee in many American communities. But our happiest effects are achieved by having English duchesses impersonated by former cloak models, Italian counts by former restaurant waiters. In spite of all this the triumph



(Cartoon by Bohun Lynch)

A QUIET DIALOGUE BETWEEN SHAW AND HENDERSON

of the American film is spectacular. The invasion of England and Europe is a smashing success. London, Paris, Berlin are placarded with announcements of American films: they are literally everywhere. "The Covered Wagon," "Scar-amouche," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "The Ten Commandments," "Mother," "Nanook": Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Jackie Coogan, etc., etc. Yet I am told that the Italians make the best films; and the best European picture I saw in Europe was a Swedish film at the

Gaumont "Picture Palace" in Paris. The triumph, almost the monopoly of the American film is uncontested. But are American films superior to all others?

SHAW (*decisively*).

No. Many of them are full of the stupidest errors of judgment. Overdone and foolishly repeated strokes of expression, hideous make-ups, close-ups that an angel's face would not bear, hundreds of thousands of dollars spent on spoiling effects that I or any competent producer could secure quickly and certainly at a cost of ten cents, featureless over-exposed faces against under-exposed backgrounds, vulgar and silly subtitles, impertinent lists of everybody employed in the film from the star actress to the press agent's office boy—are only a few of the *gaffes* that American film factories are privileged to make. Conceit is rampant among your film makers; and good sense is about nonexistent. That is where Mr. Chaplin scores: but Mr. Harold Lloyd seems so far to be the only rival intelligent enough to follow his example. We shall soon have to sit for ten minutes at the beginning of every reel to be told who developed it, who fixed it, who dried it, who provided the celluloid, who sold the chemicals, and who cut the author's hair. Your film people simply don't know how to behave themselves: they take liberties with the public at every step on the strength of their reckless enterprise and expenditure. Every American aspirant to film work should be sent to Denmark or Sweden for five years to civilize him before being allowed to enter a Los Angeles studio.

HENDERSON.

Well! that's that! And how surprised and pained some American producers will be to read your cruel words! But too much success is not good for anyone—not even for you. And speaking of comets, can plays of conversation—"dialectic dramas"—like yours be successfully filmed?

SHAW.

Barrie says that the film play of the future will have no pictures and will consist exclusively of subtitles.

HENDERSON.

I wonder if conversation dramas are not on the wane—since the public is countless numbers patronizes, revels in the silent drama.

SHAW.

If you come to that, the public is overwhelming numbers is perfectly satisfied with no drama at all. But the silent drama is producing such a glut of spectacle that people are actually listening to invisible plays by wireless. The silent drama is exhausting the resources of silence. Charlie Chaplin and his very clever colleague Edna Purviance, Bill Hart and Alla Nazimova, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford and Harold Lloyd have done everything that can be done in dramatic dumb show and athletic stunting, and played all the possible variations on it. The man who will play them off the screen will not be their superior at their own game but an Oscar Wilde of the movies who will flash epigram after epigram at the spectators and thus realize Barrie's anticipation of more subtitles than pictures.

HENDERSON.

If that is true, then why—since wit and epigram are your familiar weapons—why have none of your plays been filmed?

SHAW (*deadly resolute*).

Because I wouldn't let them. I repeat that a play with the words left out is a play spoiled; and all those filmings of plays written to be spoken as well as seen are boresome blunders except when the dialogue is so worthless that it is a hindrance instead of a help. Of course that is a very large exception in point of bulk; but the moment you come to classic drama, the omission of

Are American films superior to all others?

No. ~~Regrettably~~ ~~to be sure~~ Many of them are full of the stupidest errors of judgment. ~~Costly effects~~ ~~extraneous~~ ~~the~~ Overdone and foolishly repeated studies of expression, ~~hundreds of thousands of dollars spent on~~ ^{hundreds of thousands of dollars spent on} ~~shocking effects~~ ^{that I or any competent producer could} ~~secure quickly and certainly~~ ^{secure quickly and certainly} ~~at a cost of ten cents~~ ^{at a cost of ten cents} ~~featureless~~ ^{featureless} ~~overexposed faces~~ ^{overexposed faces} ~~and~~ ^{against} ~~underexposed backgrounds~~ ^{underexposed backgrounds}, vulgar and silly sub-titles, ~~long~~ ^{long} lists of everybody employed in the film from the star actress to the press agent's office boy, are only a few of the gaffes that American film factories are privileged to make. ~~Bad~~ ^{Bad} ~~cinemat~~ ^{cinemat} is rampant among your film makers; and good sense is almost non-existent. That is where Mr. Chaplin excels; but Mr. Harold Lloyd seems so far to be the only rival intelligent enough to follow his example. We shall soon have to sit for ten minutes at the beginning of every reel to be told who developed it, who fixed it, who dried it, who finished the celluloid, who sold the chemicals, and who cut the author's hair. Your film people simply don't know how to behave themselves: they take liberties with the public at every step in the strength of their reckless enterprise and efficiency. Every American ~~ought to be~~ ^{ought to be} ~~aspirant to film work~~ ^{aspirant to film work} should be sent to Denmark or Sweden for five years to enlighten him before being allowed to enter a Los Angeles studio.

A PAGE OF SHAW'S MANUSCRIPT SETTING FORTH HIS OPINION OF AMERICAN FILMS

the words and the presentation of the mere scenario is very much as if you offered as a statue the wire skeleton which supports a sculptor's modeling clay. Besides, consider the reaction on the box office. People see a Macbeth film. They imagine they have seen "Macbeth," and don't want to see it again; so when your Mr. Hackett or somebody comes round to act the play, he finds the house empty. That is what has happened to dozens of good plays whose authors have allowed them to be filmed. It shall not happen to mine if I can help it.

HENDERSON.

The American "invasion" of the European theater is certainly not com-

parable to the success of the American film. My own observation does not bear out the statement one sometimes hears that, since the World War, British theaters have been filled with American plays.

SHAW (*superciliously*).

I don't know. I don't go to them often enough to be able to say. When I do go it is usually a British play I fall to, though I have looked up Mr. Eugene O'Neill once or twice. But as far as our theaters are filled with the commercial machine-made article, what you suggest may very well be true. America invented the typewriter; and a very little extra ingenuity would suffice to invent an attachment which would turn

out what used to be called in Scribe's time a well-made play.

HENDERSON.

O'Neill is a playwright of genuine talent and dramatic imagination. Two of his plays were played in Berlin during my stay there. My former query brings up an interesting corollary: Is the British drama at a low ebb to-day?

SHAW (*cryptically*).

All drama is always at a low ebb. Even the Athenian drama in the days of the Great Four (Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes) was in a shocking state.

HENDERSON.

Would you say, then, that the high hopes of Archer and Walkley entertained thirty or thirty-five years ago for the British drama, on the basis of Pinero and Jones, have been sustained?

SHAW.

Yes, prodigiously. In the days when Archer was desperately pretending to cherish such hopes to keep up our spirits, there were—leaving out the special case of Gilbert—only two playwrights worth mentioning: Pinero and Jones, and one adapter, Grundy. When Carton, Barrie, Oscar Wilde, and I came along, the number of original playwrights was tripled without counting Buchanan and Stephen Phillips and Fagan, who were only occasional contributors. Four of those are dead; but the remaining six have been reinforced by Archer himself, by Galsworthy, Granville-Barker, Drinkwater, Ervine, Maugham, McEvoy, Glover, Munro, Sutton Vane, Clemence Dane, Milne, the late St. John Hankin, Zangwill, Laurence Housman, Eden Phillpotts, and quite a lot of busy young experimenters whose work I do not happen to have seen. If I had told Archer and Walkley in 1890 that we should live to see the day when it would be easy to reel off the names of more than twenty

practicing serious English playwright (the worst of them much better than Grundy, and the best six immensely superior to Augier, Dumas *filis*, Sardou & Co.) they would have thought me mad; and I should have agreed with them. The change for the better in the British drama, in this century, is more than a mere change: it is a Transfiguration. And our young critic lament its decay and sigh for the golden age of Irving, Tree, Alexander, and Wyndham, God help them! Don't forget, by the way, that all these new men are trying to write real plays, and not "constructing" cat's cradles and clockwork mice like the machine-made *nouveautés Parisiennes* of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

HENDERSON.

I have a book drawn up by Archer and Granville-Barker on plans and estimates for a national theater. At the present time what is the hope or expectation for The Shakespeare National Memorial Theater?

SHAW (*with a satirical smile*).

Well, after many years of struggle we have had one subscription. The solitary sportsman who gave it was a Hamburg gentleman. When Germany recovers from the War we may get another move on. *Nil desperandum*.

HENDERSON.

With talents such as Granville-Barker, Gordon Craig, and Bridges Adams to draw upon for *régisseurs*, with no dearth of reasonably good actors and actresses, with the greatest classic repertory of any nation in the world, and with the dramatists you have mentioned to furnish contemporary plays—why not a British National Theater?

SHAW (*deprecatingly*).

A British National Theater is a contradiction in terms. You can have a Grand National Steeplechase, a Church

f England, a British Parliament, and even a National Gallery full of foreign pictures; but though the British are the most theatrical people on earth, they keep it all for politics and the bar and the quarter-deck, and are jealous of the theater because it gives them away.

HENDERSON.

There is a movement in the United States which has produced and continues to produce important and valuable results in the theater. This is the Little Theater movement. Have not the Little Theaters—in both the United States and Great Britain—been far more progressive than the commercial theater in producing your plays?

SHAW.

If I were a younger man I could probably say "Yes" without reserve. You must remember that in my time there were no Little Theaters. The Little Theaters were started by people who had been caught in their adolescence by Mansfield's production of "The Devil's Disciple," and Loraine's of "Man and Superman," and Forbes Robertson's of "Cæsar and Cleopatra," which were very big and successful commercial ventures. Daly's "Candida" at the Berkeley Lyceum, a bandbox of a theater, demonstrated the possibility of Little Theaters. They are all to the good: indeed the best dramatic work of to-day has been kept alive by them; and I make a point of giving them every possible facility as to my own work.

HENDERSON.

The history of the New York Theater Guild is a record in which every American interested in the theater feels a genuine pride. But you know all about that!

SHAW (*emphatically*).

Well, it has been the salvation of the drama in New York. But I suppose I must not advertise my own shop.

HENDERSON.

In the American university, pioneer work of a remarkable kind has been under way for upward of two decades. The United States is not only the leader in this field: she has no competitor. Our best students and critics of the drama—such as Professor Brander Matthews, Professor George P. Baker, Professor Thomas Wood Stevens, Professor Frederic H. Koch, Walter Prichard Eaton, and many others—have vigorously advanced the view and energetically put it into effect, *viz.*, that people can be taught playwriting. The results, which I cannot take time now to recount, have been not unimpressive. Do you think it possible or feasible to teach, to train anyone to become a dramatist—or even a playwright?

SHAW (*vigorously*).

No. Unless Nature has done ninety-nine per cent of the work, the one per cent which can be taught or learned is not worth studying. I know a good deal of stage technic which I did not know when I wrote my first play; but my first play held the audience as effectively as my last. If an author cannot write an effective stage play without any teaching, nothing that he can learn will be of any use to him: he has mistaken his profession.

HENDERSON.

Then where does the one per cent come in?

SHAW.

In producing, mostly. Mechanical things. Stage tricks. Authors learn them from experience at rehearsals, and until they do, they have to call in producers to take charge of the stage. But every author should be his own producer. The production of a play is an essential part of it, and cannot be done by anyone else without an alteration of values for better or worse. Still, many of the technical things are trifles, like spelling and paraphrasing and punctu-

ation in writing. Sheridan could not spell, and his one stop was a dash; but "The School for Scandal" acts none the worse. He may possibly have been equally careless about the mechanical details of stage business. He could have been taught both. So could the cat. But that teaching would not have made the cat a dramatist.

HENDERSON.

At Harvard University, Professor Baker conducts successfully a famous course in playwriting, playbuilding—"English 47." He seems to have proved that he can teach his pupils to become playwrights, some of them artistically and commercially successful playwrights.

SHAW (*diffidently*).

I have no right to criticize a course that I know nothing about. I can say only that when the University of Liverpool invited me to occupy a chair of Drama, I had to reply that I was a practitioner, not a professor. But if Professor Baker knows as much as a good producer knows—and he might know this without being a playwright—I see no reason why a natural-born playwright should not benefit by a course of instruction in practical stage conditions. After all, Napoleon went to a military academy; and Michael Angelo learned to use a chisel just as a stone mason's apprentice does. It all depends on Professor Baker's good sense and knowledge of what instruction can do and what it cannot.

HENDERSON.

When you finally write the Prefaces or Introductions to your Collected Works, I daresay you will tell us something of the genesis of your plays. Meantime, I want you to "enlighten the world" on the subject of your peculiar technic. For instance, do you usually develop your play from a central idea?

SHAW (*oracularly*).

The play develops itself. I only hold

the pen. But sometimes the first thing in my head is some situation like the arrest in "The Devil's Disciple," which may or may not prove a central one in the finished play. Sometimes it is a remark made in my hearing which is pregnant with a whole play: for instance, "The Doctor's Dilemma" grew from a remark made by Sir Almroth Wright to an assistant in his laboratory at St. Mary's Hospital when he was demonstrating his technical methods for me.

HENDERSON.

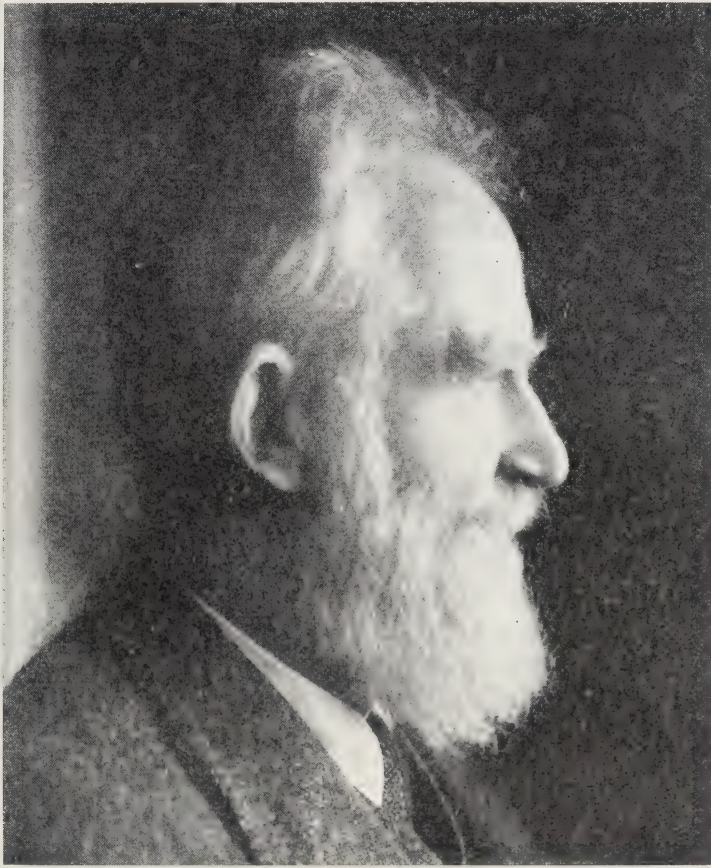
The most fascinating literary research I ever made was a close, detective study of the genesis of Ibsen's dramas, on the basis of the "Vorwerke" preserved in the Royal Library at Christiania. I mean to make such a study of your plays some day. I wonder if you ever create a set of characters and let the plot develop from their mutual interactions.

SHAW (*authoritatively*).

I avoid plots like the plague. I have warned young playwrights again and again that a plot is like a jigsaw puzzle, enthralling to the man who is putting it together, but maddeningly dull to the looker-on. Stories are interesting, the exhibition of character in action is very much more interesting and, for stage purposes, is the source of the story's interest; but plots are the dearest of dead wood. My procedure is to imagine characters and let them rip, as you suggest; but I must warn you that the real process is very obscure; for the result always shows that there has been *something behind* all the time, of which I was not conscious, though it turns out to be the real motive of the whole creation.

HENDERSON.

You have there a wonderfully fascinating story to tell—if your publishers can drag it out of you. Might it not throw light on the art of playwriting and



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A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

the craft of dramaturgy if you gave an account of the way you write your plays?

SHAW (*with a disillusioned smile*).

It might possibly kill the superstition that real plays are constructed. They are no more constructed than a carrot is constructed. They grow naturally. But the property master in any theater can construct a carrot good enough for a stage donkey, and any literary craftsman can construct a sham play good enough for the donkeys in the front of the house.

HENDERSON.

Since we are on the subject of your dramatic technic, may I remind you that you are frequently charged by the critics with writing plays which consist only of conversation, dialectic, debate?

SHAW (*not angry, yet not quite calm*).

What the devil else can a classical play consist of? I am, and have always been, a classical dramatist; and in saying this I am not pleading guilty to an accusation: I am making the highest claim possible in my profession. You may ask me why I don't write scenarios

for the movies, or knock up plots to enable our fascinating leading ladies and matinée idols to come on the stage and enchant the spectators into imagining all the depths of thought and importance of character that don't exist in the plot, and the twaddle by which it is carried on. I can only say that it is easier for me to do the classic work. The plot and twaddle business would be to me the most repulsive drudgery: I had much rather write essays on economics, politics, and so forth. The movies are more tempting: there is a new art there, and I may be tempted to try my hand at it; but after all, if one has the gift of language, asking me to write a dumb show is rather like asking Titian to paint portraits in black and white. Still, there is one sort of dumb show which is something more than a play with the words left out, and that is a dream. If I ever do a movie show it will have the quality of a dream.

HENDERSON.

A friend of mine, relying upon my "nerve," requested me to be sure to ask you some day if your plays are really dramas in the strict sense of the term. Consider yourself asked!

SHAW (*vastly amused*).

You remind me of a friend of mine who has written some successful plays. In his youth he made his way, trembling, to the presence of Barry Sullivan, then supreme as what the *Times* called the leading legitimate actor of the British stage. "I have written a drama—" he was beginning, when Barry Sullivan, much hurt, interrupted him with, "Sir, I do not play drama: I am a tragedian." Behind the scenes drama means melodrama, a second-class entertainment, not to be confused with comedy and tragedy. It has no muse and no mask in pictorial symbolism. Mrs. Siddons was painted between Comedy and Tragedy: if a third figure had been introduced by the painter to symbolize Drama, Sarah would have withered the

painter with a glance and then stamped on him. So much for your strict sense of the term. My plays are *sui generis* and to say that they are comedies or tragedies or tragi-comedies or dramas is like saying that I am a Caucasian: it says nothing about them that does not apply to thousands of plays not a bit like them.

HENDERSON (*mischievously*).

Just for fun then—why do you write the kind of plays you do?

SHAW (*quite seriously*).

Why shouldn't I? What's wrong with them?

HENDERSON.

My dear Shaw, if you answer my questions with other questions, I am afraid we'll never get anywhere. Some Freytag of the twentieth century will have to answer your questions some day. You are a "world dramatist"—that is a sufficient answer to the questions just now. What dramatists now living would you class as "world dramatists?"

SHAW.

I don't know. I cross all the frontiers from London to Japan both ways round. So does Mr. Chaplin. But when we are inclined to feel conceited about it, we are pulled up by the fact that a good many popular entertainers, whose claims to be at the bottom of their profession are as strong as ours to be at the top of it, get round the world as easily as we.

HENDERSON.

As a matter of fact, are not the "world dramatists" passing off the scene, with few or no others in sight to take their place?

SHAW.

You cannot tell. The greatness of a dramatist is not a space dimension but a time dimension. How do you know where I shall stand as a dramatist when

have been as long dead as Euripides? Let that be the only test. There is certainly no sign of falling off at present, if that is what you are afraid of.

HENDERSON.

Would you then, may I ask, rank yourself as a "world dramatist?"

HAW.

No. But I *am* a world dramatist.

HENDERSON.

Why?

HAW.

Simply because they play me, with or without my leave, everywhere from London to Japan, both ways round, and at all the intermediate stations. It is a question not of merit but of raw fact. My currency is as universal as that of Sherlock Holmes or Charlie's Aunt or Mary Pickford or Bill Hart or Charlie Chaplin.

HENDERSON.

Everyone dabbles in prophecy nowadays—from Wells to Haldane, from Flammarion to Shaw. Take a shot at vaticination—just once more—and tell us what is destined to be the immediate future of the drama!

SHAW (*refusing the bait*).

How the deuce do I know? Have you any reason to suppose that its future will differ from its past? I suppose it will go on dishing up the police and divorce news more or less elegantly for popular consumption, and put up as best it can with the dramatic poets that Providence sends it from time to time.

HENDERSON.

I see you intend that it shall put up with you a while longer. And yet—didn't you announce a while ago that in "Back to Methuselah" you had written your last play?

SHAW (*gaily*).

Of course. Until I began "Saint Joan," "Methuselah" *was* my last play. Every play I write is my last play until I begin another. But the play in which the playwright reaches his farthest point is really his last play, even though he may write others that are later in the calendar.

HENDERSON.

As always, you are incalculable—even to a mathematician! Will you write any more plays?

SHAW.

Will a duck swim? How can I help it?

THE PATHETICS

BY FLORENCE KEADY

WHO are just touched with dreams
And never are forgetting;
Who are entombed through all their glamorous days
Amid dead things,
And seek the dusk for freedom
At the end?
These are the pathetics—
Who have no dreams worth telling
And yet would dream.

LOUTRÉ

A Story

BY LISA YSAYE TARLEAU

(This story by a comparatively new writer was awarded Second Prize by the Judges, in the first competition of the HARPER'S MAGAZINE Short Story Contest.—Editor's Note.)

ARISTIDE TRITOU stood at the window of his gray and cheerless room and looked out into the dreary dullness of a dark November day. The weather was truly unfortunate: not exactly cold but—ever so much worse—damp and chilly; the rain which hung all ready in the skies would presently fall down, blur the window-panes, run in dirty streaks down the sills, and add to the general misery of the scene.

"Oh, hang it all," muttered Aristide, "hang it all." And throwing himself on his rather rickety couch-bed, he began to ruminate about the weather. Poor people, he decided, ought to live in a land of eternal summer. Tahiti. Vailima. Anywhere, where the earth is kindly and the sun gives you warmth and cheer, fills your veins with a sweet fire, and permits you to dream away idly and languorously long and golden hours. To live in such an infernal climate as ours one must at least have money. Then one can sit by a blazing fire and enjoy an artificial summer; one can light one's room and have a splendid lamp like a personal sun at the table, and some old wine, sipped slowly and dreamily, would provide sweet fire for the veins. Substitutes, of course, but oh, what charming ones! Only one had to be able to pay for them. Well, he was not able to do so. He had not a sou.

"Damn it!" he shouted, while he

jumped up from his bed, "damn it, where can I get some money?"

He ran in his mind over the list of his friends, but the outlook was poor; most of them had nothing themselves, and to those who had even a little bit he was already a debtor. Then he thought of Pierre de Kersac, the editor of *La Revue Illustrée*. If he could get a few francs out of him! Just the price of a good meal and an evening in a café. It would be difficult—Kersac had been rather cool lately—twice he had refused him a loan. But then, there was nobody else. Evidently he would have to try Kersac.

Aristide began to lace his shoes, preliminary to his venturing forth to capture the golden fleece, and while he did so he thought of a thousand things which he meant to tell Kersac in justification of the demand for a loan. They were all splendid inventions, some beautifully simple, some highly ornate and elaborate, but Aristide had to discard one after the other. No, they would not do; Kersac was already wise to the game; he would not fall for any of these gabs. Well, he had to trust to the inspiration of the moment. He straightened his back, stretched his long limbs, and took a somewhat faded hat from a shelf in the closet.

"At least," he sneered, "I have not painfully to decide whether or not I shall put on my rubbers. I have no



ARISTIDE STOOD AT THE WINDOW OF HIS GRAY AND CHEERLESS ROOM

rubbers to put on. Life is full of delightful compensations."

When Aristide reached the office of *La Revue Illustrée* he had first to face an impudent office boy, who requested him to fill out a card stating whom he wanted to see and for what purpose, and who asked him, furthermore, many unnecessary and highly annoying questions. But Aristide's inventive genius was equal to the emergency of the moment. He filled out the card, demanding to see some sub-editor and, while the office boy sauntered away, Aristide strode boldly into the sanctuary of the chief, Monsieur de Kersac. Kersac looked ill pleased when Aristide appeared in the door.

"Tritou," he actually snarled, "who the devil let you in? That boy out there ought to be fired. I am swamped with work—I can't see anybody."

But Aristide, who was already seated in one of the deep and soft *fauteuils*, stretching his long legs in front of him, said amiably:

"Put your work aside. I came, my

dear Kersac, to bestow a favor upon you."

Kersac muttered something of *Timeo Danaos*, but Aristide did not permit him to finish the quotation.

"We all know your classical erudition, my dear fellow," he smiled, "but what I bring is not the doubtful present of wily Greeks. I bring you the gift of the Magi. Even more than that: something more precious than gold, myrrh, and frankincense. I bring you a marvelous, perfect, delightful *conte*. Something exquisite for your exquisite magazine."

But Kersac was only a little mollified.

"I'll tell you, Tritou," he said, "your *contes* are all right, but we have already run a lot of them. And, frankly, in the end they are all the same. Again and again you give us fools who think they fool one another and only fool themselves; again and again you show us the futility, the utter uselessness, the ironic emptiness of life and fate. Now mind you, I don't say that your stuff isn't good. It's clever. Damnably clever. But one gets easily fed up on

it. That cynical pessimism is all right now and then, but the public doesn't want too much of it. We have to give them more constructive stuff, a saner outlook, a—what shall I say? . . .”

Aristide smiled mockingly. “My dear fellow,” he interrupted, “if you were not an editor but a writer you might have told me in two words what you want to say. You do not want cleverness in your magazine, you want wisdom. Well, it's just what I'm going to offer you. My *conte* is not merely clever, it's in addition deep, profound, powerful, startlingly unusual and surprisingly human—in one word: a gem. I'm going to tell you my plot and you will see.”

Kersac saw that he could not escape, so he relaxed in his chair, yawned deeply and sleepily, and said:

“Well, go ahead, go ahead. I'm listening.”

Aristide shook his hair back from his forehead, took a cigarette from Kersac's desk without waiting for an invitation and, when he had lighted it, began in his most deep and sonorous voice:

“Permit me to introduce to you Loutré. Loutré is a criminal; not a romantic criminal but a sordid one. He preys on the weak and helpless; he lives on his women. Now and then he does a little blackmail. Anything, in short, that pays well and is safe. Because Loutré is a coward. Despite his splendid physique—you must imagine him over six feet tall and decidedly handsome—despite his splendid physique, I say, he is as yellow as they make them. Never takes a risk. Always out to save his skin. Would betray anything and anybody unscrupulously if he sees his advantage in it, and is consequently despised by the police as well as by his fellow criminals. Only women fall for him. As I told you, he is a handsome devil.

“One day the *Matin*, having nothing else to do, runs a series of articles about the crime wave, and in consequence the police get busy. The usual thing,

you know. Raids, arrests, investigations, and so forth. Crime becomes less profitable and more dangerous than ever. And Loutré hates every danger. He decides, therefore, to leave his old haunts and his chosen associates and to disappear for a while. To do something else. But what? Suddenly he remembers a certain girl who had been arrested for shoplifting and sentenced to the Reformatory. Somebody had told him only lately that this girl had gone into the movies and was making a lot of money. He determines to find out with what company she is working, and so he does. One fair morning he accosts that poor girl on her way to the studio, and in his best blackmailing manner he puts the proposition before her! ‘Either you get me a position with your company, or I'll tell what I know.’ I'll spare you all the details of the dickering—sufficient to say, he gets what he demands. He is introduced as a relative of the girl and the director gives him a tryout. And by a queer chance Loutré does well. He screens quite wonderfully, and his gestures have a savage, natural effectiveness which is most astounding. Loutré becomes thus at once a full-fledged screen actor, and as he is really good-looking they make him play the heroes.

“Every day now he rescues Innocence out of the clutches of Vice; every day he succors the Poor; every day he withers the Villain with his proud silence; every day, in short, he is more virtuous than Sir Galahad in person. And since this virtue pays, he enjoys it. His salary becomes ever more fantastic, his contracts ever more favorable, his name more and more a household word in this movie-mad world of ours. And that goes on for years. And then suddenly comes a crash. He is involved in some scandal. A hotel affair. Too much wine, too much drugs, too much everything, and a girl dies. And Loutré, the idol of the public, becomes an outcast. His con-

racts are not renewed, his pictures are no longer booked, he is done for. He drops out. From one day to another he is forgotten. Nothing is left for him but to return to his former life!"

Aristide paused, and reached for another cigarette. Kersac shoved the box over to him, and even gave him a light. "Well," he asked, "and what then?"

"Then," explained Aristide, "begins the real tragedy. Loutré finds out that one cannot be virtuous for years without paying for it in the end. One cannot constantly parade as a hero and be afterward successful as a villain. Poor Loutré cannot bully his women any more—for too long a time his cue was to protect and to defend them. Even at blackmail he is now a failure. Why, he is constantly tempted to take himself by the scruff of the neck and to hand himself over to the police! He has done it over and over again with his partners who were cast for this thankless role. Thus he deteriorates and goes to pieces—

a helpless victim of stern and pitiless virtue."

Kersac smiled a bit. "Musset says: '*On ne badine pas avec l'amour*'—'One must not toy with love'; your opinion evidently is: '*On ne badine pas avec la vertu*'."

Aristide nodded. "One must not toy idly with, or for that matter at, any emotion without paying some price for it. In the end you feel what you pretend to feel, you become what you play at being. At this point, you see, my little *conte* gains breadth, depth, perspective. I refer, then, not only to the results of modern psychology—Coué, you know, autosuggestion, the subconscious self, and so on—but also bring in ancient occult beliefs, significant hints out of the childhood of mankind. Have you ever read Frazer's monumental work, *The Golden Bough*? Just look up the chapter on Imitative Magic—how the Imitator becomes the Very Thing he imitates. That's something stupendous, some-



"I CAME, MY DEAR KERSAC, TO BESTOW A FAVOR UPON YOU"

thing thrilling. And all this is worked in somehow. Just as background, you know. Atmosphere. I'll tell you, Kersac, that Loutr   thing will go big. It will make some hit. And now say that I'm not good to you."

"Well," retorted Kersac, "to write for *La Revue Illustr  e* is, after all, not such a sacrifice. But anyway, don't let's scrap about it. Just give me the story and I'll write you a check."

"Why no," said Aristide with a rather engaging smile, "just give me a check and I'll write you the story."

Kersac stared blankly at the impudent visitor.

"You mean to say," he asked, "that the story isn't done at all?"

Aristide became at once voluble. "Done? What do you mean by done? Have I shown you Loutr  ? Have I created him? Does he live? You were ready to accept him—that's proof enough. All that remains to be done is the mere mechanical work of writing the thing down. But to do that I need a warm room, a meal, some cigarettes, even paper and a typewriter ribbon. And I happen to be out of all these commodities. So for your sake, simply to be able to provide your magazine with a splendid success, I am willing to accept an advance. That Loutr   stuff is worth five hundred francs, isn't it? Well, give me two hundred francs now and you'll get the manuscript to-morrow."

Kersac was furious. "I won't give you a red sou until I have the story," he shouted. "I know you too well."

Aristide shrugged his shoulders. "Suit yourself," he said nonchalantly. "I am not so fond of life that I should care if I prolong it for a while or not. For my part I can starve. It was for your sake that I wished to keep alive and to write you a howling success. But it's up to you, of course."

Kersac looked utterly disgusted.

"I'll give you twenty francs," he growled, "not a sou more."

Aristide shook his head. "It has to be two hundred or nothing," he insisted.

"Then it will be nothing," said Kersac in a tone of utter finality.

Aristide got up and went to the door; he went very slowly, to give Kersac a chance to change his mind, and his heart sank when the editor busied himself among his papers without making any move. Aristide had already turned the handle and his hopes were at their lowest ebb when Kersac called him back. "Here," he said, "take a hundred francs and go to the devil."

And while Aristide pocketed the money, he added sternly:

"And mind you, I want this manuscript to-morrow. I might run it in the New Year's number."

Aristide was nearly dancing with delight when he left the offices of *La Revue Illustr  e*. Oh, what luck, what luck, what splendid, unheard-of, spectacular luck! He would have been happy with ten francs, well satisfied with five, and now he had a hundred. The whole world seemed to him suddenly golden; the sky was diffused with a mellow light; Paris was again the most delectable city, and he felt the mad desire to laugh idiotically into the face of every passer-by. Well, he assured himself after a few steps, this stroke of fortune was not quite undeserved. *Loutr  * was really not a half-bad invention. One could do something effective with that plot; he was almost tempted to write the story down. But then, who wants to work with a hundred francs in his pocket, who wants to write when he can live? And he would live now—he would enjoy himself gorgeously and forget the lean weeks. Aristide, who usually slouched a bit, stretched himself to his full height and looked the world triumphantly in the face. And in this somewhat operatic attitude of a conquering hero, he met Monsieur Fabian Felix, the great illustrator, who was evidently bound for *La Revue Illustr  e*.

Aristide had not much love for Fabian Felix, who was small, slim, dark, very oriental, and unbearably successful.



TO-DAY HE HAD A HUNDRED FRANCS IN HIS POCKET

There was not an editor who would not congratulate himself when he could display in his magazine one of Felix's distinctive drawings, and to be illustrated one day by F. F. was something every aspiring young author dreamed of. All this irritated Aristide, and whenever he met Felix he showed clearly that he despised some one who earned so outrageously much money. But to-day he felt no grudge against Felix. To-day he himself had a hundred francs in his pocket. To-day he was a fellow-capitalist. He waved a friendly greeting to the little man and strode on into the flickering lights of the darkening November day.

Felix went really to *La Revue Illustrée* and was at once respectfully ushered into the office of Monsieur de Kersac. And while the two looked over the proofs of some illustrations, Felix said casually:

"I met young Tritou downstairs. He seemed in a very genial mood. He was almost polite to me, and usually he treats me with marked displeasure."

Kersac laughed. "Oh well," he declared, "Tritou is a fool, and yet I'll tell you, Felix, that boy has some talent. If he only were not so damnably lazy, I could make something out of him. He's doing a fine story for us now. *Loutré's* the name of it. Tells of some apache who becomes an actor and plays the virtuous hero so long that he is utterly spoiled for the life of vice. The thing sounded great when he told it to me—it has atmosphere, background. It's deep, profound. He works in modern psychology, Coué and so on; and in addition to it ancient beliefs, imitative magic, childhood of mankind, and so forth. It's popular and scientific at the same time, and usually that goes big. If it turns out all right I might ask you to illustrate it, and we'll feature it in the New Year's number. Perhaps we can stretch it through two issues. I'll see how the thing looks. No harm in giving that fellow a show."

"Certainly, why certainly," agreed Felix, who was a kind-hearted little man,

"I'll be glad to help along. And I am really pleased that that young chap has found himself. We need young talent, Kersac. The old masters are all well and good for To-day, but To-morrow belongs to Youth." And very delighted with this epigram, which he fondly believed to be first rate, he trotted on.

It was foggy but the threatening rain hung still in the skies, and as Felix felt that he needed some exercise he sent away his car, which had called for him, and walked to his apartment near the Parc Monceau. On his way he met Berthe Morissey, who once had been a sharp-witted, slim young girl, and who was now a sharp-tongued, thin young wife of a most unsuccessful Neo-Catholic playwright. She greeted Felix very effusively—she adored and envied successes—and at once began to tell him her woes. The managers were all unjust, the actors all unreasonable, and Charles deplorably lacking in ambition. Always writing mystical things that did not go or were not accepted, always sitting in the cafés instead of visiting the right kind of people, always wasting his time instead of working and making connections. Felix listened sympathetically but he felt decidedly bored and, after a while, just to get away, he petted her hand and said:

"Never mind, Berthe, never mind. Charles will find himself. They all do in the end. Now, there is that Aristide Tritou; you know him, he is a friend of your husband, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Berthe acidly. "A lazy good-for-nothing. He owes us five francs."

"Well," said Felix smiling, "he's making his way now. He's doing a fine thing for *La Revue Illustrée*. The name of it is *Loutré*, and Kersac was most impressed by it. He tells me that it is a combination of a very effective popular story and a very profound treatise on modern and ancient psychology. Coué, you know, and so on, and then imitative magic, primitive beliefs out of the child-

hood of mankind. Utterly interesting. Something like the things Lafitte publishes. Kersac wants me to illustrate it and perhaps he'll run it through several issues. So you see, Berthe, if Tritou made the grade, Charles surely will. Don't worry."

Felix meant well, but he did not understand women. Berthe was neither heartened nor encouraged by Tritou's success: she was utterly enraged by it. And while she hurried home her inflamed imagination magnified this success, and the more she magnified it, the greater became her rage. She was absolutely burning with indignation when she opened the door of her little apartment, and as soon as she found Charles she emptied over his head the vials of her wrath.

"Here you're sitting and smoking and doing nothing, and everybody else makes a success," she scolded. "Even that Aristide Tritou, that fool, that nobody, gets somewhere, becomes something; only you are a failure."

Charles was so accustomed to her reproaches that usually he hardly answered, but when she mentioned Tritou he became interested.

"Aristide," he asked, "what happened to him?"

"Happened," sneered Berthe, "nothing happened. Things never happen. He did something. He wrote a most wonderful book. I met Fabian Felix on the street and he told me all about it. He illustrated it, *La Revue Illustrée* ran it serially, and Lafitte published it. The name of it is *Loutré*, and it is something stupendous. Not only popular but scientific. Full of psychology, and Coué, and imitative magic, and primitive beliefs, and all such things. He is bound to get the Prix Goncourt for it."

"Well, well," said Charles, "that's fine. I am surprised and I am glad too. So old Aristide is a made man. A book illustrated by Felix, that means something. And Lafitte as a publisher is not so bad either. And did you say it was mentioned for the Prix Goncourt? If I

had his address I'd write the old boy a word of congratulation. Well, don't be so furious about it, Berthe. His luck does not make us any poorer."

But Berthe was not in a mood to reason. She banged the door, crashed her dishes into the kitchen sink, and cried bitter tears of envy and resentment in her disappointment and loneliness.

Aristide could have lived quietly for a month on his hundred francs; comfortably for two weeks; luxuriously for a few days. But he preferred to spend them gloriously in one night. So that the next morning he was almost as poor as ever before, only that now there was no more Kersac out of whom one could get some money. With Kersac, Aristide was done. He would not dare to show his face to the editor for at least six months. In the meantime winter would come and his needs would increase. There was to-day already a sharp tang in the air and Aristide shivered in his threadbare clothes. With infinite disgust he decided that he would have to look out for some work.

Fate was merciful to Aristide and the work was found. A small, old-fashioned publisher—an Alsatian by birth, Monsieur Frederic Mondell, whose specialty was textbooks for primary schools, books on domestic science, needlework, applied arts, home decoration, and, as a hobby, books of poetry—needed a reader and office assistant, and Aristide secured the position. His happiness was not unalloyed: the salary was small, the hours rather long, and Monsieur Mondell insisted annoyingly on punctual attendance. But the income was secure, and Aristide felt that now he could face the chill blasts of the coming frost with a certain degree of comfort and confidence.

Thus, Aristide tramped every morning to the office, wrote business letters in which the subtle excellencies of his style were utterly wasted, read manuscripts which bored him beyond measure, and corrected proofs whose main mistake in his eyes were that they were printed at all. Sometimes he discussed literature with Monsieur Mondell, both smoking like chimneys, both declaiming



ARISTIDE SHIVERED IN HIS THREADBARE CLOTHES

their own poetry, both quarreling violently and being, in consequence, infinitely pleased with each other. Supper the two usually had together in a little Alsatian restaurant where the cooking was so good that the waitress could be unattractive, and after supper Aristide trudged home and read. He had always been a voracious reader, the fellowship of books meaning more to him than any other relation, and this winter, having just enough for the immediate necessities of life and no extra money to spend in cafés and cabarets, he read more than ever before. His former haunts knew him no more. Sometimes he thought sleepily and lazily of going to the Trois Couronnes, the special rendezvous of all the budding literati, but he had to be at the office so very early in the morning and his purse was so damnably lean. It was better to postpone the visit. So the weeks went by.

At the Trois Couronnes the regular guests were usually so taken up with their own interests that they did not give much thought to those who, for one reason or another, dropped out. But Aristide had been quite popular; his facile wit and his amusing cynicism combined with a certain personal charm had won him many friends, and when one week after the other passed and no Tritou was to be seen, his comrades began to wonder.

"What the devil happened to that Aristide?" they said. "Is he ill? One does not see him any more."

One evening Charles Morissey was present when that question was asked again, and he laughed, half amused, half bitterly.

"Of course one does not see him any more. We'll probably never see him again. Aristide is lost to us—he made a success."

Everyone was surprised and interested.

"Aristide a success? Who would have ever believed it. Who told you, Charles?"

"My wife told me," sighed Morissey. "In fact she tells me about it every day.

She rubs it in as much as she can. She is quite jaundiced from envy, and if she hates anyone more than me, then it's surely Aristide."

"But what did he do that enrages her so?" was asked.

"Well, he wrote a book," reported Charles. "I haven't seen it; he forgot to send me a presentation copy and I have, God knows, no money for an edition de luxe with illustrations by Fabian Felix. But so much I can tell you, it's some grand thing he did. You know how we always laughed at him when he lugged those big Frazer books around, the *Golden Bough* series? Now it seems that he did his reading to some advantage. His book—the title of it is *Loutré*—is scientific fiction or fictionized science, whatever you will. He has worked in Coué—autosuggestion, sub-conscious personality; and then primitive beliefs, imitative magic, and so on. Very up-to-date and very effective. F. F. illustrated it, he told my wife all about it, it ran some time ago serially in *La Revue Illustrée*, and Lafitte has published it. And to make the measure full, it was mentioned for the Prix Goncourt. Do you wonder we don't see him any more?"

The tidings were received with sympathy, regret, and envy. They rejoiced that a comrade had succeeded, but at the same time they knew only too well that, once famous, he was not a comrade any longer. They had lost him, not through death but through life, and this loss is much more final and depressing. And then there was a little envy blended into the complex of their emotions. Why just Aristide and not they? Why had luck just chosen that one and not another? Only Charles said hotly and honestly:

"I don't begrudge Aristide his success. Really I don't. What makes me mad is that he has dropped us all so promptly. He might have come round now and then to shake hands and talk over old times. He might have let us take part in his glory. He meant very



"ARISTIDE IS LOST TO US—HE MADE A SUCCESS"

much to me, that old Aristide, and I feel like breaking his neck for being so mean now. But well, I suppose that's the way they all get. Success spoils the character."

And then the guests of the Trois Couronnes settled down to their usual routine, and nobody spoke any more of Aristide.

Monsieur Frederic Mondell was a funny, rotund little man, with a bald head, myopic eyes, pudgy hands, and a waddling walk. His accent was ridiculous, his verses execrable, yet there lived no truer knight of the Nine Muses than this little impossible Alsatian. He loved and understood poetry and, what is rarer, he loved and understood poets. The most disreputable-looking young man who came to him with a manuscript of verses under his arm was certain to receive a hearing, and whenever Monsieur Mondell seemed to detect any talent he published without thinking of his personal advantage. All the profit he made out of his text-

books, and cookbooks, and books on domestic science went into these little volumes of contemporary poetry which he issued with a pride and delight never accorded to his more profitable ventures. His friends sometimes argued with him over the folly of so costly a hobby, but Mondell did not heed them. He was a bachelor and his personal needs were almost negligible, and, in the end, silencing every argument, he always declaimed his well-beloved Heine's warning:

*"Verletze nicht durch kalten Ton
Den Juengling, welcher duerftig, fremd,
Um Hilfe bittend zu Dir koemmt—
Er ist vielleicht ein Goettersohn.
Siehst Du ihn wieder einst, sodann
Die Gloria sein Haupt umflammt;
Den strengen Blick, der Dich verdammt,
Dein Auge nicht ertragen kann."*

On a fine morning in February, a genius of the Trois Couronnes accosted Monsieur Mondell on the street, offering him an epic poem in three volumes. Monsieur Mondell trembled; he knew

he would never say no, but he knew also that just at present the luxury of another unsalable book would be fatal to him. Very humanly he tried to escape the embarrassing situation without seeming really to do so, and he said encouragingly:

"Just send me your manuscript. My reader, Monsieur Tritou, shall at once report about it."

The epic poet looked at Monsieur Mondell with wide eyes.

"Tritou," he asked, "do you mean Aristide Tritou? Is he your reader?"

"Yes," answered Monsieur Mondell, "do you know him?"

The other sighed.

"Ah, no, I don't know him. I don't know celebrities—as yet. But of course I know all about him. Who doesn't know the author of *Loutré*? It's really the book of the year. Lafitte was lucky to get it. Everyone says that the book itself is splendid and would sell even without the illustrations by Felix."

Mondell was dumfounded. Why had that devil of a Tritou never mentioned his book? So much modesty was really too much of a virtue. But he hid his surprise and said only:

"Oh, was it Felix who did the illustrations?"

"Yes, yes," the poet assured him, "it ran serially in Kersac's *Revue Illustrée*, you know, and Felix and Kersac are intimate friends. And then the book is quite in Felix's line. Rather weird, you know, and very profound and interesting. Full of psychology—Coué, autosuggestion, subconscious-self; and folklore, imitative magic, primitive beliefs of mankind, and all such things. Quite up to date. No wonder it almost got the Prix Goncourt."

Mondell nodded sagely. "No wonder," he agreed. And shaking hands with his poet and promising everything and anything, he hurried post-haste to his office.

Monsieur Mondell hated "*les silences*"—silences that estranged and

parted and that, once entered into, gained constantly in sinister power. It was well enough to be silent when you had said everything you had to say; then silence was comforting, sweet, uniting. But to be silent with an unsaid thing rankling in the mind was absolutely against his nature, and while he now made his way to his office, he decided to have it out at once with Aristide. Why had that boy been so reticent? Why, above all, if he had written a splendid book—why had he given it to another publisher? Was Pierre Lafitte really so much better an imprint than Frederic Mondell? Poor Monsieur Mondell felt slighted and was puzzled, and as he liked Aristide—liked him well enough, in fact, to quarrel violently with him—he felt, in addition, hurt. He had given his young reader full confidence and he had expected confidence in return. Well, he would hear what Aristide had to say.

He found Aristide in a cloud of tobacco smoke, leaning back in his chair, his feet on his desk, reading the galley proofs of a new Mondell publication. When Mondell entered Aristide looked up and yawned.

"Heavens, what rot," he said, "what miserable, insufferable, unendurable rot! How could you ever accept such a thing? *Building a Home*—if anyone were ever building me a home according to this book I'd kill him outright."

But Monsieur Mondell disdained to defend his new publication. He hung up his hat, seated himself in his swivel chair and, turning to Aristide, said bluntly:

"Tell me, Tritou, why did you never speak to me of *Loutré*?"

Aristide sat up in his chair and stared. *Loutré? Loutré?* What did Mondell mean? Then Aristide remembered and he became a bit embarrassed. Monsieur Mondell was of a most scrupulous personal honesty, and Aristide doubted if he would see the fun in cheating Kersac out of a hundred francs. Aristide decided therefore that he would have to

invent some excuse—he dimly thought of a lost letter or something like this—and in order to gain time he asked:

“Why should I have spoken to you of Loutré?”

Monsieur Mondell became heated and excited.

“Well, if I had written a brilliant book, the book of the year in fact, a book illustrated by Felix and run as a serial in *La Revue Illustrée*, a book finally published by Lafitte and mentioned for the Prix Goncourt, then I should have spoken to you about it. Consequently, I should have expected the same of you.”

Aristide was utterly bewildered. Did Mondell jest? But no, his round moon-face looked almost childishly hurt and serious. But then, what did it all mean? Had Loutré, whom he had left ignominiously in the borderland of all half-created things, hanging doubtfully between being and not-being—had Loutré, without consulting his maker, decided on a career of his own? Well, in that case he had done himself well, the old boy. Felix, Lafitte, Prix Goncourt—one could hardly better that. A self-made fiction, chuckled Aristide to himself. Well, he would not disturb Loutré in his adventurous undertaking, he would not give the show away. So, while he was highly amused inwardly, he said aloud only:

“Who told you all about Loutré, Mondell?”

“That ass of a poet did,” growled Mondell, “that Lucien Dupré. Wants me to publish his epic, and when I mentioned you as my reader he started to rave. The whole literary Paris, he says, is wild about your book. The occult science in it, the folklore, primitive beliefs, imitative magic, and so on made a tremendous hit. Why you haven’t offered the book to me, Tritou, I can’t understand. I always thought we were real friends.”

Aristide stood up, towered over the little publisher, and said very earnestly and impressively:

“Look here, Mondell, I don’t know

what Dupré said; quite likely he exaggerated. I confess Loutré was an unexpected success, but I never thought for a moment that he would stir the literary Paris. But so much you can take from me—I give you my word for it: Loutré was conceived and (he winced a bit) created before I ever knew you. I assure you most solemnly I could never have offered this work to you. There was no possibility of doing so. I should be damned sorry if you thought anything else.”

Mondell, whose heart although covered by layers and layers of fat was innately generous, accepted at once his friend’s explanation.

“That’s quite all right, Aristide,” he said. “There’s no ill feeling in me now. Only I’m sorry. I should have liked to bring out this book. Well, we’ll see what we can do in the future.”

And having thus restored peace and harmony in the office, the two went at their daily task, Aristide still smiling to himself at Loutré and Loutré’s extravagant claims.

The next morning Mondell said to Aristide:

“I’ll tell you what, Tritou. We are going to get a new assistant. Some young chap to write letters, and read proofs, and to do all the odds and ends of the office routine. And to you I’m going to give a little private office here and you are going to write a book for me. Of course, you can’t duplicate *Loutré*—one does not write a master-work every few months—but you’ll do something fine and I’m going to bring it out in style. I’d ask F. F. to illustrate it, only he is on his way to Japan, but we’ll get Zip or Pierre Crachée to do us head and tail-pieces and perhaps even full-page drawings. Everyone will be pleased to collaborate with the author of *Loutré*.”

Aristide shrugged his shoulders and said, “Suit yourself,” and while Mondell bustled round in preparation for the new arrangement, Aristide cleared his

old desk and wondered dimly if he had done right to let *Loutré* have his way.

The new reader was soon found and Aristide began his book. It was a little extravaganza—he called it *Fairy Tales for Worldy-Wise*—and in it he told the True Story of the Loss of Paradise, the Last Visit to Eden, The Real Tragedy of Eve, and similar things. All half-gay and half-sad, all more or less queer and fantastic, yet imbued with that inner and deeper truth—*la vraie vérité* as the Goncourts say—which has the brilliant reality of all unreal things. Mondell was not displeased; now and then something appealed to him especially, but even when he said, "Fine, fine," he added invariably:

"Do you think it measures up to *Loutré*?"

Aristide, who was by this time tired and irritable, and therefore quite unreasonable, one day flared up:

"Look here, Mondell," he shouted, "you stop that. I'm fed up with *Loutré*. I don't want to hear anything more about him. I'm writing you the very best stuff I can—if that isn't sufficient, don't publish it."

Mondell pacified his irate friend.

"You know I like your work," he assured him again and again. "Only, of course, I'm anxious to make something really good out of it. Follow up the first great success, you know. By the

way, I haven't yet read *Loutré*. Why don't you give me a copy?"

"Haven't got one," growled Aristide.

"I'll send to Lafitte for a few copies," suggested Mondell, but Tritou again became very angry.

"You'll do nothing of the kind. I'll give you the book as soon as possible. But for the present do me the one favor

and forget *Loutré*. I want my new book judged on its own merits. No comparisons, if you please. If you don't accept my conditions I'll stop writing."

Peace was soon restored. Mondell promised to leave *Loutré* alone, and Aristide wrote another half dozen of his fairy tales.

The illustrations by Pierre Crachée were most delightful. Russian in coloring, bold in outline, clever in spacing, they represented quite the best work of the rising young illustrator. Mondell was well satisfied, and when finally the manuscript was all set up and the plates all

done, he gave a luncheon to Aristide and Crachée, and the three drank excellent wine to the success of the new venture. At the luncheon Mondell had suddenly an idea.

"You know, Aristide," he said, "I'm going to see Kersac to-morrow and I'll ask him to write us an introduction to your new book. He brought out *Loutré* and he'll be glad to do that for you now."

Aristide had altogether too much wine



"THE VIEW OVER THE ROOFS SUITS ME"

to worry about anything or to argue my question.

"Let Loutré take care of himself," he thought sleepily, "I can't bother any more."

Mondell went the next morning to the offices of *La Revue Illustrée* but he did not see Kersac. The editor was ill. A treacherous and neglected spring cold had developed into pneumonia, and though the general public was not yet aware of it, at the office they all knew already that there was no hope of Kersac's recovery. The introduction, therefore, remained unwritten.

The new book appeared and had a pleasant enough success. The reviews were mostly friendly; the somewhat conscious artistry of the charming trifles was praised, but in one *revue* it was said, "We should have expected something better stuff from the author of *Loutré*"; whereas another young columnist began "All who have admired *Loutré* will be delighted with this new book written in the very same vein and with the same playful cleverness." Aristide chuckled when he read this. "To each man his own Loutré," he said, yet even while he laughed he felt not quite comfortable, and somehow or other he wished that he had never meddled with Loutré.

Mondell was even more gratified than Aristide with the success of *Fairy Tales for Worldly-Wise*, and began at once to plan another book that Aristide ought to write.

"The author of *Loutré*," he said, "must keep on working."

Aristide, who had rather looked forward to a period of laziness and contemplation, was therefore forced to new labors, labors which he more or less resented and which deepened his antagonism against Loutré, whose outrageous demands for fame kept poor Tritou at the desk while the most superb spring invited every idle soul to loafing and dreaming. More than once Aristide tried to revolt and to escape, but Mondell stood over him, keeping him at his

task, appealing to him in the name of *Loutré*, and in the end Aristide always had to give in. Spring ripened into summer, summer mellowed into fall, and the new book was done. In the shop-windows of the bookstores a yellow volume was displayed which bore in red and black letters the inscription: "*Vient de paraître*" "Just issued"—"A new volume by the author of *Loutré*."

On the date of publication Mondell himself came to Aristide with the first bound copy to congratulate the author and himself. And while he climbed the stairs that were leading to Aristide's little garret, he decided that now Tritou would have to look for new quarters. The author of *Loutré* ought to live in other surroundings. And after the first greetings were over, he talked at once of his new plans.

"I'll tell you, Aristide," he began, "you'll have to move. You are not any longer a Bohemian. You have a name and a reputation to keep up. People would wonder if they saw the author of *Loutré* living in such a hole. I know a splendid place for you. Myers, the American, who has a fine studio in Cours La Reine, wants to sublet. He sails for New York. I'll get his apartment and I'll install you there. It will be just the thing for you. Here, you can't receive a dog."

Aristide was not overpleased.

"It's all right here," he declared, "I like it. The view over the roofs suits me, and I never receive anybody anyhow. So what's the use of going to all this trouble?"

But Mondell was implacable.

"You have to move," he persisted. "In fact, you have to change your whole mode of living. You have already learned to work: now you have to learn to enjoy a dignified leisure, when leisure is possible. In short, my friend," he added smilingly, "you have to live up to *Loutré*."

And so again Aristide and his instincts were overruled and the change of the apartment took place.

The new apartment meant really a new life to Aristide. Mondell had arranged the place with touching and infinite care, filled the cupboard with the right kind of wine, the humidor with the right kind of cigarettes, and the numerous vases with charming flowers which were renewed twice a week by a dependable florist. An efficient Japanese manservant kept the place in order and looked after Aristide's needs, and every morning at ten appeared a perfect stenographer to whom Aristide had to dictate until about three, with a short interruption for lunch. But Mondell had done even more. He had looked up old connections, visited long-forgotten friends, renewed relations with the conservative wing of the literary Paris—all in the interest of Aristide, who, consequently, was much invited and hardly ever had a moment to himself. Faultlessly attired, he sipped tea in numerous drawing-rooms, attended and gave intimate readings, was asked to formal dinners, and was everywhere praised and petted as the author of *Loutré* and other very delightful books. In vain did he try to push his new work in the foreground. *Loutré* was ever the center of interest, the dominating note in the symphony of flattery; and once Aristide overheard how one young writer, who also had climbed the social ladder to success, confided to another artist:

"Yes, they sell well, these Tritou-books, but frankly they are not much good. They sell on the strength of the *Loutré* success. I have not read the book myself—science is not quite my line, you know—but I hear from all sides that there is something in it. And the public is like this: if you have done one good thing, they accept afterward even poor stuff and think it's all right."

Now and then Aristide played with the idea really to write *Loutré*, but he soon found that this was utterly impossible. *Loutré* had grown out of his hand. He had achieved shadowy but

gigantic proportions, somewhat like a djinn in a fairy tale who, once escaped out of the bottle of respectable fiction, cannot possibly be forced again into the narrow confines of a circumscribed prison. No, Aristide decided that the question was no longer what he could do with *Loutré*, but rather what *Loutré* was going to do with him. It was a queer thought, but Aristide sometimes toyed vaguely with the fancy that *Loutré* had taken possession of him, body and soul, and was molding him to strange and unknown purposes; that his poor, lazy, happy-go-lucky, care-free Self had become the slave of *Loutré*, just as Sinbad was the slave of the Old Man of the Sea, and that whatever bodily comfort he may have gained, his spiritual freedom was lost and gone.

Mondell, of course, was quite unaware that Aristide harbored any such weird and disturbing thoughts. He was frankly delighted with the success of his protégé, and if he found the rich and fêted Aristide vastly less cheerful and far more irritable than the poor poet had been, he put it down to the erratic temperament of a genius who, having got all possible things, will still demand of fate the impossible. In fact, he admitted that this touch of disenchantment and melancholy was rather becoming to Aristide and had its market value; the more somber Tritou's little tales were, the better the public seemed to enjoy them, and Aristide's readings of his own new *contes* were always visited by the very best society. Mondell sometimes thought that it was more his manner than his matter that made Aristide so successful a lecturer. He really never read; he sat—preferably at an open fireplace—in a deep chair, or leaned against some wall or column and told his little tales in a very natural, casual, matter-of-fact way which was yet strangely effective. While he was speaking a cigarette dangled between his lean brown fingers, and—if the lights were dim enough—he punctuated his pauses by the glow of his cigarette,

glow which at certain moments had decidedly sulphurous tang and tinge. 'Is he not more an actor than a poet?' wondered Mondell, and even mentioned one day something of this thought to Aristide. But Tritou glowered quite menacingly at his friend without vouchsafing any answer, and the topic was never more mentioned.

But whatever Aristide's special quality might have been, histrionic or poetic, he certainly had a personal appeal, and even the very exclusive club, Femina, invited him to one of its famous literary teas and gave him the very best place on the program. Mondell gratified and elated, Aristide sulky and ill-tempered, drove on the appointed day to the Avenue des Champs Elysées where the Club was housed in a distinguished little Palais. On the way Mondell commented delightedly on his friend's good fortune.

"I'll tell you, Aristide," he said, "you can be satisfied. If I think of you as you were last year—shabby, threadbare, starved, almost begging me for a position: and now, elegant, fêted, successful, the guest of Femina—it's wonderful. *Loutré* has made you."

"I guess so," granted Aristide, but he did not sound very pleased and his face did not brighten even when he stood before his very select audience and began to speak. He looked gloomily at the silken ladies and the polished gentlemen and, leaning forward in the *fauteuil* provided for him, he said to them:

"Yesterday, when the icy wind was driving frozen snowflakes over desolate-looking streets, I stepped into a little café round the corner just to warm my hands on a steaming glass of tea. And there I found at a table Satan sitting: alone, lonely, forlorn, infinitely bored. Somehow I felt impelled to speak to him, cheer him, show him some human sympathy—he really looked devilishly miserable. So I went over to his table, offered him a cigarette, and began the usual conversation.

"'Awful weather,' I said, 'I am frozen through and through.'

"'Yes,' admitted Satan, 'it's pretty bad; but then, what can you expect. After all, it's winter.'

"'For you it must be especially disagreeable,' I ventured then. 'You are accustomed to quite other temperatures.'

"Satan looked coldly at me. 'How so?' he asked.

"I stammered, embarrassed, 'Well, so far as I know, you have it pretty hot down in your place; the hellish fires, the burning sinners, and so on, that must. . .'

"Satan interrupted me impatiently. 'It's incredible,' he exclaimed, 'the childish superstition of you people. Even you, a literary man, cultivated, enlightened, can repeat such nonsensical nursery fables. Let me assure you that you are greatly mistaken. We enjoy the most perfect climate—a subtle blending of the freshness of spring and the mild mellowness of fall. In our gardens—they are more beautiful than your limited fancy can imagine—blossom and fruit mingle on the very same tree. Our birds have the colors of rainbows and at the same time they sing with most melodious trills. And the perfume of our flowers is simply unsurpassed. Your ideas of my abode are, therefore, vastly incorrect.'

"I blushed under his reproach, but my curiosity was piqued. I wanted to know more. So I persisted. 'And the lost souls?' I asked timidly, 'the damned, what. . .'

"He did not let me continue. He lifted his hand and his face expressed his pained disapproval. 'What words,' he sighed, 'what expressions, what crudity! Lost souls—damned—I am grieved to hear you speak like this. Our guests, as we call them, are made perfectly free of the place, and whatever we can do to provide amusement and entertainment for them is done in the most elaborate manner. Concerts, theaters, dinners, art exhibitions, *bals masqués*—all this is

offered in profusion. And for those with more quiet and scholarly tastes, we have libraries of rare books and manuscripts, collections of prints and etchings, anything, in short, you can imagine. We do our best to gratify every possible wish. No expense is too great.'

"I was staring with surprise. 'How wonderful!' I exclaimed; 'why that sounds more like heaven than anything else.'

"Satan seemed pleased. 'Yes, our place is an exact replica of heaven,' he confided. 'Anything you can get there we have too, and even more elegant, more elaborate, more exquisite, more subtle. Our guests get everything, just as in heaven, only—'

"'Only—' I repeated with a vague terror clutching my heart.

"'Only,' said Satan sadly, 'they can never, even not for one moment, forget that they are not in heaven.'

"'And that,' I asked, 'that is—'

"'Yes,' answered Satan wearily, 'that is it. To have everything heaven can grant you and yet not be in heaven—that's hell.'

"And while I was still pondering over these awful words he disappeared from my table."

Aristide, having finished, leaned back in his *fauteuil* and lighted his cigarette. Then he had to get up to acknowledge the applause, which was generous and spontaneous for, slight as his little tale was, his manner of delivery had been very effective, and his hearers were undoubtedly impressed. Next to Monsieur Mondell sat two ladies; the one evidently a *très grande dame*, the other equally evidently her *dame de compagnie*, and the one, the great lady, said quite enthusiastically to Mondell:

"But he is charming, this young man. Very *spirituel* and at the same time delightfully good-looking. You know, I somehow thought all the time what a splendid figure he would make in a cinema play. He is your friend, I understand. Do bring him to me and present him."

Mondell bowed and went to fetch Aristide, and while he was on this errand he inquired discreetly who the great lady was that had been so pleased with Aristide. He was highly elated when he was told that he had spoken to Madame la Comtesse de Ségur, who was known to belong not only to the aristocracy of birth but also to the literary gentry who, being a descendant of an old family of scholars and writers, assembled in her salon all those who possessed either a *hôtel* on the Boulevard Saint Germain or an abode on the slopes of Parnassus. Aristide was found and duly presented and the Comtesse graciously asked him to come to tea on the very next Sunday. Then the author had to meet other guests, but Mondell stayed with the Comtesse and sang the praises of his friend.

"It will be a privilege for me, Madame," he said, "to send you those of his books which I have published. But you ought to get also his most important work, *Loutré*. Something very deep and profound. More a treatise, I should say, than a novel. Dealing with modern psychology, autosuggestion, the subliminal self, double-personality; and also with the more occult spheres of the human mind, primitive beliefs of mankind, imitative magic, and other aspects of our subconscious life. All this grouped round the central figure of Loutré, an apache and actor at the same time. I must confess, to my shame, that I haven't read the book as yet. I always promise myself to do so, just as I promise myself to read one day the whole *Froissart*, and the real *Don Quixote*, or Dante in the original—"

The Comtesse interrupted him laughingly:

"How I can feel with you, dear Monsieur Mondell. I am quite in the same boat. Why, I could write a book on books I mean to read. Books we all know, we all quote; books which form our mental background and are, somehow, our intellectual and spiritual property and which, in the end, come to think of it, we have really never read. But to return to your



FAULTLESSLY ATTIRED, HE SIPPED TEA IN NUMEROUS DRAWING-ROOMS

handsome friend. You did not read his book as yet, but—?”

“But I am assured from all sides,” continued Mondell, “that it is something very fine. Quite a contribution to that part of our literature which is a combination of *belles lettres* and science. I am certain Madame will be greatly interested in it.”

“Of course I shall be,” said the Comtesse eagerly. “In fact, I am already very much interested in book and author. Don’t forget to buy *Loutré* for me before Sunday,” she added, turning to her *dame de compagnie*. “You’ll get it at Brentano’s, without doubt.”

And then all conversation stopped, because “by request” Aristide had to tell another little tale.

The Comtesse received Aristide on Sunday with a warm cordiality which made him feel at once very much at home.

“I have nobody else for tea but you,

Monsieur Tritou,” she said, “because I am an intellectual *gourmet*. Cheap wines you mix with mineral water, you soften the bitterness of vermouth and the roughness of gin with *fleur d’orange* and sugar and other ingredients and get a cocktail; but if a rare vintage is offered to you you want it pure, unmixed, by itself, to enjoy the exquisite flavor. So no other guests but you to-day. I had my nephew at dinner but I sent him away. I want to talk to you and of you and of your work. You did get *Loutré* for me, didn’t you, Constance?”

The *dame de compagnie*, who was pouring tea, felt terror-stricken. She had forgotten all about that miserable book. But it would never do to confess. The Comtesse would be furious. So, leaving quickly her teacups, she said:

“Why, certainly, madame. I bought it yesterday, and I put it on this little table together with the new *Revue des Deux Mondes*.”

Aristide looked at the indicated table with a kind of wondering awe. He would hardly have been surprised if the book had really been there. By now everything seemed possible to him. But the table was conspicuously empty.

"I can't understand it," said Mademoiselle Constance. "I saw the books myself this morning. Three volumes—aren't there three, Monsieur Tritou?—all beautifully bound. I don't know who can have taken it."

"Perhaps my nephew got hold of it," smiled the Comtesse. "He may have looked into it and, reading a few lines, found the temptation too strong, and took it with him. Quite a compliment to you, Monsieur Tritou. But we will not sorrow over the book as long as we have the author. In fact, I think, Monsieur Tritou, you should present a copy to me, perhaps even one with a nice inscription—"

"Madame," interrupted Aristide, and his voice had a ring of sincerity which pleased the Comtesse, "Madame, nothing could give me greater pleasure than to offer you this book if it were only possible. But alas, we authors are negligent people. I do not possess a single copy. And as to buying it—" he shrugged his shoulders eloquently. "Mademoiselle performed a miracle in getting it. I doubt if there is another copy in all Paris."

Constance, who was happy over the turn the affair had taken, corroborated Aristide eagerly.

"Yes, madame," she explained, "I had a very hard time getting that work. Brentano's were all out of it. At last I found it in a little bookshop in the Palais Royale. Evidently it is out of print."

"Yes," continued Aristide, "It is out of print, and if I ever regretted that fact I regret it to-day."

"Why, no," chided the Comtesse, "You should be proud that a work of this type has sold so well. You'll present to me then the first copy of the second edition."

"The second edition," sighed Aristide. "I wish I could see it already. But you know, madame, how publishers are. And then, again, you cannot blame them. Bookmaking is a costly luxury nowadays. Now there is my friend Mondell—"

"Ah, yes, Monsieur Mondell," remembered the Comtesse. "He was good enough to send me your other books, and I am truly grateful to him. I enjoy immensely your *Fairy Tales for Worldly Wise*. Do read me "Blue Roses" one more. I think that's my favorite."

The Comtesse, who was not far from fifty, had no illusions about herself. She knew that she was no longer young, and she said sometimes with a wry smile:

"I am the most dismal creature in the world. I am a charming woman who does not charm any more."

But though she had lost the form and features of Youth, all the eagerness, the enthusiasm, the quick perceptions of a young heart and mind were still hers, and however disagreeable she could be as an enemy, just so delightful and helpful she was as a friend. And to Aristide she became at once a very loyal and devoted friend. She liked him unreservedly though she chided him incessantly.

"You see," she explained to him, "there are people who are excellent in every detail. I approve of every trait in them; they have the right opinions, they do the right things, they even have the right manners. Yet, on the whole and taking it all in all, I have no use for them. And then again there are others who constantly irritate me; who in every detail of their personality annoy me and make me angry; who never do what I expect them to do, never say what I wish to hear, never even behave as I think it right to behave. And yet, on the whole and taking it all in all, they are the people I care for, the people I want, the ones I am truly fond of. You, Aristide, belong to this class. You annoy me extremely, yet I like you nevertheless. And because I like you I tell you frankly you waste your time."

you are more than a writer: you are a scholar, a scientist. You know the hidden recesses of the human mind, the dim past of the human race. Instead of cynical, playful little things—be they as charming as they may—you ought to write for us works of abiding value. Monumental things. But you are dominably lazy.”

Aristide looked up from his teacup with which he was playing and asked with a queer smile:

“Whoever told you, *chère amie*, that I am a scholar and a scientist? Perhaps you are mistaken in this assumption.”

“Nonsense!” exclaimed the Comtesse sharply. “The author of *Loutré* is a scholar and a scientist. Don’t pretend to me. Only, as I say and the more’s the pity, you are a negligent creature. But I am going to take care of you; I am going to find for you the right place and the proper career.”

Aristide lifted his hands in mock error.

“Have pity,” he groaned, “let me off easy. Whatever you do, don’t make me professor. I’d balk at that.”

“But why?” persisted the Comtesse. “You’d make an excellent professor. You look so delightfully pictorial. We could send you as an exchange professor to America and you’d marry an heiress. Wouldn’t you like that?”

“No,” said Aristide decidedly, “not at all. But then, I am never permitted to do what I like. I lead a life that is utterly distasteful to me. Well, what’s the difference?”

“None at all,” the Comtesse assured him. “If you were leading the life you dream of, you would abhor it equally. Things look pleasant only from afar. The charm of distance lends them grace and color and beauty. But when we come near we find the same sordidness, the same dullness, the same gray and intolerable boredom. I am going to do what is good for you, and not what you like, for, come to think of it, there’s nothing to like in this disenchanted world of ours.”

The Comtesse was as good as her word. Without consulting Aristide in the least, she looked round to find something really worth while for him, a position adequate to his great gifts, in which she believed implicitly. And the gods were evidently with her. At a Lenten gathering she met Monsieur Du Fayel, a rich industrialist who, having retired, had become interested in the more abstruse realms of psychology and literature, and whose ambition it was to create in Nancy, his birthplace, a very dignified monthly magazine, which should bear the name *Revue Du Fayel*. He confided his plans to the Comtesse, who listened to him with delighted interest, and when he added:

“You know, madame, I want it to be something very exquisite. Very literary and yet truly scientific. A cross, so to say, between the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Hibbert Journal*.”

“Wonderful, wonderful!” she exclaimed enthusiastically, “and by sheer good luck I have just the man who will edit to perfection this particular magazine.”

“Really?” said Monsieur Du Fayel, interested, “and who is he?”

“His name,” answered the Comtesse, “is Aristide Tritou. He writes, as a hobby, very charming and clever little sketches, and fairy tales and playlets of quite impeccable style. But his real achievement is *Loutré*, a work of three large volumes. I should call it the French equivalent of Frazer’s *Golden Bough*. Of course it’s out of print. All good things are. To-day I wanted to buy the *Journal des Goncourts*. Impossible. I couldn’t get a copy for love nor money. So it is with *Loutré*. You can’t buy it, but Mondell, the publisher—you know him, don’t you? He is a most conservative man, and so careful in his statements—well, Mondell told me it is a masterwork. Grouped around the figure of Loutré, an actor and apache, are all the occult beliefs of primitive mankind: imitative magic, tree-worship, priesthood of kings—or is it kinghood of



THE COMTESSE WOULD SEE NO OTHER GUEST BUT MONSIEUR TRITOU

priests? I am never quite certain—and so on and so forth. And then, developed out of this foundation, the modern psychology in all its intricacies: the subconscious self, metempsychosis, auto-suggestion, Coué, of course—Coué is a Nancy man, so that must interest you especially—faith healing, and what not. If you can get Monsieur Tritou to be your editor you will have a find. If you want me to, I can arrange a meeting with him for you.”

Monsieur Du Fayel was very well pleased with this idea.

“I shall be truly grateful to you, Comtesse,” he said. “If this Monsieur Tritou and I take to each other and he is willing to come to Nancy, the thing can be settled very soon.”

The meeting was arranged, the two men liked each other, and the editorship of the *Revue Du Fayel* was offered to Aristide. He was loth to accept and made many excuses.

“My dear man,” he said to Du Fayel, “you are foolhardy. You offer me a splendid salary, a responsible position—

I understand you want to give me an entire free hand—and yet you do not know the least thing about me. I might be a fraud, or worse. Better look out.”

But Du Fayel merely laughed.

“The Comtesse de Ségur vouches for you, and in speaking to you I formed my own impressions. That’s enough. I wish you would take the job. Nancy, of course, is not Paris, but you’ll be compensated by the standing you will have in the community. So better think it over and let me know in a day or two.”

To the Comtesse, Aristide was even more outspoken in his refusal.

“I can’t,” he said. “There are a thousand reasons why I can’t, but above all, I don’t want to leave Paris. Paris is my love, my delight, the joy of my heart. I adore the air here, the crowds in the street, the *quais* and the boulevards, the parks and the Bois. Come to think of it, I adore you too, *chère amie*. So why shall I give all this up and bury myself in Nancy?”

“To be worthy of *Loutré*,” said the Comtesse. “Anyhow, don’t let’s dis-

“Discuss it. You are going to accept. I have decided that and I know what is good for you. This position is a godsend, Aristide. It will absolutely make you. One day you’ll be grateful to me. So don’t let me hear any more of your nonsense.”

But most vehement was Aristide to Mondell.

“Damn it,” he shouted at him, “I am not going to be bullied by you and a meddling old woman. Nancy, of all places in God’s world! Nancy, and to be an editor there! I always hated editors. Insufferable lot, all of them. And in addition to all that, editor of such a magazine! What do I know about the subject?”

Mondell laughed heartily.

“That’s good,” he said, “you, the author of *Loutré*, you ask what you know about the subject. Well, my dear boy, what you don’t know about it isn’t worth knowing, and old Du Fayel can’t find anyone better for the place. So don’t rave any more. Be sensible and thank your stars.”

In the end Aristide had to give in. A tentative agreement was arrived at; Monsieur Du Fayel instructed his lawyers to draw up the formal contracts, and the Comtesse arranged that the actual signing of these contracts, which would be ready in about a week’s time, should take place in her salon. She intended to have a select gathering for this occasion, and to play for once Mæcenas in real style. Aristide—whom the Comtesse treated quite as a fractious child whom she had made behave—Aristide did not protest at anything any more, but he looked gloomy enough when he left the hotel of the Comtesse, and when Mondell offered to walk home with him he refused curtly. No, not even a good quarrel with Mondell would cheer him. He wandered alone and moodily through the streets, his coat open to the first breezes of spring, the refrain of an old couplet of Désaugiers persistently haunting him, so that he repeated over and over again:

“*Adieu bonheur,
Ma fortune est faite.*”

Suddenly Aristide perceived that he had wandered into the neighborhood of the Trois Couronnes.

“God,” he exclaimed, “now I know what I want. I want to get drunk. The Trois Couronnes, that’s the place for me.”

Entering the restaurant, he found it almost empty—the hour was so ridiculously early—but there in one corner was some one sitting. Aristide went over and saw with pleasure that the lonely guest, half asleep over his *petit noir*, was Charles Morissey. He slapped him on the shoulder and said laughingly:

“Charley, Charley old boy, wake up! We both must get drunk to-day.”

Charles looked up.

“Aristide,” he asked in astonishment. “What brings you here? You, who, since you’re famous, have forgotten us, neglected us, cut us dead—what do you want here?”

Aristide sank into a chair.

“Don’t preach, Charley,” he said. “You’re an ass. You know nothing. I can’t cut anybody because I am not I any more. I don’t belong to myself. Anyhow, what’s the difference? Just shut up and drink with me. Is there any champagne in this place? Let’s have it. All of it. Twice as much. Get that waiter over there and let him make it snappy.”

Charles could not resist such an invitation. The champagne was brought and after the first few glasses all differences, all hurts, all slights were forgotten. Charles and Aristide were the pals of old, and laughed and talked as in former times. The waiter came over with the *carte du jour*, but Aristide waved him away. He did not want to eat, he wanted to drink.

“More champagne,” he ordered, and when the bottles were brought he said to Charles:

“Listen, Charley, let’s mix it. With absinthe. Tastes fine. Has the right

kick in it. Tell that waiter to bring it. Let him shake a leg. He's as slow as a snail."

The absinthe came and the friends toasted each other. Charles wanted to talk shop, to inquire about Aristide's work, but Aristide bade him to keep quiet.

"No literature," he declared. "I want to have a good time. We'll make a night of it. Go over and play something on that darned old piano. Let's sing something."

Arm in arm they went over to the piano and soon their voices mingled in their favorite song:

"In the castle of Gradescio
By the town of Temesvar
Sat the valiant Prince Bibesco,
Servia's great old Hospodar.

Say, what did the Prince Bibesco,
Servia's great old Hospodar
In the castle of Gradescio
By the town of Temesvar?

Slivovitz drank Prince Bibesco
In the castle of Gradescio
By the town of Temesvar
Till he could not see a star."

"Slivovitz," repeated Aristide, "why shouldn't we have Slivovitz too. Great idea. Tell that waiter to bring Slivovitz."

The order was given, but the waiter came back with regrets.

"We have no Slivovitz, monsieur," he reported. "We have Benedictine, Chartreuse, Dubonnet, Crème de Menthe—"

"All right, all right," interrupted Aristide, "bring it, bring it."

"What, monsieur?" inquired the waiter.

"Everything," decided Aristide.

The waiter shrugged his shoulders. Monsieur was evidently not quite right in his head. But he returned with Benedictine and Chartreuse. Yet at the same time he presented the bill. Aristide paid but he was angry.

"What a place," he groaned, "what a miserable place. I am annoyed. I am

excessively annoyed. Let's get out of here, Charley, and go to some decent café. I want a glass of beer. I am very thirsty. A glass of beer will be the best thing for us."

The café was found, the glass of beer was drunk and followed by more and more glasses of beer, and in the end Charles suggested that he had better return home. Berthe would wonder where he stayed so long. But Aristide did not want to hear of it.

"Let Berthe wonder if she wants to," he said. "You come with me. You have never seen my place. I want you to come now. I'll take a *fiacre*. I am not drunk but I am tired. Can't walk well. We'll be there in no time."

Charles was easily persuaded. Berthe would be angry anyway, so he might as well hang for an ox as for a sheep. And he wanted to see Aristide's place. So the *fiacre* was called and the friends were driving through the mild night toward Cours La Reine. On the way Aristide wondered that he was not drunk at all. His legs were heavy, his words did not come quite easily, but his mind was entirely clear. In fact, clearer than ever. He saw all things with a strange lucidity; he understood himself and fate and life ever so much better than ever before. To be sure, he could not talk well, and walking was a nuisance, but the riddle of the universe held no more mysteries for him. He was insight and wisdom personified. He knew all things and, knowing them, he disliked them.

They arrived at the studio, dismissed their *fiacre*, mounted the stairs, and entered the apartment. Charles was deeply impressed.

"Wheew, Aristide," he whistled, "what a place! What a place! You do yourself well."

Aristide had switched on the lights, filled two glasses with liqueur, taken out the cigarettes, and, having thus fulfilled all duties of hospitality, found a big chair in which he settled himself.

"Yes, I guess it's all right," he said,

"only I liked my old place better. That view over the roofs of the big city, that was great. And my old desk just at the window, and from my couch I could see the young moon and the morning star. Here—well, here all is soft and pillowy and artistic. Hate it like hell."

Charles was surprised.

"If you don't like it, Aristide, why do you keep this place?"

Aristide shrugged his shoulders.

"Why? Search me. I don't know. Ask Loutré. Take these cigarettes for instance. Dimitrinos. Don't like them either. They're bitter. Petit Caporal taste ever so much nicer. But Dimitrinos are expensive, they are in style. So I have to have them. Loutré, you know. He makes me do all these things. Damn Loutré!"

Charles took it all as a joke.

"Well," he said laughingly, "you ought not to damn him, even though your tastes disagree. He really made you. Thanks to Loutré, you're famous."

"Yes," admitted Aristide, "it's true. I'm famous and he made me. Funny. Could make a comedy out of it. All the work I did, all the books I wrote did not bring me as much fame as the one thing I never wrote at all."

Charles sat up. The fumes of alcohol were somewhat clearing from his brain and he was staring his surprise.

"What!" he exclaimed, "you did not write *Loutré*?"

"No," Aristide assured him, "not a line of it."

"But then—then—who wrote that book?" demanded Charles excitedly.

Aristide again shrugged his shoulders.

"S'far as I know," he said, "nobody ever did."

Charles was dumfounded.

"Then the whole *Loutré* thing is a fake?"

Aristide grimaced.

"Why fake?" he said, "ugly word, fake. Hate it. No, not fake exactly. Different. Legend perhaps. Yes, that's it. Legend. Loutré's a legend, coming out of some dim beginnings and growing, and growing, and growing."

He sat for a while silently and smoked, and Charles, who did not quite understand and who was too drunk to care greatly, dozed in his chair. Suddenly Aristide looked up and said:

"Tell me, Charley, who told you first of *Loutré*?"

Charles tried to remember.

"Who told me first of *Loutré*?" he



"I WANT TO HAVE A GOOD TIME. LET'S SING SOMETHING," SAID ARISTIDE

repeated. "Let me see. Why, Berthe did. Ever so long ago. She came home one evening, I think it was in November a year ago. Had met F. F. on the street and was raving mad. He had told her about *Loutré* and his illustrations and the *Revue Illustrée* and Lafitte and so on. And she could not forgive me your success."

Aristide thought deeply.

"Well, of course," he decided at last, "I can't make it out in all the details. But it's likely that Kersac told something to Felix—I remember I met Felix when I came from Kersac—and Felix told a little more to Berthe, and Berthe a little more to you, and so on and so on. In this way *Loutré* was growing—Legend—just as I said."

"But," persisted Charles, "what could Kersac have told to Felix?"

"*Loutré*, of course," Aristide said impatiently.

"*Loutré*?" asked Charles bewildered. "But you said you did not do *Loutré*."

"Nonsense," growled Aristide, "I said I did not write that damned stuff. For mercy's sake, Charles, don't be such an ass. Try to understand. I was dead broke at that time. I had not a sou. Went to Kersac to get some money. If I had asked him outright he would have kicked me out. So I told him *Loutré*. He gave me a hundred francs for it. He was the first one to believe in *Loutré*, to be impressed by him. That was the beginning."

Again he fell into his musing silence, and Charles, who did not know what to make out of all these confessions, did not disturb him; in fact, he almost fell asleep. But just when his eyes became really heavy, Aristide startled him with the question:

"Tell me, Charley, are you superstitious?"

Charles considered the proposition.

"Oh, I don't think so," he yawned. "I pride myself . . ."

"Pride yourself nothing," interrupted Aristide. "Don't talk rot. Of course you're superstitious. We all are. We

live by our superstitions and die of them. Fear, sin, conscience—in the end nothing but the superstition of Taboo. Family, country, patriotism—superstition of the Totem. Superstition wherever you look. Racial superstitions ingrained into us from prenatal days and personal superstitions acquired or perhaps remembered from some weird nursery tale or the shadowy corner of an unfamiliar room. You've got it as well as all of us. Counting cobblestones. Looking for odd and even numbers. Touching wood, and what not."

Again he fell silent, but after a while he spoke out of the depth of his chair:

"You know, Charley, I always had, from the days of my childhood, a very personal superstition. Funny kind at that. You know how kids sometimes draw faces—a round circle, two eyes, a nose, a mouth—well, I always had a kind of shudder when I looked at these things. Gave me the creeps. Rubbed them out whenever I could. For somehow I had the dim feeling that in creating a form you created at the same time—"

"A soul?" asked Charles.

"Not exactly a soul, but a spiritual power, or perhaps only an influence; at any rate, something that was there, that could work, could hurt perhaps, could do things. Sounds queer, I know, but I felt that way. Think the old Jews felt like it when they forbade making pictures and statues. They knew something of occult things, got the knowledge from ancient Egypt, and they were afraid—afraid of the spiritual equivalent of the material form. Knew it was dangerous to meddle with such things. And everywhere through the whole history of mankind you will find hints that point in this direction. Interrelation between matter and spirit. One, in fact, expresses the other. If matter becomes articulate it is spirit; if spirit becomes visible it is form. Create then a form and you create power. Well, in a way, that's just what I did with *Loutré*."

He tossed his cigarette away, lit a new one and wandered through the room.

"In the end," he said, "the thing resolves itself to this: Who is the creature and who the creator? Did I make Loutré or did Loutré make me? I guess, more or less, he made me, is making me constantly. Changing me! I am not I any more. I'm the author of *Loutré*. I have to lead a life that's pleasing to Loutré; I write for the greater fame of Loutré, and now I'll have to renounce Paris, and joy, and the carefree pleasures of youth, just to go to Nancy and edit a magazine for the greater glory of Loutré."

He paused again, stood at the window and looked out. Then, turning round, he said:

"Listen, Charley, sometimes I think that primitive man played once with the idea of an Invisible Being, of God, just as I played with the idea of Loutré. And then this spiritual power thus created grew and grew and became stronger and stronger and made man, who is but little more than an ape, do strange, unheard-of, unpredictable things: things glorious, heroic, and ridiculous; things which are really not in the nature nor in the power of man to do and which he yet accomplishes for the greater glory of a god he created."

Again a deep silence fell. Aristide had regained his chair; he leaned back and looked long and dreamily at the ceiling. "If I had only written down *Loutré*," he began again, "nothing would have happened. Things put into words are harmless, innocuous. The original idea, the inspiration is full of passion, fire, urge, power. But when you put it into words, write it down on paper, it gets chilled, weakened, emasculated. Loutré put into the confines of a story, into the prison of a printed page, couldn't have done anything. But I was too lazy. Had all the money to spend. So I let it go. And he was there, with the original push and urge undiminished in him, starting out on his own hook. And going on, and on, and on."

Charles jumped up.

"Why, that's insane, Aristide," he cried; "what can he do? He does not live."

Aristide showed his impatience.

"Don't be an ass, Charles. He lives as well as you do. Perhaps in a different way, but quite as alive. And he does exactly what you do. If you want some one to lend you money, or to bring you this or that, or to do you a favor—you don't use physical force, do you? You impress the mind of this person—you make him believe in you. Well, that's just what Loutré does. Impresses the mind. People believe in him, do things for him and on account of him. Everything in which one believes is alive. Dead gods are gods in which no one believes any more."

"People believe in the devil," said Charles quite irrelevantly.

"Well, perhaps Loutré is a devil," agreed Aristide. "Not Lucifer in person, but one of the minor devils, with a terrible lust for power and a great appetite for all good things in life—comfort, riches, society, position. And because he likes them, I've got to get them. Yes, that explains Loutré very well. A minor devil."

"Malignant?" asked Charles.

Aristide considered that.

"Malignant? No. Not exactly. Not if he is not thwarted in his purposes. But when something stands in his way, then, I think—ruthless. Yes, ruthless, that's the word. Does not care what he does. Did for poor Kersac."

Charles almost screamed his denial.

"Insane," he shouted, "insane. Kersac died of pneumonia. He had influenza, then a complication set in and he had no strength left to throw off the virus. Perfectly natural."

"Yes," said Aristide, "but why should he have no strength left? Why should complications set in? Other people get well. I tell you Loutré did it. Mondell wanted to talk to Kersac about him. I should have prevented him, but I was tired. And Mondell is such a mule. You have to argue, and argue, and argue

before he gives in. So I thought: Let Loutré take care of himself. Well, he did—in his way. Could not afford, of course, to have it known that he is only the fiction of a fiction—the shadow of a shade. Wonder if he'll ever let F. F. return from Japan."

Charles' head was whirling. All the drinks, and on top of it these revelations, it was too much.

"Aristide," he begged, "tell me that you were just fooling me; that you made simply a rotten joke. A joke I almost believed in. But if you did not jest, if it's true, if you're really in the power of that Thing, that Loutré, why don't you cast him off, denounce him, deny him and get free?"

Aristide shook his head.

"Too late," he said. "If I had spoken at once, then it could have been a hoax; but now—now it's too much of a mess. Then consider, Charley: all I have, all I possess is really Loutré's. Denouncing him means to give it all up. That's not easy. The fleshpots of Egypt, you know. I'm enslaved.

"Of course I have still some spiritual reservations left. I have never really confessed to—I would almost say professed—Loutré. I just let him have his way. Never said directly anything that would strengthen his position. But I know myself that it's only a subterfuge. Matter of time. Sooner or later—he'll drive me more and more into a corner—then the last shred of the old Aristide will be gone."

Charles Morissey almost cried with vexation.

"You make me sick, Aristide," he protested, "saying such awful things. Impious, utterly impious. . . . But of course it's all nonsense. There are no—what did you call them?—spiritual influences. Minor devils. We live in the twentieth century. Who'll believe such things nowadays?"

"All right, all right," answered Aristide. "I'll put it for you in twentieth-century language, if you insist. Then Loutré is not a devil outside of me but in

me. Split personality, you know. You remember the case of Miss Beauchamp and Sally B? There is Loutré and I. Part of the same Ego, yet antagonistic to each other, each with a different set of preferences, views, demands upon life and so on. And he, the Invader, becomes ever stronger and stronger. Crowds me out, in fact. Has things his own way more and more. Why, he invades me even physically. Changes my appearance. People used to say that I looked typically the poet. Now everybody thinks I am or ought to be an actor. Loutré, you see. Playing the master in the house. And soon he'll have me crushed down altogether, and the I you knew, the I that still tries to persist will be submerged—gone forever. Well, what's the difference? Things are as they are."

Another silence fell. This time it was Charles who broke it.

"Listen, Aristide," he began solemnly, "what you told me this night is sacred to me. I shall never tell anyone a word about it—"

Aristide interrupted him with a mocking laughter.

"Of course not, Charley," he said. "I know you'll keep your mouth shut. Anyhow, you'd better. Loutré might not like it if you told on him, and if I were you I should not care to meddle with him, whatever he may be. Swift vengeance, you know. Well, what did you want to say?"

"I wanted to say," continued Charles disconcertedly, "that I implore you to tell the whole truth, to make a public confession. That I pray you to purge your soul, to get rid of the sinister power which got hold of you. That I abjure you to do penance before it is too late."

"Well, I'll see, I'll see," yawned Aristide. "Anyhow it's too late to discuss anything any more. I'll give you a shakedown on my couch. You go home now. Berthe will never let in. Let's go to sleep, old boy, hope that Loutré will not haunt you in your dreams."



HIS INVISIBLE ADVERSARY HAD TRIUMPHED

When Aristide awoke the next day and found Charles Morissey still sleeping on his couch, he wondered what had possessed him to spend such a night with an old friend whom he had decidedly outgrown. He must really have been drunk—much more drunk than he had imagined himself to be, or he would not have told Charley all he did tell. Not that he was afraid Charles would gossip—he knew him too well for that—but it was disagreeable to face him after all the revelations of the night before. Charles would surely not have sense enough to disregard their talk or to treat it as something entirely unrelated to the usual run of things—there were hardly any people in the world who had this spiritual tact. Most of them, all of them in fact, pinned you down to the consequences of a passing mood and, having been intimate with them for one moment, you were committed to be intimate with them for the rest of your life.

What a miserable proposition! Aristide shuddered at the idea of continuing any personal talk. Therefore he dressed quietly, told his Japanese man to make coffee for his guest as soon as he should awake, and went out leaving a note for Charles, excusing himself with an appointment and promising to see him again. Well, he would take good care that soon should not be so very soon. He only hoped that Charles would come before he returned. On second

thought he added a postscript to his note, saying, "Don't wait for me. Might be late."

Charles did not wait. He left, but before he left he penned a line to Aristide which read, "Good-by. I implore you to follow my advice."

Aristide, coming home and seeing this message, was annoyed. What a presuming ass, this Charles! Follow my advice! As if anybody could possibly advise anybody else! In the depths of our being always strangers, misunderstanding one another on all points, and yet offering advice—preposterous! Only human beings could be quite so fatuous and silly. No lion in God's world advises another lion as to his duties in the animal kingdom; no tiger advises another tiger to curb his appetite and let not the lust of blood run away with him. Beasts were satisfied to follow the law of their nature and to rest there. Beasts had dignity. But man, in his sick and swollen vanity, goes and advises. Aristide considered writing an article on this. The first sentence formed itself in his head: "If you want to follow my advice, don't follow anybody's advice." He winced. Awful. Journalesque. Cheap. Why, for heaven's sake, was he always tempted to write cheap things, make cheap jokes? Once upon a time he had had other dreams. Well, better not think about once-upon-a-time. He went to bed and slept the dead sleep of utter oblivion.

In the next few days Aristide pondered over his problem and could not find any way out. He was sick of everything, he wanted to tell and to get out of all complications; yet at the same time some part in him—the Loutré-part he thought, remembering his talk with Charles—some part of him decided that it was impossible to speak, that he had to go on and let things shape themselves as they would. And, indeed, it was difficult. What could he tell? The truth? But what exactly was the truth? And to whom could he tell it? Mondell? Reminding him of the day when he had come to the office and stating the facts as they had developed? Impossible. Mondell would never understand. He would see a common fraud in something which was really quite different, something ever so much more complicated. Mondell was a splendid fellow but he lacked imagination. He would never understand the intangible influences that had dominated Aristide. The Comtesse would have more the instinct for these doubtful and difficult things, yet to speak to her was also an appalling task. To explain to somebody else what one could only in an hour of drunkenness, of vanished inhibitions, explain somehow to oneself was almost impossible.

What he would have to say in bald words would amount to this: I have fooled you all. There is no Loutré. Yet again, was there really no Loutré? Granted that Loutré was merely an idea—well, but it was his idea, his creation. That he had not made a book out of this idea was a mere accident. Why make so much fuss about that accident? The whole thing was rotten. Awful mess. He wished it had never happened. Yet what could he do now? There was really nothing to do. Confess? Repent? He sneered in his thoughts at Morissey's moral attitude. What a fool Charles was; what a bigger fool he himself for having told Charles! It was bad enough to be bothered by one's own conscience, but to be bothered in addition by the conscience of somebody else was worse.

And above all, Charles's. How he had outgrown him and the whole crowd of the Trois Couronnes! He could never return to them and lead the old life any more. Just as little as Loutré could return to his former life. Funny—he had not written *Loutré* but he had lived him. Was Loutré himself. Perhaps one could start a "confession" from this point. Make it the beginning of some kind of explanation. Though, God knows, it would be a tough proposition. Damnably hard. Well, hard or not, he would have to tell Mondell. No, he would rather tell the Comtesse. Tomorrow. Go up quite casually and just tell it as one tells an anecdote. A good joke. A bad joke, rather. Yes, tomorrow. That was decided. Nothing more to think about it.

But, began a small and insinuating voice in him, was it really quite fair to his friends, who had shown him nothing but the most unselfish kindness, to trouble them, hurt them, worry them? If that Loutré affair was a burden, why not carry that burden silently and alone? He hated to go to Nancy. He hated to be an editor. He wanted to live in Paris—gay, carefree, irresponsible, writing little fantastic things and amusing himself in his own solitary way. Well, then he would atone for whatever he had failed by forgoing his preferences and leading the life that was expected of him. When he came so far in his reasoning he got furious. "That's Loutré," he shouted to himself. "Tries to get round me this way. I'll fool him yet. I'm going to tell."

But the days passed and he did not tell. In fact, he kept away from Mondell as well as from the Comtesse till the time arrived when the contract with Monsieur Du Fayel had to be signed. "I'll tell them then and there," decided Aristide while he dressed to go to the Comtesse. "When they are all assembled, I'll tell them. Plain out."

But he felt very miserable and somehow he did not believe in himself any more. He found more guests than he

had expected at the Comtesse's house. Academicians, writers, artists, men of finance and business, and he felt it was impossible for him to make a scene in these surroundings and under these circumstances. Moodily he stood round, answering absent-mindedly flattering remarks addressed to him, wondering what to do, wondering if there was still anything he could do. And suddenly the spirit of the old Aristide awakened in him, the old Aristide who had always found a way out, who had been equal to every emergency of the moment: a gay scoundrel, happy, care-free, and resourceful; infinitely more human than the new, rich, famous Aristide who had everything heaven could grant and yet was not in heaven. And this old Aristide whispered to him, "Why not clear out? Just simply go away without any explanation, without any confession, without any fuss, leaving Loutré and the others to deal with this disappearance as well as they could?" Aristide flushed with pleasure at the idea. God, why had he not sooner thought of this? Why not sooner found this escape? A word came into his mind—Touraine—and he had in a flash the vision of a clear blue sky, the fresh winds of heaven, green young things scenting the air with the breath of spring, the murmurs of running water, and he himself wandering, free and unfettered once more, wherever his fancy led him. Clear out—that was the thing! There

lay his salvation. He moved toward the door of the salon, gained the next room, and was reaching the hall when he was confronted by the Comtesse who, following a strange impulse, just as if somebody had warned her of some danger, had left everything and everybody and had hurried after him.

"Aristide," she said anxiously, "what are you doing here? You cannot absent yourself. The contract is going to be signed right now. Don't play the fool. Come back with me. I want to introduce you to a score of people."

Aristide stood still. The light went out of his face. Well, he was trapped, he couldn't do anything. Sullenly he turned round and followed the Comtesse, and while he did so he muttered to an unseen presence:

"All right, all right. I give in. You win, I lose. Game's over."

He bowed right and left in a somewhat mechanical fashion, and went at last obediently to the table at which the lawyers and Monsieur Du Fayel were already seated, and to which the Comtesse was proudly guiding her protégé. When Aristide held the fountain pen in his hand he realized fully that he had been beaten. There was nothing more to do. His invisible adversary had triumphed. He had to surrender, and his surrender was complete, final, irrevocable. With a kind of desperate flourish he signed his contract: Aristide Tritou, Author of *Loutré*.

MAGELLAN

The Romance of a Great Adventurer

BY ARTHUR STURGES HILDEBRAND

(Magellan's name is one of the most famous in the annals of discovery. Yet the actual details of his romantic career are little known, and history hardly recognizes the fact that he was the greatest adventurer of the world's most adventurous age. Born in Portugal about the year 1480, with the Portuguese name of Fernão Magalhães, he went to the East in 1504 in the service of Portugal's first Viceroy of India. He was in the fight off Cannanore and at the capture of the mighty city of Malacca. He reached the Moluccas and saw the Pacific before Balboa had crossed the Isthmus of Panama. And finally he evolved a project of circumnavigation which he successfully effected three hundred and eighty-seven years before any ship made the long-sought Northwest Passage.

That last voyage of his is one of the most dramatic and stirring stories of all time. Magellan fought indifference and treachery and mutiny, savage weather, starvation, discouragement, and the vast and empty distances of the Great South Sea. Mr. Hildebrand will tell the story in three articles. In this, the first of the series, he writes of the struggle which Magellan (or, as he was then called, Magalhães) underwent after his return from fighting and exploring in the East, in getting royal support for his perilous undertaking; of the intrigues which beset his path, and of his final departure.—*Editor's Note.*)

WHEN Fernão Magalhães returned to Lisboa after his seven years of service in the East, he found it unchanged, in the sense that it was still the same old city where life had begun for him. But a certain difference in tone was evident; more than ever, Lisboa had become the commercial capital of the world. There was a new air of magnificence in the streets, the churches had an air of opulence, and in the fine houses of the rich and great the hoarded treasures shone through the façades and reflected an atmosphere of luxury and splendor. In the wealth of the merchant princes Magalhães had no part. But he had had a part in creating that Empire of the East. Every vestige of affluence which met his eyes in Portugal was a reminder of Calicut or Goa, Malacca or Timor.

He set about the great project of his life: to get back to the East by crossing the South Sea—this was what he wanted—and he undertook it in all the light-heartedness of a man with a dominating

desire. He studied longitude. Longitude was the essence of his scheme, since all conception of the size of the earth depended upon this measure of it. As to what lay between East and West, over there on the other side of the Moluccas, he could only guess; but his guess would be helped if he could know how much space there was—how much space between the farthest East and the farthest West that men had reached.

Magalhães took his project to Dom Manoel, the King of Portugal.

Dom Manoel, however, did not seem disposed to grant his favor. Magalhães' seven years of service in the East, and his wounds received in action, seemed to count for nothing with the King. He treated him coldly—"he always hated him."

Considering one phase of the matter, it would seem likely that whoever could show King Manoel, or any other monarch, a new road to the East would be sure of a hearing and adequate support. For the road to the East was the chief



PORTRAIT OF MAGELLAN

From a painting made in the year 1682. Reproduced by courtesy of the Yale University Press.

concern of every maritime nation in the world. Spain was exploring the Caribbean; England was seeking the North-west Passage; Portugal had found her road, indeed, but it was a road twelve thousand miles long. Yet there was another phase which could not be considered so hopeful—so hopeful of acceptance by Dom Manoel, that is—although the King of Spain might be disposed to regard it differently: Magalhães was sure, from his study and observations, that the Moluccas lay on Spain's

side of the Pope's Line of Demarcation. Considering this point of view, it would surely be well to have Dom Manoel's complete good will before the project was suggested. And Dom Manoel had no good will for Magalhães.

It happened that in August, 1513, an armada was sent against the Moors at Azamor in Morocco to punish them for the violation of a treaty. This expedition Magalhães joined. The force accomplished its end with the greatest ease: the Moors were immediately de-

feated, and in addition a relief expedition, sent out to help the rebels, was captured almost in its entirety. Because he had been wounded in the original battle and was therefore temporarily unfit for active service, Magalhães was put in charge of the captured material. It was alleged against him that he was selling cattle back to the Moors.

Such a situation would be infuriating to a man of even the coldest temperament, which Magalhães emphatically was not. He had no patience with his accusers or their accusation; he was tired of punitive expeditions and foreign conquests; his mind was occupied with more important things and he had imperative business with his sovereign. On his own responsibility he returned forthwith to Portugal.

It had once been the custom for noblemen in the King's service to live as actual members of the Royal Household, but of recent years the numbers of these had so greatly increased that it was more practical to pay them a monthly living allowance. The amount of this was too small to be considered as pay; it was an honorary allotment, valued as such, and esteemed a measure of the King's favor. Magalhães requested that his stipend be increased. The sum involved was insignificant; but as an indication of patronage—a vote of confidence, so to speak—it was naturally predisposed for rejection. And Manoel did reject it. And just then there came a report from Africa that Magalhães was absent from his regiment without leave, and stood accused of trading with the enemy. He was ordered back to Azamor for trial.

There was no trial. There was no indictment and no accusers could be found. With documents which cleared him of all charges, Magalhães returned again to Lisboa. The King was not interested.

But during the progress of these events something had happened in the New World. It was important, indeed, in itself. But to Magalhães it was like a roll of thunder. Vasco Nuñez de Bal-

boa had crossed the Isthmus of Panama and had seen the ocean that lay on the other side.

It was a sea that lay between East and West.

"I shall be with you soon," Magalhães wrote to Francisco Serrão at Ternate, "if not by way of Portugal, then by way of Spain, for to that issue my affairs seem to be tending."

If Portugal did not care to know of a new route, then Spain could settle the question of longitude once for all time and claim the Moluccas with all new lands east of them. It depended now on one last interview with the King.

He asked once more if his *moradia* might be increased. It would not be increased. Might he hope for some command that would give him an opportunity to serve his sovereign? He might not. Was he to understand that his country had no further use for him? That was the fact. Did His Majesty realize that he was then forced to offer his loyalty to some one who would be disposed to make use of it? He might do as he pleased. The audience was concluded.

Magalhães turned again to his study of longitude, for on this rested his claim to Spain's attention, and he must be sure of his facts. In the course of his long investigations he met a scholar named Ruy Faleiro, and so eager was Magalhães to make some definite step at once that he confided his plan to this somber and erratic little man who had never in his life done more than turn the pages of books in libraries. Faleiro was very well informed in matters of navigation and astronomy, and he pronounced the project feasible. Although Magalhães' enthusiasm and eagerness, his simple ability to be actuated by a great idea were beyond Faleiro's grasp, he became very zealous, after his own manner, and prepared a learned exposition of the subject suited to refute possible objections.

King Manoel had within his grasp just then the most adventurous project

that this terrestrial world has ever seen—almost, it might be said, the greatest possible project. But he was listening to the prompting of some secret grudge—so secret, indeed, that no one has ever discovered it. He might have listened to this plan and made it his own. He might have gone on to execute it and he would have gained; for Magalhães, and all the world, was in error in the matter of longitude, and the Moluccas did lie on the Portuguese side of the line. But Dom Manoel did not understand that old idea of devoting oneself, in some manner peculiarly one's own, to the service of mankind.

Magalhães had spent more than five years in perfecting his project, in organizing his first vague ideas into a definite program. Now the plan was ready and he took action. In 1517, the thirty-seventh year of his age, he renounced his Portuguese citizenship and went to Spain; he became a subject of Don Carlos, altered his name to its Spanish form, Hernando Magallanes, and took up his residence in Sevilla.

In Sevilla there was a considerable group of men who were bound together by the fact that they had once been Portuguese and had now come to try for better fortune here in Spain. Of these the most conspicuous was Diogo Barbosa, Alcalde of the Arsenal. His son, Duarte, had voyaged extensively in the Far East, and in the previous year he had completed his book of travels. Moreover, Señor Barbosa had been a close friend of Magallanes' father in the old days at Sabrosa. Magallanes went to him and was welcomed, and at his house he stayed as a guest as long as he remained at Sevilla.

These three talked often of navigation and astronomy, of the handling of ships at sea, and of exploring. Señor Barbosa had equipped many fleets; Duarte knew the East; Magallanes had traveled as much and had seen vastly more fighting. And in that fierce quick way of his, so simple and direct, he told them some-

thing of his adventures and battles and fortunes of sea: twice round the Cape, twice to the Moluccas, four times across the Indian Ocean, and up and down the coast of Malabar in seven years of restless soldier's life, with three wounds in action, courage that leaped up like a flame, memories of old ships and lost companions, and that constant moving mood of longing for the enchanted East. Señor Barbosa had a daughter, Beatriz, who often listened to this conversation.

The three men gained friendship and mutual trust, and out of this there grew a program of action. To go to the King, unknown and unassisted, would be folly. There must be found some one whose name would open a door, whose reputation would gain respect, whose recommendation would be predisposed for acceptance. Señor Barbosa suggested Don Sancho Matienzo and Juan de Aranda, chiefs of India House. He knew them; and their support, if they gave it, would lead toward the throne.

Magallanes' first step, then, was to present his plan to India House, the Casa de Contraccion. India House, rather overburdened, and occupied to the extent of its capacity with the matters and men now pending, somewhat impatiently dismissed his project. But after this official and formal pronouncement was issued, Juan de Aranda wanted to hear more. He was the first authoritative listener whom Magallanes had met, and to him he told his story with such earnestness and enthusiasm, such evidence of definite purpose, and so sure a faith in the outcome that Aranda was completely convinced, and promised every assistance which his resources and influence could command. He took the trouble to investigate the references which had been given him, and the answers which he got from Lisboa told him a great deal in favor of Magallanes and nothing against Ruy Faleiro. He then said that he would arrange an interview with Don Carlos at Valladolid.

Here the affair was begun. The pro-

ject was on its way straight to Don Carlos. Magallanes could hardly believe his good fortune.

Yet he felt a vague sense of danger. Portugal was now hostile; that far-reaching network of Dom Manoel's men would do all that was possible to thwart his plans. And Dom Manoel's men had heard the news.

Señorita Beatriz learned of the triumphal beginning and added it in her mind to the other story of adventure. Very soon she heard the whole narrative of Magallanes' life in the past and found it wonderful; she learned of the project inevitably growing out of and continuing the past, and she found it deeply moving. They had lost all these years; they were to lose the years that were to come. But they had the present. There was nothing in her life from which she was trying to escape or anything that she could hope to gain; for him there could be no thought of a home or of seclusion with her. Together they saw life real. Simply, romance flamed up round them. It is very certain that they loved each other.

Nothing in Magallanes' whole life is more indicative than this of his straight unswerving purpose toward the thing which chance and his own inclination had given him for accomplishment. Just here, by an unconscious relaxing of his efforts, he might have lost the world and been content that he could turn to her. But it was his life that she loved, the life which was himself, which he had created round him and which was leading him away along the same sure and simple path of his destiny. She had no thought of changing destiny for her own needs; she accepted what life had placed in her hands. As for his view of it—she was simply Beatriz Barbosa. They were married almost at once, and she was with him when he went to Valladolid.

Just before they set out, Ruy Faleiro arrived from Lisboa. His presence was not helpful. His attitude was not in keeping with the spirit of events. He was very angry when he was told that

Señor Aranda now knew of the project and asked why he had not been consulted. It did not matter that Magallanes' action had resulted in their now being on their way to Court; Faleiro's own feelings had been hurt. He went to Valladolid by a different road and joined the others only at Medina del Campo. It flashed through Magallanes' mind that Faleiro had lately come from Portugal, and that if he were to return there in his present mood of indignation he could easily undo all that had been done or might be done.

The Court at Valladolid was in a confusion of hostility and distrust toward Don Carlos, who had but recently arrived from the Netherlands. The King was surrounded by Flemings, who dominated him; they saw in Spain only an opportunity for the amassing of wealth, and they set about it with vigor at once to get as much as they could before the situation should change. A steady stream of gold was flowing out of Spain; more than ten thousand ducats went north each month. Don Carlos himself was no less eager. The brilliance and opulence of Spain had dazzled him and he was but slowly recovering his vision.

Queen Juana, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, was recognized by Spain as its rightful ruler, though she was submerged in a deep and abiding melancholy that amounted to insanity. Her son, Don Carlos, in Spain's view of it was little more than a stranger. His kingship of Spain was hardly more than an incident; he spoke Spanish with difficulty; he was only eighteen years old. One of his few direct contacts with Spain was through Juan Rodriguez de Fonseca, Bishop of Burgos; through him Don Carlos could gain some intimation of what it was that Spain was expecting of him; ventures overseas, exploration and discovery were important phases of Spain, and the Bishop of Burgos was head of the Department of Affairs in the Indies and President of India House.



CHARACTERISTIC MAP OF THE WORLD IN MAGELLAN'S TIME

Made by Juan de la Cosa in 1500, this map reproduces fairly accurately the contours of Europe and Africa, but is covered with symbolic figures reminiscent of medieval map-making. In this age much of the earth's surface was of course as yet uncharted.

Señor Aranda lost no time in setting to work. He arranged an interview at which Magallanes might present his plan to the most important ministers of the King. At that moment Magallanes stood on a narrow path; before him was a hidden future of ruin, behind him a burned bridge. He could not stop where he was; he could not turn back; he could not fight his way ahead for there was nothing tangible for him to fight. And before him sat these ponderous and very reverend gentlemen, involved in the manipulation of the intricacies of the Court, waiting idly to hear what he was going to say.

Magallanes had the honor to lay before their Lordships a project of discovery quite without precedent, promising wealth for everyone concerned, honor for His Majesty Don Carlos, and glory for Spain. It was a project pecu-

liarily Spain's, as would appear; so sensible was he of this that he had renounced his nationality, abandoned his loyalty to Dom Manoel, his former King, and had come to put his sword and his service at the disposition of Spain.

Their Lordships were well aware of the failure of Admiral Cristobal Colon to discover the Indies across the Western Ocean. This was because a whole continent, nearly as large as Africa, lay between Hispaniola and the Indies, as well as the vast and newly found South Sea. The wealth that had been brought back was also disappointing. This was because the peoples of these regions were savages: they lived, no more; their culture had produced nothing that could form a basis for trade, and their civilization, such as it was, was unworthy the attention of the greatest nation on earth. Spain's demarcation stretched

halfway round the world. The greater portion of this domain Spain had left neglected; she had not even looked at it. It was in respect to this other greater portion that he spoke.

The real Indies, the Spice Islands, were a source of wealth beyond all experience, beyond imagination. They were untouched; the Eastern merchants, trading among themselves, had done no more than open the channels of commerce for those who should come after them. The accounts of Varthema, the Italian, left no doubt of this. The book of Duarte Barbosa was an additional confirmation. That these accounts understated the truth, rather than exaggerated it, was a fact at once obvious to anyone who had seen the country. Magallanes himself, now speaking, had seen it. Francisco Serrão had written—the letter was produced—that this was, in truth “another world, larger and richer than that found by Vasco da Gama.” The letter was dated from Ternate: Serrão then lived there. Two slaves, one from the great city of Malacca, one from the island of Sumatra, were brought forward and exhibited. These were the people. A cultured and noble race whose language and ancient traditions dominated the island world, whose temples had stood for a thousand years, who used gunpowder and bronze cannon and rode to war on the backs of elephants, whose arts and crafts were like nothing else on earth, whose harbors had been visited, through unremembered generations, by the ships of Cathay. This world was waiting, untouched.

After fifty years of constant effort the fleets of Portugal had rounded the Cape of Good Hope and had reached the coasts of India—and found them more than ten thousand miles away. Portugal had gone east to the limit of her Demarcation. Why should not Spain go west? If there were a way round Africa, why not round America as well? It was only three thousand miles across the Atlantic to Hispaniola; farther south it was less. Juan de Solís, coast-

ing down South America, had found that the land always tended to the westward. Vasco Nuñez de Balboa had seen the Ocean that lay on the other side. This planisphere, my Lords, copied in Portugal from the terrestrial globe of the great Pedro Reynell, showed a strait that led through and joined the Western Ocean to the South Sea. No man had sailed that sea. But it could be crossed, as other seas had been. He, Hernando Magallanes, proposed to cross it; he would go down the coast of America as de Solís had done; past thirty-four, where de Solís had stopped, and he would find that strait, if God willed it, though he had to search as far as seventy-five.

Then Ruy Faleiro stepped forward to explain the bewildering question of longitude and demonstrate that the Moluccas lay on the Spanish side of the Line of Demarcation.

Here the case rested. Their Lordships' decision would be eagerly awaited. While the matter was being considered Magallanes withdrew with Aranda and Faleiro to discuss the probable impression which their plan had made and its chance of success. The ministers, with one exception, knew nothing of the subject and cared nothing, their attention being occupied by other matters. The exception was the Bishop of Burgos. But the Bishop was not favorably disposed to the projects of explorers. He had bitterly hated Cristobal Colon and had been largely responsible for his degradation and the disgrace which had ended in his death; he had obstinately opposed Las Casas in his attempt to improve the condition of the Indians; it was in spite of his utmost efforts that Balboa and Cortez had achieved the successes of their enterprises. A sudden new interest in a project of discovery was hardly likely. As an advocate of their cause, the Bishop had but one real qualification—the King would listen to him. His advocacy would assure success; his disapproval, however, would make failure inevitable. The cards were on the table.

Recalled to the presence of the miners, Magallanes was informed that it is the sense of the meeting that his project for sailing to the Spice Islands by way of a western passage to the South Sea should be recommended to the favorable consideration of Don Carlos. The Bishop of Burgos had been convinced.

If Magallanes had had his own way in the matter he would have been at sea within the week. But Señor Aranda had learned from long experience that a large share of the business of exploring was the securing of very definite and specific contracts with the patrons of the enterprise. And this was also the main interest of Faleiro. So Magallanes set himself to the laborious preparation of a contract. This accomplished, there was committed to writing a former verbal agreement with Señor Aranda, by which he was to receive one eighth of the explorers' share. The proposals were forwarded to Court and the three associates retired to await, each in his own way, the hoped-for result.

Doña Beatriz heard the news and was only partly happy.

Alvaro da Costa, Dom Manoel's ambassador to the Court of Spain, also heard the news.

At the earliest opportunity the Bishop of Burgos obtained an audience with Don Carlos. In her overseas adventures Spain had been unfortunate in the men whom she had chosen to command her fleets; the existence of a continent which extended like a bar across her pathway to the East had been discovered; but there was no one who had had the vision to see that Spain's logical exploration should be beyond this continent rather than within it. That it was possible to go round it there could be little doubt. And now there had been found a man who was willing to make the attempt. He had had an interview with Captain Hernando Magallanes, a Portuguese . . . A Portuguese? Yes, your Majesty, but he had renounced his allegiance to Portugal; he was now resident in Spain

and had married a Spanish lady. This man had brought forward certain proposals for an expedition of discovery across the South Sea to the Isles of Spice, a domain richer than any other in the world, lying within the limits of Spanish Demarcation. Spain should have gone there long ago. The proposal had been discussed by a congress of his Majesty's ministers, who forwarded it to his Majesty with their unanimous approval. The Bishop was of the opinion that his Majesty should undertake this venture for the continuance of his reputation among the cities of Spain, and should himself finance it for the greater wealth which would thus accrue.

Don Carlos wished to be assured that there was no danger of any conflict with the interests of the King of Portugal. The Bishop was able to offer this assurance. It was perfectly clear to the King that some such enterprise as this was exactly what was needed to further his own interests with the nation. Moreover, no one who viewed Spain from the standpoint of a foreigner could think for a moment that Spanish exploration need not be favored and advanced. Though Don Carlos expressed himself with difficulty, his perception was very clear and quick. A *capitulation* was prepared, duly signed, and delivered.

Dom Manoel's men saw that the situation was very serious and tried to make it more so.

Magellan saw the King but seldom, but his meetings with the Bishop of Burgos were frequent. He could depend on the Bishop's attitude, he knew, but how could he be assured that the King would not be influenced by the unending propaganda of da Costa, the Portuguese ambassador? The Bishop said that Don Carlos emphatically would not alter his determination, and that there was nothing to be feared if only Magallanes himself held firmly to his purpose.

Immediately after this interview the Bishop went to the King. The consequences were these: the rank of Comen-

dador of the Order of Santiago was conferred upon Magallanes, and the King ordered him to go at once to Sevilla and demand in the King's name whatever he considered necessary. It was the King's will and purpose that the fleet should sail. There need be no further apprehension of a change of policy.

Accordingly, Magallanes returned to Sevilla. Señor Aranda was sent at once to Cadiz to purchase ships. He brought back the five vessels which had been authorized by the King's capitulation. Magallanes stood on the quay and watched them come up the river, in charge of the pilots from San Lucar, and anchor off the city. These were his ships. They meant more to him than anything else in life. There they were.

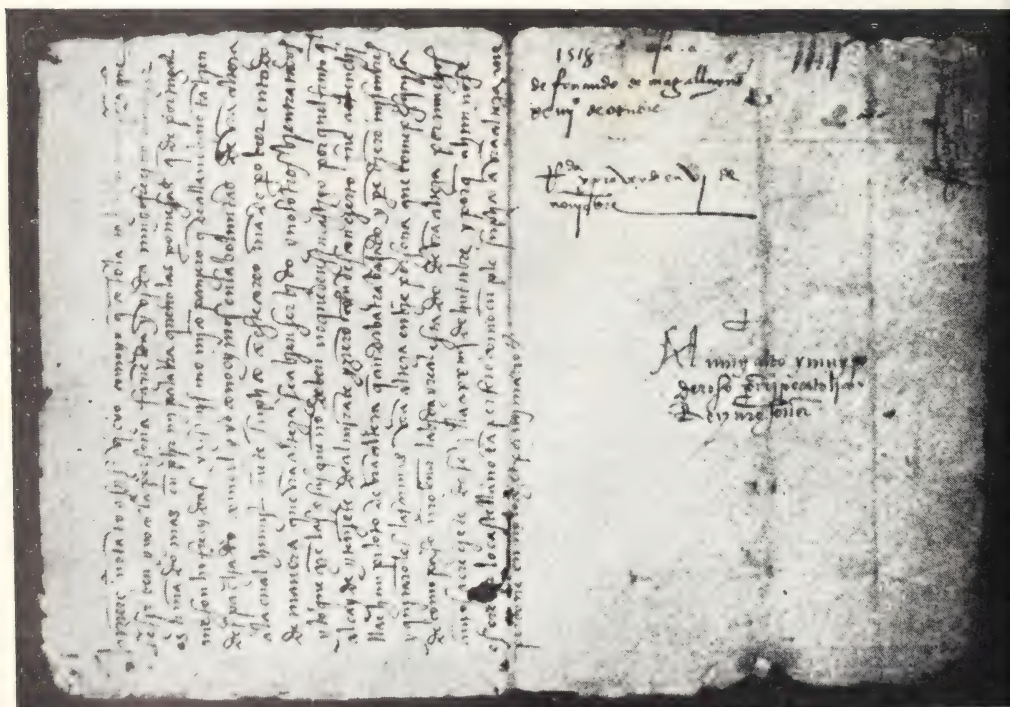
He went aboard at once. The largest of the fleet was the *San Antonio* of one hundred and twenty tons. The *Trinidad*, of one hundred and ten tons, was the most capable vessel of the five, and he chose her at once for his flagship. The *Concepcion* was of ninety tons, the *Vit-*

oria of eighty-five, the *Santiago* of seventy-five.

Dom Manoel had an agent in Sevilla—Sebastian Alvarez, the King's Factor—Alvarez being a Portuguese, and so, of course, a friend of the Captain General's. He asked if he might come aboard to see the ships. He was allowed to do so. He thought them utterly unseaworthy and ready to fall apart, and their ribs, he said, were butter. But he did not say this to Magallanes. Such an opinion would be more effectual if announced elsewhere and before long, indeed, it was heard quoted with great frequency and assurance in waterside taverns and other places where sailors and shipwrights were wont to congregate.

Magallanes prepared lists of necessities—elaborate lists which were being constantly amended and always enlarged, for it was impossible to think of everything—and Diogo Barbosa and Anton Semeño were sent to Bilbao to purchase supplies and equipment.

A trench was dug in the beach at a



MAGALLAN'S SIGNATURE

As it appears on an original manuscript in the Archivo General de Indias at Seville

venient point and the ships, one after another, were warped in and careened for rubbing and recaulking. Here and there a new plank was put in or a knee ripped out and replaced. The spars were scraped and greased, and new chafing gear of fresh-tanned leather was put on wherever there was wear and friction. The splices were opened, inspected, and reserved, and shrouds and backstays were newly tarred from truck to rail. The masts were unbent and sent ashore to be patched or remade. The days rushed by and nothing seemed to be finished; the ships were a mess of chips and bits of rope and tar pots and scattered tools; the fleet was not nearly as ready as when it came from Cadiz. The complexity, the amount of detail of this business was simply terrifying. And the Captain General tried to see to everything.

Faleiro was not helpful. He also was a Captain General of the fleet but he knew nothing about ships or work on ships, and he had had no experience in managing men. He knew navigation, however, and all this part of the preparations was intrusted to him. He was very busy with compasses and charts and astrolabes and sailing directions and his Rules for Observations—busy, indeed, almost to the extent of panic. He fairly flew about, starting a dozen things at once and having time to finish none of them; in the intervals he met Dom Manoel's propaganda and wrung his hands in anguish; he was induced to quarrel with Magalanes and was put in his place with instant finality; he returned home and found a half-finished quadrant which he had been making; he worked on it for half an hour, and rushed off to see Nuño Garcia, who was making the charts. There were rumors of other expeditions which were to be sent out afterward; he wanted to wait and go in command of one of them. He could never be ready in time for this. The Court had moved to Barcelona in January, 1519, and da Costa's propaganda had been continued with such vigor and success that even the Bishop of Burgos himself was made un-

easy by it and urged His Majesty to make haste. But, indeed, the King's impatience was growing with his interest. He saw the importance of the undertaking—the more so, perhaps, since Portugal was so obstinately opposed to it—and it was true that he was planning other expeditions to follow. He no longer found himself entirely in accord with the Bishop's opinion that exploration and conquest should be confined to the territory which lay on the other side of the American continent, for Francisco Hernando de Cordoba had talked with men in gold armor in Yucatan, and the towers of temples with a very Oriental air about them had at last been sighted in the swamps and jungles that had hitherto yielded nothing but savages and fever. But Don Carlos saw no reason for neglecting either opportunity. Now, if ever, was the time for big projects.

On the thirtieth, the King appointed Luiz de Mendoza Treasurer of the armada, and Juan de Cartegena, Fleet Captain. Captain Mendoza was sent with a chartered caravel to the Canaries to purchase certain supplies and have them in readiness for the fleet at Tenerife; thus beyond the reach of corruption, he did not see Sebastian Alvarez until his return. But Captain Cartegena remained in Sevilla.

On the sixth of April, Gaspar de Quesada was commissioned captain of one of the ships, and Antonio de Coca was appointed Accountant.

Supplies began to come from Bilbao. The Captain General was always on deck, trying to think of items that should be added to the inventory, trying to dispose the cargo suitably among the five ships, trying to foresee the exact conditions under which everything would be needed and to stow each article so that it would be on top. The sparto cordage had not been delivered; instead, here were forty-five empty barrels; and where should they be put? Señor Nuño Garcia's compliments, and might he have an order for another dozen parchments? The muleteer from Tarfia wanted his

money. Here was the large caldron, Señor Captain General; it was the best that could be found, but the man who had not brought the chain—send him back after it. Would it not be well to change the lead of the *Concepcion's* spritsail braces so that the yard would set properly when on the wind? Only ninety-six pieces of canvas had been delivered; was the rest to come later or had the order been changed? Captain Quesada thought that his starboard anchor was too light. Were both the grindstones to go in the *San Antonio*? . . . And home at night to tell Doña Beatriz that things were going very well, only slowly, and to watch his son Rodrigo sleeping in his cradle.

On the eighteenth of April the King sent orders that the fleet should sail before the end of May at all costs, ready or not.

On the nineteenth he wrote that the fleet was to proceed direct and with all possible speed to the Spice Islands, deferring any incidental exploring until this had been accomplished. "Moreover, I command you all and each one of you that in the navigation of the said voyage you follow the opinions and determination of the said Hernando de Magallanes."

On the fifth of May he ordered that the number of the crew should not exceed two hundred and thirty-five, and that this should be still further reduced if possible. Magallanes was to choose his men.

The tallymen were constantly on the quay now, checking their lists as supplies arrived: 50 culverins, 7 falconets, 3 large bombards, 3 passamuros, and 50 arquebuses; 6197 pounds of lead for bullets, leaden and stone cannon balls, and 5,000 pounds of powder; 60 crossbows and 360 dozen arrows, 95 dozen bits and braces, pitch-brushes, 80 painted flags, and a Royal standard of taffeta; nails, bolts, sail thread and needles, spare spars, an extra boat for the *Trinidad*—and very useful it was, too—mats and baskets, casks and barrels, 2 seines, 6 chain hooks, harpoons and fish spears, lines, floats,

10,500 hooks, 40 cartloads of wood, and two complete furnitures for Mass.

Then there was the cargo, as distinguished from supplies and equipment for the ships themselves—the articles of trade: 2,000 pounds of quicksilver, 3,000 pounds of vermilion, 10,000 pounds of alum, 30 pieces of colored cloth, 20 pounds of saffron, 3 pieces of very fine fabric, 1 piece of Valencia stuff, 2 pieces of colored velvet, 40 pieces of colored buckram, 1,000 pounds of ivory, 20,000 pounds of lump copper, 10,000 pounds of lead, 200 common red caps, 200 colored handkerchiefs, 4,000 brass and copper bracelets, 224 basins, 10,000 fishhooks, 400 dozen knives "of the cheapest kind, made in Germany," 50 dozen pair of scissors, 1,000 mirrors, 500 pounds of crystals, 1,000 *maravedis* worth of combs, 20,000 small bells. In a sense the articles came all at once, yet they did not come in order or with any arrangement of type or use or bulk or importance. They came in carts and boats and pack baskets and by hand; they were ordered and not delivered; they were delivered without orders; they were delivered in installments, or too soon, so that they must wait in a warehouse to be stowed; or too late, so that other imperative things had gone ahead of them; some things were forgotten and ordered after their turn, and some remembered before the time came to order them; some items could be bought at any time, and yet must none the less be included, and some took months to prepare or search for. And everything, from first to last, represented a final and definite decision, for there were along the route no ports of call that would be of the slightest use and there could be no possible remedy for neglect or carelessness.

On the eighth of May there arrived from Don Carlos a set of exhaustive final instructions which amounted almost to a treatise on exploration. The document comprised seventy-five chapters, and provided for every contingency of accident or circumstance at sea or ashore: storms, harbors, seamanship, and courses;



AN EARLY PRINT OF THE VITORIA

One of the smaller vessels of Magellan's fleet and the only one to complete the circuit of the globe.

ghts, camps, settlements, and trade; orders, rations, and the handling of men. "general order" became specific.

The hostile propaganda had by this time withdrawn to secret and silent channels. Sebastian Alvarez gave up, for the most part, his attempts at direct dissuasion, and sought by acutal obstruction the end which he had hitherto failed to gain by argument and protest. He had long before learned and transmitted to Dom Manoel the fleet's sailing directions, and the courses and landfalls which Magallanes expected to make. As time went on and Dom Manoel learned more of the project, its entire feasibility became plain to him, as well as its threat to his own supremacy in the East. He ordered a fleet to Santa Maria at the Mouth of the River Platte—thought to be the "land's end" of South America; he sent orders to Juan Lopez de Sequira—an ironical choice—to proceed from Malacca to protest the Moluccas with the Spanish armada; and when he heard that Magallanes was plan-

ning to go by way of the Cape if he found no strait where he thought to find it, he sent an intercepting fleet to South Africa. Alvarez, meanwhile, without leaving Sevilla organized his own plot to operate by less frank and more congenial methods.

Magallanes had been going his own way, taking his chances of disaster, hoping only—worn as he was by his endless planning and preparation—to get to sea, where the dangers would be his own to meet and overcome. Luiz de Mendoza on his return from the Canaries had been obstinate and insolent, and had been ignominiously reprimanded by the Captain General and by the King. Ruy Faleiro had disputed Magallanes' opinion as to the best course across the South Atlantic, and the result had been a bitter argument. Two other under-officers had been discharged for insubordination. Alvarez had provoked these quarrels where it had been possible for him to do so, and he had not failed to add what he

could to the resulting resentment. This much was fairly evident. But he had accomplished something else of which Magallanes knew nothing.

Mutiny and piracy are always delicate matters to arrange. By what bribery and corruption and work of spies and falsification of orders Alvarez had arranged them, was a process which has never come to light. But so sure was he of his arrangements, so confident in the constancy of the captains whom he had induced to treachery, that he played his last card. The utter impudence in the face of Fate, the brass effrontery of that play is amazing.

He went to Magallanes' house. The Captain General was on his knees, packing preserved quince in a chest.

"You think," Alvarez said, "that you are going as Admiral, whereas I know that others are being sent in opposition to you, of whom you know nothing, except at a time when it will be too late."

He had revealed his own plot. To him who had worked so hard for its accomplishment it seemed a thing of devastating and final importance. Mutiny means death, if not for one side then for the other; to him who had thought so deeply of its consequences it seemed a reason adequate to make Magallanes give up.

Certainly he had understood the path of his plot, straight through to the end. But he did not understand his man. It was not possible to frighten Magallanes—in any manner, by anything. His courage rose up at one gesture to meet this new danger. Courage simply terrifying, indeed, in its reckless daring; to go to sea, to set out round the world in the face of this knowledge, with these very men. . . . He took it all on his own shoulders and went ahead.

The King gave him increased authority, and told him to sail as soon as possible—which, of course, was just what he wanted. And Alvarez sat back.

On the street corners and in the markets the town crier beat his drum and read the proclamation: Volunteers in the armada bound for the Spice Islands. The

response was disheartening. The pay was too small, the risks too great, the chances of failure—foreordained in the minds of men who knew what the sailors of Sevilla knew—were too great; it would be better to seek glory and a whole skin with Gil Gonsalvez in Panama. Only seventeen men enlisted from Sevilla. The town crier read the proclamation in Cadiz, in Malaga. Men came, signed on, deserted, argued, listened to dreadful tales, ran away again, signed on again. Besides the Spanish and the Portuguese there were finally Basques and French and English and Sicilians; Flemings, Neapolitans, Greeks, Germans, Genoese, Corfiotes, men of the Canaries and Madeira, Negroes, and Malays. All told, there were two hundred and sixty-eight men. They piled aboard, put their dunnage below, came on deck again and set to work.

There was still equipment to be thought of—things that had been late in delivery or were to be stowed last.

Ruy Faleiro became insane, and on the twenty-sixth of July Don Carlos dismissed him.

There arrived a gentleman from Barcelona bearing letters of introduction for the Captain General. Signor Antonio Pigafetta, a Knight of Rhodes, assistant to the Roman Ambassador to the Court of Don Carlos. He had heard of the expedition and asked if he might go; he knew something of navigation; he would be worth his salt. He wanted no pay, only a chance to see the world and some of its wonders, and he would write the story of the voyage for his friend and patron, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Grand Master of the Knights of Rhodes. Could the Captain General sign him on in some capacity? The Captain General did so.

The officers were assigned to their several ships. In the *Trinidad* Estaban Gomez was King's Pilot, and Juan de Punzarol the Master; Fleet Captain Juan de Cartagena was made Captain in the *San Antonio*, and Juan de Elorriga, Master; in the *Concepcion*, Gaspar de Quesada was Captain, and Juan Sebas-

an el Cano, Master; in the *Vitoria* Luiz de Mendoza, the Treasurer, was Captain and Anton Salomon, Master; in the *Santiago* Juan Serrano was Captain, Ballasar Ginoves, Master.

These were the men on whom everything depended. There were traitors among them, or among the crew—somewhere. It would come to the surface; it could creep up on him at some moment when he was not on guard against it. When? Off what coast or in what lonely badstead? What would happen before he came again to Sevilla? And Doña Beatriz . . . she was expecting another child. Well. See about those extra charts.

On the tenth of August the pilots were summoned and the ships went down the river to San Lucar.

The King wrote that there was need for haste. Magallanes could offer nothing but excuses. It could not be long now.

The Captains were summoned to Santa Maria de Vitoria to hear Mass. The Captain General and his officers dropped what they were doing and, impatiently, went. The Oath of Allegiance—for Spain, and for the King. Yes, yes. He must get that book on navigation from Faleiro's brother. The candles burned bright on the altar; the priests kneeled, rose, moved about. *Te Deum laudamus*. Four-months' advance pay for the men. The crowd was hushed. Don Sancho Martinez de Layra, Corregidor of Sevilla, presented the Royal standard. Carts passed in the street; what was that? This banner . . . round the world . . . And to this I swear, God helping me. Back to India House. A letter to the King. Down the river. The oars might be brought aboard. Back to Sevilla.

They brought him his will to sign. One-tenth share of his profits in the expedition to be divided. . . . His rights in all discovered lands to descend to his son Rodrigo, or the child to be born, or if neither was living, to his brother Diogo or his sister Isabella. Yes, he had said that. Doña Beatriz . . . pension from India House . . . Beatriz . . . Diogo Barbosa and Don Sancho Matienzo to be executors. That was correct. "Upon the said day of my burial three poor men may be clothed, and to each of them be given a cloak of gray stuff, a cap, a shirt, and a pair of shoes, that they may pray to God for my soul . . . Hernando de Magallanes, Comendador, His Majesty's Captain General of the Armada bound for the Spice Islands. . . ."

More equipment arrived. There was no time. Let it go; they could do without it. Señor Barbosa would credit the account of the expedition. A bill from Bernadino del Castillo in Cadiz: 16 compass needles and 6 hourglasses, bought by order. That was correct. A planisphere in a leather case and a special compass in a gilt box, to be sent at once to his Majesty the King. Beatriz . . . God keep you, Beatriz. . . .

The Captain General went down the Guadalquivir for the last time. The ships were waiting.

There was a special Mass at Nossa Senhora de Barremeda, and all went to confession. The Captains swore loyalty. They prayed together for God's blessing on them, for protection in peril, for steady purpose and courage. *Ora pro nobis*. Amen. The flag, the flag!

On Tuesday, September 20, 1519, they sailed.

(What transpired on that momentous voyage will be told in Mr. Hildebrand's next article)

NIAGARA MILKS THE COWS

How Hundreds of Cities Have Made Hydraulic Power a Public Servant

BY ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

THE chimney-swifts were beginning to fly low as we approached the farm that was our final objective for the day. The children and the collie were driving in the cows from pasture. The farmer's wife came toward the gate to apologize for her husband, whom the doctor had put to bed with an absurd attack of the mumps! We found the barn in charge of the hired man, an athletic youth of eighteen who went about his job like a machine-shop foreman. While he greeted us he pulled a lever that dropped grain from the bin above into a hopper. Then he turned a button, a motor began to purr, and the grain to crack in the grinder. He went to the spring house and fetched the milking tubes, he shifted the belt from the grinder to the suction gear which ran along the head of the stalls, attached one end of the tubes to the suction pipe and other to the teats of the animals, and then went about his further chores while Niagara, some seventy miles distant, milked the cows.

If Niagara were the Ganges and the people of Ontario were Hindus, the Falls would be a place of pilgrimage like Allahabad, and each year thousands of devout souls would plunge into its torrents in superstitious ecstasy. For the Ganges never served its worshipers as Niagara serves the people of Ontario. But these Westerners are Modernists; for them the forces of Nature, like the Sabbath, are made for the lordship and enjoyment of Man.

Readers who have explored the Hydro country will understand why, as I watched the rhythmic spurt of the milk,

fragments of William James's essay on "The Moral Equivalent of War" should have flashed through my brain. One need not go to Canada to see impressive examples of mechanical-engineering genius: as an engineering achievement the hydro-electric system of Ontario, popularly called Hydro, has its peers in California, Illinois, Pennsylvania, and New York. The magnificent hydro-electric turbine generators in the Queenston-Chippawa power house on the Canadian side of Niagara were designed and built in American workshops. What distinguishes the Hydro country from any similar community I happen to know is the pervasive "pride of the collectivity," as James calls it, in the triumphant war which the people of almost four hundred municipalities have waged upon a major force of Nature.

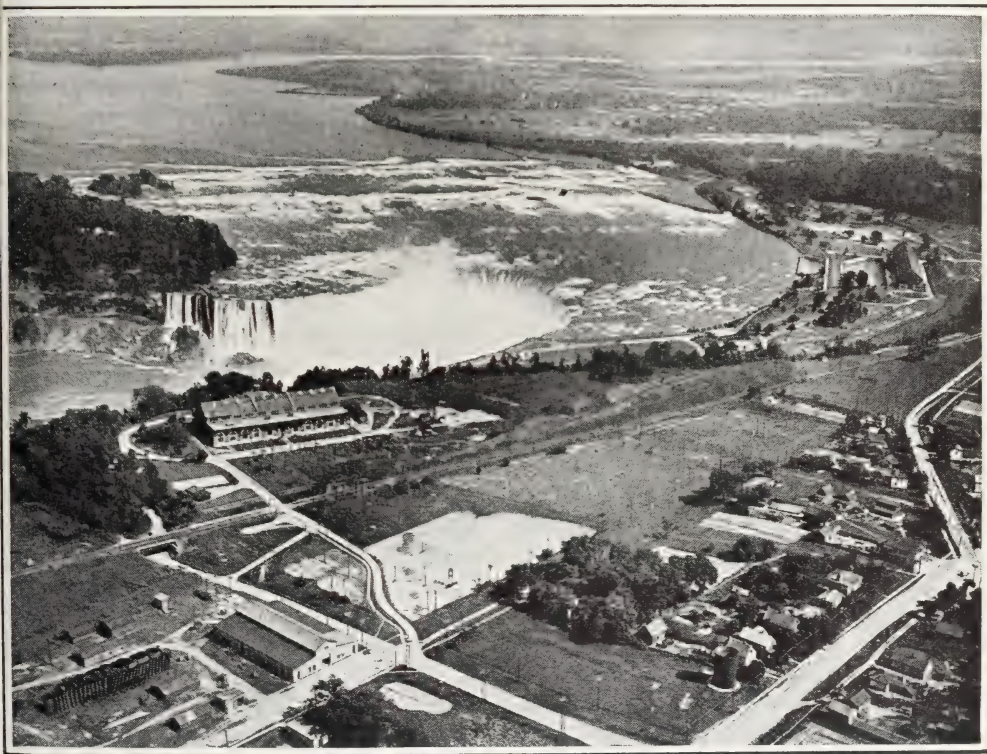
For us in America the prime source of mechanical energy is coal. The coal reserves of the entire Dominion of Canada are sixty per cent greater than the total estimated reserves of all Europe; but the great central provinces of Quebec and Ontario are barren of coal. For its coal Ontario depends principally upon the United States. The hazards of this dependence were made vivid to its people by the strikes in American coal fields in the early years of this century, when Ontarians had to import coal from Wales to keep the frost out of their bones. Even in normal times Ontario business men were at a competitive disadvantage with their rivals across the border because of heavy transportation charges on fuel, and the price of anthracite for domestic use was abnormally high.

Nature's hostility toward them became a challenge to their patriotism and ingenuity.

For more than fifty years engineers had been attempting to harness Niagara. The Niagara Falls Hydraulic Power and Manufacturing Company was incorporated as early as 1853. In 1881 this company succeeded in converting water power into electrical energy. By 1896 a turbine of 6,850 horse power was installed. In 1900 the Canadian General Electric Company built a dynamo of 100 horse power, which was soon followed by others of many times greater capacity. But the long-distance transmission of electricity was still an experimental problem. Then in April, 1901, the Bay Counties Power Company of California sent electricity from Colgate on the Yuba River to Oakland, and in November to San Francisco, a distance of 222 miles. From Niagara

Falls to Windsor, on the westernmost edge of Ontario, the distance is about two hundred and fifty miles. The news from California was to the people of Ontario a signal to mobilize. They had visions of emancipation from the nigardliness of Nature.

Except for those communities that were situated close to the Falls, this emancipation depended upon something more than an appreciation of the revolutionary character of the technical developments in electrical invention. It depended upon the ability to achieve a mental break with the industrial tradition of a century. The peculiar characteristic of the steam engine, as Mr. Philip P. Wells has pointed out, is that the range of its operation is limited by the shafting or belt through which its mechanical energy is transmitted to the workman's machine. For this reason the history of the Industrial Revolution was the



NIAGARA FROM THE AIR

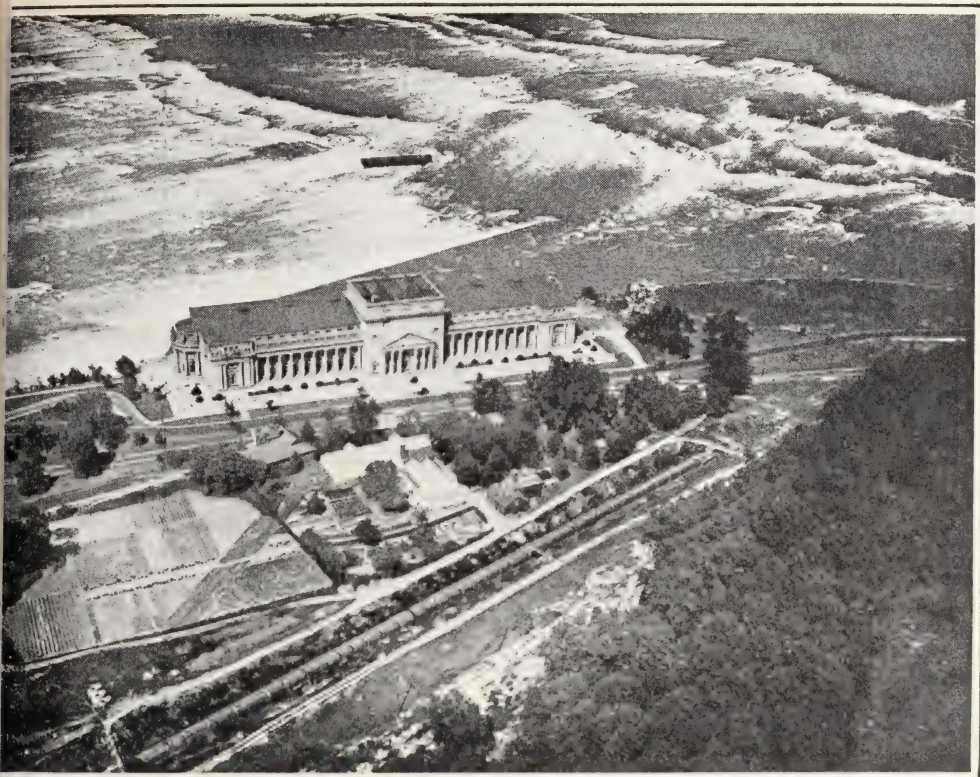
The Horseshoe Falls from the Canadian side, with Goat Island at the left. The older power plants located here obtain a relatively low drop or waterhead when compared with the new Chippawa-Queenston development. Two of the three power houses are along the rapids above, and one just below the Falls.

history of the massing of population about steam-driven factories and the concentration of factories near cheap coal, as in the cases of Manchester and Pittsburgh. By that curious process of self-deception which seems instinctive in the human animal, the western world made a virtue of evil and came to worship mere bigness in its cities as a superlative good. Every town wanted to be a boom town in spite of the invariable trail of slums, disease, and spiritual devastation that followed in the wake of the boom. Even the beggar gloried in plying his trade in the biggest town in the county, or state, or nation. To starve in the biggest city in the world was supposed to have a fillip of compensating ecstasy.

This was the dominant tradition when the progress of invention made the harnessing of Niagara a practical possibility. It would have been the natural thing for the people of Ontario to succumb to the prevailing fashion as we on the American side, for the most part, did succumb. For some mysterious reason which should in due course become the subject of special academic inquiry, the people who lived in the scores of small cities, towns, and hamlets scattered westward from Niagara to the St. Clair loved their homes more than they loved bigness. They marshaled their forces in defense of these homes, conquered Niagara, and made its might the servant of one hundred and fifty municipal areas with an aggregate population of less than one-and-a-quarter million souls. And with Niagara they harnessed other streams, until to-day three hundred and eighty municipalities are associated in what, so far as I can discover, is a unique co-operative enterprise.

Acting as trustee or general staff for these militant partner municipalities is the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of the Province of Ontario, from which the name Hydro comes. The political history of the creation of this commission involves details that are not im-

mediately relevant. The fact of present importance is the plan of campaign which from the beginning these small Ontario communities adopted to maintain their economic integrity and to enrich their local life by winning those drudgery-banishing facilities which had hitherto been the exclusive prerogatives of the gargantuan markets offered by densely populated areas. To attain their objective they had the shrewdness to see that they would have to overcome their competitive disadvantage as buyers of electricity by combining their purchasing strength. When the Hydro-Electric Power Commission was created in 1906 all the power plants at Niagara were owned by private corporations. The business was still regarded by many of the best engineering and financial minds as extremely speculative. It was reasonable that these pioneering corporations should want to cover their risk by selling their power in as large blocks as possible and with a minimum transmission cost. Their first obligation to their stockholders was to make the business pay. They naturally sought to attract large manufacturers to their neighborhood and to develop as potential customers the railroads and other utilities which normally inhere in industrial development. If they could sell their electricity to Buffalo and Toronto and consumers in the interlying territory it was sound business to sell it there, whatever the effect upon the small communities a hundred and more miles away. Obviously, if the merchants and manufacturers in these remote jurisdictions were not to suffer pernicious economic anæmia, if they were not to be forced to shut up shop and home and move to the font of cheap mechanical power, they needed to bestir themselves to make Niagara come to them. In 1903 they secured legislation permitting any number of municipalities to form voluntary associations for the building of transmission systems and the purchase of electricity. It soon became clear to them that they could not win their objective



THE OLD POWER PLANT AT NIAGARA

This handsome structure was built by the Electrical Development Company and is now owned by the co-operating municipalities and operated by the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario. Situated at the rapids above Horseshoe Falls, it has a waterhead of 135 feet, eleven generators, and 125,000 horse-power capacity.

y dividing their forces. If they were to conquer Niagara they needed a united army and a unified command. Accordingly, in 1906 and 1907 they secured further legislation from the Provincial Government under which their purchasing power was concentrated in the single Hydro-Electric Power Commission which acts as their trustee and general staff.

The administration and financial structure of Hydro is very simple. The generation and transmission of power at wholesale is dealt with by the Commission, which, although appointed by the Provincial Government, acts independently as trustee and agent for the partnership of municipalities.

The "Trustee" Commission supplies power to municipalities at actual cost of production and distribution. The capital required for these purposes is pro-

vided by the Provincial Government upon formal requisition by the Commission. Contracts are entered into between the Commission and the municipalities under the terms of which the municipalities undertake to repay in thirty years the moneys thus loaned by the government. The distribution of electricity within the borders of a municipality is generally under the administration of a Public Utilities Commission and is financed by the issue of municipal bonds. Each municipality sells electricity to local consumers at rates and under conditions approved by the Hydro-Electric Power Commission. These rates are sufficient to cover the cost of power supplied by the Commission and the cost of distribution within the municipality. Provision is also made in the rates charged to the ultimate consumer for revenue with

which to retire the municipal bonds, usually in twenty years. Under the Power Commission Act the Hydro-Electric Power Commission is required annually to determine the actual cost of services supplied to the municipal corporations by the local commissions for such strictly municipal purposes as street lighting and the operation of pumps in waterworks, and if the rate charged produces a surplus above cost, this is returned to the municipal system.

From this compact technical outline it appears that there are certain general similarities between the organization of Hydro and the familiar Rochdale co-operatives. The Provincial Commission functions as does the Co-operative Wholesale; the Municipal Commissions operate like the managers of local consumers' co-operative societies. But there are fundamental differences. The financial structure of Hydro rests upon the credit of the state, and it is the delegated sovereignty of the state that enables the Power Commission and the partner municipalities to function as a voluntary association for the supply of a basic commodity to themselves. And the method by which the individual consumer shares in the profits of the enterprise is strikingly different in the two cases. Under the Rochdale system the price which the consumer pays is the going market price; at given intervals he receives his share of the profits, if any, in proportion to the amount of his purchases. Under Hydro there are no profits in the ordinary sense. At the beginning of the year the experts of the Commission calculate a schedule of rates estimated to cover the full cost of the service to the municipalities. The rates vary with the amount of electricity which the municipalities buy and with their distance from the generating stations. On the basis of this calculation the Commission renders monthly bills to the municipal Hydro authorities. At the end of the year it renders a thirteenth bill or credit memorandum on the basis of known cost. In 1922,

for example, the gross income to the commission from the municipalities was \$7,893,979; the gross cost of purchasing generating and distributing electricity was \$8,049,799. That is, the estimate cost fell short of actual cost. "After meeting all obligations in accordance with Section 23 of the Power Commission Act," says the Commission's annual report, "the expenditures and reserves exceeded the revenue by \$155,819 or 1.97 per cent. This (thirteenth amount was billed to the municipalities so that the Commission's balance sheet with the municipalities shows neither profit nor loss."

The financial relations of the municipal Hydro authorities with the local consumers parallels those of the Provincial Commission with them. Of the 214 municipalities included in the commission's report for 1922, a total of 24 failed to meet their actual cost of operation from revenue on the estimated retail rates. A total of 42, including the above, failed to provide full theoretical depreciation in addition to all operating and maintenance expenses. These 42 municipalities showed a total theoretical loss of \$135,004, while the remaining 172 municipalities collected a surplus of \$830,341. That is, the experts of 42 municipalities underestimated the local rate required to meet all costs, while the experts of 172 municipalities made overestimates. In the first case, rates would be raised to cover the deficit, while in the second rates might be lowered. In some cases where the rates are already exceptionally low, the municipalities will use their surplus to improve the service, to build a local Hydro administration building, or to retire to the Provincial Government their debentures and their share in debt of the Commission in advance of the stipulated maximum period. Eighteen municipalities have already accumulated surpluses equal to their capital obligations and are free of debt. Thirty-two others were prepared to enter the debt-free group during 1923.

By combining their forces these

hundreds of small communities—ranging from police villages of five hundred population to Toronto with its slightly more than five hundred thousand—have attained their objective; they have saved their local integrity through complete mastery of Niagara and its ancillary powers. They have done more than they set out to do. Their original purpose was not ownership but purchase of electrical energy and its co-operative distribution. In 1906, thirteen Ontario municipalities authorized their Councils to make contracts with the Hydro-Electric Power Commission for a supply of electricity from Niagara Falls. The Commission built transmission lines and transformer stations, and on behalf of the thirteen and such others as might thereafter elect to join the partnership, entered into a contract with the privately owned Ontario Power Company for an ultimate supply of 100,000 horse power of electrical energy. By 1910 the Commission was prepared to distribute 1,000 horse power to ten urban municipalities. As the fame of the service spread, applications rapidly multiplied. By 1914 the Commission was distributing 77,000 horse power and the next year it reached the limit of its initial 100,000-horse-power contract. It made additional contracts with other private companies. Then to insure command of the situation, it not only bought outright the plants of the Ontario Power Company and the Toronto Power Company with their combined capacity of 285,000 horse power, but also built the great Queenston-Chippawa generating plant with its ultimate capacity of 600,000 horse power, all of which is already in demand. Since 1906, the Commission has purchased 20 water powers, 30 hydraulic generating plants, and 60 electric distributing systems. To-day it is distributing 700,000 horse power of electrical energy and operating 11 undertakings that will ultimately yield 1,000,000 horse power. When the negotiations between the Dominion of

Canada and the United States are consummated, it will become the custodian of an additional million on the St. Lawrence. It has woven a network of transmission lines over the province, its high-tension lines alone aggregating 3,000 miles. No merchant or manufacturer in the three hundred and eighty partner municipalities has had to close up shop or leave home for want of abundant and cheap power. St. Catharines with its 21,000 inhabitants, nine miles from Niagara, pays an inclusive average net charge of 1.3 cents per kilowatt hour for domestic purposes, 1.4 cents in its commercial establishments; the corresponding rates in Galt, with its 13,400 inhabitants, ninety-three miles from Niagara, are 1.8 and 2.0 cents; in Windsor with its 38,500 inhabitants, two hundred and forty-eight miles from Niagara, 2.6 and 2.7 cents. To most of us in the United States, with our vastly greater population and vastly greater energy resources, these rates seem utopian. By an odd seeming paradox, these small municipalities of Ontario, aiming to preserve the neighborly charm of their smallness, have become the possessors of the greatest municipally owned electrical enterprise in the world.

Not the least interesting circumstance in the history of Hydro is that from the beginning its leading organizers and builders have been old-fashioned merchants, manufacturers, and conservatives in politics. The idea of the municipal partnership was first expressed by Mr. E. W. B. Snider, a business man in the little village of St. Jacobs, which to this day is listed among the municipal jurisdictions having a population of not more than five hundred. A speech which he made at the annual meeting of the Board of Trade of Waterloo in February, 1902, is reported in the *Waterloo Chronicle-Telegraph* of the time. "One of the most timely and interesting addresses of the evening," runs the report, "was that delivered by Mr. Snider of St. Jacobs in responding



THE QUEENSTON-CHIPPAWA CANAL UNDER CONSTRUCTION

From Chippawa to Montrose the Welland River serves as a link of $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles in the new power development. The canal begins at Montrose and extends $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the power house at Queenston on the lower Niagara River. Lined with concrete, it makes a perfect channel for Niagara's strength.

to the toast of 'The Manufacturing Interests.' He thought more variety in our manufacturing interest was required, and he suggested that young men should branch out for themselves. He was of the opinion that as Toronto was discussing the utilization of power from Niagara Falls, Waterloo should seek the co-operation of the Boards of Berlin, Galt, and Guelph, and the mayors of Preston and Hespeler, to investigate the matter. If Waterloo could offer cheap power to manufacturers, it

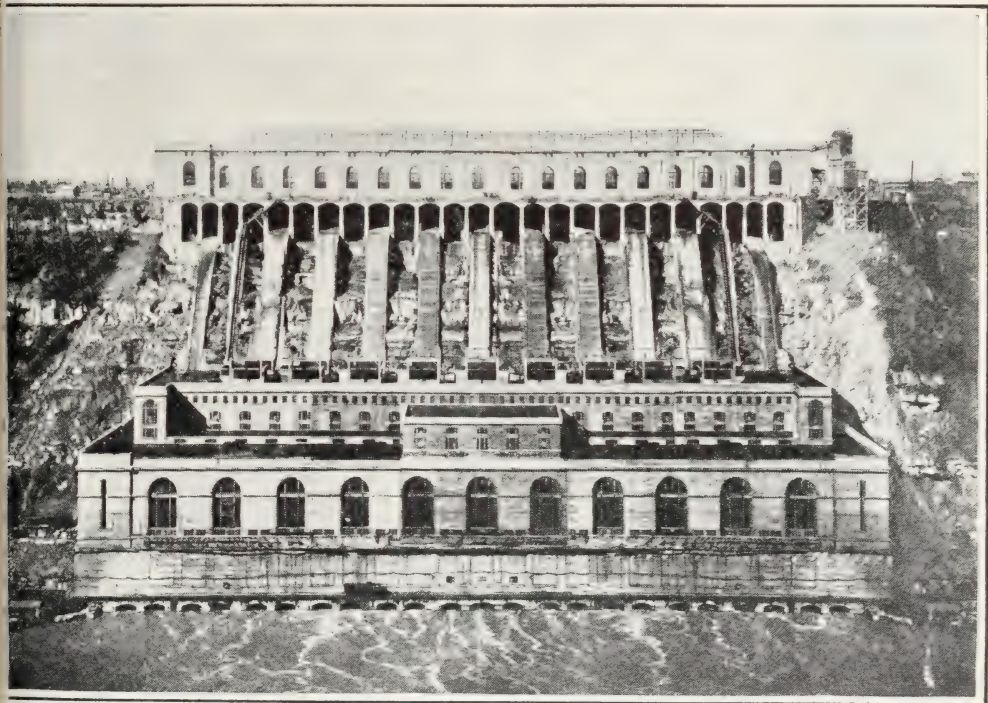
would greatly assist in its future progress."

The suggestion awakened some interest but it also met with a healthy measure of opposition and skepticism. In May, 1902, the Council of the Berlin Board of Trade held a meeting to consider the subject. The President of the Council, Mr. S. J. Williams, "did not think the proposition would receive the support that it deserved. Toronto had tried to secure just what was under consideration, and they had been fired

om the Legislature. Then the Toronto Street Railway had asked for it and got it. If the towns interested put up \$5,000 for an expense fund, it would not be a drop in the bucket when they ran up against the lobbyists of such corporations as the Toronto Street Railway and the electric light companies." A committee was proposed to prepare a solution. "Several gentlemen refused to go on such a committee." But the Vice-President of the Council, Mr. D. B. Metweiler, having more faith than the rest, succeeded in having himself appointed to act with Mr. Snider of St. Jacobs as a resolutions committee. "Mr. Metweiler believed that figures could be secured to convince manufacturers that this is a good thing, and that by the municipalities working together something could be accomplished." (From the contemporary report of the *Berlin News-Record*.) These two men of vision carried on a campaign of education and

prepared a report which led to a convention of municipal representatives in February, 1903. As a result of this convention, a delegation assembled in the Provincial Parliament Buildings in Toronto later in the same month and secured from the Premier a pledge that a bill would be introduced to create a commission instructed to survey the situation and to formulate a program for the purchase and distribution of Niagara power. Such a bill was passed in June, 1903. Mr. Snider was made chairman of the commission that prepared a technical report on the basis of which the conservative Whitney government in 1906 created the present Hydro-Electric Power Commission of which Sir Adam Beck, a wealthy box manufacturer of London, Ontario, and himself a conservative in politics, has uninterruptedly been chairman.

The moral of this abstract and brief epitome of Hydro's history is that the



THE GREAT POWER HOUSE AT QUEENSTON

A composite view of the power house when completed, showing the screen house atop the cliff and the steel-concrete lines feeding the turbine generators in the power house below. This plant has a waterhead of 305 feet and an ultimate capacity of 600,000 horse power. It is the largest single hydro-electric development in the world.

civic passion is neither the unique possession of any class or political party, nor uniquely evoked by military enterprise. Hitherto, as William James pointed out, it has been almost exclusively associated with the war-function; it is still so associated in Ontario, except that the war which has there united men of all stations in life in a continuing incandescence of patriotic pride and ambition is a war against Nature. Ontario, in spite of its temperate climate, its abundant rainfall, its fertile soil, and rich metalliferous deposits, seemed foredoomed to a subnormal and stagnant economic life by its total lack of coal. Its one chance of general economic well-being lay in the conquest of Niagara and the democratization of access to that unique source of mechanical energy. The conditions were such that, if the strong men of the community had yielded to their selfish predatory instincts, if they had failed patriotically to identify their interest with the interest of that commonalty—Ontario, except in the immediate vicinity of Niagara, would to-day be a low-pulsed and uninviting outpost of civilization. Instead, it is a happy commonwealth of co-operating municipalities in which civic pride, due to a common consciousness of belonging to a conquering people, is a pervasively energizing force.

Not that they have dropped anchor on the shores of Utopia or entered into possession of an earthly paradise, but that, seemingly predestined to an excessive exiguity, they have won the possibilities of a good life to an exceptional degree. "We were upon Woodstock before we knew it," wrote my wife, who had been inspired by my experience to follow me into the Hydro country. "There had been no warning of a sky grayed by smoke, no slum district where the poor hang to the fringe of industrial centers, no feeble gardens where scraggy vegetables are desperately grown to piece out the food supply, no refuse heaps, no unsavory soapy open drains, not even one tethered goat! The

smooth concrete road led us past several small houses each set in its green lawn. Upon the right was a high, clean mill separating and condensing plant, upon the left a manufactory of toy wagons; then a little bridge to cross, and at a sharp turn we swung down upon the main street—a wide, clean street, glistering after the rain. The little shops began to nudge the larger ones and these merged into the business blocks which led to an open triangle where stood the chief hotel and the local Hydro building. There was a good deal of red brick on the main street—pressed brick they call it—and one of the merchants spoke with pride of how much more of it there was since Hydro had made them prosperous.

"But on most of the residence street the houses were built of the soft-yellow gray brick which is native to this part of Ontario. It has a rough surface that invites the tendrils of vines, so that tiny green rivulets have flowed up the walls of these Woodstock homes and sometimes have broken over the roof edges in little leafy cascades. The principal difference between one street and another is the size of the houses. If you are obviously well to do, you have a larger house with more ground round it; if less prosperous, you have a smaller house. But you seem never to be poor in any case, for I saw no untended lawn, no dilapidated house, no uncleaned street in the whole town—not one! There may be thrift and frugality but there is no sign of want. Why?

"I kept asking why of everyone I met. Chiefly because there is no lack of work, though they have kept anxious watch on the backwash of the War. Our old American ideal of a job for everyone is a reality here. Twentieth-century industry spins to the tune of twenty-eight factories all cleanly and cheaply driven by Niagara, almost a hundred miles away. The average net rate for power, both in their homes and their commercial places, is just two cents a kilowatt. Think of the fourteen cents we pay at home! And the labor supply is as stable



ONE OF ONTARIO'S TRANSMISSION LINES

The Hydro-Electric Power Commission has 3500 miles of transmission lines, distributing about 700,000 horse power to three hundred and eighty municipalities. It operates twenty-two water powers which when fully developed will have a potentiality of over 1,000,000 horse power.

as the 'firm flow' of Niagara. They like to live in Woodstock. I talked to all manner of people—merchants, manufacturers, women in their homes, men in overalls—they all smile when you talk about Woodstock. For most of them own their own pretty brick homes on their pretty clean streets; and since one in every four of the inhabitants is a customer, and by virtue of citizenship an owner of Hydro, practically every household, like every factory, has electricity which cooks for it and does the washing and irons and sweeps and refrigerates and fans and, where the town merges into the country, saws the wood and grinds the grain and fills the silos and milks the cows. Why shouldn't they think of Niagara as the noblest work of God and of Sir Adam as His prophet?"

This expresses a woman's impression of the effect which Ontario's co-operative

electrical development has had upon living conditions, and that effect is probably the ultimate test of the enterprise. But there is one other phase of the matter with which, as a student of democratic processes, I was particularly concerned. Democracies notoriously undervalue the expert, so that more often than not they fail to capture and hold the loyalty of the ablest executives and engineers. We in the United States have had distinguished exceptions to this rule, as in the case of the Panama Canal, the drainage canal in Chicago, and New York's marvelous water system. But the issue of capacity in government enterprise is constantly raised. It was especially raised with respect to Hydro's technical staff in a report prepared by two American engineers for the National Electric Light Association, an unincorporated mutual organization of American private utilities,

The greatest single engineering project undertaken by the Hydro-Electric Power Commission is the Queenston-Chippawa canal and power-generating station. Built under war pressure, this project became the object of so much hostile criticism on the part of a minority in Ontario itself that the Provincial Government set up a commission of inquiry to review the entire record of Sir Adam Beck and his engineering staff. In its report, a summary of which was published in March, a special section is devoted to the Queenston-Chippawa development.

The older power plants at Niagara Falls, where the "head" is about 150 feet, develop approximately 15 horse power from one cubic foot of water per second. It had long been known that if the waters of the Niagara River were carried thirteen miles by canal from Chippawa to the top of the escarpment above Queenston, a head of 305 feet could be secured, together with a theoretical increase of energy derivable from each cubic foot of water per second to 30 horse power. This was an alluring prospect, but the technical difficulties were so great that before the advent of Hydro no one had dared to put the theory to practical test. The canal and generating plant have been built. Of the engineering and executive capacity that went into the work, the hostile commission of inquiry bears the following testimony:

The design of the Queenston-Chippawa development was based upon the most intricate calculations known in the theory of hydraulics, but, even so, there was some doubt as to whether or not the results sought for would be obtained. It now appears clear that the engineers of the Hydro-Electric Commission, as designers of this great work, surpassed even their own expectations. The canal was designed to pass 15,000 cubic feet of water per second, but we are advised by our Consulting Engineer that it is capable of passing 18,000 cubic feet of water per second or more. The engineers stated that they hoped to get thirty horse power per second-foot, but the test which we have

made indicates that the amount will be exceeded. It was originally estimated that it would develop 500,000 horse power, but it seems clear that it will, on completion, develop 550,000 electrical horse power—a most substantial increase. The plant now has an efficiency of over 90 per cent,—an unusually high figure and one which indicates a fineness of design seldom, if ever before, attained in a work of this character. As an engineering work, it reflects great credit upon the Chief Engineer, Mr. F. A. Gaby, who was directly responsible for it to the Hydro-Electric Power Commission.

I visited Hydro's power plants in the company of American engineers who were there to make a critical inspection. We felt the civic pride and enthusiasm of the members of the technical staff who acted as our guides.

As a technical achievement Hydro has its peers, indeed its superiors among us. Probably nowhere in the world are there agricultural communities so well supplied with electricity as those in the two central valleys of California, the San Joaquin and the Sacramento. The inter-connected transmission system that stretches from Oregon to the Mexican border is the longest in the world. The publicly and privately owned power plants of California generate more hydro-electricity than all the plants of Ontario's Hydro-Electric Commission combined. The striking difference is that in California the entire population is almost equally divided into hostile camps, fighting each other for the right to possess the water powers of the state, and hydro there is a major source of civic discord and political corruption; whereas in Ontario, Hydro has given the entire population a common patriotic purpose and has come to symbolize political purity and disinterested public service.

Looking back upon my days in Ontario, I realize that it was the stimulation of this fact that made fragments of William James's essay flash through my brain as I stood in that barn west of Guelph watching Niagara milk the cows.

R·O·M·E

I.
THE SPANISH STEPS
FRONTISPIECE

II.
PIAZZA OF SAINT PETER'S

III.
INTERIOR OF SAINT PETER'S

IV.
THE PANTHEON

V.
VICTOR EMMANUEL MONUMENT

DRAWINGS
BY
Georgewharton Edwards



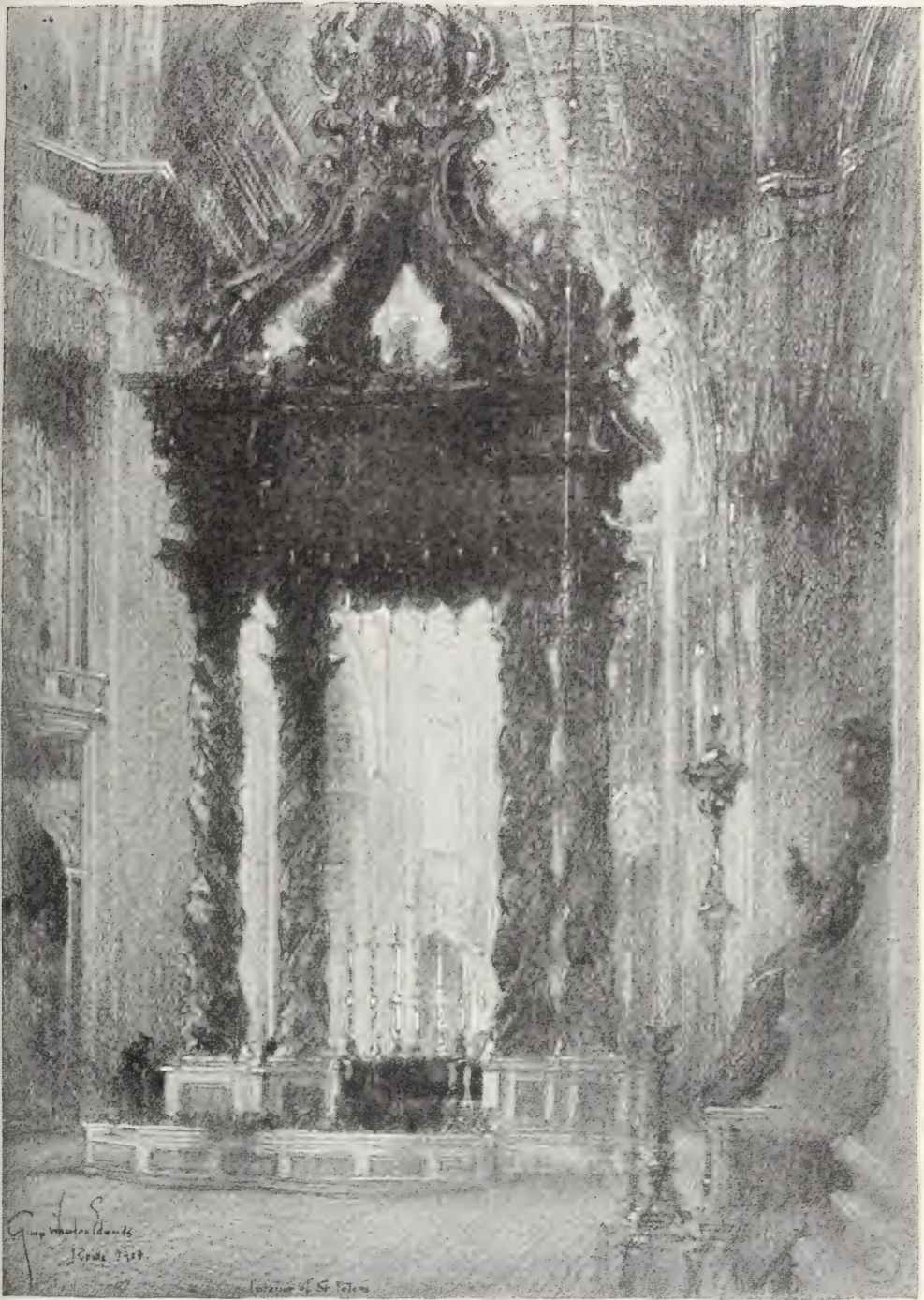
1924



Drawn by George Wharton Edwards

PIAZZA OF SAINT PETER'S

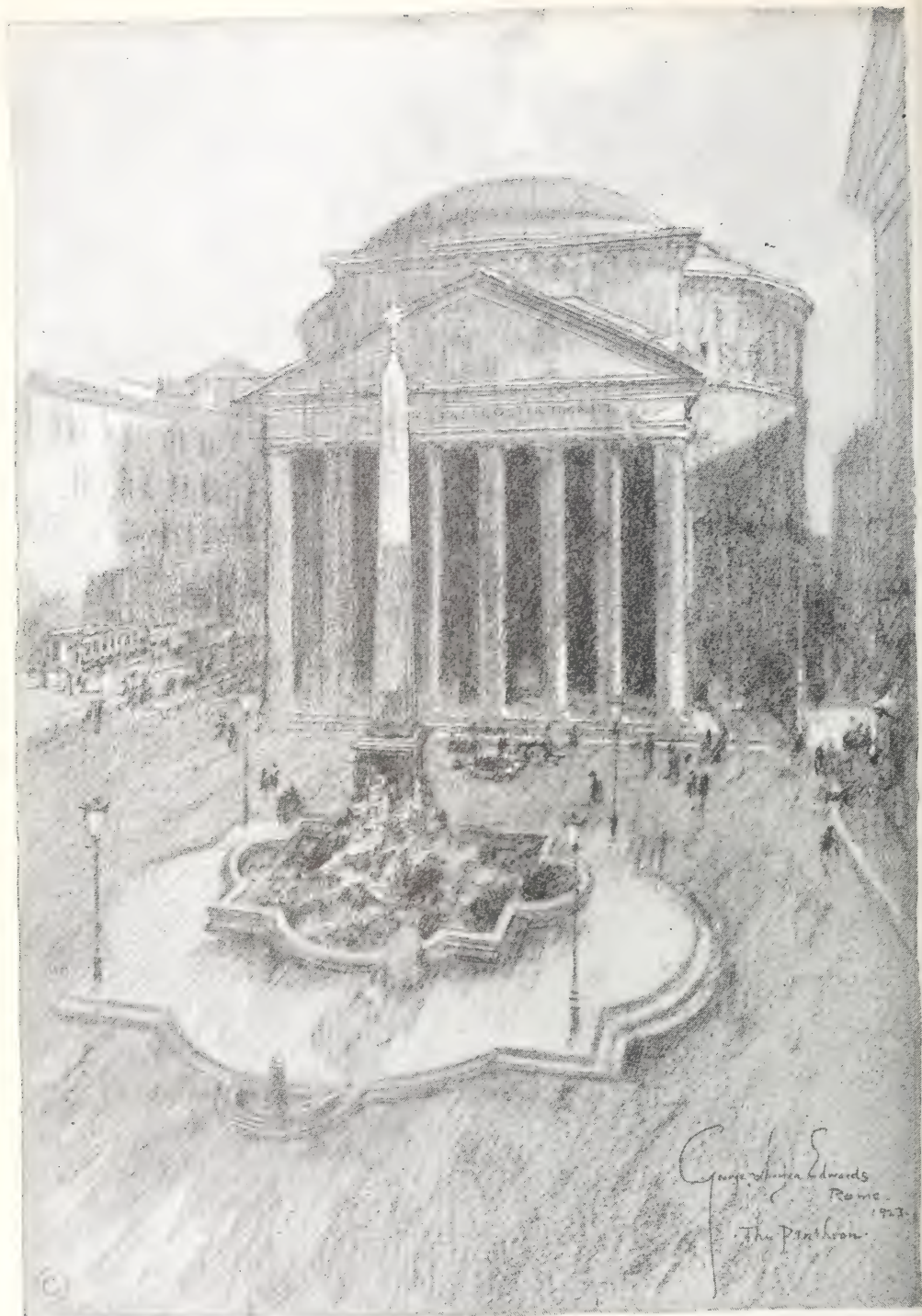
The greatest architectural subject in the world. The dome was designed by Michael Angelo, the colonnades by Bernini. In the center of the Piazza is the obelisk from Heliopolis.



Drawn by George Wharton Edwards

INTERIOR OF SAINT PETER'S

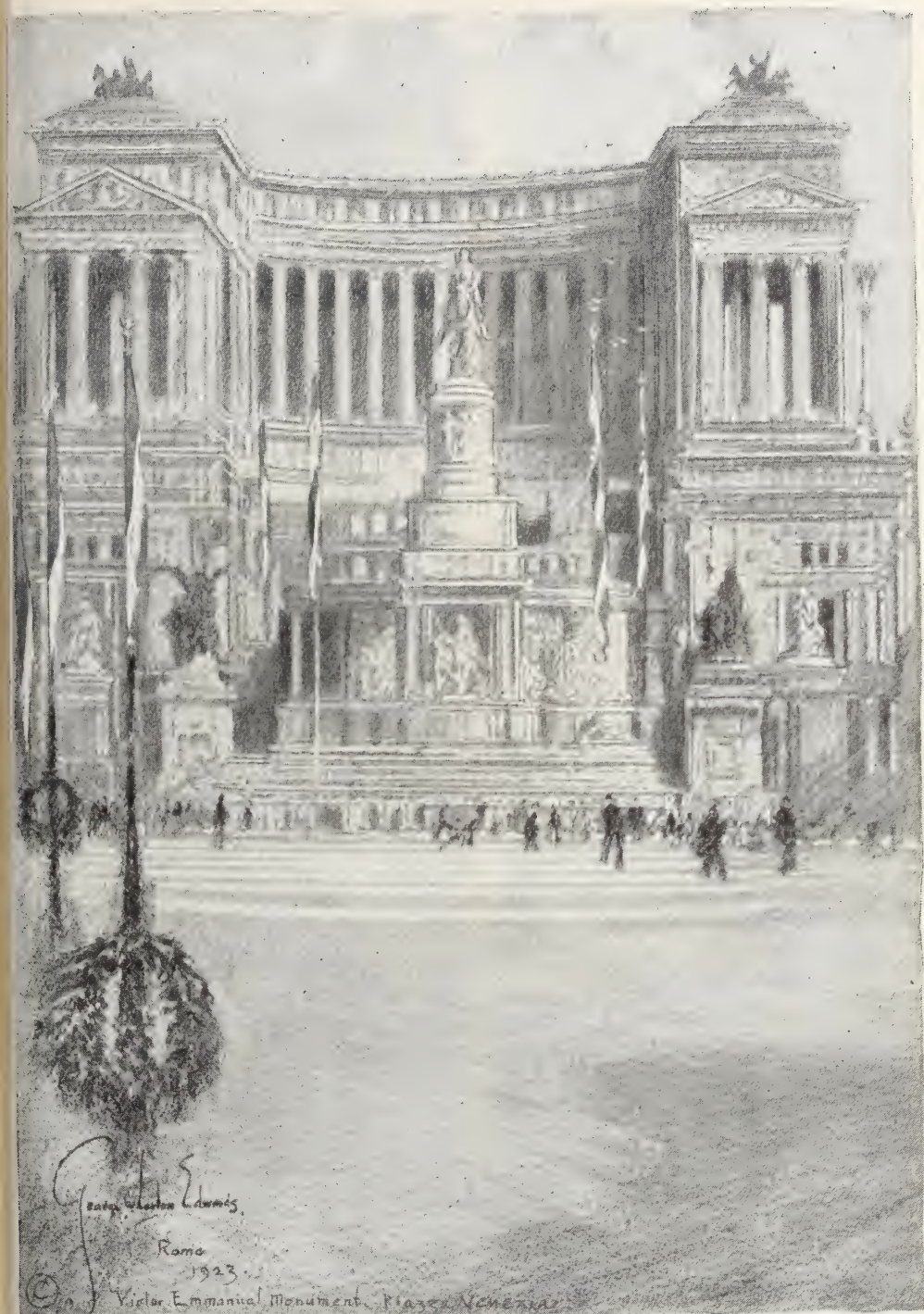
Directly under the dome stands the great bronze Canopy of Bernini, which covers the high altar. To the right is the statue of Saint Peter seated on a marble throne.



Drawn by George Winton Edwards

THE PANTHEON

The best preserved of the buildings of Ancient Rome. The foundation was laid in 27 B. C. by Marcus Agrippa, and the present structure built in the time of Hadrian. It is now the principal memorial edifice of Rome.



Drawn by George Wharton Edwards

VICTOR EMMANUEL MONUMENT

his vast new monument in the Piazza Venezia is one of the landmarks of present-day Rome. The immense platform is surmounted by a colossal equestrian statue of united Italy's first King.

THE BIBLE AND COMMON SENSE

3. *The Bible as the Word of God*

BY BASIL KING

IT is a pity that some of the most significant phrases which the Christian religion has brought into our language should have been so conventionalized by overwork as to have lost much of their freshness of meaning. Repentance! Forgiveness! Redemption! Revelation! Atonement! Salvation! By our peculiar Anglo-Saxon use of words like these, often pietistic, oftener still sanctimonious, we have infused them with suggestions of cant which make common-sense people shy of them. Our habit of indiscriminate and vulgar evangelism heightens this distaste. Where the custom of the country permits any tinker or peddler who thinks himself a messenger from God to stand at a street corner and pelt his audience with great words distorted out of their true meaning, the spiritual language soon becomes debased. To a considerable degree it is debased in English. It has lost not only the sharpness of its point but some of its claim to have a point at all.

Among the phrases which have suffered most is that which forms the heading of the present article, the Bible as the Word of God. Most Christians, nominal or actual, are willing to admit that the Bible is the Word of God, but when they have done so they are vague as to what it is they have admitted. It is probable that to the majority of English-speaking Christians the Bible as the Word of God is a venerable figure of speech to be treated with that pseudo-pietism which passes among us for reverence, but not a term with a definite, practical application, such as we find in "radio," "carburetor," or "stock exchange."

This is the more to be regretted since the words bring down to us one of the most ancient traditions in the world. It is more than a tradition in that it is the unfolding of man's deepest spiritual experiences till they culminate in a marvelous fulfillment. Of the several great ideas whose development throughout the Old Testament and into the New is persistent, this of the Word of God is perhaps the oldest, and certainly one of the most powerful. It begins at the beginning of the Scriptures, growing larger and more comprehensive until the great event to which it has strained forward justifies all its forecasts.

If we seek a strong and simple meaning for the phrase we shall find that the strongest and simplest lies right on the surface of the syllables. For a word is that which conveys the thought in one mind to the understanding of another mind. Search as we will, be as scholarly or as theological as we like, we shall find no more natural or exhaustive explanation of the Word of God to man. God's thought is conveyed to man's understanding, and conveyed in the way in which, as we have already seen, His thoughts are always conveyed—through the struggles of individuals to reach higher levels, deeper insights, and a more advanced knowledge of Himself.

I suppose that the most decisive of all steps in human progress was made on that far-off, prehistoric day when between two human beings a word was pronounced, was understood, and was repeated. The minute the thought in one mind was conveyed to another

mind in terms which could be modified or enlarged, man truly became a living soul. All the potentialities latent in his nature were then opened up to an apparently endless development.

A word implies self-expression, and self-expression implies self-revelation. Here we have the essentials of what we mean by the Word of God. God's Expression of Himself; God's Revelation of Himself. They come through the story of human progress, through the drama of human experience, through the bold advances into truth made here by a poet and there by a prophet who return with their spiritual spoils; but the main fact is that they come. If a ruling purpose of the Bible is to help us to know God, it is also a ruling purpose to show us that we can know God only because God reveals Himself. God being God, He cannot do other than reveal Himself.

At the same time we do well to remember that God's Self-Expression is wider than can be contained in any book. It is part of the erroneous use of the great Christian terms that God's Revelation of Himself is so often understood narrowly. By nine religionists out of ten, perhaps by more, it is presented in terms of a "scheme" by which we can be kept from committing sins, or relieved of their consequences if we have committed them. Undoubtedly some such purpose must lie within the scope of Revelation; but God's Self-Expression cannot be limited to a single strain, even if that strain be Redemption.

For the only confines we can put to God's Manifestation of Himself are those which we put to the Universe. The Universe expresses Him in general; the details of the Universe express Him in particular. While this may seem a platitude, it is one of those platitudes so persistently ignored that it needs persistent repetition. From my point of view it is our tendency to see God as expressed only in a book, and not in everything that is; which is at the back of all the wranglings between religion and

science, between Modernist and Fundamentalist, between one sect and another.

The immensity transcending all our grasp of measurement which we understand as the Universe is the immensity of God; the infinite detail by which the Universe brings its dynamic power down to us is the detail of God. This God is always visible. We talk of a world in which God is not seen, and of another world in which He will be seen. I know only of a world in which we see Him. As I write I look out on a windy May day when the maples, elms, and chestnuts are tossing their branches in unimaginable beauty. In the gardens and on the lawns the irises are following on the tulips, as the tulips followed on the hyacinths, while lilacs, white and purple, line the street. Within a few hundred yards stands a great university in whose laboratories men are investigating the force of gases and the power of animalculæ. A walk of five minutes would take me to an observatory in which some of the most important discoveries in the heavens have been made. Everywhere there are factories turning the resources of nature to account for man's benefit. Everywhere there are homes with at least the average of love, kindness, and neighborly good-will.

This, in the myriad forms of its application, stands to me for the broad outlines of God's Revelation of Himself. Wherever there is beauty, power, good, or love, there must be His manifestation. One age develops it in one way, another in another way; but each is the complement to each. Abraham, Moses, Isaiah make certain discoveries; and Galileo, Newton, and Thomas Edison certain others; but they co-operate to one end. The epoch of Moses built a Tabernacle and an Ark; that of Pericles the Parthenon; that of Europe and America in the twentieth century an airplane, a motor car, or a tower of giant beauty which, as we say in our picturesque lingo, "scrapes the sky"; but all are expressions of the power which is God. We never travel by a steamboat or speak

through a telephone without making use of some part of His Self-Revelation.

We may use it clumsily as yet, we may even use it injuriously; but our hope is some day to use it advantageously. Just as there are cutworms in our gardens, mosquitoes in our swamps, shrieks in our woods, lions in our jungles, and a vast system of apparent cruelty by which one creature preys on another and man on them all—so man preys on his fellow-man and turns God's forces against him. But that all conscious life is still unreconciled to God was seen as long ago as by Isaiah. Man is not the only being who misunderstands His will. Wherever there is a spark of intelligence there is also a spark of aggression. To all the lower orders of mind, life is the enemy of life. To kill is instinctive. It was so with man in his earlier stages, and in large measure is so to-day. But man's progress beyond killing is now a topic for all the magazines and newspapers. It was the contention of Isaiah, nearly three thousand years ago, that as man advanced in his knowledge of the God who is Life, he would draw the humbler orders after him. "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. . . . They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." That not merely man but all Creation is subject to the law of progress is to my mind a large part of the right understanding of God.

Revelation being a universal process, in which all history, all science, all philosophy, all art, all religion are co-operative agencies, the written Word of God would be a single strand in it. The mission of that Word must be definite and particular. The Universe is general; but it is of the very nature of a Word that it should be specific. It is uttered to convey the thought in one mind to

the understanding of another mind. It proceeds from intelligence to intelligence. It has purpose and significance. It has limitations. In as far as it can express the Infinite it must be by details, an aspect at a time, a phase in the course of generations. But when we have grouped these phases, these aspects, as recorded in the Bible, there emerges a Being who transcends both time and space.

In other words, God's Self-Expression as revealed through Creation would probably have remained vague had not some definite message told us what to look for and where to look. Natural religion, as it is called, always tends toward the fantastic or the grotesque. A glance at the religions of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, or at the nobler philosophies of the Far East, will, for most Europeans and Americans, be a sufficient proof of that. The Bible, on the other hand, is sane. The essence of the Word it brings from God to man is simple, sound, and free from the fanciful. Natural religion suggests readily enough that the Universe expresses Him; but the Bible goes a long step farther in telling us *how* it expresses Him. It is the *how* that makes the difference. Through the three thousand years of the Bible's development it keeps this objective steadily, if not consciously, in mind. How God becomes God; why we may reasonably accept and trust Him as God—this is the theme at which the pioneers of Truth worked without digression. Their line begins in what to us is the fabulous prehistoric; it goes on without a break; and it never ends. Even when Jesus of Nazareth, in His presentation of God as Father, lifts us to what is perhaps the highest pinnacle of spiritual knowledge which in this stage of existence we shall ever reach, new pioneers are needed to make the meaning clear.

For it has to be admitted that the books which we call the Bible puzzle us by their complexity. If they bring the Word of God to man, the thought in one

mind to the understanding of another, when the scroll is enclosed in a casket which provokes amazement even before we put in the key. In one place its workmanship is exquisite, in another barbaric, in another crude, in another distorted, in another alien to all our conceptions of Truth and natural law. We are often so astounded at these strange external patterns that we forget to look within.

There, I think, is the secret of most of the difficulties which beset the reader. He does not remember, or is unaware, that this Word of God is a sword in a scabbard, a jewel in a shrine. The sword, not the scabbard, is the weapon; the jewel, not the shrine, is the thing of great price. And yet the shrine, the scabbard, the casket so dominate the eye that one thinks of little else. Scholars, preachers, private readers spend most of their efforts on that. We look for the Bible's infallibility not in its spiritual message but in its outside husk. If the outside husk can be shown to have a crack in it, the essential truth is supposed to have a crack in it. For to the vast majority of Christians, and possibly of Jews, the outside husk is everything.

The main part of the conflict being waged so bitterly to-day between the schools known as Modernist and Fundamentalist is a conflict over the husk. It rarely if ever gets further than the letter of the Word. Regardless of the Master's saying that "the letter killeth but the spirit giveth life," it spends all its attention on the wrappings in which the spirit is conveyed. Both contestants might easily give the impression that exactitude of temporal statement is all there is to the Bible. Its fallibility and infallibility are made to turn on such questions as whether or not there ever was a deluge, a Noah, and an Ark of gopher wood; whether or not the Red Sea divided for the passage of the Israelites; whether or not the Ten Commandments were actually engraved on stone by the Finger of God—a digit

like that on a human hand—as a man might write on a slab of dough, or given in some simpler way.

That these are interesting questions is not to be denied. Nor can it be denied that the work done by critics, scholars, and excavators within the last hundred years is of value beyond estimation. My point is merely that to form schools for and against their conclusions can only be misleading to simple folk looking for common-sense guidance. When a reverend divine thunders from his pulpit that he doesn't believe the story of the Tower of Babel; when an equally reverend divine thunders back that you must believe the story of the Tower of Babel or be damned; when the newspapers make capital of this difference of opinion, with headlines even more sensational than the sermons they report, the man in the street can hardly be other than bewildered. If he cares at all he is disgusted rather than profited by these disputes. If he doesn't care he is as likely as not to brush the whole Bible aside as a collection of old wives' tales.

Peace would come to many minds, it seems to me, if we understood that there are two readings of the Bible, a literal and a spiritual. The literal is difficult, requiring many kinds of knowledge, open to widely differing interpretations. The spiritual, on the other hand, is relatively easy, and when seen it commends itself to our common sense with an almost unanimous acceptance.

It could hardly be otherwise with what we understand to be the Word of God. In conveying the thought in His Mind to our minds it cannot be His purpose to perplex us. Simplicity and clarity are qualities which on His part we are entitled to expect. I think it will be found that most of the doctrines which create schisms between churches are drawn from the Biblical externals and not from the truths that lie within. Much that is ecclesiastical goes no deeper than that which is Modernist or Fundamentalist. It roams on the sur-

face among the divergencies raised by changes in age, in taste, in nationality, in racial development. The whole history of the rise of sects can be read in the lifting to the rank of eternal truth some bit of belief or some ritual act which had only a temporal significance. Where there is such wide disagreement as there is between the many Christian schools, it seems to me extremely doubtful that the spiritual Word of God enters as a factor. Where God truly speaks there cannot be much room for human disagreement. The battles of the schools, like those of the Modernist and the Fundamentalist, are fought about the husk.

And if there is this difference between the literal and spiritual reading of the Bible, perhaps it will make it clearer if I take a concrete example. It will be only an example, a specimen of what can be applied from one end to the other of the Scriptures. My object will be, with a certain short book of the Old Testament, to make obvious, first, the simple and straightforward spiritual import of the book, and then the comparative unimportance of the vehicle in which the great truth is conveyed.

For this purpose I choose the Book of Jonah. I choose it partly on the ground that a cheap sense of humor has made this book, even to careful readers of the Bible, a serio-comic thing, hard to approach reverently. But I choose it chiefly because to my mind, and to many other minds, it stands for the spiritual high-water mark of the Old Testament. I have no hesitation in saying that, spiritually read, it is one of the most tender, most noble, and most enlightened bits of writing ever set down with a pen. Even in the New Testament there is nothing which, in the special truth being placed before us, can be taken as its parallel. There is nothing in the accumulated literature of the Christian Church which gives this truth its due consideration. Not till we come to our own time do we find it entertained at all, and then for the most part only

with a trembling, half-apologetic hop that these things might be so. Only one group of Christians, so far as I know openly stresses the advanced and beautiful teaching of the Book of Jonah though I should be glad to learn that there was another.

It will help me if before going any farther I say a word as to its literary form. Here I fall back on my reading of the best modern scholars—I have no scholarship of my own—but in doing that of course I can be justified. It is a well-known Hebrew literary form, and is called the *Midrash*. A *Midrash* was, according to Professor Driver, the English scholar, “an imaginative development of a thought or theme suggested by Scripture.” It could also be “an edifying religious story.” It was not precisely fictional in that it was founded on something already written, on something that had happened, or at least on some holy legend or tradition. It was an extension, an embellishment. It took what had perhaps been only hinted at elsewhere and gave to the idea the first rank in importance.

Though the purpose of the *Midrash* was instructive, the form was very free. So long as the author was true to his main intention he could invent, adorn, invoke wonders, or keep to the prosaic as best served his turn. Two other *Midrashim* more or less well known to us, the stories of Susanna and of Tobit, both among the Apocryphal Books of the Old Testament, are examples of this latitude. The story of Susanna is a matter-of-fact narrative not unlike the episodic tale of our modern magazines. In the story of Tobit there is a wider appeal to the supernatural. In that of Jonah the touch is more distinctly Oriental, suggesting the same kind of imaginative freedom which we see in the *Arabian Nights*. Frankly a vehicle for truths and not for everyday facts, it is at no more pains to keep close to the incidents of life as it is lived than is *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Now let me try to tell the tale of Jonah with the spiritual meaning uppermost. It is the story of a man who did his best to escape the will of God, but found that what a modern poet calls the "hound of heaven" followed after him and would not let him go. More than that, it is the story of a man who had shut his heart within a narrow sectarian view of God, in which only he and his kind were favored by divine protection, yet lived to see that not only were the heathen the objects of God's care but that children and even animals had their own place in the universal love. He was not to suppose that religion was to be found only in Israel. The Phœnician sailors with their prayers and their good-will would teach him better than that. In his stringent orthodoxy he learned slowly. Indeed, we are left in doubt as to whether he learned at all. But we have no doubt of the Father's patience with this fanatical, headstrong son, nor of the Divine Heart's yearning over everything It has created.

There was a man named Jonah the son of Amittai to whom the word of the Lord came, saying, "Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; for their wickedness is come up before me."

To the true believer this opportunity given to the heathen to turn from their sin and be saved was extremely displeasing. Jonah rejected the mission, rising up to flee unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord. In Italy and Spain he would be out of the Lord's jurisdiction, which was confined to Israel.

"Jonah rose up . . . and went down to Joppa; and he found a ship going to Tarshish: so he paid the fare thereof, and went down into it, to go with them unto Tarshish."

Yet he found that the Lord's jurisdiction extended farther than he had thought. "But the Lord sent out a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest in the sea, so that the ship was like to be broken. Then the mariners were afraid, and cried every

man unto his god, and cast forth the wares that were in the ship into the sea, to lighten it of these. But Jonah was gone down into the sides of the ship; and he lay, and was fast asleep. So the shipmaster came to him and said unto him, What meanest thou, O sleeper? arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not."

With sailors' superstition, they saw the storm as punishment for some one's crime, and drew lots for the detection of the criminal. The lot fell on Jonah.

"Then said they unto him, Tell us, we pray thee, for whose cause this evil is upon us? What is thine occupation? Whence comest thou? . . .

"And he said unto them, I am an Hebrew; and I fear the Lord, the God of heaven, which hath made the sea and the dry land. . . .

"Then said they unto him, What shall we do unto thee, that the sea may be calm unto us? . . .

"And he said unto them, Take me up, and cast me forth into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you!"

The kindly sailors refused at first to take him at his word. "Nevertheless the men rowed hard to bring it to the land; but they could not." Even when they seemed to have no choice but to act on Jonah's advice, they were torn between justice to themselves and duty by their passenger. "Wherefore they cried unto the Lord, and said, We beseech thee, O Lord, we beseech thee, let us not perish for this man's life, and lay not upon us innocent blood." When they had taken up Jonah and cast him into the sea, and the sea had ceased from her raging, "Then the men feared the Lord exceedingly, and offered a sacrifice unto the Lord, and made vows."

Humanity and piety are ascribed to Phœnicians, who were not only far from the true faith but worshipers of other gods. The inference seems to be that when every man cries unto his god, the cry must of necessity reach the Infinite and Universal, however little the indi-

vidual knows about Him. It could not be that the rough good will and sincere, if mistaken, religion even of these sailors should be thrown away.

Then the author, in the free, inventive spirit of the *Midrash*, invokes the marvelous. And yet it is not the marvelous, since his point is simply that, however hard we may try to escape Him, God has all the means of His Almightyness to outwit us and bring us back.

"Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah. And Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights."

It is important to notice here that there is no question of a whale or of any other natural species. God prepared the great fish. In other words, in God there are wonders of safety for those who trust in Him, or for those whose work is not yet done. In the spiritual history of men and women there are thousands of instances of deliverance from peril, not without their parallel with this one, and to which we apply the word "miraculous" for want of something more adequate. The "great fish" had its origin in the inventive resources of a writer who had not the same sense of humor which we have to-day; but it is a pity to let the outward form stand in the way of a great truth. The principle of God's protective care extended to the uttermost is one which the spiritually minded have as yet tested only partially; but it is at least a challenging thought to keep before the world.

It was perhaps to show protective care extended to the uttermost that the "great fish" was imagined. The message is to those whose circumstances are desperate. Desperate as they are, the Lord has His resources. The question as to how the individual is to bring those resources into play on his own behalf is too large to deal with here; but this Book of Jonah raises it.

Out of his living pit Jonah prays to the Lord. "And the Lord spake unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon

the dry land." That is to say, in the fulfillment of the divine purposes the most unlikely things can happen, and do happen frequently.

The active career of Jonah is again taken up, with a view to bringing out God's love of all His creatures in contrast with man's contempt for them.

"And the word of the Lord came unto Jonah the second time, saying, Arise, go unto Nineveh, that great city, and preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee."

At the time of this writing Nineveh had long been in ruins, and the common knowledge of it was traditional. The Book of Jonah is one of the latest in time of all those in the Old Testament, perhaps the latest of all with the exception of that of Daniel, which also has certain *Midrash* qualities. Nineveh must therefore be explained.

"Now Nineveh was an exceeding great city of three days' journey." That is, it would take a man three days to cross it on foot. "And Jonah began to enter the city a day's journey, and he cried, and said, Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown."

What happened next would strike us as improbable if historical accuracy were the aim of the *Midrash*. But it was not. It sweeps probability aside in order to get swiftly to its spiritual point.

After one day's preaching by this unknown foreigner the whole population of the city, estimated as something like twelve hundred thousand, believed and repented. The king came off his throne and proclaimed a fast. In this fast the animals as well as men were to share, and they as well as men were exhorted to put up, in their dumb, undeveloped way, their prayer for mercy. It is significant that the name of the king is not given, nor is anything mentioned that could fix a date for so remarkable an occurrence. There is no reference to the splendor of the city—a wonder in the world—or to its commerce or its conquests. The author ignores all this because he sees nothing

but God's relation to his creatures—men, women, children, animals—especially dear to Him because they have His gift of Life.

To get the force of the *Midrash* it must also be pointed out that the people of Nineveh, like the sailors of Joppa, had a religion which was not that of Israel. To the Hebrew they were cursed of Jehovah, and therefore of Jehovah's followers. The terms of the true Word of God are all the more, then, a rebuke to sectarian intolerance.

"So the people of Nineveh believed God, and proclaimed a fast, and put on sackcloth, from the greatest of them even unto the least of them. For word came unto the king of Nineveh, and he arose from his throne, and he laid his robe from him, and covered him with sackcloth, and sat in ashes. And he caused it to be proclaimed . . . saying, Let neither man nor beast, herd nor flock, taste any thing: let them not feed, nor drink water: But let man and beast be covered with sackcloth, and cry mightily unto God. . . ."

That the heathen should pray and receive grace was as incredible to the Hebrew as that the dim-hearted beasts should join in with them. Furthermore, that those outside the one true fold should be the recipients of mercy was distasteful to the orthodox monopoly of God.

"And God saw their works, that they turned from their evil way; and God repented of the evil that he had said he would do unto them; and he did it not. But it displeased Jonah exceedingly, and he was very angry."

He had hoped to see the threatened evil come, and the city overthrown. Though he knew that its people were fasting and praying, he was sure that a heathen repentance could not do any good. But here was the city spared and an enemy of the true faith allowed to go on flourishing. His prayer of protest will be familiar to all devotees of any religion obliged to look on and see other religions blessed and prosperous.

"And he prayed unto the Lord, and said, I pray Thee, O Lord, was not this my saying, when I was yet in my country? Therefore I fled before unto Tarshish:". . . He knew the Lord would be too kind. He would think too much of man as man, and not exclusively enough of Israel. The very fact of His calling a prophet to go to Nineveh suggested an indifference to heresy which the loyal Israelite could not but condemn. "For I knew that thou art a gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repentest thee of the evil. Therefore now, O Lord, take, I beseech thee, my life from me; for it is better for me to die than to live."

Even then Jonah could not believe that the Jehovah whom he had trusted as the tribal deity of the Hebrew could really mean to befriend those who called God by another name and worshiped Him with other rites. He would retire and look on, waiting to see if his narrow faith would not be justified.

"So Jonah went out of the city . . . and there made him a booth, and sat under it in the shadow, that he might see what would become of the city."

What follows between God and him approaches in compassion and tenderness the parable of the Prodigal Son. The Father does not punish this rebellious child, in whom creedal arrogance has killed genuine humanity, as well as the love that was afterward known as charity. On the contrary, He understands him, He deals with him gently, He gives him a further lesson, He appeals to his sense of fairness. He first *prepared*—the word is the same as that used of the "great fish"—a plant of the gourd family to come up over the booth, and Jonah was "exceeding glad" because of it. Apparently he loved it, doubtless for its shade and possibly for its beauty. But the next day, just as Jonah is rejoicing in his gourd, God *prepared* a worm which smote the plant that it withered. "And it came to pass,

when the sun arose, that God *prepared* a vehement east wind; and the sun beat upon the head of Jonah, that he fainted." Again he requested for himself that he might die, and said, "It is better for me to die than to live."

On Jonah's disappointment over the loss of his plant the Father bases His appeal. It is a genuine appeal, like that of the father to the elder son in our Lord's parable. Jonah is not rebuked for his intolerance toward God and men; he is only asked to use his sense of justice.

"Then said the Lord, Thou hast had pity on the gourd, for that which thou hast not laboured, neither madest it grow; which came up in a night, and perished in a night: And should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than a hundred and twenty thousand little children and also a great many animals?"

That is all. The tale concludes with striking suddenness. We hear no more of Jonah, since his fate is not the subject of the *Midrash*. In setting forth the broad, un-national, unsectarian nature of the love of God, the essential truth has been expressed. The conclusion, with its emphasis on little children and the lowly beasts—"six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left, and also much cattle" is the version of our English Old Testament—has a beauty of its own.

If I have been prolix over this analysis it is to draw the contrast between the outer vehicle of the Word of God and the Word itself. The vehicle belongs to its time. What was the natural expression of one generation is perplexing to another. The "great fish," and the gourd which sprang in one night and withered on the next, have so puzzled millions of readers that they have never

lifted their eyes from the casket to look at the scroll within.

The Word of God, on the other hand, presents no difficulties. Once we have heard it we have no further doubt about it. While there might be, and doubtless have been, thousands of theories as to the gourd and the "great fish," there cannot, I think, be two opinions concerning the all-inclusiveness of God's love, set forth here with such artless picturesqueness. The same thing, I venture to believe, will be found true all through the Bible. It is an infallible Bible, but infallible in that purpose which it is designed to serve. Where the question is of the relations of God to man and of man to God, I am convinced that it never errs. All other questions, historical or scientific, are outside the scope of the Word of God. Their answers are given elsewhere.

This spiritual reading will be found more or less independent of both Modernist and Fundamentalist. I have given an interpretation of the Book of Jonah which might be called Modernist for the reason that it is guided by modern scholarship. But should anyone prefer to read the little work as a narrative of actual experience, the same truth will be there for him. The universality of God's care can be as apparent to the man who sees in the "great fish" a cachalot whale as it is to him who understands it as an invention for the uses of a *Midrash*.

This, I think, is true of all the vexed passages in Scripture. The spiritual meaning, simple and convincing, can be seen as detached from all extraneous circumstance. The extraneous circumstance can be matter of the most intense historic or antiquarian interest; but the Word of God is an eternal quality which frees itself from all that is the mere accident of Time, coming straight from Mind to mind.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. BALDWIN

BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

(Reproduced on the cover of this Magazine)

WHAT is called the English School of painting began with Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose portraits of English society have never been equaled for majestic style. But as a point of æsthetic history the manner and method of this artist were foreign; he was not so truly an English painter as Gainsborough. It was pointed out previously that Reynolds longed for and envied the color of the Venetians. His compositions were often suggested by pictures he had seen on the Continent. Poses of figures suggest Van Dyck, Lely, and Kneller—foreigners all, though they did their chief work in England. Elegance, like that of the French portrait painters, Largillière and Nattier, had a prominent place in his conception of art. And as to grace, Giuseppe Marchi, his Italian servant and apprentice, accounted for many of the flowing curves which give an Italian finish to backgrounds and draperies in his master's canvases.

It is significant that toward the end of his life Reynolds turned from these portraits, on which the English School lays its foundation, and began historical or imaginative subjects—a painting of St. Agnes, for instance, and the Infant Hercules, which he undertook for Empress Catherine of Russia. He thus revealed his ideal as an Italian ideal. His “Discourses” emphasize the “grand subject” in the Italian manner as a necessity for adding dignity and nobility to art. In short, the first President of the Royal Academy was as foreign to England in his attitude as any continental painter working under the direct influence of the late Renaissance.

In reality, Sir Joshua's "typically English" work rose out of a familiar situation. England was sending out political and economic doctrines across Europe and was importing "culture." One may catch a hint of the "expansion" taking place as one looks at the affected pose of Mrs. Baldwin, whose picture is reproduced on the cover. She was the wife of the British Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Teheran. Other portraits, like that of the successful defender of Gibraltar, tell other stories of Anglican interests. If Reynolds was England's "first painter," then he was so by virtue of studious contact with other schools of art, just as England herself had developed her claim as "first power" through contact with and vigorous appropriation of what she wanted.

The painter's character was not altogether one from which expressive qualities could flow in a truly Italian fashion. He was indeed English in reserve and persistent effort. His style represents his time. Yet he made no great innovations in art. It was Gainsborough who spoke the final word. "We are all going to Heaven," he said, "and Van Dyck is of the company." Van Dyck, the prince of stylists! The painter of Mrs. Baldwin deserves such company.

ALAN BURROUGHS.

SANCTUARY

A Story

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

AS she sped down the strip of woodland which stretched between the gray house on the hill above and the field-engirdled village below, his face—white, defeated, terrified—went with her step by step. It stared at her from behind the wild azaleas in pink, cloudy bloom here and there along the path; it looked up at her from the small, bright grass at her feet. And yet she felt—if that could be feeling which was like the rush of a fierce, engulfing tide—she felt glad that she had done the thing which she had done. She was free. Back in that house she had been a chained, tortured serf, subject to every transient whim of a drinking brute, but now . . . Straight before her in the pure spaces of the April air rose that haunting face! She ran faster than before. Still she was glad. She knew that spring was in the world and that spring was again in her heart; the old romances of life, dead and dust for five miserable years, were beginning once more in their long-remembered, tumultuous way.

And now she climbed over the worm-eaten fence at the foot of the slope, and into the newly plowed fields beyond. If she followed along the edge she would come at last to Joanna Dalton's house, the one that showed its red bricks above a dark, broken wall, the wall of box-bushes which had been on the place since Joanna's father and mother were boy and girl. Joanna was her cousin and would take her in, and perhaps tell her in her kind, loud fashion that she could stay as long as she pleased and be very welcome.

But first she stood still and looked

back at that other house on the top of the hill, that lifted, a small and pinched thing, against the kindling east. She could not have told why she did this. She clenched her hands until the nails bit into the flesh, and then stretched them out pitifully before her—knotted and thin and scarred, the hands of a woman of fifty after years of hard and unceasing work—and she scarcely half so old!

But again that face, this time from the boughs of a wild-cherry tree budding delicately by the fence! She ran, ran faster than she had ever run before in her life—a small, frenzied, defenseless creature in the thick of a hunt with the hunter close at her heels. And still she was not sorry for what she had done, neither did she feel conscious of any fear. It was only the shock of that towering, primal moment of a little while ago which had set her imagination astir and every nerve in her body to quivering as though under a lash.

The whole country lay in a soft, broadening light in which furrow and blossoming bough and snatch of village roof became each a near and intimate thing, and a peach tree, flaming in a bare space of grass, as familiar as one's fire on the hearth. To the woman speeding along the edge of the fields this was all a blur—a white here, a red there, and the gray of the delaying dawn between. She unfastened a gate and, still running, made her way down a long, straight garden path, walled on one side by a row of glossy, immemorial box. The chill air was full of the odor of it and it came to her, even in her dreadful hurry, like

something distinct from everything else in the world, something separate and never to be forgotten.

"Why, Nance!"

She made answer to the large, dark woman who stood in the kitchen doorway.

"I—I've left him, Joanna."

The other woman said the exact words which she had expected her to say. "I knew you'd have to do it, Nancy Brown. I told you so." She put out her strong arms and drew the blanched, panting creature into the house and set her down in a chair.

"You set there and drink a cup of hot coffee, and then I'll take you up to bed."

Nancy, heavy with her secret, looked up pitifully into her face.

"I—I had to do what—what I done," she gasped.

"Hush right up. You ain't fit to talk."

The room began to drift away from Nancy and she went drifting along with it—out upon the edges of a black and broken world where one high and unfathomable voice went shrieking the same word over and over again. She felt herself mounting up into steep and painful spaces, and being tugged and torn at, and then descending all at once into something warm and comforting and vaguely odorous. And suddenly she knew that she was in her cousin Joanna's little chamber under the eaves, and in Joanna's bed. The big pink-and-white woolen gown she wore, now edged on collar and sleeves with coarse lace, was Joanna's, too.

"You drink down every drop of this soup, or I'll have something to say about it," said Joanna from the side of the bed.

Nancy took the steaming bowl from her cousin's hands—how well she remembered the little prickly green vine running along the rim and the row of full red dots underneath—and obediently did what she had been told to do.

"I ain't going to market to-day," said Joanna, "and there's nobody in the

house but me. Bob's gone up, early as it is, to Last Acre to see about a cow, and I ain't expecting him back till dark. You needn't think anybody's going to come and worry you, because I won't let 'em. Now, you go to sleep."

Safe! The big-petaled yellow roses, tied in tight bunches, which decorated the wall paper; the strip of rag carpet stretched from the bureau to the door; the cheap bisque peasant girl, a prize for Sunday-school lessons, staring with perpetual wide-eyed prettiness from the chimney shelf—all added to the sense of security which sank into Nancy like a healing balm. They were all so old, so well worn, so associated with the years that were over and gone. She had sat out on the front step on quiet summer afternoons and fashioned the quilt whose zigzag of red and green squares was now covering her. For Joanna's house had once been Nancy's home, when she was a little curly-headed girl scarce able to toddle, and to be here was to be part of the old happenings, of the simple sorceries of an ancient country life. A wagon rumbling by filled her with sleepy delight; it was so familiar a sound. The break which the wheels made farther down the pike was due to the hollow on one side where the blackberry bushes grew, a rather stiff place on a dim or moist night. Safe! The whole of life had thinned itself out into one peace-engirdled room in an old, decaying house; everything else was gone by and lapped in oblivion.

Late in the afternoon, when she awaked from a long sleep, she dressed herself slowly—there was no need of haste now—and slipped downstairs and out into the garden. There was a wind abroad, but so small a thing that it went to and fro without a sound; yet at its touch a myriad plum blossoms came drifting down upon the black mold. The air was one great honeyed breath. The jonquils—a score at least, set each in its stiff, lancelike leaves—stood in clumps between the bloom-loosened trees. Nancy wondered why Joanna had not cut them

down and taken them off to market. Even while the thought was in her mind the back gate clicked and her big, dark cousin came along between the tall box with both hands full of something exquisite and purple.

"Been down long, Nance?"

"No, not long."

Joanna stood still and cast a mercantile eye over the sunny garden.

"I guess I'll pull them Easter flowers for market to-morrow. You know how to do it? You take three or four sprigs of box for the back, and then three or four flowers with their leaves, and tie them into a bunch. I guess you remember."

"Yes."

"Well, there's the cord on the window sill. And I'll make these violets up. I never saw as many as they're up in the woods by the run. The ground looks like purple cloth. I shouldn't wonder if I had a clear dozen bunches, and they'll just sell like hot cakes."

Joanna sat down on the back steps and began to arrange her violets into small handfuls, each of the same height and size, and Nancy went back and forth between the jonquils and hedge of box.

"You had anything to eat, Nancy?"

"No, I ain't hungry."

"You can go to the cupboard and get out anything you want. There's some pie there, and some cold veal, and I'll heat up the coffee for you. You must be starved. But I'm going to have something good and hot for supper, something you like, too—kidney stew with a slice of lemon in it. Bob's crazy over it."

"Well, I'll wait."

Joanna looked up at Nancy from behind her violets.

"You can do just what you want," she said, "eat and drink, or do without. I won't worry you."

"I know," said Nancy. Presently she came across the garden with her half dozen humble posies.

"They're all I could get, Joanna."

"My, ain't you quick! But you all ways were, Nance. My fingers in thumbs."

"I'll help you pack the wagon for market," said the younger woman.

"It's most all done and setting back of the stable, all except for the parsley. You can go and bunch some up if you want to, and I'll get out the dish pan and put these flowers in water. You wouldn't believe how soon they wither."

Somewhat to the side of the garden lay the parsley bed in a part of a level space devoted to succulent green things growing under nets and frames, and here again Nancy came under that spell of yesterdays under which she had walked as in a dream the whole afternoon. How many hundreds of the savory sprigs had she not pulled when a child! She could hear her Aunt Sabilla, Joanna's mother, and dead long since, calling from out some far, far space, "Go pull me some herbs for the wagon, that's a good girl." And as she pulled them out there on that mid-April afternoon, she appeared to herself to be once more that innocent maid of seven. Then dusk came and with it Bob Dalton home from Last Acre.

He was large and dark, like his sister Joanna—all the Daltons were dark—but of a quieter, deeper make. He stared at Nancy a little at first, but said nothing; nor did he speak to her at supper, of which the three partook in the fastidiously clean kitchen by the light of a coal-oil lamp, with the door wide open, and the smell of the box and the plum blossoms coming strangely in. It was a silent meal, for Joanna was never quite so hearty in her ways when her brother was about; as for Nancy, she ate, she drank, she answered the questions which were asked her, all the while conscious of a shrewd brown eye fastened upon her from time to time. When they had finished the meal Joanna motioned with her hand toward the room upstairs.

"Now, you go straight to bed, Nance, and I'll be up there as soon as I've tidied up a bit. No, you shan't help. You

know we start off in the morning at two o'clock, so if you wake up and find me gone, you'll know where. I don't guess you mind being left by yourself all day."

"No," said Nancy.

Joanna hesitated a moment. "If—if you do—why, there's the men at work out in the fields."

"I won't mind, Joanna."

But she knew, as she climbed up to Joanna's little chamber under the eaves, that she *would* mind; she knew that she would be afraid—afraid. For all at once, because of a secret, spiritual reaction, or because of that masculine scrutiny belowstairs, she felt that a change was coming. She would wake up out of that sleep, that dream in which she had been walking all day long, and find, outside of that numb, dumb thing which she was at present, another self, a dark, a different one. She lay down in bed but her eyes would not close; for she could hear again, as she had heard in the early morning, that unfathomable voice which went shrieking out its one word down the vasts of a black and broken world. Upon it came the sound of two people talking together in the kitchen below.

"When'd she come here?"

Joanna's voice rang out hot and high, "This morning. I wish you'd 'a seen her. She'd been running all the way, and she was as white as a ghost. I never see anybody as white except a dead woman."

"What'd he do to her?"

"I don't know. I never asked her." Unconsciously, Joanna's sentences took on the terseness of her brother's. "But I guess you're up to that man's tricks, Bob Dalton. He's been killing her up in that lonesome place for these five years."

"I didn't see him anywhere round to-day."

"Likely he was swilling whisky or sleeping it off, maybe. I know what I'd like to do to him. Huh!"

Nancy sat up in bed. A flood of remembrance rushed upon her, tore at her, engulfed her. Life was no longer only

an old, decaying house, a box-bordered garden, and a dim round of yestèrdays; it had stiffened and hardened down into one scanty room in a gray shack on the top of a hill, and into a handful of awful moments spent in that room on the edge of sunrise. And straight out of the dark there leaped that face upon her once more—white, defeated, terrified! She could never have believed that anything could be so plain. She lay down again. The night was choked with loud, hammering sounds which beat upon her as though ready to crush her into dust. But that name which the voice flung at her as it still kept calling and calling—No, no, no, she was not that—not that! She stuffed her fingers into her ears, but it called, called, called. Sometimes, floating upon the chaos of her thoughts, there came one in regard to Bob Dalton and his added reticence at the evening meal, and she wondered whether he had made a guess at her secret. Bob's instincts were as sure as a child's. She cowered down in her pillows with a half-uttered shriek. Joanna came up to bed and lay down beside her to the sleep of the innocent and the just, and Nancy kept her body as far away from hers as she could—her stained, sinful body—she said to herself, and was near shrieking again.

The clock struck two, and Joanna clattered down stairs. There was a clamor of gusty doors, Bob's voice ringing keenly across the dark, and then the rumble of wheels along the rutted lane at the side of the house. The cocks crew in the hush which came after.

Then a long day followed, bitten into by a wind from the east which drove the plum bloom before it until the air was thick and white and the dust out in the pike a swaying cloud between the house and the village roofs. Nancy flung herself upon the tasks which were to be done with the fury of a mad creature driven to the wall, and fighting a foe that would sooner or later strike the last and fatal blow. To clean in Joanna's domains was a work of supererogation, for cleanliness

to her was a kind of religion, but Nancy swept, dusted, scrubbed; she polished windows until their brightness reached the staring point; she rubbed the candlesticks in the gay little front room until their brazen faces gave her back a score of her own. And all the while she knew that it was a losing fight; she knew it because of the deadly terror that was laying a cold hand upon her heart and chilling her to the very bones.

Once, as she drew near a small mahogany-framed glass in the parlor, she caught a glimpse of a wild-eyed, quivering face, and scarcely knew it for her own. Could a woman who looked like that have done the thing which she had done? That other face, lurking in the April grayness about, was the answer. Another time an overmastering desire to be done with things, to run away to some new, far, ignorant place took possession of her and she flung the front door wide open and stood for a moment on the sill. The twisting, dust-choked road stretched before her. Now and then a roof or the pale green rod of a Lombardy poplar could be seen, and nearer at hand the plum trees, whipped by the gusts into a whirl of torn white.

It was Spring, caught in a wanton and staring mood. Nancy looked up the road and down the road, and her fear came upon her stronger than ever. She bolted and locked the door and fell with added vehemence upon her tasks of scrubbing and dusting. She was caught in a trap. Never would her foot stir from this place; for if it did, surely and swiftly would it return, back to the old terror, the old torture, and the endless and despairing hours. She would stay.

A wagon rattling down the pike and halting in front of the house drove her to the garden and a shelter behind the box. From thence she watched the bucolic driver descend clumsily into the dust and examine the loose shoe on one of his horses. All the time she stood tiptoe, ready for flight, waiting for any possible movement which he might make toward the house. She was afraid he might read

her secret in her face. After he had gone she waited there for a moment or two in the east wind, clinging to the ancient hedge for support. If she had turned round she would have seen that other house set on the hill, but she kept her back steadily to it—afraid, afraid.

How the gusts lashed the green slender country, that cowered under it as she under the lash of her dreadful thoughts! She longed to make plain to some one the thing which she had done, to the round world if need be. But those men down on the edge of the field, their shoulders stooped to some homely April task, would never understand; and even Joanna, the loud and kind, would stare at her with round, dense eyes—she knew her so well, and could see her do it—if she were told only the half of what she had to tell. And yet she had had to do it. She had had to do it. She grew riotous again and this, too, made her afraid. So she went dully back to the kitchen and her work of washing the set of willow ware in the cupboard.

The day wore on and Bob and Joanna came rumbling back along the lane, damp and red-cheeked and hungry. Joanna ate and drank and talked the market gossip. People wanted country stuff for nothing, they weren't willing to pay five cents for three bunches of onions; maybe they expected a dozen for that price. But these town folks knew as much about the weather, the frosts, and the drought, the bugs and the like, as she knew about camels. But she, for one, never intended to come down in her prices, no matter what her neighbors in the next stalls did; she'd rather dump the things out at the first turn in the road coming homeward. Bob said nothing, and presently after the meal, which was long and hearty, he disappeared.

"Bob's got lots to do," said Joanna, half in excuse, half because she welcomed any opportunity to say something.

"I know," said Nancy. But she no longer wondered where he had gone, for she was slowly coming to another mood: that of numb indifference. She did not

care what happened. Let what would come, nothing could matter. She sat and waited. Bob came back from his long errand and, without a word, pushed over to a seat by the stove.

"What you been doing?" asked his sister.

"Nothing particular."

"Raining yet?"

"Some."

"I don't believe it's so blowy," said Joanna. She put her head to one side and listened. "You think so, Nance?"

"No," said Nancy.

Joanna tried another topic of conversation.

"I guess you heard that Sallie Quincey's run off with George Alton?" she asked her brother.

"Yes."

"That's an awful wicked thing to do, and she'll suffer; she'll be the one to suffer. It's the woman who gets slapped the hardest, though I can't say I know anything about getting married." She topped abruptly, conscious of a blunder, and her kind eyes sought Nancy's.

A hush fell upon the room.

"No," said Nancy. "You don't know anything about it." Her voice was still and distinct, and she spoke as to a great throng of listening people. Her hands clasped and unclasped each other. "You get married and you expect things to be kind of—of different, but not's much as to be strange, and you find out that nothing that you thought—and you had a right to think—has come true. You've got to work harder than ever in your life—and things a man ought to do—and you're—nobody. You'd be willing to kill yourself working if you got a kind word. But there ain't anything but drink, and cursing, and laying round, and drink, always drink. That's the only thing you can depend on. And then sometimes a blow, and a word worse'n a blow. You feel as if you'd do anything to rid yourself of things—*anything*." Her voice faded off into silence.

Just then the door blew open and a rush of mad April wind filled the room

with the scent of young, torn, blossoming things. Joanna rose and drew the latch. "I guess it's the clearing gust," she said. She came back and took her seat again.

"I wouldn't blame a woman for doing *anything*," said Bob Dalton. There was the sound of a chair being pushed back. He rose up, very dark and very tall. "*Anything*. I wouldn't be hard on her." He waited a moment, then stalked out of the room.

A strange new feeling took possession of the woman sitting with clasped hands in the smoky lamplight. She began to care again, but with this difference: that now for the first time a sense of guilt came home to her. She had done wrong, wrong. And yet Bob would not blame her for what she had done. If she were to follow and tell him all from beginning to end, he would understand. And after all, she had not meant to do it. He would understand that, too. The tears forced themselves up under her tired eyelids and she put up a careful hand to wipe away the one or two that rolled down her cheek.

Joanna sat watching her. "You and Bob's most alike in some things. You're too deep for me." She pushed across to Nancy, speaking loudly, "Now, you go to bed quick."

It was a quiet night. First the wind died out and then the scanty, silver tinkle of the spouts. There was a broken sky, with here and there a great star shining in it. Nancy saw it all as she lay with closed eyes alongside her kind Joanna. She saw the box-hedged garden walk, strewn with torn leafage and pale plum bloom, running straight down to the back gate, and the footpath outside on the rim of the fields, and the peach tree still burning in the hollow of the slope. She followed the path to the foot of the hill, where it began to climb, a blurred and forgotten thing, between the pink of the wild azaleas, and under the cloudy young trees. Presently it came out upon an open space, and in full sight of a dull, small, pinched house.

And here again that white, defeated, terrified face!

Nancy opened her eyes. Well she knew that the journey which she had just taken in her imagination was to be indeed a very real one. She knew that she would slip down the steep, crooked stair in the half dark of the early morning and lift the latch—leave the shelter of the roof to which she might never again return. She had come to this resolution at one bound. Suddenly there had entered into her worn spirit a strange fixity of purpose, a sort of calm daring, born both of conscience and despair. She had done wrong, terrible wrong; it was futile to try to escape its just punishment. She would go to meet it. Nothing which they could do to her would be worse than what she had suffered during that one endless, rain-bitten April day. But, after all, she had not meant to do it. She clung to this thought as a drowning creature to a straw, the one thing within the clutch of her deserted, death-chilled soul.

"You crying again?" asked Joanna suddenly, putting out a drowsy hand.

"No, I ain't crying."

After a long while the hour came, and she slipped down the stairs (as she had seen herself do), unlatched the door, and let herself out into the dumb and solitary country. The first thing of which she was conscious was the scent of the box. The whole world seemed full of it—bitter, clean, immemorial. Her sleeve touched the hedge as she passed, and the touch brought down a shower of cold drops upon her head and uncloaked shoulders. The east stared at her. Al-

most solemnly she moved forward, conscious of herself, of everything. She saw the red of the peach tree in the damp hollow by the fence, the little pools flaring in the furrows; then, as she climbed the slope—a window, flaring like the pools, in a gable of her own house. The woodland came to an end. She began to cross the stretch of drenched grass between the files of trees and the doorstep.

"My God, *Nance!*"

At that cry she stopped.

It came again: "*Nance!*"

The white panic of her face was the only answer.

"You coming back again, eh?"

And then she forced herself to look at the pale threshold. There stood the dim figure of a man, with his arm in a white bandage.

She drew a long, broken breath. "You're—you're not—"

"You mean a ghost? Well, no, I ain't." He stared at her standing there, still white and stricken, in the moist grass. His voice had a different tone when he next spoke. "That knife you stuck in me didn't do much harm, Nance, only a kind of crooked gash, no account, hardly." He paused. "Bob Dalton's been coming here every day, looking after me."

Nancy drew another long breath and looked and looked at him.

"I guess you're coming back, Nance? Maybe things'll be—be different."

Nancy picked her steps across to the gray sill. She was so glad, so glad that she was not what that voice had kept calling and calling her. No, thank God, she was not a murderess.

THE HEXAGONAL CELL

A Beekeeper's Philosophy

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

NEITHER Hingham nor neighboring Boston could have been laid out by bees. I have heard said that Boston was dragged from the harbor by a yoke of oxen; though others say that the town was pulled by a team of oxen. The town was followed an incipient ox about the pasture till both the calf and the state of mind were lost. Many an American town between Boston and Santa Barbara shows this same ruminant beginning. Santa Barbara itself, though nothing like so ancient a city as Boston, was surveyed, an early settler tells me, after a classic example with a bull's-hide chain, a measure which was fresh every morning and new every evening (lengthwise) even in California's equable climate; so that now the streets of Santa Barbara are somewhat this way and somewhat that way, though plenty true enough by the compass for living purposes. Cities of the future will be built for business only. It is the village and the open country which we must devote to life and the making of homes.

Quite the reverse, however, would be the case if we were to obtain among the bees: they are in the city and do business in the country, like the valley folk of Utah. The Utah settlers took counsel of the bees, sending out repeated swarms which clustered here and there in the valleys, built village-hives and, dividing the outlying lands, planted cherry orchards and fields of beets and peas and alfalfa, and in the very fields set up the sugar mill and cannery, keeping the village-hive at home.

The bees are true village folk in their work, but city folk in matter of numbers and government, some of my strongest colonies approaching the hundred-

thousand mark. They are rural people concerned with agriculture, field workers, harvesters with ranging wings, nectar-saving sacks, and thighs for carrying pollen—bodies and beings one with the wild flowers. They are children of the air and of the blossoming fields and yet a people of the close-walled hive. They are intensely social insects for whom a single day or hour of enforced separation means almost certain death. There are solitary bees like *bombus* and *prosopis*. There are human bees as solitary, who can wrap the loneliness of ranch and homestead and plantation about them for a mantle to shut out the cold; but most of us would freeze. We are both solitary and social, needing the freedom of the fields, loving the warm close contacts of the hive; dreading nothing so much as darkness and silence and space, the remote unspoken spaces, unpeopled and strange. The Mormons have been our wisest settlers with their village-farms.

The hive bees are dreamers and idealists; but no people on earth are harder headed or harder hearted, more careful, more practical than they. Hingham has no such builders, no such village-planning board as they. The bees are not imaginative. They have as small a place for beauty in either their philosophy or their building plans as the people of Hingham, and make as little of an appropriation to that end as our annual town meeting. Time and nature have touched the streets of Hingham with sweet dignity and an assured serene repose. Hingham is old and gentle and most respectable. And I wonder if anywhere else in America there is a street

more soaringly arched, more softly, sweetly shaded than Main Street of a summer afternoon. There is many a lovely doorway in Hingham, many an old-fashioned garden of sheer delight; but nothing from the hand of man could be uglier than the public library, the post office, the railroad station, the stores, the town hall, and some of the schools.

Defter builders than the bees I know not, or wiser; and there is a serious beauty, intellectual rather than æsthetic, showing in all of their work. Nowhere in nature is there an absence of this beauty of adaptation, the poetry we call fitness, which measures every line from means to end, though seldom is it so purely an intellectual expression as among the bees. Euclid so expressed it, and carried it far beyond the applied science of the hive. But the bees are a small and a hard-pressed people, who have no world of abstract signs and symbols for their dwelling. They dream of an eternal city but they live by the meadow on the edge of short, uncertain seasons, watching the fickle harvests and listening to incessant clamoring needs in the hive, and they must build their mathematics quickly into comb. Plan and purpose in the bee city answer to each other so perfectly that it is hard to say which is cause and which effect.

Here is an empty hive, a white pine box, close to a foot high, a trifle more than a foot wide, and nearly two feet long, raised by an inch from the ground on a cleated bottom board, allowing an entrance across the front of the hive between it and the bottom. Let the walls be thus squared, of clean sweet pine, or columnar and fluted, the classic pillar of some ample village porch, or the hoary rind of some crooked forest tree, and the engineers will create a habitation in either place to challenge the admiration of the world.

The dovetailed hive on the stand before us, the standardized, patented hive of American apiaries, is tenantless. It is ready, however, and completely fur-

nished with ten narrow wooden "frames" hanging on small shelves inside at the front and back—most exact frames seventeen and five-eighth inches long by nine and one-eighth inches deep, each one holding a thin sheet of wax stamped on both sides with bossed impressions of worker cells for the bees to "draw out" into worker comb. Taking his hints and his measurements from the bees themselves, the maker of this hive, allowing half an inch for "bee space," has proportioned it within—length and breadth and depth and every piece of its furniture—so that all of the room shall be occupied by either bees or comb, with quarter-inch passageways where only one bee needs to go, and half-inch ways between the hanging combs where two bees must work and move past each other on opposite walls.

All of this furniture and nice interior decoration is quite gratuitous. It is very good business, however, and wholly in keeping with the theory and practice of the bees themselves. They had worked these proportions out long before Langstroth, the most original of modern beekeepers, observed their plans and applied their measurements to the American hive. It was Father Langstroth who invented the hanging or "movable frame" which fills the hive—a frame with its comb of honey, or eggs and brood, which can be lifted out of the chamber independent of the other frames and without disturbing the brood nest—a simple detail, but revolutionary, the result of experimentation of all the beekeepers of the world since long before Tut-ankh-amen tasted honey.

I have done to this hive all that I know how to do or that the bees can accept, giving them but little more than the outer walls and the site for their city. They must invest the walls with life and law, must establish their government, create a society, achieve a population of fifty thousand souls by the end of the short summer if they would be safe; they must erect houses, lay out streets, build vats and bins, install sanitary and

ventilation systems, appoint attendants for the queen, nurses for the children, inspectors to go afield, harvesters, water-carriers, masons, pitch-pickers, beeze-makers for tempering and purifying the draughtless air, evaporators for drying the unripe nectar coming from the blooms; they must train scouts and guards to keep the gates and protect the stores—these things and more they must do, for they will have to set up and officer the machinery which is essential for the great people under a highly organized society dwelling in a walled city incredibly crowded with population and supplies.

Now in front of the hive, hard upon the ground, let me shake a clustered swarm of bees. Here is the place to begin our study. Few things in nature look less organized than this inchoate heap. It lacks all semblance of order. No law would seem to apply to the pile. The fingers of the wind on the drifting sand of the desert are not without design; but what touch of molding hand, what hint of purpose or form or plan or meaning can be detected in this agglomerate insect mass?

Tossed here by the rip-rap of passion, they are not as so much wreckage; nor are they a mob, or even a jostling crowd before the theater doors; but rather like a great company behind the scenes, none out of place, no single bee without her role, or failing of her part as she hurries toward the stage. It is a breathless moment, one almost of revelation, as suddenly a single mind, a single will, a single purpose animates the insect multitude and covers them with glory like a cloud.

No solitary bee among them, no minute hair upon her velvet corselet but answers like the seven seas to sure design and, like their tides, is true to law; appointed to its place within the infinite scheme, if we would see the scheme complete—the comet's course outlined; how far shall slide the ocean's floor; what pollens may be kneaded by the bee; and just how many of the starry

grains she may carry in the hollow of her thigh.

Twice my beekeeping cup is full, the stings of life forgotten: when I take off a loaded super, every comb capped snowy white, the last cell sealed; and full to running over when I watch a shaken swarm melt down and creep with all their airy wings, sensibly like reasoning creatures, into the proffered hive!

Creep? They fairly run. But not as living creatures run. They flow more like a stream or more as moves a weaving fabric through the loom. The spilled heap in front of the hive is so much wool before the carder; and thinning out as through invisible reeds, with warp and woof in play, is drawn across the entrance into a pattern—a people, a civilization. The clustered swarm, driven by the passion of its mad escape back the whole length of its social life, returns, and, caught at the threshold by the machinery of the hive, is instantly rewoven into the colony, into a society, the best organized, the most daring in doctrine and practice of all we know.

What takes place when a swarm of bees moves into a new hive is perpetually interesting to me; and, old beekeeper as I am, and trouble enough as I have had with swarming, still I cannot resist the desire to lay my ear to the cover of the hive or to look for just a moment inside to know if the new colony is already at work on the foundations of the new city and has come to stay. Newer than Cleveland or Oklahoma City, the city is to follow lines laid out long before the streets of Babylon were plotted—a replica of the oldest city and yet so modern that the newest boom town in our oily West is ancient by comparison. Slowly, street by street, story by story, from the rude single cell of solitary bee, *prosopis*, this city of the social bees has been evolved across the ages, no doubt to outlast any pile of steel and stone which we are erecting on our rocky coast or lake shore or in the broad bosom of our maternal plains. Not that the bees are stronger or wiser

than men, but that, having firmly grasped the truth at the heart of the social world, they have the logic to build by it and the courage to live by it—in an everlasting city whose true maker and builder is God. The core of this social truth is sacrifice, and the physical expression of it in the building of the bees, the head of the corner of their whole structure, is the six-sided cell.

The first work in the new hive is a cell. Here the bees start from the bottom to build; and here from the bottom our study might start, as here, in wonder and defeat and faith, it shall end—earth and much of heaven compassed within these narrow hexagonal walls. Who shall measure the meaning, the length and breadth, the height and depth of this angled, six-walled, waxen cell? Sweeter than honey is the honeycomb.

From being a drowsy, inert, almost drugged mass sagging heavily from some bent or broken limb, the cluster, when shaken lightly before the hive, dissolves and runs hurriedly into the open gates as if it had been running all the way from the City of Destruction, so suddenly eager to get in! This instant activity, this complete consciousness out of the lethargy of the cluster is almost startling to the beholder, for plainly the creatures are not walking in their sleep. Every bee is awake. The stupefaction following the orgy of the swarm is gone, and the colony is seized with a new madness: to settle now, where an hour before it was to swarm; to build, to store a new city and secure it against want and ever-impending winter.

Should the new home suit the fancy of the bees—"fancy" is the only term—and usually it does, then, if their queen is with them they crowd inside, glad again to feel safe walls about them, and begin at once to work. A few scouts or hangers-on or curious followers from neighboring hives may be seen about the entrance; but the swarm to the last bee is inside, shaping itself into the new colony, receiving anew its orders and sanctions, and already disposing of it-

self so as to form a living furnace for the puddling and rolling of wax plates out of which to fabricate the comb.

Comb is the pressing need. The must have comb at once for brood and bread and honey, or life cannot go on. Whether for this end or in mischief, as some observers claim, or out of fear for the immediate consequences of the folly, each bee left the old hive with her sack full of honey. It is inside of her—stored, not eaten—and can for days be carried far as subsistence if the swarm wanders a long way without finding home. If I catch them early with a hive which they like, then out of their distended sacks they pour into the furnace and the working of the wax begins.

At no moment in its history is the colony so perfectly conscious of its solidarity, so acutely aware that its center and fate is the queen. Like a flash of lightning is the speed of the queen's alarm. Fear can round a herd of cattle on the plains as if a single swinging lariat had roped them; the eye cannot follow the instant alarm in a veering flock of shore larks; but quicker still as if by galvanic shock, spreads the alarm of the lost queen.

The swarm may be myriads strong, but, lacking her—her alone—it is weaker than water. The bees intend not to leave the home hive without her, but she may not be able to follow; and once in the air, so wild, so sweet the madness of the swirl, they forget her for a moment, fail to miss her, when, as if smitten by a bolt, the dance stops and back to the hive swoops the swarm in wild alarm. The queen, poor thing, may be hopping about pathetically with a clipped wing in front of the old hive. (Would a poet clip those royal wings?) The swarm will come to her and stay with her, re-turning with her into the hive. She is their sun, their author, their projector—the sole hope of their life. Lacking her no hive could hold them, though I might rub it with hyssop and curtain its clean new walls with snowy honey-oozing comb overflowing from every well

Many a time I have picked up the stressed queen and slipped her into a tiny cage while her swarm was still hirling, unconscious of her absence, in the humming air. I have watched the static flight—now shimmering like a glassy film in the sunlight, now dark as a puff of smoke against the sky, the old joy of the singing wings filling the garden like the passing of a fleet of airplanes infinitely far in the blue.

Then all was still. Nothing now but the workaday hum in the garden, that busy drone which knows no clock if only the sun will shine and the nectar flow. Then suddenly a rushing wind! The air of distant wings! And yonder in the air a gathering cloud of storm as, creeping back upon its course, winding in thousand horns in shrill alarm, demands the frightened swarm.

Back to the old hive the daughters swirl in a golden smother and, pouring in, find the precious captive where I have caged her, well within the entrance of the old hive. They shout, they sing, they crowd rejoicing round about her, for they are one and whole again. Nor do they care that this is not their old home, but a new hive in its place, which I quickly put here while they were winging! No matter, new or old, they love their queen. All, all is theirs—today and for the never-ending tomorrow! Oh, boundless joy! Oh, sweet, sweet life, and sweeter work! Where is it, the-thing-to-be-done? And they pitch upon the new comb with such quenchless zeal that soon the empty hive is hung with sculptured and gessoed walls of fragile cells beyond the mother-queen to cover, or all of the working field force, were the daughters of Danaüs helping, to overtake and fill. The queen, I think, is not less happy for her missing wings. She coasted heaven on them once and could never again or even desire to go again. The close, cradled walls of the hive are her portion now, where there is no space to spread a wing. Yet mine is no brave deed. Trouble and shame assail me at

sight of her creeping maimed across the combs. My heart always trembles a little, like my bare hands when, seizing her between my giant thumb and forefinger, I feel with the monstrous scissors after her fine-veined wings. She would escape, but she never stings, nor do her excited children sting, though sometimes they flock upon my bare hands.

Is it the part of a lover to treat her so? Or am I only a honey farmer, a merchant, like Chaucer's "Sowyng alway thencrees of his wyning?" Partly merchant, partly savage perhaps, as if I were Caliban pinching off the crabs' blue legs in petty spite. I clip the queen's wings to punish the truant hive for their wild prank of swarming, so costly to the crop. She suffers no pain and very little fright, and I shall give her more than I deprive her of in this new hive furnished to a queen's taste. So, with gear ready I await the departure of the foolish swarm and, catching her hopping lamely about the grass in front of her old home, I slip her quickly into a tiny cage, set aside the old hive, in its place put the new one, and leave her in the new doorway in her cage. Then I sit down while the bees hold revelry in the sky, and like Caliban hold my sides, thinking with joy of their swift fright and watching with sweetest satisfaction for their headlong plunge down to reality and their queen.

What insects mortals be! But you should hear the clamor, the happy hubbub when they meet, and you should feel the zest with which the throng disperses itself about the frames and walls and sets its house in order! As soon as the excitement subsides I open the little cage and watch the queen pass out and melt into the bosom of her swarm.

We could see better what goes forward now were this a house of glass instead of one with wooden walls; the gain, however, would be offset by loss resulting from the bee's distaste for staring eyes. She forages in the open, loving

high noon and garnering only the golden hours; but she draws a curtain of deep dusk about the privacies of the hive. This is partly out of fear. Let a seam open or a weathered crack appear and it is quickly chinked with propolis to block the passage of any sneaking foe and stay the wind; but quite as much to keep the light from prying, as if within the hive some sorrow brooded or there were some nameless reason why this portion of her virgin life must be a secret and all its nunlike service shrouded with a veil.

However thick and opaque the walls, we see the whole colony first concerned with comb. The queen is heavy with eggs and in her extremity may scatter and waste them, lacking brood cells, about the bare walls of the hive. Cradles can scarcely be provided fast enough for her. Before to-morrow's noon she can mother a living circuit of three thousand cells, leaving secure in each deep bottom a fertile egg. What with the three short days before the young shall begin to cry for food, and the imminent need of stores of honey and bee bread—now a very wolf at the door—there is but one passion, one purpose in the heart of the swarm. Hardly have the last stragglers crept across the portal of the new abode when the clamor begins to die away, a stillness falls upon the multitude and the sweating of the wax begins.

Tread softly as we pass within the mystic circle. Over this weird ceremony hangs a quiet almost as deep as death. No wings seem to stir; no cooling airs move the curtain; the bees have almost ceased from breathing that the fire may burn.

If now we slowly lift the cover of the hive we shall drag into the light an inverted cone of bees, its base the under-surface of the cover, its apex a changing point where, as pulled candy, it was drawn out of the ropy mass filling all the chamber like yeasty dough. If brood frames occupy the space, then in between them, quilted fold on fold or,

more like plates within a storage battery, hang the bees, generating and charging the whole body with the chemic heat.

Put back the cover. Only in the buried fires of the closed and superheated hive can this mysterious stuff be forged. The liquid honey in the livid abdominal sacks, as if in boiling caldrons, is being reduced twenty times in weight and transformed into a different product, a wax, a fat which, made in certain ducts, passes out to the body walls, comes through upon the flattened plates beneath the abdomen and harden—the lumber, fragrant as rived sandalwood, for the building of the city.

We say the process is by osmosis—a name if it were thus explained. We can count the eight wax plates: two on the second, the third, the fourth, and the fifth abdominal rings; we can see the glands leading from them which secrete the wax and pour it out upon the anvil plates. We men of science are most wise. There is nothing in this more wonderful than in the process of digestion and assimilation constantly building up our bodies, except that the honey in the sack of the bee, nay, her very body seems hers by absolute prerogative. She can consume this honey if she like; she can regurgitate it and store it in some uncapped cell; she can make it into royal jelly, mingling it with chyle, and mouth to mouth can feed it to some nursling bee or give it to the queen; or, uniting with her sisters in a strange embrace, as if the multitude must join their wills and have one single mighty mind, she can flow the metal from the furnace of her body and cold roll it into a marvelous fabric fitter for comb than plates of steel.

These wax scales are often seen on bees just after the swarm has clustered; and as if in further proof that they may form without the worker's conscious will, we sometimes see them protruding half way from the wax plates on bees at labor in the field. If there is a heavy honey flow, the nectar more than the force can handle, it seems to stimulate

wax organs, or very possibly stimulates the easily excited greed of the bolder who, with her sack nigh to resting and the cup before her still at the brim, fans the wax fires just to consume it, just to allow her to gather, and then, though she drop the costly scales of her flight to the hive, scattering what she had gathered, wasting what she was so eager to hoard than to save.

The swarm in the new hive I have seen them is not long stirless; their energy is breaking quickly into waxen heat. All through the quilted layers between the frames, single bees are detaching themselves from the rosy tangle and are crawling toward the top cells, their jaws working like potter's wheels as they grind the wafers which, coated with an acid secretion in the salivary glands, are being thoroughly masticated and made soft for shaping to the cell. On the posterior leg of the worker bee, the concave surface of the tibia and the tarsus, is the pollen basket or *corula*; and where tibia and tarsus hinge the joint is curiously fashioned into a pair of pincers, like blacksmith's tongs, for the express purpose of picking up the delicate wax scales from their anvils and transferring them to the anterior legs, whence they are carried to the mouth to be kneaded by the wax jaws with saliva and worked up with old wax from the walls into the plastic mortar of the comb.

There is a circuit as lovely as the raindrops and as magnificent as the sun's. The beauty of all creation is over it. Not only are the hairs of our heads numbered: so also are the hairs on this articulated leg of the honey bee; and each is also fashioned and with the same delicate might which gave the rose her color, the stars their courses, the strings of David's harp their soothing sound. Only the sum of all the parts is equal to the whole; but what we are prone to overlook is the perfection of the whole as figured in every fragmentary part.

We have already supplied the swarm with sheets of pure, thin beeswax for

midribs to their combs, sheets from man's nicest machines, cunningly embossed with lines and corners for the pyramidal base and six surrounding walls. This is my contribution, besides the hive, as consulting engineer to a swifter, larger, more populous city laid out by rule four-square on practical American lines. Nor shall I lament, as British beekeepers do, these hard Yankee lines. They are not so lovely as a wild tree in the timber. But who can afford a forest of bee trees for an apiary? This practical American hive is not so poetic as the old straw skep. But this is the next thing for us to learn—how to lend our hive that older, sweeter curve of beauty. I am not a great beekeeper; yet my market is one for honey, not poetry. If mine were a market for Georgics only, then I could give this swarm a quaint domed hut of braided straw or leave them free to find some hamadryad's hollow, abandoned since the Puritan with texts and halters scared all of those sweet dear witches from these Hingham groves.

While not needing either my hive or any of my help, the bees take gladly all I offer, and because of it build better than they know. Approaching the highest ridge of the stamped sheet of wax, and, near to the middle, the little masons begin to draw out their geometric walls. They gnaw down the ridges on the foundation which I have given them and, mixing that wax with their own, thin out the embossed lines and on them build off the delicate wells to their proper depth. As fast as one mason lays on her trowel of wax, measures and angles and plumbs it, another worker is on the scaffold adding her minute load to the moistened edge, troweling the spicy mortar into a structure which for mechanical accuracy and architectural wisdom is still the unchallenged admiration of the world.

There is no form of container, no method of using storage space so economical as the honeycomb. But the cells must serve for cradles as well as

for containers and be adapted to the peculiar shape of the young bee. The problem confronting the builders of the city is one of finding a type of structure yielding the maximum of nursery and storage room, requiring the least material, and having the greatest strength; of what lumber to build it and what the principle of its support: whether on a foundation upward, or to build from overhead down.

If this problem were put to our greatest engineer and he were as free as the bees to choose, his answer would be a hanging honeycomb. Human skill and ingenuity, transcending that of the bees in so many matters, stands theoretically matched and actually beaten in the architecture of the hive. It is no more fearfully made than any flower of the wayside, except that we can more easily dispose of our wonder in the flower by attributing it, root and all, to Nature or to God; whereas in the comb of the bee we have no choice except to blink the truth, mumbling about blind instinct or, in open-eyed amazement, see and accept the manifest working of a reason as clear and as true as our own.

Running water is an artisan. It cut the Grand Canyon of the Colorado but it never carved a thing so cunning as the honeycomb. Soap bubbles pressing on one another, and boiled peas in a bottle, will take on the semblance of hexagonal walls. And so for fear of God both Science and Theology would work out a theory of the honeycomb and build it cell by cell, round like a pea, or a bubble, or a barrel and, piling barrel on barrel, heap them until by pressure of their own weight the hoops bend, the bulging staves give way and all flatten into perfect hexagons with perfect pyramidal bases as true to geometric laws as crystals! So we are plunged from mystery into misery, from order into confusion; from faith into despair.

Soaked peas in a bottle might assume hexagonal sides, but not pyramidal bases—each of three diamond planes or rhombs, and so placed with reference to

the bases of the opposite cells that each plane of the base forms a third part the bases of two cells, each whole pyramid contributing to three pyramids interlocking with it on the opposite side of the comb. These hexagonal walls and these pyramidal interlocking bases of the midrib; this double-tiered, suspended, vertical comb—each several cells as perfect as a multiplied crystal, were not built a cell at a time by a single bee but many cells together on both sides of the comb, by many bees together and not as ends in themselves, like crystals, but as beds for sleeping bees and wells for liquid nectar; and all worked out with reference to economy in a measured space. And human science, surveying all of this, can find no flaw with architect or builder. Science, by taking thought, can neither strengthen nor beautify nor increase by one tittle the capacity of the honeycomb but Science and Religion can, or ought to add, to our capacity for wonder at the honeycomb.

But a piece of comb is not beyond error, which only adds to its perfection. That the bees can fail and do fail is only another proof that they are kin to us rather than to the crystals. This is a slowly perfecting world. The bee builds nothing blindly. The first cells against the roof are not perfect hexagons but only as close to norm as possible. And when she shifts from worker cell one-fifth of an inch across, to drone cell one-quarter of an inch across and one-eighth of an inch deeper, she readjusts the cell between from their bases up to make the transition with a minimum of distortions in the comb. And when a queen cell is needed, what then?

What happens then to blind instinct and the theory of the crystal? Forgetting her architectural science, throwing her elaborate social theory to the winds turning economy out of doors and disregarding care, she tears down the measured walls, destroys the lovely fabric of the worker cell and, digging back to the midrib, hollows out a rough

space and in it builds a massive, lavish chamber for the queen. No architect has planned this. It is the rude, roomy house of the primitive honeybee before there was a society, or had a city, or ever felt the pressure of narrow spaces, crowded streets, teeming populations and their needs. A simple elemental art marks the strange house; but nothing of the conscious artisan, adapting, economizing, cramping. Spun of mixed porous silk and wax, it has neither interlocking pyramidal base nor hexagonal walls abutting endless other walls, but stands above, thrust into ample space, a rude log cabin in the open square, guest house to Life, to whom will be given the keys of the city.

And when she wants a passage through the combs she cuts it, and where there is waste space she fills it with thick "brace combs" in which there may be honey cells or only shadowy pits. She works by plan, not by rote; with thought, not impulse, geared to some central plan. Free to interpret and adapt, the bee brings a mind to the handling of her cell, as slowly through the ages she has intelligently evolved this cell to fit into a slowly evolving society. So, too, with man and something more than mind man has brought her body and her being into bondage to its terrible and beautiful walls.

When was the pyramidal base of the first cell laid out? How long worked the builders on the plan before it was perfected? But first tell us this: Shall we men also build the hexagonal cell for the worker? And, if so, then what shall we build for the queen?

So all-determining is the cell in the life that the life of the bee, both physical and social, seems to spring from its precise rhombic base and to be inclosed within its cramped, six-sided walls. The economic theory, the political constitution, the biology of the bees is written in its exact science. It is their eternal Yea and Nay, their Decalogue done for them on waxen tables hard as stone.

This is their law but not their proph-

ets; their Ten Commandments, not their Bible; the form of life rather than its substance. When they want life abundantly—untrammelled, elemental life, without political horizon or social consequence—they break away from angled wall and focused point of hexagon and pyramid to the free, unfettered sweep of line which cradles and girdles the sun.

Forgetting all that she has learned, casting aside as naught the slowly built-up structure of her social life, its customs and conventions, its sacrifices and rewards—the reasoning creature, yielding all that she has won, returning to exactly what she was, embraces life and builds him no mean abode of six imprisoning walls but rears a palace for him, an indeterminate natal chamber, neither square nor round so only it have room.

Yet room has been the age-long problem of her city plan—how to use, save, make, eliminate room. Within this industrial city all the double houses, back to back, stand with streets just wide enough for two bees to pass. There are no parks, no halls, no schools, no skies, no graves, not even full beds for the children; but cramped and measured forms, instead, to fit them into the economic scheme.

Founding her social system (as we have founded ours) on divided labor, she works out its absolute logic and applies it absolutely to Labor, but surrenders logic in her argument with Life. She massacres the idle drones, dwarfs and deforms her sterile workers—until the combs begin to grow empty and the wax worm enters because the workers are few. Then there is excitement in the narrow streets. Houses are razed, gates swung wide open, feasts and revelry prepared, and at the feet of life in lavish and wild alarm is flung the wealth which she denies to Labor—unless its portion is the ideal city, its prosperity, its security, its beauty, its immortality, and all its wealth of fellowship which only sacrifice can enter into and only service can understand.

JULIE CANE

A NOVEL—PART VII

BY HARVEY O'HIGGINS

XXXIV

ALAN had risen—aroused and made restless again by the tea, probably—and he was walking up and down the veranda nervously as Julie came out of the house after listening to Mrs. Bird-sall's tirade of resentment at her son. Julie had stood a long time at the foot of the stairs, trying to prepare herself to pass him with some appearance of self-possession; but with one look at her he knew that his mother had failed.

"Julia!" he said, alarmed.

Her mask of face was cold with a tragic contempt for her own agitation—and his mother's—and his. She wanted only to escape into the decency of silence. She put her hands up as if to pin her hat, and she passed him in that strange attitude, hurrying to the steps.

"Julia!" He caught at her elbow and she shook him off, throwing out her arm in a gesture that was almost a blow at him.

He did not attempt to touch her again, but running along beside her down the path, bareheaded, he pleaded, "Don't go. I apologize. Don't go. Let me explain. Forgive me. I didn't mean it. It was just bad temper. It was—Julia! I'm a cad and a fool, I know. I do things like that and then I hate myself for months. I didn't mean it. I didn't mean anything by it. Don't take it seriously. Julia! Forgive me."

"Go away!" she panted.

"I can't," he said. "I can't let you go like this. I didn't mean to hurt you. It was just . . . it was just foolishness. Don't turn against me, Julia! If you

. . . if you hate me, it'll be—it'll be terrible. You're all . . . you're everything to me. Mother doesn't understand. She . . . I'm all wrong with her. I can't explain. It's awful. There no one but you. Julia!"

They were approaching the gateway and the street. "Go away. Leave me alone," she said, in a low, shaken voice, slowing her pace in an attempt to meet the public eye conventionally.

"I can't," he answered. "I can't let you go like this. I'll suffer too much. I did before—when I left you. I was miserable. Everywhere—all the time—I've been unhappy. Every girl I've seen, I thought she might be like you and she wasn't." They had turned into the street and he thrust his hands into his pockets and looked down at his feet but he went on without a pause, "I tried to like them, and I couldn't. I behaved with them the way I behaved with my mother, and it's been terrible. Don't go away. Don't leave me. Help me, Julia. I'm all wrong, I know. I'm no good. But I need you. Don't turn against me."

They were both trying to pretend that they were walking formally, side by side, like any proper young pair on a public street—he studying the sidewalk with his head down, she looking straight ahead of her with her chin up. She was controlling her emotion. He was endeavoring to hide his.

"I didn't care about the grocery," he pleaded. "I'd go and work in it *with* you if you wanted me to. I may have to do something like that yet if things get any worse with us. All I meant was, Biddy



AN INQUISITIVE WOMAN IN A VERANDA ROCKER WAS WATCHING THEM

mightn't understand. He has so much money and—you know the way people are. I'm so proud of you I hated to think that perhaps *he*—" He clenched his fists in his pockets. It was with anger against her because she was forcing him, in silence, to this long humiliation of himself, but it translated itself into rage against Van Schoeck. He'd break his neck if he felt that way about you. People of his sort, they think because they've never had to do an honest day's work themselves . . . I was afraid he might think he could get fresh with you. I—I couldn't stand that. Julia!"

He gazed at her, pleadingly, exasperated, his nails digging into the palms of his hands. She kept her eyes fixed on the empty vista of the road; only her nostril trembled in what might have been a sneer at his misunderstanding of Van Schoeck.

He touched her hand timidly. "Julia!" She stopped. "You can't come with me like that, without a hat," she said.

"I can't let you go—angry."

"I'm not angry."

She looked at him angrily and in the instant her anger passed. He was bare-headed, as he had been at the playroom window that night when he had first climbed the tree, romantically, to apologize and make up with her. He was boyish and handsome, with his large eyes and his fine and sensitive features. He was penitent and appealing. "Forgive me," he said. "I'm so unhappy." And he saw at once in the softening of her eyes that he was forgiven.

She turned and hurried on again, unsteadily as if she were trying to run away from the weakness that could not resist him. He was beside her instantly. "I'll never do it again," he promised. "I'll—I'll behave myself. I can't with these other people, but I can with you. Only don't be impatient with me. Help me. I'm an awful mess and I can't stop it. I try and try but I can't. I'll be different with you. I'm—I'm so fond of you."

She found herself fighting against the same horrible impulse to weep that had once overcome her with Martha—in a premonition of the enduring misery of being involved with him in a relation that could never be anything but tragic—hopelessly condemned to an endless alternation of conflict and surrender which she could neither control nor escape. It nauseated her. It infuriated her. It frightened her. And yet, under the anger and the fear and the disgust, something in her yielded languidly and was beguiled.

She fought herself while he clutched at her and clung to her with his pleadings and his promises. She seemed to be struggling to get ashore out of depths of emotion into which he was dragging her down. She tried—as she had tried with his mother—to close her ears to him, to keep her eyes from him on the distance in which she hoped to be free of him and safe with her father. And he went on eagerly, "I'll work. I'll be serious. It's all I've needed—you to work for. I've been no good because I hadn't anyone. I'll be happy, and I'll make you happy. I'll do anything for you. I need you—I want you—so much. I—"

With her eyes shut, she asked in the voice of a last effort, stopping abruptly: "Will you do one thing for me? Will you go back and get your hat?"

Her self-control was exhausted. He knew it. And he believed that if he could take her in his arms now he could make with her the terms of a capitulation which she would never be able to break. He looked round him furtively. A horse and wagon approached them along the road; an inquisitive woman in a veranda rocker was watching them. He said, "Will you wait for me?"

That spurred her on again. If she had to wait for him it was useless to send him back. "I can't—stand here."

"No, but you can walk slowly and let me catch up to you."

She gathered all her voice to lie convincingly. "All right."

He darted away from her. She made herself walk slowly for a moment, and then she began to quicken her pace. She stumbled; it was like a nightmare. She could not get her breath through the pain of a choked sob in her breast. She wanted to run and she glanced around to make sure that he was out of sight.

He was. He had covered the distance to his gate in a few fierce, exultant swift strides; and turning in he had looked back at her, biting his lips; and then out of her sight between the gate posts, he snapped his fingers and dashed up the path. Gosh! He loved her. He loved her and he had to have her. And he had almost lost her—damn her! She had made him crawl and beg and abase himself. Well, that was love. That was what it did to you. Some day it would be *her* turn, and then they would be quits. She loved him. He knew it. And love was a game that two could play at.

In an impossible mixture of emotion he ran from her—humiliated, revengeful, triumphant, adoring, enraged, and happy. And she ran from him in a wild a conflict of contending impulses although in her the emotions that moved her were much less clear and conscious. It would overstate her feeling to say that she was afraid of him even while she pitied him; that she almost despised him and yet feared that she could not resist him; that she wanted to yield to him, and knew that it would be madness to yield. Those feelings were somewhere in her mind but they were a confused, unintelligible turmoil at the bottom of a panic which she felt only as a fear of sobbing in the street—a fear which was also the fear that if he came back again with his supplications she might break down; a fear of herself and her weakness as much as a fear of him.

There was one thing that neither she nor Alan had noticed. As Alan leaving her turned in at his gate, Van Schoeck came out of the Carey entrance and saw them. He saw Julie making off as fast

she could go, and over the Carey edge, as he came slowly forward, he saw Alan running up the path to his home, bareheaded. At Julie's first glance behind her it was evident that she feared pursuit. Pursuit by whom? By Alan?

With that thought Van Schoeck paused at the Birdsall gate, watching her. She staggered and stopped, looked over her shoulder and fled again. A wounded bird with a broken wing could not have seemed more pitiable to him. He started after her impulsively—stood and stared—went on again—and again hesitated. What had happened? Her invitation, how could he intrude on it? And yet if she were escaping from Alan, why had he sent him back on some pretext? For her part, when she first saw Van Schoeck she saw him as a stranger who was coming indifferently down the street behind her, and she tried to steady herself to an ordinary quick walk so as not to attract his attention; but her quickest walk seemed impossibly slow—Alan would overtake her before she could get anywhere. She ran from one man to the next. If she could only hide somewhere! In a house? She even thought of that absurdity—of knocking on a door and saying she was faint and asking for a glass of water. And seeing a cottage conveniently near the road behind a white picket fence, she looked round to be sure that Alan was not yet in sight—and recognized Van Schoeck. The change in her was as sudden as if she had wakened from a bad dream, frightened, and recognized a friendly face bending over her anxiously. She knew that he might ask "What is the matter?" And she wanted to be able to say convincingly, "Nothing." She filled her lungs with deep, relieved, steadying breaths while walking slowly, trying to calm herself; but when he came beside her she was still too unsure of herself to speak and she could not raise her eyes to him.

"Do you mind," he asked, "if I—"
She shook her head.

He walked with her, looking aside at the road in an attempt to ignore what she evidently wished to hide from him. "I was on my way to town," he invented, "to buy some cigars. I should have brought some out with me. I forgot them." He added: "I'll go along ahead if you—"

"No." Her voice broke. "Don't leave me."

After that no polite pretenses were possible to him and he made none. He went with her in silence, and silence was what she needed—particularly his sort of silence which had a quality of unembarrassed repose. He slipped his hands lightly into his coat pockets, adapted his stride to hers, and sauntered along with her, his face somewhat grim. He knew Alan well enough to understand why she might ask protection. He could not help but see that she was pale, with an anxious forehead and worried lips. He listened for footsteps behind them.

And Alan, dashing out of his gate in a state of jubilant impatience, saw them afar and stopped dead. "Well, by —!" he muttered. "Who asked *him* to? . . ." A thwarted rage rose in him on a hot wave that flushed his face and he started forward angrily. But no! It passed at once into a cold fury, and then in another moment he was smiling, white.

Van Schoeck was broad-shouldered and big-limbed; he was an oarsman; he walked stoutly; his back had an air of calmly and competently protecting Julie—the air of a great Dane. But stupid! That was what made Alan smile. You could not come up between her and an animal like that and thrust it aside into the gutter. But you could arrive, pleasantly, on the other side of her and use your wits to persuade her into saying, "Go home, now. That's a good dog."

Stupid! If he had had any sense he wouldn't be there. He'd know he wasn't wanted.

As Alan drew nearer he thought that there was something odd about the way

in which Julie kept close to Van Schoeck. She did not look at him and he did not look at her, but their elbows all but touched. They did not seem to be talking. Or if they were it must be in a sort of secrecy, pretending that they were not. Alan hung back, watching them. And suddenly he understood. Biddy, the poor dumbhead, had nothing to say to her and she was busy with her thoughts—so busy that she did not even notice him at her elbow. And those thoughts, Alan knew, were of himself.

He grinned and quickened his pace.

"Well," he called, "where did you come from, Biddy?"

Van Schoeck turned and nodded up the road toward the Careys'. Julie stopped and brushed at something on her skirt until Alan joined them; then she straightened up between the two and went forward with them.

"Gosh," Alan laughed, "when I saw you walking along together, do you know what it reminded me of? Do you remember the day I followed you and 'Fatty' Mondell and threatened to throw him in the river?"

She tried to smile.

"I was crazy about her," he explained across her to Van Schoeck; "but I didn't know it. I thought I was sore at her and I wouldn't speak to her, and I wouldn't let anyone else. Fatty walked home with her one day from school—or tried to—down this very road, begosh—and I followed him and caught up to him on that bridge ahead there and threatened to throw him in the river if he ever spoke to her again." He chuckled. "I was lucky it wasn't you, Bid. Phil must be as hefty as you are by now, but he was soft and he fought like a cow. He couldn't even run away."

The application of the story was obvious enough, but if Van Schoeck saw it he made no sign. He regarded the distant bridge, cleared his throat, and said nothing. Julie's eyes recalled the incident with a sudden wide stare at it; and Alan, seeing that illuminated aspect

of her thought, went on ingratiating. "You were a good sport to stand for the way you did. I was awful, wasn't I? I made all sorts of trouble for her"—this to Van Schoeck—"and she never told on me. I don't understand why she didn't know *then* that I was mad about you." It was the amused tone of an accepted lover. "I suppose *you* knew didn't you?"

He waited for her to reply, bending his smile at her. She was forced to answer. "I don't remember."

With the same air of privileged intimacy, he went on to tell Van Schoeck how he had climbed to her window at night to speak to her when she was bed with Alice Carey, and how Carey came in on them and raised a row and threw him out. "I made him think I was Alice I was Romeoing." He laughed. "I believe I almost thought of myself. I was a mess. I guess I am still. But I'm not as bad as I was, am I?" And when she did not answer, he said in a lower voice, "Anyway, I know what's the matter with me, *now*, don't you?"

He said it as if he intended it for her ear alone, but he knew that it was quite audible to Van Schoeck; and Van Schoeck naturally withdrew a little from her. At once, unseen by Alan, she caught at Van Schoeck's hand beside her. And at once all Alan's elaborate campaign of insinuation and finesse was secretly defeated.

Her movement was no more than a frightened and impulsive clutching at Biddy. And his response to it was no more than a candid pressure of the fingers, from which hers slowly withdrew as if reassured. But for the establishment of an understanding between them it was more effective than if she had whispered, "Don't leave me. It isn't as he pretends"—and he had replied, "Thanks. I understand. I'm here to stay." No words could have been as sincere as her silent reaching for him nor as poignant as the cold trembling of her touch. Certainly, no words

could have moved him so much or put between them, deeper than words, such confident reliance on accepted trust. Alan continued to assume that he shared with her some delicious sentimental secret in which Van Schoeck had proper part; and she endured it without response, and Van Schoeck ignored it politely. They were baffling. On the bridge the sidewalk for pedestrians was only wide enough to let two abreast, and Alan drew her with him and forced Van Schoeck to fall behind; it Biddy seemed unembarrassed. In it he watched her with as serenely interested an eye as if she were his wife, whom some absurd foreigner was

paying extravagant attentions; and when Alan muttered to her, "Can't we get rid of the Old Gooseberry?" she pretended not to understand.

"Can I see you to-night?" he asked, in the tone of an assignation.

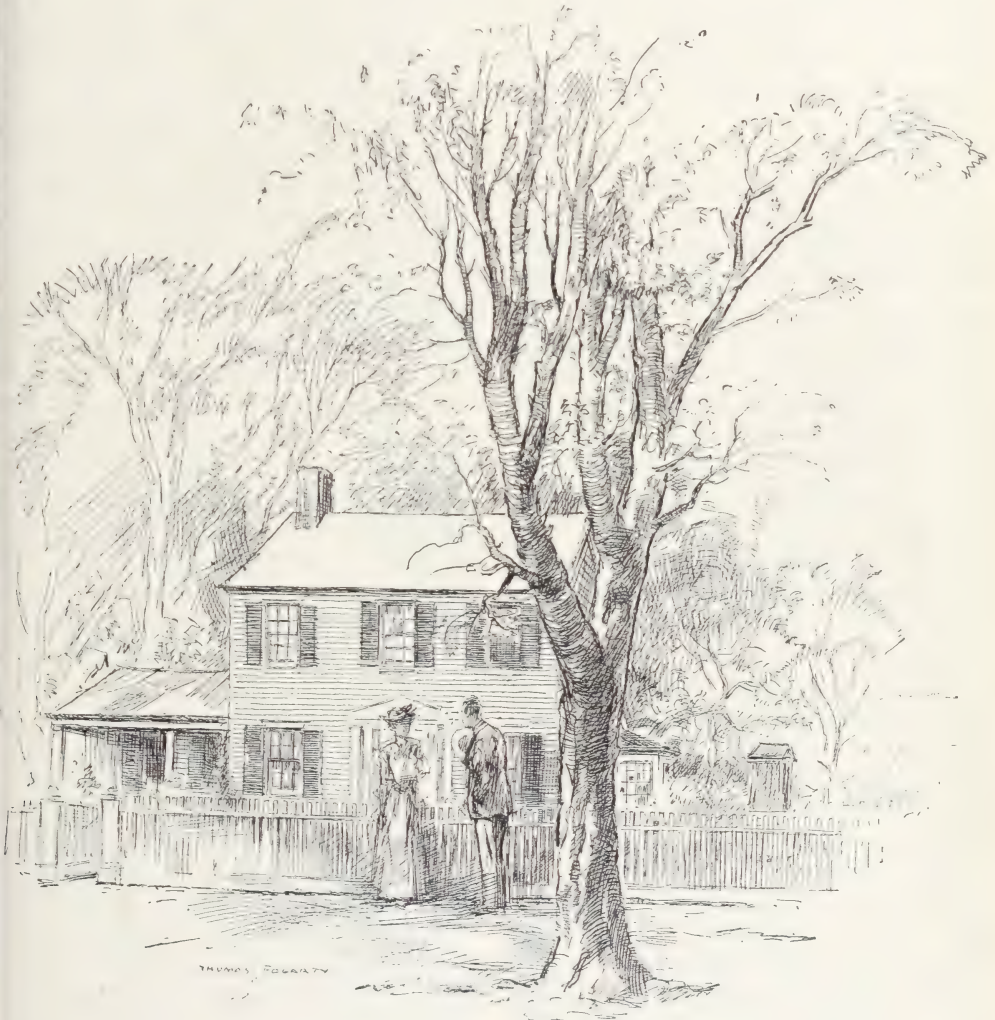
She thought it over calmly. "No. I'll be busy."

"Then when may I see you to-morrow?"

She wasted time—their precious time alone—deliberating over her reply to that too. "I don't know," she said at last.

"But, darling," he protested, "I *must* see you!"

She neither admitted nor denied it.



SHE WAS STILL TOO UNSURE OF HERSELF TO SPEAK

"In the morning?"

They were coming to the end of the little bridge. She shook her head. "I don't think I ought to see you," she said, and she turned to let Van Schoeck join them.

"But heavens and earth," Alan cried, "what are you talking about? Of course, I must see you to-morrow. What's the matter with you?"

And the ridiculous Biddy—as if he had any place in the discussion—said, "It's my last day. I have to go back to New York."

To Alan's surprise she looked at Van Schoeck as if this statement were important. "Well," she said, gently, "I suppose I'll be calling on Miss Perrin sometime in the afternoon. I see so little of her during the school week that I like to be with her more on Saturdays and Sundays."

"Of course."

"Well then," Alan broke in on them with a loud, possessive voice, "we'll waylay you, coming and going, and if little Old Maid Martha sees anything of you she'll have to crawl out of bed to do it."

She did not reply. She was thinking vaguely that Van Schoeck had no mother. And this was not as irrelevant a thought as it might have seemed to her if she had been clearly conscious of it. He was trying to come between her and Alan, as Phil Mondell had tried; and Phil's mother had forbidden him to go with her. Van Schoeck had no one to interfere. If Alan waylaid her to-morrow, Van Schoeck would be there. True, he had said that to-morrow would be his last day, but she understood what he meant; it would be his last day for this particular visit. It never occurred to her to ask him when he would be back. She was not thinking of him as explicitly as that. And, of course, it never occurred to her that he had taken the place in her emotions which Phil Mondell had once briefly filled.

Alan was complaining that between teaching school, helping her father, and visiting the sick she had no time to her-

self at all. "And no time to *me*," he said, "either. I think your father ought to have more sense. He must be a darned poor business man or he wouldn't need you to help him."

If she joined them to-morrow, how could she meet Mrs. Birdsall? She was facing that problem absent-mindedly when Alan's criticism of her father came into the picture. She looked at it and she was scornfully amazed. The contrast between her parent and his! Could anyone imagine her father talking of her as *his* mother had spoken of *him*? The disloyalty of it! Her father!

"My father," she said coldly—and went no farther.

He saw that he had offended her and it irritated him. "Oh rats," he argued. "You're fond of him, of course, but no person has to have some sense about parents. You have to live your own life. You can't be under their wings forever."

They were making their way through the congested activities of a Saturday afternoon on the two business blocks of Center Street, where rows of farmers' wagons stood at the curbs and shoppers bumped one another sluggishly as they flowed and stagnated round the doors and window displays of the shops. They yielded to Van Schoeck's formidable bulk and he carried Julie with him; but Alan, infuriatingly disregarded, had to drop behind to avoid the collisions that he hated, and this annoyed him. Her manner of refusing to reply to his criticism of her father annoyed him. Van Schoeck's assumption of the duties of an escort to her annoyed him. His inability to continue any connected conversation with her through the milling of this herd of human cattle annoyed him. And all his exasperations came to a focus of dynamic contempt when he saw on the street the absurd delivery wagon of "John Cane, Groceries and Provisions"—drawn by a shameless old white horse, dirty with stall stains, limping like a tramp—driven by the ancient and outcast negro in his sweat-soiled felt hat—and the wagon

itself a perambulating ruin of dished wheels and foundered canvas top, sun-cracked, mud-caked. Her father! Her family! Her work behind the counter! They passed before his enraged eyes embodied in that disgraceful vehicular association of shiftlessness and business ineptitude and penny-picking retail trade which had no more dignity than junk peddling.

He could not bear to go with Biddy to the door of a shop that became in his apprehension as ridiculous as the horse and wagon. "Good-by," he said in a brutal voice. "I've got to get some cigarettes."

They turned, surprised. They saw only his back as he bumped against a fat woman and caromed into the open door of the druggist's on the corner.

They crossed the street in silence. When they reached the opposite curb she said, "You'd better go back with him. I'm all right, now. Thanks." She held out her hand. He took it slowly. The look that passed between them was as grateful as a promise given and accepted. She added to it, "I—I'll look for you to-morrow."

He did not need to say, "I'll be there."

He watched her to the door of her father's shop. He looked around at the neighboring buildings and the railroad station across the way and the front of the Union Hotel that faced him—obviously to fix the location of the grocery in his mind—and then he turned thoughtfully to rejoin Alan.

XXXV

In the years before Cane came to Findellen—when Julie's mastodons and dinosaurs were its most prominent citizens—the hills behind Findellen had been the shore of the Atlantic Ocean and the edges of the warm Gulf Stream flowed over the Findellen flats. Now the nearest beach was fifty miles away, and Atlantic City made its living out of the influence of the southern water and the tempered air; but there were times,

in spring especially, when a steaming mist rolled in over Findellen, warm from the sea, and the sun shone red through the humidity of a hothouse; and if you stood on the ridge of the old shoreline above the flats you could imagine that the prehistoric monsters were still wallowing in the blue ocean of haze which had submerged Findellen and all its works. This washhouse heat would hold sometimes for days when the breeze was right; and then suddenly the air currents would shift, a winter wind would blow from the snows on the northern hillsides, and Findellen would shiver in a freezing rain that struck a chill to the spinal marrow. It was the boast of the town that its mercury could fall fifty degrees in twelve hours—from eighty degrees at midday to frost at night.

The hardened old inhabitants were wary of these fluctuations, and they were as little misled by a premature April as the oaks on Mountain Avenue. But Cane had come to Findellen in the delusion that he was moving due south from New York, and he was as optimistic about Findellen's unseasonable flaws of hot weather as the peach trees that had originally emigrated from the Orient and still kept in their buds the early pubescence of the East. He had caught his cold from a March day that pretended to be tropical and ended by being arctic; and all day Saturday—while Julie was engaged with Alan and Van Schoeck—he had suffered in his winter underclothes, sniffing pessimistically, with the perspiration shining on his bald head as he waited on his customers and hurried to and fro. Saturday night was not as busy as it might have been and he was miserable with the suspicion that his trade was falling off. Julie seemed silent and dejected. He went to bed convinced that he was a physical and economic failure. But when the sun rose red and hot again on Sunday morning, his hopes rose with it. His cold seemed much better. Though his lungs were sore and he had difficulty breathing the stale air of the bedroom,

there was a sort of cheerful fever in his veins and he felt excitedly alive and active minded.

He was allowed to lie in bed late on Sunday morning, recovering from the strain of Saturday night, and he stretched himself luxuriously, as warm as a sunning lizard. His imaginary dynamo for the production of anti-gravity had recently developed unexpected possibilities. It had occurred to him that the current might be convertible, possibly, into a form of molecular repulsion which could melt and, as it were, evaporate any solid body. You might, for instance, lead a number of wires from the machine to the face of a hillside and turn on a current that would eat a tunnel through the rock. Between the points where the wires were grounded even a mass of granite would crack and flake and pulverize into a finer and finer rubble as the current continued to break it up, until finally, if the power were applied to the heap of crumble, the very dust itself would disappear in a smoking cloud of gases. This would simplify all tunnel work; it would make an incredible difference to mining and it would give man an enormous accession of power over the face of the earth. He could not only dig and tunnel and level out the inequalities of the earth magically; by reversing the current of the machine in some way, he could also form rock out of sand again and line his tunnel with a flinty shell of granite, and build stone houses in a mold, and put a surface harder than cement on his dirt roads.

Lying on his back in bed with his near-sighted eyes on the blurred ceiling, Cane pursued prophetically these possibilities of the future. They were infinite. Such a power of creating molecular repulsion would melt the forts of an enemy in war and dissolve his ships and destroy his armies. The whole prison system of the world would be undermined. It would be impossible to guard the treasures of mints and savings banks. A burglar with a port-

able plant could cut through the wall of a safety-deposit vault as easily as if he were melting snow with a blowtorch. Who, in that case, would be foolish enough to waste his life storing up riches? A man would accumulate no more than he could use from day to day. The social system would be entirely altered. All the reforms for which the socialists were clamoring would come to pass scientifically. Science would change politics, as it had abolished so much superstition, by the exercise of an intelligence which was indifferent to consequences.

And Cane found himself consoled. Of late when he considered the instinctive nature of man he had been appalled to realize how little room there was for the operation of intelligence in human affairs; unreasonable instincts continually revolted against intelligence and dethroned it. Now he perceived that intelligence might change the circumstances of man to such a degree that the instincts would be paralyzed. For instance, how could the ego-instinct of unreasonable greed continue to operate if science made it impossible for greed to defend its hoard? He felt as if the sun at his window had already risen on a new era. He could not remain in bed while such prodigies impended. He threw off the bedclothes and began to dress.

And he dressed too lightly—not only because his skin felt feverish but because intelligence was too proud to consider whether the heat would last. Some day man would find a way to make the weather what he wished. He went to shave at the running water in the kitchen sink. Some day science would learn, with a beard eradicator, how to make a shave permanent. Julie was not yet downstairs but the dining table was set and his wife was in the kitchen heating water for porridge and mixing batter for the Sunday breakfast pancakes. He did not speak to her; she lived through Sunday now in a sternly devout silence which Julie and he respected. She was



FARMERS' WAGONS STOOD AT THE CURBS AND SHOPPERS FLOWED ROUND THE WINDOWS

tall and grim and bony, gray-haired, jacketed in an old gray sweater over a brown cloth dress; and she mixed her batter and stirred her porridge with as weird a solemnity as if she were a witch who was silently absorbed in incantations. Some day science would discover the secret of the universe and give mankind a religion that should leave them unashamed of their humanity.

Julie came down to breakfast in a house dress, looking fresh but worried, and her father and she exchanged smiles of greeting without words. He was eager to tell her his new hope—it would cheer her up—and he pointed at the window and made signs to her across the table, inviting her to come out for a walk with him as soon as the housework was done. She accepted with a pleased nod. They ate ill-cooked food, from cheap and ugly dishes, in a soiled and sordid-looking room; for Mrs. Cane had neither taste nor efficiency as a housekeeper, and she would not let Julie do more than help with the fixed routine, and she skimped and saved money on all the household expenses. To any eye that

did not understand them their breakfast would have seemed a shabby meal eaten in the silence of unsociable, low life, with every realistic detail of domestic ugliness round them; but they were no more depressed by their surroundings than the rich would have been elated by liveried servants and gold plate. Mrs. Cane, indifferent to what she ate or the room in which she ate it, was wrapped in the sort of meditation which made the persecuted saints of old oblivious to the discomforts of their dungeons. Cane was as far above food and his four walls as Darwin on the morning that he first sat down to the table with the earliest intimations of his theory of evolution in his mind. And Julie might as well have been the daughter of a throne, breakfasting in unregarded magnificence with the king and queen while her heart tried to consider and reject the lover of her childhood who had returned, ineligible, to court her.

That lover had passed a sulky evening and a restless night. Angry with his mother because she had failed with Julie—though he did not ask what had

passed between them—and resenting Van Schoeck's intrusion on his affairs, he had thrown down his book and gone to bed early, leaving them pegging stupidly at their cribbage board. He was full of enmity against Carey, and his mother, and Van Schoeck, and Cane, and Julie herself; and it kept him awake until he foresaw how, if he conquered Julie, he could triumph over them all. He pictured Julie as meek in his revengeful arms as she had been on the day she brought him the tennis balls and promised not to tell that he had hidden them. He was cruel to her and she smiled adoringly. He struck her and she kissed his hand. He caught her to him and swore that he would never be cruel to her again.

He fell asleep on that romantic vision.

He woke to the resolution that he must see her at once—that he could not wait for her afternoon visit to the Perrins—and while he bathed and dressed and breakfasted he was busy planning how he should call for her, and persuade her to come walking with him, and talk to her of what he wished her to do. His mother had her breakfast in bed, and Biddy on his arrival at the table interrupted with no more than a remark about the weather; so Alan was free to rehearse a conversation with Julie in which he was frank about her father and the grocery store. That point must be settled. He was not very clear about what he intended to do for her in the way of marriage; she might have to wait until he had made his career; but meanwhile she would be engaged to him and devoted to him, and he did not intend to have any relations with her family and her delivery wagon. He would have to make that plain. After they were married he could solve the whole problem by taking her away from Findellen; but before they were married she would have to avoid the social odium of being a shop-girl. There was no sense in trying to override that prejudice in people. Whatever might be her feeling for her father,

she would have to behave with discretion and gradually withdraw herself from association with a grocery store that was so ridiculous it was shameful.

He got away from Van Schoeck without telling where he was going, and he walked the river road with a determined briskness that flagged only as he came up Center Street toward Cane's house. He looked at it with distaste. There was no door to knock at but the shop door. He peered through the glass at the deserted counter and the clutter of goods. He knocked—and knocked again. He tried to rattle the door but it was held firmly by an iron bar that came across the glass on the inside. He pounded with an impatient fist. There was no answer. Damn!

The family, at breakfast in the dining room over the back of the shop, might have heard him if the doors at the top and bottom of the kitchen stairway had been open; but those were never open on Sunday; it was part of Mrs. Cane's Sabbath observance that they should be religiously closed.

He crossed the road and looked up at the parlor windows, enraged at Cane's absurdity in shutting up his daughter over a locked shop. What a life! Obviously she was not expected to have friends, to receive visitors, to go out or come in on the only day that she was free to be a social human being. The windows were closed. He could see nothing but the roller blinds and the cheap lace curtains. He hated the silly red of the shop front. "The Old Findellen Grocery!" What had made the fool advertise that he was a suburban back number? And could anything be more ineffective than the fly-blown mandarin in the show window surrounded by piles of faded canned goods without price marks?

He would have to telephone her. And he had avoided telephoning her because over the wire it would be easier for her to refuse to come with him. He turned back to the Union Hotel; but there the only 'phone was at the office desk and in

front of the office window were four of those mysterious loungers who seem to live sitting on the small of the back in the tilted chairs of a suburban hotel office, dully watching a dull street. He could not talk to Julie while they listened.

There might be a public 'phone in the railway station.

There was not. The station was an old wooden building that had not long to live and, pending the erection of its brick-and-tile successor, no attempt had been made to bring it up to date. Alan stood in an empty waiting room that smelled of dust and stale tobacco juice, and looked out at Cane's small shop through a dirty window across the rusted grass plot of the station square. Love of Heaven, what a place to live! And what a stupid animal Cane must be to keep a girl like Julie living there!

He was coming down the station steps again—on his way to telephone desperately from the Union Hotel—when he saw some one in Cane's doorway and recognized Julie, standing with her back to him while Cane relocked the door. She was going to church! That Sunday possibility had not occurred to him. He stared at the prospect irresolutely. Well, if it had to be done, he could go to church with her. He threw away his cigarette, prepared to follow her.

He did not know to what congregation they belonged, so he planned to follow at a safe distance until he saw them approaching their church; then he would hurry forward and overtake them innocently at the door and enter with them as a fellow-worshiper and sit beside Julie in their pew. Her father could not object to that. Heavens, what a guy the man looked!

Cane was wearing a soft felt hat, too small for him, that rode high on his head. His clothes were obviously ready made and too large—a light spring suit that had come wrinkled from the clothes press. The sleeves hung down to his knuckles and the bottom of a

trouser leg had caught up at the back on one of the shoe pulls of his Congress gaiters. He looked as if he were pathetically arrayed in his cheap Sunday best. Julie stopped him on the shop steps to point at the trouser leg. He freed it, absent-mindedly, while talking to her. They moved toward Mountain Avenue and Alan began to cross the station square in cautious pursuit of them. They did not look round.

Julie was carrying a closed parasol and she kept her eyes on the ferrule of it, poking at the sidewalk as she listened. Cane was making little excited gestures at the roadway and the telephone poles and the shop fronts, or running a finger nervously round inside his collar, which seemed to pinch him, or tipping his hat back from his eyes and then pulling it down again, or coughing briefly behind his hand when he had made a point in whatever it was that he was arguing. And every one of these gestures Alan hated. They seemed feverishly ineffective. He wondered what in the world the fool was talking about.

And Cane, of course, was foretelling what would happen to the world when his machine for the production of molecular repulsion and molecular attraction should be in common use. Julie at first did not get his point that the pull of gravity—the power of attraction which held the heavenly bodies together in space—was probably the same power that held together the atoms and molecules of all the different sorts of matter that made up the earth and everything that was on it. When she saw this it was easy to understand how the dynamo that produced antigravity in a flying machine might be made to charge a rock with a repulsion in its atoms that would force them to separate and fall apart. And not only rocks and solid bodies! The same dynamo could dry up the ocean by splitting the drops of water into their constituent atoms of hydrogen and oxygen and steaming these off. Moreover, if you could break up water that way into its inflammable

gases, you could burn the hydrogen in the oxygen and use water as a fuel as easily as you now used kerosene.

The wooden houses that they passed—you could fill their walls with loose sand, turn on your current of molecular attraction, and harden the sand into granite. You could cover the outer clapboards with stucco and then transform that soft plaster into something as durable as flint. You could heat the house with burned water. You could move your home from one end of the town to the other by charging it with antigravity throughout its walls and floors and ceilings, and floating it across lots like a balloon. There was no end to the miracles you might perform. "Anything's possible," he prophesied. "Anything!"

Everything that he saw suggested a new marvel to him; and Julie, listening

without too much attention, got the happy feeling which she always got from her father—the elated feeling that she and the rest of mankind were potentially all-wise and all-powerful, that every human limitation would some day be transcended, that all the little worries and inadequacies of life were temporary and passing—even Alan and his moods. She was above him.

The sun was warm, though a chill wind was stirring. A robin called to them in the voice of May from some hemlocks. Up the road ahead, now that they had come out of the town, the wooded hills were ruddy with the first flush of spring in the bare twigs of the treetops.

And at this unfortunate moment for Alan he woke from his fixed idea that the Canes were on their way to church. He saw that there was nothing but fenced



THERE WAS NOTHING BUT THE COUNTRY ROAD BEFORE THEM

fields and the country road before them. They were out for a walk! Hoot magoots! Here was Julie ready to be courted under her father's very nose, and here was the ridiculous "Sugar Cane" ready to be made more ridiculous—to be lowered into his proper place in his daughter's eyes—by the exercise of a little satiric wit. He moved forward gayly to the combat. It was symbolic that Cane's defenseless back remained unaware of his approach. He felt able to make Julie as contemptuous of her father as he was himself before Cane became conscious of what was being done to him. That would be the first step toward taking her away from all association with The Old and Decrepit Findellen Grocery!

"Good morning!" he called. "Are you out for a Sunday walk, *too*?"

It was the voice of a challenge, and when they turned, startled, he tried to modify the effect of it with his most engaging smile; and he succeeded with Julie, who thought his greeting merely boyish, but he failed with Cane. Cane saw him as an impertinent intruder. And when Julie murmured the name "Alan Birdsall," he nodded curtly, pulled his hat down farther on his eyes, clasped his hands behind him, and walked on.

Alan fell in line on the other side of Julie. "What were you talking about?" he asked. "I thought you were having an argument."

More impertinence! What business was it of his? This was the boy who had called Julie "Sugar Cane," and risked her reputation by climbing into her bedroom at night. When Julie had reported "Alan Birdsall's back. I met him on the street. He's changed," Cane had grumbled, "Any change in *him* would be a change for the better," and thought no more about it. Now he realized that Alan's return might be serious. The young pup must have followed them on the street till they were out of town. Was he after Julie?

And Julie, at her ease, proud of her

father and safe at his side, explained in reply to Alan that Cane had been describing a machine—a machine that would lift things and do all sorts of other things by a kind of repulsion. She was not clear in her account of it and Cane did not help her.

"Do you mean that it's a new invention?" Alan asked.

"Well," she said, "it hasn't been invented yet—but it will be."

"Oh." Alan leaned forward to smile past her at Cane. It was a superior and skeptical smile. "It sounds like a pipe dream."

"No doubt," Cane said hoarsely, glaring at the rise of the road. "Science sounds like that—see?—to anyone that ain't educated."

Alan bowed with a broad gesture. "You're right. I've been to school but I've learned nothing. The people who don't go to school are the wise ones."

Cane thrust back his hat. "An' that's *true*," he cried. "In your colleges all they do is learn you not to think. They tell you this an' that, an' you believe it. If you learn how to read an' write—an' then you read for yourself an' *think* for yourself—you get a better education."

"For instance, this machine, now," Alan cut in slyly.

"Never mind *this* machine now. I don't discuss it with *you*. I know the sort o' mind *you've* got. I don't waste time on it."

"Father!" Julie said, pale.

"I've no mind at all," Alan teased. "My only virtue is my modesty. I know I don't know anything. When you realize *that*, you begin to—"

"Conceit!" Cane sneered. "Bumptious young conceit! Mock modesty! I know your sort! You can't fool me."

"You shouldn't taunt me with it. You ought to pity me."

"I do. I pity you. Everything I've ever heard about you from the first, when you were calling names in school an' climbing in windows an' making trouble every way."

"I was awful. I admit it."

"Till to-day, when you came up here with a smirk to insult me."

"I beg your pardon."

"With talk about a pipe dream, because you're an ignorant young cur."

He had stopped in the middle of the road, confronting Alan, with Julie vainly attempting to pacify him. His face was red, his eyes wild in an excess of rage that she had never seen in him before. It frightened her.

"I didn't intend to insult you."

"You intended it an' you did it. Now you can get out. I don't want anything to do with *you*. I don't want to talk to you. I don't want to walk with you."

"Mr. Cane, I'm too fond of Julia—"

"Julia! She's not 'Julia' to you. Call her 'Sugar Cane' an' get out."

"And she's too fond of me—"

"Is she! Then, by the eternal—"

"Father!" Julie begged. "Please don't. He's nothing to me."

"Julia!" Alan protested.

She turned to him in distress. "He's not well. Please go."

She tried to take her father's arm. He held her off. "He says you're *fond* of 'm," he accused her.

"No, no. I'm not. I was once—long ago—but I'm not any more. It's all right. He'll go away and not bother us any more."

Alan took it doubtfully—as a daughter's attempt to protect herself and her lover from an interfering parent.

Cane looked at her with the eyes of a drunken man, swaying a little.

"It's all right," she assured him. "He thinks I'm—I'm fond of him, but I'm not. He doesn't understand. It's all right. Don't mind him."

A wavering rationality seemed to focus in his gaze. He blinked, reluctant.

"He'll not annoy us," she said. "He'll not bother us any more. He didn't understand. That was all." She drew Cane's arm through hers and turned with him to continue on their way up the hill; and she said to Alan without even glancing at him, "Now, please go away."

It staggered Alan but it made it impossible for him to go away. His infuriated egotism—if nothing more—would not let him. He went with them, beside Julie again. "Look here," he said, thickly. "I haven't done anything to be treated this way. I didn't mean to insult him. I only said his machine sounded like a pipe dream, and it *does* sound like a pipe dream. I'll apologize to him if you want me to. I don't care. I'm not going to quarrel about it."

She felt her father's arm trembling and she quickened her pace. "Go away," she said desperately. "Go away!"

"You've got to be fair to me. If I've done anything wrong, I apologize. I'm sorry. I don't want to leave you with a grievance against me. I'm too fond of you."

Her father stopped and freed himself from her, and she turned frantically on Alan.

"I don't *care*," she cried. "I'm not fond of *you*. I don't like you at all. Go away and don't bother me."

And Cane screamed, "Get out! D'you hear! We don't want you."

He threatened Alan with a clenched and brandished fist and she threw out her arm to hold him.

"Well," Alan said, "I've been up against some weird people in my time, but this—this is the craziest! If you run your grocery this way I don't wonder—"

Cane brushed her aside, snatched her parasol out of her hand, and struck at Alan with it. A feeble, futile blow, Alan took it on his upper arm, caught hold of the parasol and wrenched it away from Cane.

"I don't wonder"—he cracked the parasol across his knee—"that your store looks like a secondhand junkshop." He threw the broken pieces in the ditch behind him. "You need a talking to. And I'm going to give it to you."

"Come away, father!" She clutched his arm and started him back down the



CANE SNATCHED HER PARASOL AND STRUCK AT ALAN WITH IT

hill. "Don't answer him. It doesn't matter what he says."

Cane was suddenly all in. The struggle had given him a shock. The fever that had been half of his excitement had turned to a chill. He was humiliated to the point of tears, and he shook and trembled as he tried to walk away with some sort of dignity. He put his hand to his chest and his breath was hoarsely audible.

He made a spectacle in retreat that Alan could not help but laugh at. "Damn fool," he said, "trying to hit me with an umbrella." He looked at it in the ditch and recognized that it was Julie's parasol. He frowned. Her parasol! He started after them at once.

"I'm sorry," he said furiously to Julie.

"I didn't realize it was your parasol." And Cane, trying to speak, was taken with a paroxysm of coughing that made a horrible and dangerous sound. Julie held him up and felt in his coat pocket for a handkerchief.

"Here," Alan said, and gave her his.

She took it and thrust it into her father's hands, an arm round him. He fell against her gasping, and it was over his shoulder that she said stonily to Alan, "Go and get a carriage. He can't—walk. At the depot."

"Thanks." He thought he was forgiven. "I'm sorry." And he began eagerly to run down the road toward the town and the railroad station.

Cane got his breath at last. "I'm all right," he panted.

"I know," she said. "I only did it to get him away. That's his handkerchief." She took it from him and threw it in the road. "Come on before he—"

And when Alan, having failed to find a hack at the station, ran to a livery stable and had them hitch up an old two-seated phaëton that took forever to get ready, he made the driver gallop the horse back to the place where he had left the Canes—only to find them gone. He did not notice the handkerchief in the road even though the wheels passed over it. He drove back to the nearest house in the hope that they had stopped

there. No. The woman who answered the door had not seen them. Had she a telephone? No, but there was one two doors down.

Here he had difficulty making a Swedish servant understand what he wanted. It took time to find the telephone book and more time to find Cane's number in it. The line was busy. "Well, don't let them get off the 'phone," he ordered. "I'll hold it here. I'll wait."

He waited. He was rewarded at last by hearing Julie say, "Yes? Who is it?"

He answered, "It's Alan," and the 'phone clicked as she hung up.

(To be concluded)

THE TUFT OF WOOL

(In Sussex in Lambing-Time)

BY ETHEL M. HEWITT

Over the Downs in lambing-time
The bells of a Sunday call;
Whether or no, I must bide from church
With my ewes, and the lambs, and all.

Fine folk passing shake their heads,
Good folks' kind hearts grieve;
I'd like to be doing my bit of praise
If my ewes would give me leave.

But He that took on Him shepherds' job
Still walks with my flock and me;
Any Sunday at lambing-time
I can say my prayers at His knee.

When my time comes, fold in my hand
A tuft of wool from my sheep;
(Bury me where the Downs shall watch,
Motherlike, o'er my sleep.)

So, when I come to the Gate of Heaven,
Peter will not refuse
To let me in, though I stopped from church
Because of my lambing ewes.



THE LION'S MOUTH

THE DEDUCTIONS OF MR. JINKS

BY ELMER DAVIS

"THE business of authorship," said my friend Jocelyn Jinks, the well-known novelist, "is harder than it used to be."

"So is everything," I consoled him. "There is too much competition."

"I am not afraid of competition with live authors," said Jinks proudly, "nor for that matter, with dead ones on even terms. But if a man buys a novel by Thackeray or Fielding instead of one of mine, he buys it probably because Thackeray and Fielding have a bigger reputation; and it was so much easier to get a reputation in those days that I am in the position of a farmer who bought his land for a couple of hundred dollars an acre and has to compete with neighbors who homesteaded theirs and got it free."

"You think that in those days you speak of you would have been a Thackeray or Fielding?" I asked.

"I should at any rate have had a good running start," said Jinks frankly. "For nothing makes an author's job so easy as the knowledge that he and his audience have a common fund of knowledge. If he and they have had more or less the same education, read the same books, and so on, and soaked in the same general culture he can short-cut his arguments and bring out whatever points he may have by quotation and allusion. This saves him time and trouble and also pleases the readers, for it gives them the feeling that they are wise birds who can get the author's ideas by shorthand without having them spelled out.

"Forty years ago it was safe to as-

sume that any American who could read at all had read the Bible. You could get over an allusion to the tents of Kedar or the swelling of Jordan or Watchman-what-of-the-night with the certainty that the consumers would know what you were talking about and would thank you for making it easy for them. Up till the last ten years or so it was even easier for English writers, for every educated man in the British Isles had a pretty fair knowledge of the principal Greek and Latin classics. An English writer could save a paragraph or two by dropping in a mere phrase from Pindar or Horace with entire confidence that the readers would get it and be grateful to the author, who knew that they were men of culture like himself. But nobody reads the classics now—"

"Yet people read," I objected, "more than ever before."

"Precisely. They read more books than ever—different books. If I throw in a quotation from or an allusion to any book, ancient or modern, from the *Iliad* to *Babbitt*, I can't be sure that more than one reader in ten will know what I'm talking about. Least of all the Bible or the ancient classics, of course, but modern best sellers aren't much better. Everybody knows what you mean when you say 'Elementary, Watson, elementary'; but since Sherlock Holmes I can think of no literary allusion which has actually become common property except the metaphorical use of the term 'sheik.'

"And that," Jinks continued, "is why I find the business of authorship so expensive. Our generation has a common cultural background, but not in books. There are certain things to which I can

make allusion, from which I can draw illustrations, knowing that all my readers will follow me. But those are not books; they are golf, the automobile, and the radio, the three common denominators of our age."

"So that," I exclaimed, "is why you have suddenly blossomed out with new tastes!"

He nodded.

"All my friends tell me," he said sadly, "that since I left the knit-goods business and went into the fiction business I have become more human. I now play golf (badly); I drive my own car (badly), instead of hiring one when I need it, which is much less expensive and about five hundred per cent safer; I have a radio set which needs attention from an expert electrician twice a week to undo the effects of my bungling. But I am not more human. I hate golf, the automobile, and the radio. When I want exercise I can get enough and more by firing the furnace or mowing the lawn. When I need a car I can hire one which somebody else will drive well, and if there is a smashup the bill doesn't come to me. When I want to hear music I can go to the opera or a symphony concert, and hear music without having to tune in here and there and pick my way about among inspirational talks on will power and informing lectures on the habits of the Australian kangaroo.

"Yet I must own and operate these miserable modern playthings because it is the only way I can be sure that I and my readers are talking the same language. They are necessary expenses of my business amounting to several thousand dollars a year. Yet I can't quite make out from the income-tax blank whether I am entitled to deduct them under the head of cost of goods sold, as material and supplies, or perhaps as ordinary repairs required to keep property in usable condition, or whether they properly belong under the head of business equipment and furniture, which is not deductible. I wish Mr. Mellon would make a ruling about it."

"Why, if they let you get away with that," I said enviously, "you could make as many deductions as Sherlock Holmes."

"Ah!" said Jinks. "The literary allusion marks you as a member of the older generation. A modern would have said that I was trying to get the Treasury to give me a stroke a hole."

BAGDAD OF THE WEST

BY H. A. THOMAS

ONCE or twice a year I poke round in my mental garret until I uncover a perfectly logical reason for going to New York. Every time I do this successfully I sit back and contemplate myself with considerable satisfaction, since to perfect an entirely hole-proof excuse for going to New York is no mean accomplishment, I assure you. Such a possession is a treasure almost beyond price, for New York, as is well known by all of us simple folk who live beyond the Alleghenies, is a wicked, wanton city where no good Western church member goes except through necessity.

We know this because we take time from our simple rustic occupations to read the [Associated Press dispatches every day, and each month the magazines intensify our firm conviction that any man from Detroit or Cleveland who sets a meandering foot on Broadway is courting fantastic experiences in the direct and well-trodden path of trouble.

For New York is an occidental Bagdad. We all believe that New York encounters cannot be duplicated in Cincinnati or St. Louis and that every event which occurs in Western cities occurs oftener and in greater magnitude in Manhattan. The world moves faster there. Crime is more vicious, pleasure more enticing, and it is a conceded fact that a forty-watt incandescent light burns brighter in New York than in any other spot in the world.

I have always felt a sort of proprietary interest in all this metropolitanism.

It must be much like the absentee-landlord feeling. New York is the touted show city of our America and, as a good American, I must needs go over there periodically and cast a prideful eye about my property. Naturally I do not care to broadcast this bizarre idea. Only in rare candid moments do I confess this feeling even to myself. And so I am forced to skirmish round, sometimes with surprising ingenuity, to convince myself, and incidentally others, that "business again requires my presence in the East."

Of course, I work up a very plausible imitation of regret. The journey is tiresome; the confusion of movement and sound is nerve-racking. Were it not for business reasons I should never go near the place. We all believe this seriously; but as I walk out with my bag my neighbor calls after me, "Hey—going over to New York? Well, don't take any bad money."

Innocent apparently though colloquial, that speech, but he knows from his own experience, and he knows I know he knows that some fool thing in the East has laid down its tools and gone on strike and that, no matter how important my business may be, there is mixed up in it somewhere a hidden desire to expose myself to Adventure and see what happens.

And so I entrain, emberth, rise, breakfast, and arrive. And immediately the world has become romantic. It is like putting on enchanted spectacles.

New York has no large office buildings or congested streets like those which are the boast of other modern cities. New York is "guarded by frowning monolithic giants" which tower "huge and menacing" against the sky. And down in the "narrow, canyonlike arteries of traffic, black hordes of human beings hurry this way and that like frightened ants." Boston and Philadelphia have subways, but New York has "a subterranean network of tunnels, tubes, and stairways—a mammoth rabbit warren" where countless thousands "hurtle to

and fro" beneath the foundations of the city.

All descriptions of New York are dramatized like this, especially when designed for consumption west of Albany. It makes spine-crinkling reading out in Iowa, and when a stranger from Des Moines arrives on Forty-second street his hair stands on end.

To the stranger's eye a very large percentage of the prominent buildings, well-known streets, stations, bridges, and wharves are placarded with the cabalistic mark "X." The entire city, so commonplace to the initiate, is to the occasional visitor a succession of thrilling memories. He goes about his unimaginative business, settling an overdue account or purchasing next season's Christmas stock, but in one corner of his mind is the glowing thought that here, all round him, are life and action, heroism, peril, and the feverish pulse of High Adventure.

And so passes a busy, beautiful, thrilling day—and night comes on apace. New York nights seem always to come "apace." There are no "a-trotting" or "a-galloping" nights. Descriptive writers all lean heavily on the subject of New York after sundown. They picture for us denizens of the "back country" just how the skyline glitters from across the Hudson; how the great buildings stare down "with a million glowing eyes," and how Broadway "winds sinuously like a silver serpent through the dusk." That sibilant line about the "sinuous, silver serpent" is especially popular. This is the time when the voracious vampire and the sleek lounge-lizard are abroad and when "the gilded night life flaunts itself." I have read about it hundreds of times and I love to stand in some sheltering doorway—an automat lunch, for example—and watch the gilded night life flaunt and flaunt. It is very satisfying and quite safe and inexpensive.

Occasionally, of course, there is the theater. Strictly speaking, I suppose it is always there but I go only occa-

sionally, even to the tired business men's benefits. Whenever I do go the experience is always amusing. The nervous little animal in the box office looks out between the bronze bars and yips at me. I gather that I may have my choice of any standing room in the house. But I refuse. And then, as I am turning away, a friendly stranger with his hat tipped very slightly over one eye draws me confidentially aside and inquires hoarsely, "How many?" I know at once that I am in the clutches of that oft-described demon, the ticket scalper. He is almost as welcome as a friend from home. After due parley, prolonged on my part for the sheer pleasure of conversation with so unsavory a character, I pay him four dollars and a quarter for a ticket plainly marked \$3.50 and go away well content. The play may not be satisfactory, for even New York plays can sometimes be dull, but to be able to check the scalper stories from actual experience is well worth the price of admission.

After two days spent in looking the "old town" over, I swing my bag aboard a flame-colored taxi and click depot-ward. I always exit from New York by taxi. Dragging a heavy bag through the subway is not in keeping with the exaltation one acquires during even a short communion with Romance.

And so I vanish from the bright lights and disappear into the great unknown West to take up my humdrum labor with renewed enthusiasm. It is nice to be back in the eddy after one of these daring excursions into the current. My neighbor calls across the shrubbery, "Well, how's the little old town getting along?" He uses the diminutive to indicate that he too is entirely familiar with New York. "Oh, it's still there," I answer with elaborate casualness, and I know and he knows I know that that is the expected answer. Men rarely discuss what happens to them in New York. Circumlocution and insinuation are everything. For we are all in this

game of ballyhooing the metropolis and we all revel in its melodrama. It is wonderfully effective advertising and if we could only find enough excuses we should all be over there oftener in shuddering enjoyment.

But the tragedy of it is this: New Yorkers cannot appreciate their own advantages. Living in the midst of superlatives they receive not a single thrill. When life becomes dull and tarnished out in Milwaukee a gentle rub with a week-end dipped in Manhattan glamour restores its brilliant and glistening polish. But the poor little rich New Yorker, surrounded by the ultimate, has no place of respite from boredom. How lucky we are, we ruralites, to have inherited this "picturesque city" and how much we owe to the army of little P. T. Barnums who weave round it an enchanting veil of super-sensationalism to brighten a sometimes tiresome and prosaic world!

VEAL CUTLETS

BY ROSE WILDER LANE

IMAGINE a farmhouse besieged by storm, wood piles snowed under—wasn't it Whittier who thought them so poetic, the idiot!—water bucket frozen in the well, two large, jolly Airedale dogs romping in and out—what wouldn't I give if I could only lead a dog's life!—and inside, stoves to be fed with wood from the wood piles and shoveled out of ashes; potatoes to be peeled; floors to be swept and scrubbed—for the dogs; dishes to be washed, eternally washed, and washed again; milk to be strained and skimmed and put into the chickens' bucket; food to be cooked for the pigs; lamps to be cleaned and filled and set away and taken down and lighted; table to be set, three meals a day to be prepared and cooked and served, ironing to be done.

And mairding the pigs and diligently serving the dogs. Not to mention the cow and the horses and the sheep. Oh,

the slavish drudgery in which most Westerners live!

I read the *Drovers' Daily Telegram*, which reports steadily something like this: "To-day's Receipts, Kansas City stockyards. 2,100 calves, 957 steers, 5,000 sheep, 568 cows." *Daily!* And you never think behind it. "Marvelous country, great production, really gripping drama of it," you say—until you have yourself tenderly nurtured one of them to maturity. Twenty-one hundred calves! Somebody—some human being—serving the cow with water and food three times daily, cleaning her stall, rushing her—Good Heavens! carefully rushing her all over. Then having to call the doctor and nurse at the birth of the calf, and carpenter to build its own little stall for it: and land to be plowed, seed sowed, fertilizer spread, mowing machine and hayrake run, wagons loaded, and unloaded into the hay mow, and hay pitched down to make its little bed—daily—and water warmed on the kitchen stove for it and carried out to it, and it taught to drink—because calves do not know how to drink until some human being tenderly teaches them; not unless they are left to take all the cow's milk until she weans them—and the cow milked, and the milk having grown chill on its way to the kitchen, is warmed, and carried back, and again the little darling is persuaded (not without tears and prayer) to absorb the milk without butting all of it over the farmer's clothes—but in any case it gets out enough so that there are the overalls to wash and dry and starch and wrinkle and roll and iron—wood being cut and sawed and split and hauled and loaded and carried to the woodbox and put into the stove, of course to heat the washwater and the irons; and then there is bran mash to make and season—first bran gruel, then bran mash—and there at last you have one of the 2,100 calves daily received at the Kansas City markets. And you, Mr. Reader, have a

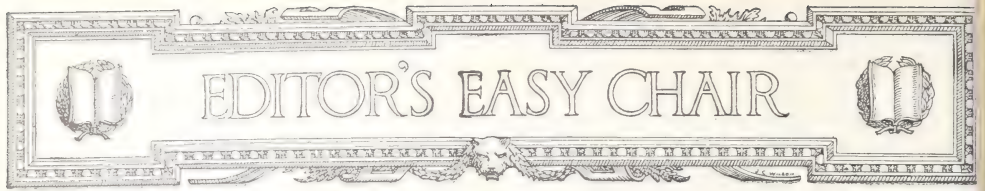
veal outlet. And this is the greatest country on earth!

Of course, the fact that Mr. Farmer makes no profit on the calf—and by that I mean not enough to pay for his hired help in handling the hay and keeping up the fences round the meadows, and all that—is another question. But all that labor, all that spilling out of human life for the veal outlet!

And now, at last, it is spring, and the Jersey's calf, poor little thing, is to be vealed—to go all the long way to St. Louis crying for its mother, and be slaughtered there. The Jersey does not know that; she trusts us to take care of her wonderful small calf. She has not been allowed to be with it, of course; but when she gives her milk to the milk pail she watches the calf drink part of it, and then goes contentedly to pasture, knowing we shall be kind to the calf as we have always been kind to her.

We seem, I suppose, like a miracle to her. "There," she says, "is the loving-kindness that rules all things. Nowhere else do I find anything but self-interest; always cows and horses and sheep go seeking grass for themselves, and even sometimes kick others away from the best patches. But these Two-legged Rulers, they are Love. Behold how they cut the grass, and do not eat it themselves, but store it away for us; behold how they bring water and salt and bran mash and all good things. In their inscrutable wisdom they take my calf from me, but behold how they deal with it gently and kindly, how they prepare it a stall with straw to sleep upon, and teach it to drink; behold how it waxes sleek and fat in their tender care. All is for the best," she says, "in a world ruled by These," and she goes to pasture.

The calf will only be tortured for forty-eight hours, and then knocked in the head by a butcher in the stockyards. Do you suppose we are being fattened for something like that?



THE WAR AGAINST PREJUDICE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE great dispute in the Democratic Convention over the League of Nations made it plainer than ever that we were proceeding toward closer working relations with our fellow nations on this globe. The dispute was not between persons opposed to such a movement and those who favored it, but between persons agreeing as to what they wanted to do but disagreeing as to how to do it. Nearly all the Democrats on both sides of that discussion favored the League, but one side, the winning side, feared that to put into the Democratic platform a demand for entrance into the League of Nations would deprive the project of the Republican support, which they felt it ought to have and must have if it is to succeed. So they restrained their emotions and tried to keep partisan politics out of the League question; for they knew that if they won they could not join the League without the consent of the Republicans in the Senate, and they thought that if they lost the election after having put the League into the platform it would mean more delay for the inevitable.

For it has come to seem inevitable that in some way we shall join the other nations to secure the peace of the world. The Dawes Commission has helped that purpose. The present administration has been doing what it could to make the findings of that Commission effective and helpful. No doubt the attitude of the Democrats as shown in their convention and the quality of their candidate and his sentiments about Europe

are stimulants to the other party to accomplish what it can for international co-operation.

Why have we hung back so about it? Everybody knows the story. The League project had come into partisan politics and was smothered, and out of that smotheration developed the cynicism which has taken three years to wear away. That it is now wearing away there are many signs. The fate of the isolationist leaders in the Republican Party and the figure they cut in the Republican Convention is one sign. The predicament of the farmers, partly attributable to the falling away of the European markets and the raising of the tariff wall, is another sign. The isolationist policy has not done well enough by us to earn approval as a permanent institution. Why did we ever take up with it? There was partisan politics, as said, and there followed an exhibition of reactionary politics in Europe which did not invite our company. But beside that, our friend Timothy Rockbottom insists that Americans still have an inferiority complex; that they do not yet appreciate their position in the world or its responsibilities or its duties. He thinks that they are deficient in intelligent national feeling—that they have not yet the sentiment for the United States that the English have for England, the French for France, the Italians for Italy. He thinks that is one of our national defects and that we must get over it.

So it may be in some degree. It is

true enough that the coming American race is not yet developed. It lacks development not only physically but spiritually. At present we do not agree even in aspiration. The thing that we are pretty well united about is material development. We seem to like that in all its forms and especially in roads and motor cars, telephones and radio machines. We are mixed in race and mixed in religion. The impressive row which the Democratic Convention had over the Ku Klux Klan is staring evidence of that. When we make a great effort, as we did in the War, we get together successfully, but when the effort is over we revert to groups.

That is natural enough. Countries much more homogeneous than ours do the same thing. Pretty much every country in Europe has done it more or less. All parties being united for the War, they broke out of coalitions when the War was over. That was no more than a return to nature, for opposed parties are natural in all countries and are part of the process by which they progress.

If Americans of the United States really have an inferiority complex, as Rockbottom suggests, it is a passing condition. If they are afraid to get in with other nations for fear the other nations will impose upon them, it may be because they do not appreciate the strength of their own position. It may also be due to lack of leadership or to bad leadership; but all that will pass away. They did not show any inferiority complex in the War. Why not? Because they were united to make good a great American tradition—the tradition of service to humanity. That tradition is deep in the foundations of the United States. It is at least three hundred years old. The Pilgrims had it when they landed. It has been reaffirmed by the greatest American statesmen and prophets and poets from Washington to Wilson. Lincoln had it intensely. In every great crisis it crops up and finds a new expression. Whenever the Ameri-

can people are animated by that tradition and wake up to the spirit of it they stride forward and their inferiority complex, if indeed they have any, disappears. They see their work and go about the doing of it. The trouble since the end of the Great War has been that this tradition for the moment has dropped out of sight. Because of circumstances which possibly were more inevitable than we realized, the mass of our people grew apathetic about service to the world and concentrated their attention overmuch on their own problems. They did not realize how intricately those problems were involved with the problems of Europe and all the world. At once they lost headway in world service. Slowly they came to realize that by so much as they withheld their strength from helping the rest of the world, they defeated even their own interests. But now they seem to be coming to a disposition to go on where they left off in 1920.

The Americans have to have a moral issue. Take them by and large, they are very religious. They care for the right and the wrong of any question. They care more for it than for the profit or loss of that question. If you can make enough of them believe that this or that political course is right, they will go in for it. In the Democratic Convention, in all the clash of rivalries between candidates, that spirit was constantly evident. Mr. Owen Young of the Dawes Commission in his Harvard Commencement speech insisted that our policy toward Europe was a moral question, insisted that we had an obligation and must meet it. By what means we met it—what method we took, he did not care. His feeling was that if we had the right spirit we would find the method most suitable. We have enormous wealth, great power of manhood, and a composite population which includes sympathies for all the peoples in the world. The way forward for us is to meet our responsibilities—to do for mankind, for Europe and all the other continents, what we and we

alone have at present the power to do. Proceeding on that path, we shall gain confidence in ourselves and others. Pursuing a selfish policy of isolation, we shall lose both. The politicians are waking up to that idea just now when the great job of electing a new President is proceeding. The important thing in politics is to put forward policies which will stir the enthusiasm of the voters. The party that ought to win this year, and that probably will win, is the one whose proposals and whose candidates are most in line with the great American tradition of service to mankind.

These are very extraordinary times. It is a mere truism to say that. Everybody sees it. Things move very fast. Life changes while you wait. New inventions and new developments of inventions constantly press in. The peoples of the world are daily being drawn nearer together by increased rapidity of communication. No nation can be a laggard in such times as these. Every nation that hopes merely to keep its place, much more to forge ahead, must find its job and do it with all its power. But what is now to be done can be done quietly and, indeed, will best be so done. It is not necessary to splurge about it. That phase when it helped matters to beat the drum has gone by. Our duties nowadays are considerably matters of business, involving prudence, calculation, cool minds, but also courage and good will. The world has enormous prejudices to get over. We need so much—almost all peoples need so much—to see other folks as they are and not as we traditionally expect them to be. Think of the row about the Ku Klux in the Democratic Convention. What extraordinary prejudices and credulities are behind it. What can you think of people who suppose it is true that the Roman Catholics bury a gun under a church whenever a boy child is born? Perhaps something will be done in the campaign now proceeding to let the light into dark places like that. That is

what presidential campaigns should be for—to let light into dark places, scare bugaboos out of their lairs, make the truth evident even in politics. Not all campaigners will contribute to that, but some will, and discussion in general will contribute to it. Part of the business of campaigning is to nail lies, and if that is done with due energy it may accomplish something.

There seems to be a passion in this country at this time to regulate other persons' lives. Folks moved by the sense of this duty organize amazingly to discharge it. They seem, as a rule, to be in the main pretty good people, who want to improve human life and are very solicitous for the welfare of the United States as they see it. The great and startling example of the proceedings of such people was the Anti-Saloon League and the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution. Having seen that great improbability accomplished and being pleased with the results of it and very solicitous to intensify and expand them, these imperious people seem heartily disposed to go on with further improvements. They see great benefit in an enforced abstinence from all alcoholic drinks, but between such drinks—between the mild ones and the strong ones, between wines, beer, and spirits—they seem to make no discrimination at all. They seem eager to go on now and regulate religion in the same way, and also education. They see life as a group of facts. They see that drunkenness is bad. They see that religion is good. They believe that their own particular brand of religion is best. They see that it is useful to have certain things taught in schools. They disapprove of great inequalities of fortune and great differences in social station. They would abolish those things. They would undertake by law the regulation of child life and especially of child labor, a thing which can and should be done to a certain extent, but which should not be carried to an extreme. Our fellow citizens of this disposition seem to have no philosophy of

life and a very limited understanding of the philosophy of the Christian religion. Most of them are good enough and wise enough to regulate their own lives but not nearly wise enough to regulate the lives of other people. They seem to have slight appreciation of what liberty of conduct means or what its relation is to the development of character. They appreciate the power of the Constitution to curb practices or regulate habits; they seem not to appreciate its value as a defense of human rights. Indeed, they go about busily to destroy that value wherever it conflicts with their own ideas. These regulating people, who do not see where the line should run that applies law to conduct, are the worst bugaboo of the present hour. The Grand Master of the lot of them is Brother Bill Bryan, who has what seems good intentions, a sincere belief in some invaluable truths, and a mind incapable of suspecting the existence of other truths which are necessary to the prosperity of the very ones he sees. What makes Mr. Bryan as a political influence is that he is so considerably Christianized. His heart usually works better than his head. His opinions are often wrong but his political instincts are apt to be right. And he is not a malignant. He does not hate folks who disagree with him, and he does not harbor malice.

What our country needs just now is a great expositor of the liberal spirit, a master mind which understands that live and let live go together, and that we cannot be free ourselves and at the same time practice to take away

freedom from others. The old slogan that the same chain binds the master and the slave is perfectly applicable to these imperious regulators who threaten us with so much trouble. In so far as they invade the reasonable liberties of other people they lose their own. When will they wake up to that idea? When will they acquire understanding enough to determine what liberties are reasonable? When will they learn that we are all living more or less in error, and can live in no other way except as we learn wisdom by experience? When will they learn that to impose their own errors on their neighbors does not necessarily do their neighbors any good?

The air seems to be full of delusions about other people, and especially of the delusion that you can make other people good by forbidding them to do what you do not yourself approve of. The real way to help other people is not to compel them to do what you think is right, but to live yourself in such a fashion as to better the lives of the people with whom you come in contact. If you can live reasonably well, helpfully, intelligently, you may do some good just by living. The country's strength is not in its prodigious outfit of stick-at-nothing reformers, whether hooded or not, whether oath bound or not, but in the number of its people who manage to live pretty good lives, to be kind, to be long-suffering, to be dutiful, and who recognize their neighbors at home and abroad and are ready to help them.



CONSOLATION

BY PERCY WAXMAN

SOME years ago I loved a maid
Profoundly, in my ardent fashion.
To coin a phrase, I fairly sprayed
That poor dear girl with fiery passion.
I lost in weight, I never slept,
I talked to every one about her.
Her pictures in my room I kept
To prove I couldn't live without her.
At every opportunity
I praised her hair, her eyes, her carriage.
I promised love eternally;
A thousand times I proffered marriage.
And she? She didn't do a thing
But greet my soul's outbursts with laughter;
And then to take away the sting
She'd say "But you're a dear," just after.
Oh, how that girl tormented me!
Her indecision kept me burning.
I pleaded on my bended knee,
But she was deaf to all my yearning.
At last, one day, to my despair,
I learned that she had wed another;
A chap with very curly hair
Who'd been to college with her brother.
They'd gone and done it—snap—like that!
Impulsively without reflection
And settled in a tiny flat
Up in the Western Harlem section.
At first I thought of suicide,
But later found I wasn't willing
To cast a shadow on a bride
By such a selfish act as killing.
And so I settled down to life,
To find in work complete distraction,
Forgetting trials, troubles, strife
In business, enterprise, and action.

Now, this occurred six years ago,
While in the meantime I'd forgotten
The girl who had distressed me so
And made existence seem so rotten.

By Fate's strange chance, the other night
We met at some confounded dinner.
Ye Gods! but she did look a sight,
Her six years hadn't left her thinner.
I hardly knew her till she smiled,
Then recognized her odd expression;
She simpered like a little child
Who hoped to make a strong impres-
sion.
She boasted of her babes and cook,
Her car, her garden, and her hubby;
Her face had lost its winsome look,
A double chin had made it chubby.
She asked me why I hadn't wed,
And plagued me with her silly chatter,
She babbled while I crumbled bread;
My silence didn't seem to matter.
I thought: can *this* be that Elaine
Whom I had once adored so madly,
Now grown indubitably plain
And lacking charm and wit so badly!
Oh! how I blessed my stars that night,
When homeward *quite alone* returning,
That dear Elaine had scorned my plight
And shown no pity for my yearning.
For what should I have done to-day
If I had been—what's called—successful
And won Elaine? I'm frank to say
I find the very thought distressful.

So, lovers, do not be cast down
If Fate your wishes seems to baffle.
A later happiness may crown
Initial losses in life's raffle.
You should not fail to count the cost
Of winning, when you go a-wooing;
I know I *won* the day I *lost*;
Which may be just what you are doing.



History Revised

STATION O. N. C. (OLD NORTH CHURCH) PAUL REVERE SPEAKING—*To arms! the British are coming!*

An Inadequate Definition

HAVE you a good, clean room for the night?" asked the tired traveler of the proprietor of the Snoopsville Hotel.

"Sure have," replied the latter, "if you'll wait just a minute. The feller that was in here last night left the window open when he went to bed an' we ain't quite got all theoot cleaned out yet."

Pater Curialis

UNCLE MOSE JACKSON announced his candidacy for alderman from the colored ward.

"What makes you think you can be a successful politician, Uncle Mose?" asked a friend.

"Well, suh," replied the ducky, "fo' one thing, I'se the father of a family."

"That's very commendable; but what has that to do with politics?"

"Well, suh," explained Uncle Mose, "they is sixteen votahs in dat family."

Scotch Pleasure

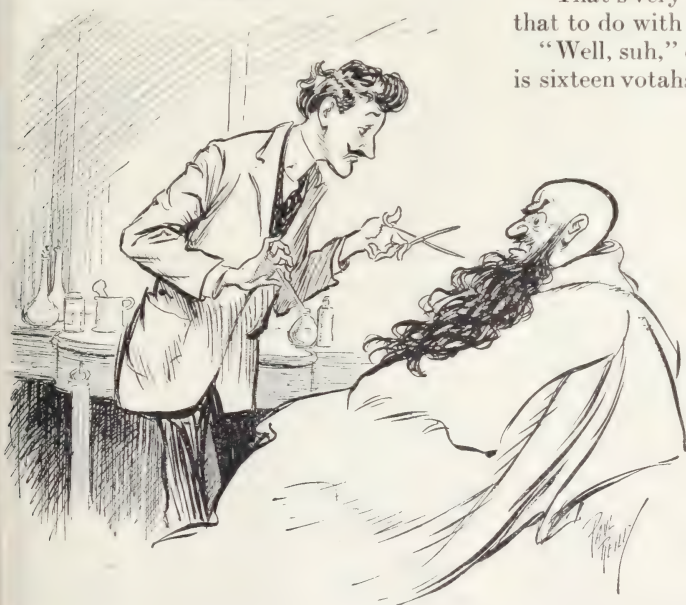
ANDY McANDREWS, who owned a small automobile, one day purchased a bicycle.

"I suppose you'll ride your bicycle for exercise?" suggested a friend.

"I'm figur-r-rin' on usin' it for pleasure," replied the Scot.

"How do you mean?"

"Weel, all the time I'm a-ridin' it, I'll be a-thinkin' o' the gasoline I'm savin' by leavin' my car-r-r at home."



ABSENT-MINDED TONSORIAL ARTIST: *Bobbed or shingled, Sir?*

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

WHATEVER *Bernard Shaw* says is bound to be fresh, entertaining, and provocative of thought. Last May we published a "Dialogue on Things in General," in which he spoke his mind on everything from Reparations to "Saint Joan." This month he answers the well-directed questions of his biographer, Professor *Archibald Henderson* of the University of North Carolina, on the movies and the theater of to-day. The "Dialogue" is not an interview in the ordinary sense of the term, for Mr. Henderson submitted his questions in writing and Mr. Shaw wrote out his replies with his own hand, as in the characteristic bit of manuscript which we reproduce as an illustration. Mr. Henderson, it should be added, holds the North Carolina record for versatility: he is a professor of mathematics, an authority on Einstein, a historian, the biographer of Shaw, and the author of a recent book entitled *Washington's Southern Tour*.

When is a short story not a short story? "Loutré" is two or three times as long as the average magazine tale; yet the Editors, feeling that in spirit and execution it fell within the definition of a short story, being based on a single central idea, accepted it with enthusiasm as eligible for the Harper Contest awards. The Judges not only agreed with this decision but gave "Loutré" Second Prize in the first quarterly competition. Its author, *Lisa Ysaye Tarleau*, a new contributor to HARPER'S, has written stories for the *Atlantic Monthly* and has brought out a volume entitled *The Inn of Disenchantment*.

To publish a tale of such great length is to break a convention of magazine editing; to publish a series of three articles on Magellan's daring circumnavigation of the world is to break another—the convention of timeliness. Seldom do present-day magazines, preoccupied as they are with affairs of the moment,

deal with the history of past centuries. Yet adventure is never out of season; and a story such as that of the indomitable Magellan, the perfect type of Great Navigator, the perfect hero of romance, must touch the imagination of any one who can hear it well told. *Arthur Sturges Hildebrand* tells it surpassingly well. Those who remember his recent articles about cruising through the Mediterranean in a small boat, published in HARPER'S under the title "South, for Blue Water" and in book form as *Blue Water*, know already how delightfully he writes. But in his three "Magellan" articles, the first of which appears this month, he brings the pages of history to life with a brilliance unexpected even to those who enjoyed his previous work. It is a pleasure to throw aside editorial conventions for such a subject and such a writer.

Robert W. Bruère's subject is sharply modern by contrast; it tells about a remarkable feat of twentieth-century engineering and the still more remarkable spirit of co-operation which has made the work of the engineers serve a great public need. Mr. Bruère, who has often contributed to HARPER'S, is a member of the editorial staff of the *Survey* and has had wide experience as a writer on progressive economics; he has also been director of the Bureau of Industrial Research, has served a term on the Board of Directors of the Taylor Society, and in 1921 was Treasurer of the Board of Governors of the Personnel Research Federation.

The frontispiece and the four Roman sketches which follow Mr. Bruère's article are the work of *George Wharton Edwards*, whose numerous travel books, illustrated by himself, are well known.

Basil King's paper on "The Bible as the Word of God" is the third of a group of four in which he seeks to give to modern readers

all denominations, as well as to those who are spiritually adrift, his personal interpretation of the meaning and value of the greatest book of all time. The author of *The Inner Shrine*, *The Happy Isles*, and other delightful novels, and of *The Conquest of Fear*, needs no further introduction to the Harper audience.

Alan Burroughs, curator of paintings at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, contributes a page of text dealing with the masterpiece on the cover of the Magazine. ❖ "Sanctuary" is a rural story by **Lizette Woodworth Reese**, best known as a poet and until recently a teacher of English at the Western High School in Baltimore. ❖ ❖ **Allas Lore Sharp** is a professor at Boston University, a farmer and beekeeper at Fullin Hill in the old town of Hingham, Massachusetts, author of numerous books, and withal something of a philosopher. ❖ ❖ **Ellie Cane**, the extraordinary daughter of the Cane the grocer, makes this month her ultimate appearance in the Magazine, and the plot thickens. As the author of *From Life and Some Distinguished Americans*—two volumes of short stories—and of several plays, **Harvey O'Higgins** has established a reputation for sound craftsmanship which is more than justified by this, the first novel he has produced since his early years as a writer.

Only two poets are represented this month: **Lawrence Keady**, whose verse comes to us from a New York City address, and **Ethel T. Hewitt**, an English author who contributes frequently to HARPER's and other magazines.

The "Lion's Mouth" contributors are **Elmer Davis**, known to readers of *The New York Times* as an able reporter and the creator of mythical old-fashioned Democrat named Odfrey Gloom, and to novel-readers as the author of *Times Have Changed* and *I'll Show You the Town*; **H. A. Thomas**, who obviously lives west of the Alleghenies but prefers not to be precisely identified (in fact, his real name is not Thomas); and **Rose Wilder Lane**, author of *The Peaks of Shala* and collaborator with Frederick O'Brien on the popular *White Shadows in the South Seas*,

who has recently been living in Missouri. ❖ ❖ The "Editor's Drawer" opens to the music of verses by **Percy Waxman**, member of the staff of the *Pictorial Review*, resident of Scarsdale, New York, and prominent figure in the annual theatricals of the famous Dutch Treat Club.



We hope to be able to announce in the October issue the names of the Prize-Winners in the second quarterly competition of the Short Story Contest. That competition closed on June 30. The third one, we may as well repeat for the benefit of new readers, will close on September 30, and the fourth and last on December 31. For the best stories submitted in each of these periods the Magazine will award a first prize of \$1250, a second prize of \$750, and a third prize of \$500. The conditions of the Contest are given in full in the advertising pages.

Some curious manuscripts have come into the Harper office among the thousands submitted so far in the Contest. A large number have been thinly disguised motion-picture scenarios, consisting merely of stage-directions such as "Jenkins then tries to kidnap Helen, but she is rescued by Harold, who carries her off in his airplane." It is significant that the majority of manuscripts received from California have been of this nature. Many stories in blank verse have been received; at least one was provided with pen-and-ink illustrations and a highly decorated initial letter; and there was one paraphrase of *The Lady of the Lake* in prose, beginning, "A lone stag grazing on the top of the hill heard the hounds bay."

"Women Come to Judgment," by Margaret Culkin Banning, the Third-Prize story of the first competition, will be published next month. After it has appeared we trust many HARPER readers will let us know their personal preferences among the prize-winning stories: "The Girl in the Tree," "Loutré," and "Women Come to Judgment." It will be interesting to compare the lay opinion of the HARPER audience with the verdict of the Judges. No amount of discrepancy of judgment would surprise us; for we recall that

Mr. Nicholson, Miss Gale, and Professor Perry each picked a different story of the three for First Prize, and the final decision depended on their second and third choices. "The Girl in the Tree," by Alice Brown, won on the point system which had been agreed upon in advance by the Editors and the Judges.



We trust that the honor bestowed upon "Loutré" will not blind writers to the fact that stories of unusual brevity are much desired. Among the six-thousand-odd received so far in the Contest, there has been, so far as we can recall, not a single outstanding story of less than five thousand words (or, let us say, seven HARPER pages), and many of the best have run to double that length. A resounding cheer will go up in East 33rd Street when the Editors receive the first tale which combines with other conspicuous merits that of brevity.



Space does not allow us to refer to more than a few of the entertaining letters of comment, praise, and criticism that have reached the Editors during the past few weeks. A reader in Detroit writes enthusiastically of Mr. Sharp's article, "The Birth of the Bee"; one in Texas comments upon Everett Dean Martin's paper, "Are We Facing a Revival of Religion?" which has evidently impressed her profoundly; one in California, who adds a postscript to the effect that he is in no way identified with the Mormon Church or interested in the manufacture of organs, takes exception to Mrs. Gerould's statement in her Salt Lake City article that the Tabernacle organ is overrated; and one in Boston calls attention to the fact that Mrs. Gerould's quotation (in her San Francisco article) of a paragraph written in 1850 by Richard Hale of Newburyport, Massachusetts, might well have included the name of the book quoted, which was *The Log of a Forty-Niner*. Near the bottom of the pile is a letter from Brooklyn from which we must quote. "I have just been reading a copy of HARPER's for August, 1888, and am comparing it with the

current issue," writes Mr. Frederic V. Clark. ". . . Look at the contents: a travel article by Lafcadio Hearn, a serial by Rider Haggard, a poem illustrated by six drawings (reproduced on wood) by E. A. Abbey, a sonnet by Robert Underwood Johnson, a serial by William Dean Howells, a sonnet by William Wordsworth, a travel article by Charles Dudley Warner, a serial by William Black, a drawing by Du Maurier, and every page breathing of culture, refinement, and intelligence.

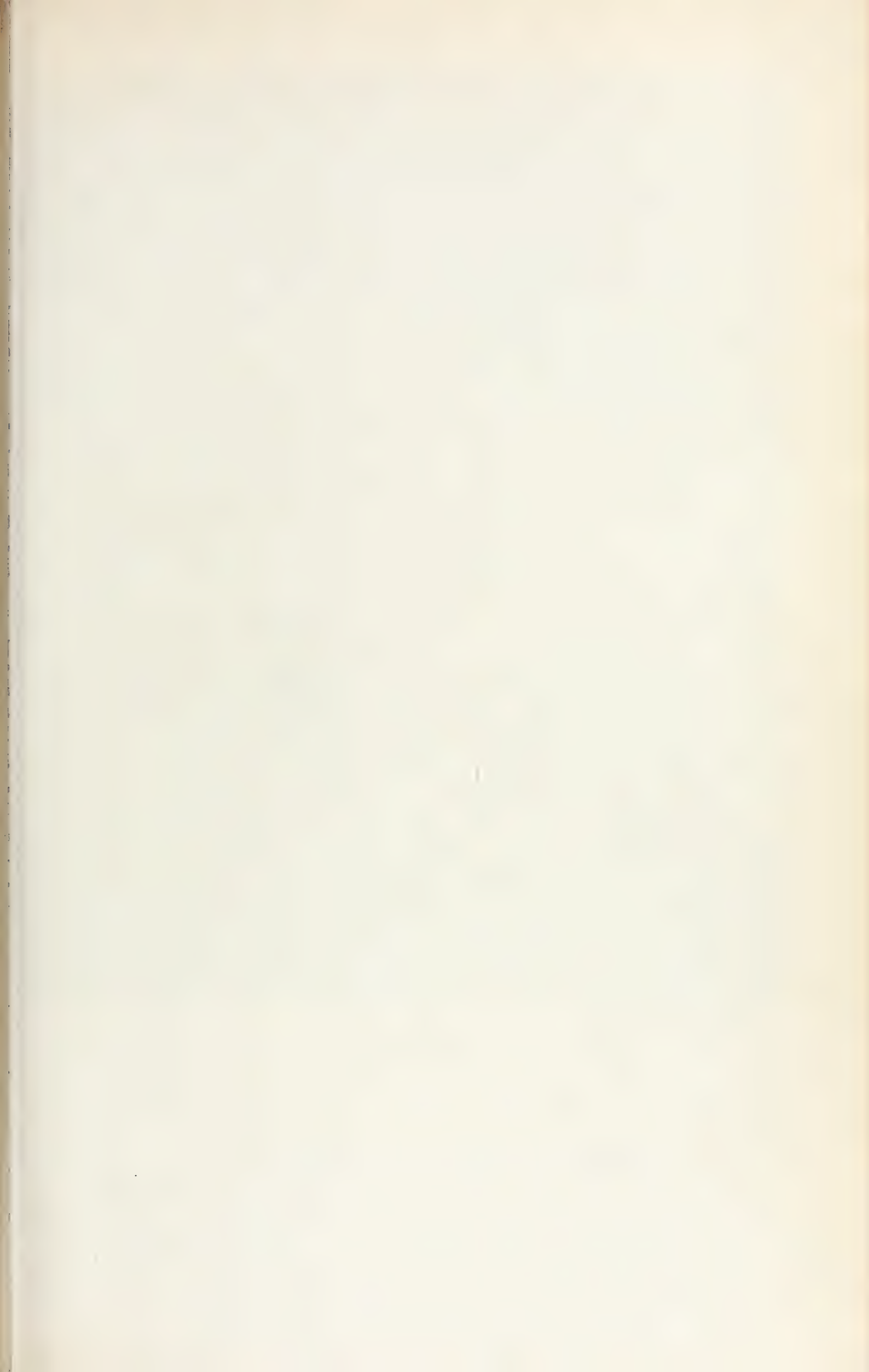
"I have had more enjoyment from this old HARPER's this afternoon than I have had from any magazine in years and am glad to learn that it is the publications that have changed and not I.

"I am wondering what the trouble is with to-day's products. Isn't the same standard possible or has the reader changed to such a degree that the old style of stuff won't sell?

"I remember when I was a boy I couldn't get enough of magazine reading. Now I buy one or two a month and never can read one through. Maybe I am to blame, but I am in a hurry to get back to read what Theodore Child has to say about Botticelli."

Mr. Clark's comment is depressing to the Editors of to-day; but it would be more so if they did not realize that it is human nature to prefer the style of writing prevalent in one's youth, and that in 1960 there will probably be readers asking why the Magazine cannot retain the standards of the golden days of 1924, when Bernard Shaw's dialogues were being published, and Tomlinson and Bradford were regular contributors, and Hildebrand was winning his literary spurs! Yesterday's giants always look bigger than to-day's—or to-morrow's. And any magazine which is genuinely hospitable to new talent (as HARPER's is) is in search of the giants of to-morrow.

By way of solace comes a letter from Cincinnati which closes: "A lady said to me yesterday, in discussing this story and some of the other good things we had enjoyed in recent issues, 'HARPER's is one of the few magazines that has always maintained its standard!' And so you have, and here's my best wishes and gratitude!"





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Miranda

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF FROM THE PAINTING BY LOUIS LOEB

A limited number of the unpublished wood engravings of Henry Wolf, an acknowledged master of what is now almost a lost art, have come into the possession of Harper's Magazine. The one presented here is a perfect example of the charm and delicacy that characterize the engraver's work.



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POLITICS—A TWO-HANDED GAME

Reflections on Campaigns, Ancient and Modern

BY ELMER DAVIS

You have got to take it out of politics or you can't win.—*From the remarks of the Honorable Key Pittman, United States Senator from Nevada, before the Democratic National Convention.*

THE old-style partisan used to say, and seems even to have believed, that he was a partisan because parties meant principles, not men. But that argument is not heard this year from any of the three parties competing for the favor of the voters. Mr. William Z. Foster's home-brewed Bolshevik party is running on a set of very definite and controversial principles, and the wise men expect it to get about fifty thousand votes out of a possible fifty million. But the orators of the other three parties are saying much about candidates and little about principles for the excellent reason that each of the three has a candidate for whom much may be said, while none of them has any principles at all. To this extent at least American politics is going back to its best tradition.

Of course there are earnest citizens who complain loudly because there is no difference of principles between the

parties. The only visible difference of any sort is that the Republican party seems to contain a slightly higher percentage of crooks, and the Democratic party of fools. How about the third party? Well, the third party—in its platform, at least—has done its best to avoid controversial questions and to prove that it is just like any other party. Its stock in trade is an able and popular candidate and a sectional and occupational discontent; and its managers, with excellent judgment, are trying to leave it at that. This has annoyed serious-minded publicists who feel that there is no particular gain in substituting for Tweedledum and Tweedledee the indistinguishable trinity of Tweedledum, Tweedledee, and Tweedleda, but it shows good sense on the part of the third party's leaders. If nothing else, this year's three national conventions proved that.

For in all the duration of American history only one third party has endured, and it endured by swallowing one of its antagonists and becoming the first party.

Third parties are born of an issue and fed on discontent. Commonly they die when hard times are over and discontent disappears. The issue goes on and is fought out, but not on partisan lines. For the object of a party is not the triumph of an issue but the acquisition and retention of jobs, honors, and emoluments by the people who run the party. A party based on an issue is ruined whether it wins or loses. If its issue is finally rejected, the men whose political fortunes are tied up with that issue are finally rejected too. If its issue triumphs, there is no further reason for the party. Senator La Follette sees this, and having plenty of discontent to work with, is trying to escape entanglement with an issue.

The one exception among American third-party movements is of course the enduring success of the Republicans. But that was due to the double accident of war and victory. The Republican party was founded to fight for the issue of limiting the expansion of slavery. There is grave doubt if any political organization was needed for that purpose; if slavery had been introduced in the West it would probably have died a natural death of its own unprofitableness, as it did in the Northeastern states. But in any case, if the Republican party had succeeded in definitely and finally confining slavery to the fifteen slave states of 1860—still more, if it had abolished slavery—it would have had no more justification for existence. Its enemies saved it by starting a war after its first electoral triumph. After the war the Republicans were virtually without opposition for a decade, thus gaining time to reorganize as a party which represented nothing in particular but one of the most fundamental of human instincts—the desire to live off the public trough. By the time political conditions returned to normal in the middle seventies, the Democratic party also represented nothing but the desire to live off the public trough. Once or twice—in 1896 and in 1920—the Democrats made

the fatal mistake of tying themselves up with a real issue, and the consequences have taught them not to do it again. In this pleasing rivalry the parties have lived and thriven ever since, while no partisan or bi-partisan action takes care of the issues.

For the two-party system has proved itself the best means of getting things done—not, necessarily, of getting done the things about which people get excited, but of carrying on the business of government without too much waste or corruption. On the continent of Europe a group system of small parties, each of which, as a rule, represents a specific issue or a specific interest, has paralyzed democratic government and driven the nations either to dictatorships or, as in France, to what amounts to a two-party system. The French Right, to be sure, is a coalition, and so is the French Left. But the Republican party was a coalition until La Follette broke away, and is likely before long to be a coalition again. For the last half century the Democratic party has been a coalition between a Southern agrarian interest and a Northeastern industrial working-class interest, elements fortunately so discordant that the party has been spared the impossible task of trying to stand united for anything in particular until a few idealists came to the New York convention and imperiled a brilliant prospect of material success by trying to tie up the party with moral issues.

Andrew Jackson showed a sure perception of the practical realities of Democratic government when he went to the White House on the slogan of "Turn the rascals out." Democracy, inefficient enough under any system, is least inefficient when it operates through two indistinguishable and arbitrary divisions of the politically interested citizen body. One set of rascals, becoming insufferable, can be turned out and replaced by the other set of rascals whose own self-interest will keep them for some years from being quite as bad as their predecessors. When they forget and in



HOW ABOUT THE THIRD PARTY?

their turn become insufferable, they can be replaced by the first set of rascals, now chastened by enforced retirement and willing to behave with reasonable virtue for a term or two. That is what has happened in this country during the past sixty years. But the whole process could have been upset if either party had stood for an issue.

The La Follette people, seeing this and being animated by the same powerful motive of self-interest which inspires all politicians, realize that their best chance is to absorb and replace either Democrats or Republicans as the Republicans once absorbed and replaced the Whigs. Substitute Tweedleda for either Tweedledum or Tweedledee. Three parties are confusing enough to the voter, but the confusion would be ruinous if any of the three represented a result of definite opinions. The two-party system corresponds to the basic instincts of human nature—but it must be two parties, either of which stands for anything in particular, parties that mean men, not principles. If an example is needed, take from that inexhaustible storehouse of moral illustration—the history of Rome.

Everybody knows that Rome fell. That is not exactly true, but since everybody knows it, it may be taken for granted. What few people remember is that New Rome—Constantinople, and the eastern half of the old Roman Empire which centered about Constantinople—stood for a thousand years after Rome had been retired to the guide books. Since every preacher and reformer and politician in American history has drawn moral lessons, usually wrong, from the fall of Rome, it may be permissible to draw a moral lesson from the persistence of Constantinople, whose thousand years of stability make a record unparalleled in the history of European government. That stability was due largely to the fact that political life in Constantinople was organized on the basis of two parties which had nothing to do with issues and principles, parties no more different than Democrats and Republicans—the Blues and the Greens.

There had been parties in the Roman republic. There were personal factions and groups representing class interests, but in the main, republican Rome had

two great parties divided along the most natural line of cleavage. On the one side, those who had money and wanted to keep it; on the other, those who didn't have it and wanted to get it—conservatives and radicals. Because they represented a genuine and fundamental difference of opinion, they took their politics hard. When either side got the upper hand it killed off all the leaders of the other side within reach. Naturally, after this had gone on for a hundred years there was a scarcity of political leaders and a general lack of enthusiasm for politics; so the country resigned itself without complaint to the strongest man in sight, who happened to combine radical antecedents and associations with a conservative temperament. Aided by the good luck of the war against Cleopatra which stirred up national patriotism, Augustus managed to assemble most of the politically minded men of Rome in a conservative-radical coalition whose sole issue was the preservation of peace and prosperity, and this was the only party of the Roman Empire.

There was, to be sure, under the first

two dynasties a fitful and absurd ineffective protest, chiefly literary in inspiration and manifestations, from a lunatic fringe of disgruntled republican. These gentlemen exercised their political inclinations principally in writing admiring biographies of one another, and devising praiseworthy dying sentiment against the time when the most patient of emperors would find them too much and send them orders to commit suicide. When they had all been so disposed of amid intense calm on the part of the population at large, there was never again an Opposition in Rome. There were murderous and finally ruinous civil wars between rival candidates for the throne, but they were supported by personal or regional—not partisan—interests. It is not true that imperial Rome had no parties because it had no political life. It had no political life because, among other reasons, it had no parties.

Rome could do without politics, but Constantinople, whose people were more excitable and less practical, could not. But by good luck (for there seems to have been no deliberate intent about it) political feeling in Constantinople came to center about the factions at the race track—just as if party conflicts in New York and Chicago, instead of being between Democrats and Republicans, were between Giants and Yankees or Cubs and White Sox.

Nobody had to be either Blue or Green, any more than any of us have to enroll in a political party; but unless you were either a Blue or a Green you missed most of the excitement in Constantinople. In both parties there were rich men and poor men, conservatives and radicals, extremists and middle-of-the-roads, crusading fanatics and Laodiceans. They differed roughly as Demo-

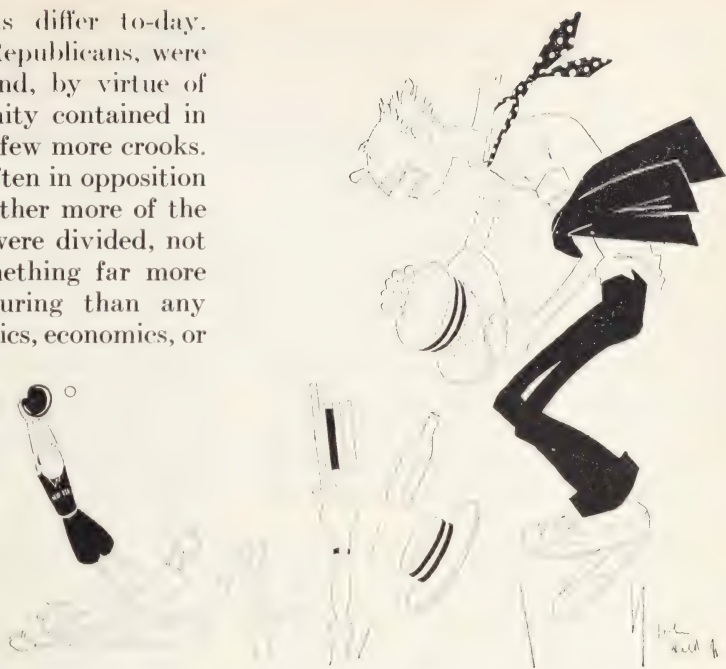


THERE WAS A SCARCITY OF POLITICAL LEADERS IN ROME

rats and Republicans differ to-day. The Greens, like the Republicans, were more often in favor and, by virtue of their greater opportunity contained in their party, perhaps, a few more crooks. The Blues were more often in opposition and hence attracted rather more of the automatic fringe. They were divided, not by issues, but by something far more fundamental and enduring than any specific doctrine of politics, economics, or religion—by the essential human need of having a traditional enemy who can be hated and howled at, who gives an opportunity to blow off steam. That was what the race-track parties did for Constantinople—they gave its people an opportunity to

blow off, usually without injury, the steam which in Rome was repressed and contained until it eventually cooled and condensed into utter apathy to the destruction of the empire.

Nobody in Constantinople had to belong to a party, but if you were a Blue or a Green you could turn out on the big racing days, go to the track and sit among your own crowd, and listen to your official spokesman abusing the other party like a present-day keynoter. When the other side's keynoter had his turn, you could boo and hiss and heckle; and once in a long while you could engage in a riot which relieved everybody's feelings without doing any permanent damage. Meanwhile the experts in the palace carried on the government and the average man never had to worry about it. What good does it do him—or has ever done him—to worry about it? He can decide whether he prefers Coolidge or Davis or La Follette, but he can exercise no control over the successful candidate except by voting against him when he runs for re-election. At long intervals, this power



WE CHEER WILDLY FOR A SET OF OUT-OF-TOWN EXPERTS

of repudiation is effective and salutary. Just as in Constantinople, every half-century or so one or the other of the factions put over a change of ministers or even of the dynasty; but in the main political life in Constantinople consisted in cheering your own keynoter, booing the other side's, and throwing an infrequent and usually harmless brick; while the business of running the country was handled by the civil-service officials, working under the direction of Master Minds who might nominally belong to one party or the other, but were willing to use either to achieve their ends. The Constantinople party system was an excellent psychological release which rarely interfered with the administration. That is one reason why the Byzantine Empire lasted a thousand years.

For while the purpose of a party, from the viewpoint of leaders and active workers, is the acquisition and retention of public office by its leaders, for the rank and file its value is psychological. Being an independent voter requires more time

and industry, as well as more intelligence, than most of us have to give. Yet on important issues most of us are independent voters to the extent that we are not governed by an ordered concept of life which automatically decides our opinion on every question. Despite the high authority from which the saying comes, it is not true that every boy and girl alive is either a little Liberal or a little Conservative. Most of us are liberal sometimes and conservative sometimes, liberal on some issues and conservative on others. We can call ourselves liberals or conservatives only by enforcing the unit rule on a reluctant minority of our opinions.

But we are all either Blue or Green, Red or Black, High or Low, Odd or Even. The appetite for antagonism seems to be fundamental. When our ancestors assembled to perfect themselves in the art of oral spelling, they chose sides and roused the spirit of emulation so that they could work themselves up to the point of spelling not only more enthusiastically but more accurately. When the Chamber of Com-

merce or the Baraca Bible Class starts a drive for new members, the first thing is to divide the old members who are to bring in the new members into two sides—the Reds and Blues. We all work better, and work harder, if we have somebody to work against.

We all need an adversary who can be hated without going through a painful process of reasoning which may end in the conclusion that after all he is only fifty-one per cent hateworthy. We go to the Polo Grounds and cheer wildly for one set of out-of-town experts playing baseball in the name of New York as against another set of out-of-town experts playing baseball in the name of New York, and thereby get rid of much enthusiasm which might do infinite damage if directed toward some concrete end. And if any man can give a more reasoned explanation of his being a Democrat or Republican than of his being a Giant rooter or a Yankee rooter, he has never done so. He may say that he is a Republican because the Republicans are the party of intelligence and morality—the party so intelligent that it

spent two billions on the Veterans' Bureau without relieving the veterans, so moral that it seems to see nothing wrong or even surprising in the sale of Teapot Dome. He may say that he is a Democrat because he believes in popular liberties—this although Democratic states gave the most eager support to nationwide prohibition and inclined most strongly to the passing of laws forbidding the teaching of evolution. As a matter of fact he is a Democrat or a Republican because his father belonged, or his friends belong, to that party;



PROHIBITION, EVOLUTION, AND THE KLAN ARE NOT MENTIONED
IN THE PLATFORMS



"APPLAUSE, MINGLED WITH BOOS AND HISSES"

because he found some specific social or business advantage in belonging to it, as in the case of Northern Republicans who become Democrats when they move to the South; or because he has an abstract admiration for Jefferson or Lincoln, or had a passionate personal devotion to the personality or ideals of Wilson or Roosevelt. Wilson and Roosevelt have as little to do with the Democratic and Republican parties of 1924 as have Jefferson and Lincoln; search the statements of party principle and the record of party practice, and you will find little trace of the influence of any of the four, though plenty of lip-service to these magnificent advertising assets. These and other illogical trivialities determine our choice between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, as it determined the Constantinopolitan's choice between blues and Greens. But we, like him, have to be something or miss the excitement and relief that come from a periodical explosion of partisanship.

And naturally if there were any real difference between the parties, partisanship would be harder for the individual. He would have to think. He would have to line up with those who agree with him on what he regards as the cardinal question, and often he would find himself in

pretty queer company. He would have to think not only once but every time an issue of consequence came up, and that is more thought than most of us care to give to public affairs. In the shifting realignment of parties which this would probably entail, a man would find himself in strange company and away from home, shouting abuse at his old friends, and what is worse, saying kind things about his old enemies.

For the party the effect would, of course, be still more disastrous. You can't be for anything without being against something else. You can't win votes by taking up one side of a controversial issue without losing the votes of those who prefer the other side. In 1920 the issues about which people talked and grew angry and abusive and intolerant were prohibition, bobbed hair, and the one-piece bathing suit. They were not partisan issues, however. Bobbed hair and the one-piece bathing suit have since been settled. Prohibition, so far as human ingenuity can provide, will never be settled. The issues about which people get angry this year are prohibition, evolution, and the Klan. They are not mentioned in the platforms.

And herein, of course, the Democrats

committed one of their characteristic blunders, which had at least the useful result of making the essence of the two-party system a little clearer than before to a great many innocent voters. The question "What is a party for?" will never be asked again by any man who saw the great men of the Democratic party fluttering and sputtering like wet hens in fear that idealistic enthusiasts were going to commit the party to a definite position on a disputed question. These gentlemen were quite sincere, honestly intent on serving their party and their country. But they were professional politicians, and the major premise of every professional politician's reasoning is that the welfare of party and country depends on his being in office. Turn the rascals out and get the jobs—that is the first commandment.

Bryan's violent objection to the naming of the Klan had more behind it than Bryan's temperamental obscurantism. It was backed by Bryan's own experience. In his youth he tied the party up with certain controversial issues, and the results were disastrous both to him and to the party. In his old age he knows better. Still more illuminating was Senator Pittman's speech, a quotation from which appears at the head of this article, against too downright support of the League of Nations. Newton D. Baker had preceded him with an impassioned appeal for standing by the League, let the chips fall where they may. But Key Pittman is one of the chips and he doesn't want to fall. Like Baker, he was stirred by a great emotion—the deadly fear that prospective victory might be turned to defeat by committing the party to something definite. Certainly he was for the League, but "you have got to take it out of politics or you can't win." If the Democrats are for it the Republicans will be against it, and Heaven knows what may happen; but if the Democrats say nothing about it they may win, by virtue of public disgust with the party in office, and then

put the League over. Get the jobs and let the issues wait; seek ye first the spoil of office and all things else will be added unto you.

Key Pittman, betrayed into candor by deep feeling, is the first man in American political history who has frankly admitted that before fourteen thousand people, but it is and has been the guiding principle of political practice. For proof of that one need only consider the characteristically prudent behavior of the Republican party, which after all is the typical party, the norm to which all others approximate. The Republican convention never risked arousing dissension by going into controversial matters. Nobody can vote against the Republicans because of their stand on prohibition or evolution or the Klan, or anything else. The party which was both for and against the League in the campaign of 1920 and in which, after victory in that election, there worked together in perfect harmony a pro-League Secretary of State, an anti-League Senate leader, and a President who was for or against the League as occasion required—is as the legendary grandmother who doesn't need to be taught to suck eggs. Hughes and Hoover, for example, rightly realized that they could do more for the League—or at least no less—in office than out of office, no matter what the terms on which they got office. If the Republicans stay in office they can deal with the Klan and prohibition according to their opinions, but if they are turned out it makes no difference whether they have any opinions about the Klan and prohibition at all.

Is this the cynical self-interest of politicians who are mere parasites on the electorate? Well, if it is, the average man seems to like it. The success of the Republican party is the best recommendation for the principle of being all things to all men. The Democrats this year came very near taking a definite stand on two or three important issues, and in consequence gravely damaged

their chances of beating the Republicans, who took no stand on anything at all. John W. Davis, before his nomination, was generally known as a conservative. When he came before the convention after his nomination he seized the chance to say that he was a liberal; and most of the assembled Democrats seemed to feel that this was only good sense. He had discovered the Republican secret of avoiding issues. So has La Follette, who has been a Republican long enough to know what has made the party successful; if his new party stands for anything very definite or takes sides on a con-

troversial question, it will be his misfortune and not his fault.

And, as observed, the voters seem to like it—at least they vote for men who say nothing and against men who say something. To do otherwise would mean the devoting of thought and effort to politics, and few voters are ready to do that. "Applause, mingled with boos and hisses" was the most frequently recurrent line in the stenographic reports of the Democratic convention, and with reason. Applause, mingled with boos and hisses, is about all that the average voter is able or willing to contribute to public life.

REQUIESCAT

BY WEIR VERNON

OH, do not say high things of her—
 Say that she loved the sun,
 But danced, light-foot, into the dark
 When day was done.

Say that, the leader of the rout
 When revelry was wild,
 She dreamed the unguessed loveliness,
 Shining and undefiled.

Say, careless and too proud for prayer,
 Alien on Calvary,
 No saint had bleeding feet like hers,
 Pursuing ecstasy.

And now, worn out with carnival—
 Glad, wine-stained thing of clay—
 Say that she finds dark slumber sweet
 After loud day

WOMEN COME TO JUDGMENT

A Story

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

(This story was awarded Third Prize by the judges, Meredith Nicholson, Zona Gale, and Bliss Perry, in the first competition of the HARPER'S MAGAZINE Short Story Contest.—Editor's Note.)

THE four women entered together from the jury room, conscious that they created a stir among the spectators already gathered there. Women taking some of the places always previously allotted to twelve men good and true were still a novelty, and in such a case as this their appearance had heightened interest. Mrs. David Brown led as one used to public appearances and with the look on her face that had called many a club meeting to order. After her, yet with no air of following, appeared Mrs. James Farwell in her smooth street costume of tan covert cloth and with the calm surety of glance which matches unassailable social position. The other two women were of different bearing. Alpha Long, the music teacher, wore a black crepe dress and a black hat that were indefinably bizarre, and took her place without a glance at the courtroom, the disdainful melancholy of her face seeming to leave the whole present business outside her thought. The last woman to come in was nervous. A quivering, conscious half-smile came and went on her face and she stepped along self-consciously. Under her drooping feather hat, soft loose brown hair and pale blue eyes made a picture of an outdated ingénue.

They all sat together in the box and beside them the gentlemen of the jury—recruited from here and there into a strange body without homogeneity except this transient relation to the case—settled themselves, observing the law-

yers, reporters, and court officers, and affecting indifference to the people crowding the spectators' benches of the courtroom to hear the beginning of the sensational Holden trial.

It was not, as Mrs. Farwell knew, going to be a pleasant case. She had known it when she was called to jury duty and her husband had immediately suggested pulling a wire or two to remove her. At first it had not entered her mind to serve. The beginning of the summer season with its constant week-endings, the absolute necessity of getting up her golf before the State Tournament, all made it awkward. Besides, she considered that she was not one of the kind of women who served on juries. She had never heard of anyone whom she knew doing it yet. A few had been called but ill-health or some excellent excuse had always released them promptly. Moreover, the case was ugly. Henry Holden had been well known as a rake. That was no news to Nell Farwell, though she had hardly seen Holden for years. But she had no prurient curiosities about the sort of business involved here. She disliked sexy trials and heady scandals, and always skipped them in the newspapers. Like her face, her mind was finely cut and delicate. It wore no mental negligees. All that being true, she was amazed at herself, fingering the printed summons to jury duty, to hear herself say: "They talk, Jim, about a jury of peers. That's what they ought to have. I think I will serve."

Jim had laughed and said, "Oh, well, you'll be challenged anyway. You knew Holden and they'll never let that pass by."

"I didn't know him especially well," answered his wife, "and I haven't seen him in years."

And here, despite Jim's prophecies, she was; duly sworn in, one of those who was selected to judge whether Henry Holden was to be punished for pravity or not. The prosecuting attorney she knew but slightly as a clever lawyer whom one saw now and then at legal affairs. The other attorney, he of the defense, she knew rather better. Neither had challenged her. The prose-

cuting attorney had looked her over carefully, probingly, and let her stay. Alpha Long was not challenged. Mrs. Brown, well known for her civic abilities, had been sharply questioned by the defense but had passed at last, probably because they had exhausted their challenges. The other woman seemed to have slid in. There seemed to be no reason, unless one took exception to the weak look of her, the slipshod prettiness, why she should not serve.

Things moved slowly. The preliminaries of the trial—pompous, elaborate, ceremonious — amused Mrs. Farwell. Rigmarole. She began to wish they would get at the business in hand. She



ETHEL GREW RESTLESS AS SHE SAT BESIDE THE POLICEWOMAN

watched Henry Holden, looking so extraordinarily unlike a criminal, talking to his lawyers. He appeared very lawyerlike himself—smooth, partly gray hair, well-made expensive clothes. She thought of his daughter. What a shame it was! How the city—that little upper fragment of it in which Nell Farwell moved—had buzzed with talk of all this. It must be hard on the girl. Mrs. Farwell could not remember ever having seen her. Her own sons were of a different age and she had become bewildered among the recent crops of debutantes. Not that Holden's daughter had made a debut. With a mother dead and a father who was addicted to his clubs and his pleasures, she couldn't have had much of a chance. And Holden never did have much money—at least not for long.

The eyes of the courtroom drew together on the Wallace girl, who came in marbled by the woman police-officer, who had made all the trouble. The policewoman in dark blue suit and hat was a thick blue outline—the girl beside her so ordinary a type as hardly could rouse interest. A Saturday-night girl, a meet-you-on-the-corner girl, with a face that had been pulled at and fussed at before a little strip of mirror somewhere until one hardly knew how it had begun or what the outline its creator intended must have been. A shock of bobbed hair, frizzed by over-hot irons at the bottom until it stood out roughly, a row of pimples on one cheek, thick lips undoubtedly closed over imperfect teeth, eyes darkened and with eyebrows that had been thinned to a wavering line. And yet, like so many of those waifs of fashion, those tag ends of maidenhood, she sported a grace of a sort, an allure of a kind in her underfed little body that was so thin. The policewoman had no doubt dictated her clothes to some extent. She wore a simple enough sleeveless sweater and a black felt hat. But no social worker had ever adjusted the hat to that angle over her eye. That was experience.

She took the place allotted her, swiveling her head a little defiantly as she caught sight of Holden, who ignored her utterly. The court resumed order. Formality proceeded. The jurors sought for attitudes of comfort which would not belie their dignities. Mrs. Hetherington, the elaborately named blond woman fidgeted. Her hands strayed to her mouth, her hair, her ears—she adopted brief poses as if in constant search of one that would suit her permanently. And she wearied Mrs. Farwell, who was perforce sitting next to her. Alpha Long sloped into relaxation on the other side with her chronic condemning glance of irony. Alpha, thought Mrs. Farwell, put that look on ten years ago when her chances of matrimony waned and certainties of music lessons waxed. It's a mask, a refuge. She must say that to some one about Alpha. It was good enough.

They adjourned for lunch to a hotel across from the courthouse, a place which Mrs. Farwell had hardly known to exist, a family hotel, where she saw patiently at mutton chops and drank rather rank tea and tried to eat a string of romaine salad without success. But deep in her something was enjoying the whole business. This was different living from her common kind. It gave her release from the multiplicity of engagements which held her, all so much alike and so perfectly anticipated in advance. She had no time for exploration among people or among things in the course of her activities.

"How did you get roped in, Alpha? Couldn't you find any excuse?"

"I'm not the startling figure in this case," Alpha gave back in her ironic drawl. "It's you. You quite eclipse the prisoner."

"We are so glad to have such a representative group of women on the jury," said Mrs. Brown, speedily. "At a time like this when women are forced to be in the public eye, so much depends on what women represent us. You know what I mean, I'm sure."

That was what it was like, the first link between the women during their brief recesses, talk which only served to point out the gulfs which separated them, the incongruity of their thoughts and their very presences. Each of them governed by a separate code, if indeed Mrs. Hale Hetherington, with her droops and affectations and her sheep's eyes at the bench in the courtroom, could be imagined to have any code at all.

Mrs. Farwell forgot her companion's errors when the trial was in progress. She thought itself with its strange arranged drama, with its battle of realities masked even here by appearances, absorbed her. The girl, Ethel Wallace, became a weapon in the hand of the policeman. One caught the woman's point of view in her brief, controlled statements. She was fighting against corruption not for Ethel Wallace especially, but for a host of young girls. Nor were young girls merely young girls to her—soft, gay, light-thinking bits of underdevelopment. They were factors in society, just as men like Holden were a menace to society. The police officer gave a curious impression of being repelled by Ethel Wallace as she sat beside her. Ethel grew restless. She shifted and turned and tried to look abused and pathetic, and concentrated her gaze most easily on a young reporter who sat not too far distant.

They put her on the stand and she kept noisily but pathetically, answering questions with some bungling. She was an unfortunate girl—yes, not quite sixteen. She was strangely bereft of shame at her position. Perhaps it had not ever grown in her—any kind of shame—was stunted by her life. The jurors had already heard about her home. Four girls had come out of it and two of them were in the State Reformatory now. The counsel for the defense brought that out roundly. Ethel Wallace herself was a poor witness and the prosecution knew it. There was about her a look of the streets, a look of sophistication that militated against her case. But there

was one thing she must bring out and she did that unhesitatingly. She was sure of the day that Holden had asked her to his office. It was Memorial Day, in the afternoon. So easy to visualize, as she told it. One might not trust the girl in other ways, but there was a very commonness about the tale that verified it. One saw the parade of the veterans and school children, the crowds on the street, the abandonment of industry in the cause of high remembrance; and, floating about, those to whom the day meant nothing, to whom the old blue-coated soldiers, so proud of their places of honor in the parade, were no symbol. Memorial Day was to Ethel Wallace only a day when you didn't have to work. She had escaped the department-store basement, where she usually wrapped packages all day long, and had tumbled from her wretched, clamorous home into the street, her black felt hat jauntily on one side, her gum in her cheek, and her roving eyes searching the crowd for amusement that she wouldn't have to pay for. For she couldn't pay for her own amusement. She hadn't any money.

Not only street loafers but men like Holden sometimes established the link between a good time and a drifting idle girl who wouldn't go home. Holden had seen the girl outside a soda shop in the afternoon. Then he had enticed her into his office—so ran the charge. It was all very specific. The policewoman, so often baffled in her fights with evils of society by being unable to be specific, must have been very grateful for that.

This was the sort of thing that Mrs. James Farwell passed by in her reading when she scanned her newspapers, and indeed, like many women, she prided herself in passing it by mentally as well as visually. One had to keep one's mind off that sort of wretchedness, that sort of perversion. There could be decency in scandal as well as anything else, and if one must have scandal one had to keep to decent scandals, especially those which involved one's own crowd or higher crowds. Yet here were Mrs. Farwell

and Mrs. Brown, that pattern of civic virtue, sitting in judgment on the kind of case from which they turned their minds.

Nell Farwell felt somewhat soiled and disgusted by the whole debasing business. Jim had been right. She was a fool to come down here and let herself in for this sort of nauseating discussion. She found herself stirring like the fidgety woman beside her as the defendant's lawyer probed and prodded the girl, trying to shake her testimony in the two things that mattered: the question of the day of the occurrence and whether she had been a moral girl before Memorial Day. The latter was for effect on the jurors. It did not affect the statute. But Ethel Wallace was pertly sure of herself. She didn't mind the whole business as much as the jurors. And she insisted that she was under sixteen. There was a to-do about that also. But it was proved that Ethel had been born decently in a hospital and the hospital showed her incontestably under sixteen years. The probation officer had made sure of that too. On her stern face, worn like rough stone with the washings of sin against it, was some slight triumph. Mrs. Farwell was distinctly sorry for her. To spend a life hearing so much viciousness, so much dreary sin! This was sin unlit by any of the rosier glow that circumstance and clothing can sometimes give it.

She was grateful for the mid-afternoon recess. The jurors sat in the "ladies' parlor" in high-backed rockers bought by the county commissioners with some thought of giving the women jurors ease. They were fusing now, the four women, fusing in thought of the case. Only the case mattered to each of them.

"A bold girl," said Mrs. Hetherington, and simpered a little, "not a nice girl at all, I'm sure. One has only to look at her to know she is not nice."

"But you have to look also at the things that she has been looking at for years," said Alpha, and put her pointed chin thoughtfully in the cup of her hand.

Alpha was losing her expression of scorn. In its place was a drearier look but a truer one.

"Mr. Holden doesn't look that sort of a man," ventured Mrs. Hetherington further.

Nell Farwell's glance raked her.

"You mean because he wears clothes made by Millet?"

"They say that his daughter is going to appear," broke in Mrs. Brown, hastily. "I have never seen her, have you?"

"But why?"

"Some point in the evidence."

"It's a rotten place to have a young girl."

"There's one young girl in there now," said Alpha; "I really don't see why one should spare the other, if she has anything to contribute."

It was clear that afternoon that things were going not too well for Holden. And yet the probability was that it would be cleared. Actually the thing was too serious: the charge too serious and the girl too light. How can one send to prison for several years a man who looks like Holden, when a fly-by-night girl accuses him of something which was only too likely to happen to her anywhere, anyhow? Back of Holden, like a protecting power, stood years of conformance to social amenities, years of business connection, acquaintance even with the judge who presided. The thing was unreasonable as it stood—to send him to prison, to knock a great hole in the wall of social structure, to admit that such crimes existed. The group of men around Holden was so suave, so bland and grave. Perfect lawyers. Yet opposite them, grimly, sat the woman police officer, fighting, and in her hand the weapon of law upraised and sustained by evidence. She was sternly quiet, her reddened hands upon her lap—all the blood in her body running into them it seemed, for her face was drained of color. Now and then the prosecuting attorney spoke to her. He and she ignored Ethel Wallace. And Ethel Wal-



SYLVIA ON THE WITNESS STAND LOOKED INNOCENTLY CHARMING

ace tilted her hat and surreptitiously rubbed at her cheeks with a sodden pad of felt. The day was over. Court adjourned and Mrs. Farwell telephoned for Hector to bring the car. She took Alpha with her and left her at the studio apartment where Alpha lived. They rode silently.

"How long will it last, do you suppose?" asked Alpha.

"Surely—in another day they should have finished."

That showed their ignorance of court procedure and legal spinning. Wednesday came and went—Thursday. By Thursday night it was hard for Mrs. Farwell to remember definitely what had happened on each day. It seemed to her that she had been sitting for weeks on end watching Ethel Wallace

and learning about a mire and swamp of immorality surrounded by a barbed-wire fence of law over which one might climb if one were careful, under which one might slip if skillful; men making grave play of their own indignities. And for years and years—forever, she thought—in civilized countries judgments on these matters which involve the lives and spirits of women have been exclusively in the hands of men. Is it so that Ethel Wallaces have been made?

It came to her that this policewoman, whom she would have passed on the street a thousand times without notice, was waging a battle for women and that women should be actually on her side—that they were very lazy. Lazy and reluctant as she was now, with her mind diving off to hope that the case would

be over to-day so that by to-morrow she would have time to have a decent "facial" before the Wards' dinner. She simply could not go to that dinner if this thing strung along. She didn't have the courage with this obsessing her.

Holden's daughter had not appeared. The case was now a maze of details circling around the questions of the Wallace girl's morals: objections, over-rulings, irrelevant witnesses. Mrs. Hetherington and Mrs. Brown seemed to enjoy it more than Alpha Long and Nell Farwell. Mrs. Hetherington, protesting in recesses that she was a "home body" and that things of this "nature" disturbed her so much, had become an object of complete scorn to the other women. Besides, she ogled the men jurors, she reset her hat and her hair whenever anyone looked at her, and she took pains to make people look at her. There was a fat man, a well-known butcher, on the jury, and he was persistently chivalrous to Mrs. Hetherington. The others could hear her limpid little giggle rise to the surface as she talked with him. Mrs. Brown was enjoying the experience as an extension of her social conscience, said Alpha *sotto voce* to Mrs. Farwell. It would make a departure for many a speech—a fine talking point. The hours dragged on, and always there remained the question—would the Holden girl appear or not? Of course she must. Holden claimed that on the afternoon of Memorial Day he had been with his daughter, Sylvia.

Friday was hot. Even Nell Farwell's excellent breakfast did not start the day off properly at all. She looked out at the cool flowering shrubs blossoming around the great windows of her breakfast room and was utterly reluctant to leave such a place for the courtroom with its stifling, salacious atmosphere. Jim kept teasing her about the whole concern and her friends took it so lightly as to try to gossip with her about it. She shut them off shortly. That sort of thing was impossible.

She entered the courtroom with a

slightly heightened air of *hauteur*, and a young reporter who was there early (because he had been tipped off that Sylvia Holden would take the stand and he wanted the sensation for an afternoon edition) drew a sketch of Mrs. Farwell as she sat there—then, emboldened by his success in getting that stiff look of reserve, he drew Mrs. Hetherington with a few curves and Mrs. Brown with a few angles and Alpha with a soft black lead smear, and passed it over to the court clerk who found it highly amusing.

Then Sylvia Holden came in and everything else in the courtroom was forgotten. She paused for a minute in the doorway where she stood with her father's lawyer, and a look of utter horror was in her eyes, a look so unmistakable that everyone read it correctly and pityingly. After that one became conscious of her face and of her beauty. Sylvia was the one name that could have suited her perfectly. She wore a dark-blue linen dress made by a "home dressmaker" who knew nothing of style and Sylvia Holden gave it all the style it had. It belonged to her with its artless, square-cut neck, its elbow sleeves and straight lines. Her hat was broad and black and shaded a face beautifully oval and stained with summer tan. That was all there was to say about her when one tried, as all the reporters did, to analyze her appearance. But there was so much more that it left everyone, even Mrs. Hetherington, concentrated on her. She looked so good, so unspoiled, so innocently charming that the mere thought of her connection with a case like this made everyone aghast at the contrast. It was as if some one had begun to recite a lyric in the middle of an obscene song and drowned out the song with sheer beauty of music.

"I didn't know that they still made girls like that," said Mrs. Farwell to Alpha, and Alpha answered bitterly:

"She's the product of abnormality, remember. The regular type isn't like that."

Ethel Wallace regarded the Holden

girl furtively yet defiantly, but Sylvia Holden returned none of the curious, prying glances that came her way. She sat like an embodiment of all the trite, lovely things that can be said about girlhood and she had exactly the effect in the courtroom that the lawyers had intended. She demanded protection, cried out for it unconsciously, as Ethel Wallace didn't. Ethel Wallace, one would think, could look out for herself. This other girl needed shielding. And everyone thought that it was rotten of Holden to let his daughter be dragged into the case.

She took the stand a little before noon. It was hideous for her. One could see that, though the dark tan skin of her face neither flushed nor perspired. Nor did she fidget. She trembled, which was worse. Her voice shook ever so little, but the fine spirit in her demanded composure and got it. Watching her, Mrs. Farwell was reminded of things she had long forgotten in the press of hundreds of social functions, of the coming of Henry Holden's bride to the city. He had met her in the East and brought her here a bride, and everyone had said that she was charming. But she had mingled little and then, some years ago, died inconspicuously, as if muffed out. At the time of her death he was almost a recluse—companionship. Mrs. Farwell guessed now, by this girl whose bringing-up was an act of defiance against the flagrancy of the father: possibly the mother's single defiance. The girl was not only delicate and well-bred, but she had a fine, straightforward spirit. The impress of it was unmistakable. The whole courtroom was grave in her honor. There was not a hint of salaciousness in the atmosphere. Incredibly, she had by her very presence washed the place clean.

She told her story and it was simple. The afternoon of Memorial Day her father had been with her. He had spent the morning at his office and had come home to their apartment for lunch and in the afternoon they had gone to see

Nancy Fay in a motion picture. She told it simply and easily. At about that stage in the proceedings the court adjourned for lunch.

The women jurors were not hungry. They were tired of each uninspired item which the family hotel had to offer them.

"But why didn't they bring the girl on before, I wonder?" asked Mrs. Brown. "Why waste the taxpayers' money in prolonging a case when the alibi makes it so simple?"

Nell Farwell snapped her up. Mrs. Brown was always talking about the taxpayers' money as if she paid it all.

"Doubtless they were trying to leave the girl out of it if possible. Even her father looked ashamed of bringing her in."

"It's the first time anything has shaken him," said Alpha hardly. "Anyway, as far as I'm concerned the thing's over. I don't see any use in going on. Even if the girl is lying, I think she should be upheld in her lie. What can one do for the Wallace girl anyhow? She's spoilt in grain."

When they went back to the courtroom it was to hear the cross-examination of Sylvia Holden. The prosecuting attorney went at it as gently as he could. Sylvia Holden was not the kind of person one could browbeat to gain favor with the jury. She was too unpretending and helpless, and too clearly not trading on her beauty or helplessness. Her trading was done in spite of her. The attorney asked her where she had seen this motion picture and she told him—at the Majestic Theater.

"You said the Lyric Theater, I believe, before."

Holden's attorney tried to break in, but the court overruled. The prosecuting attorney was very mild.

"Think a minute, Miss Holden. We only want to be sure of our facts. Which theater was it, Lyric or Majestic?"

Sylvia Holden looked at him straight. "I remember now, it was the Majestic. I am quite sure."

He let her go. She left the witness stand and went back to the chair she occupied beside her father's lawyer. But her eyes went past the lawyer to her father with an odd mature look, and suddenly she seemed not to need protection but to be protecting.

The State called one more witness. It was the manager of the Majestic Theater, who said that the Majestic Theater had been closed all day Memorial Day because of an unfortunate break in the electric conduit. His evidence was corroborated, definite, and it made Sylvia Holden a liar.

While they exposed her mistake she sat almost rigidly, her eyes on the face of the man who was making her out a liar. The attorney for her father leaned over and spoke to her, kindly, reassuringly, and her eyes dropped instantly to her lap. Thereafter she did not move at all.

The lawyer for the defense took up the cudgels in summing up his case. It was clear enough, he said, that Miss Holden had been with her father all of Memorial Day afternoon. Whether at the Majestic, Lyric, Olympic, Doric (for comedy's sake he reeled off a string of names of theaters, some of them imaginary). Personally he never could remember which one he had been in the night before. Miss Holden had been with her father. He dropped it there. This unfortunate young woman had doubtless imagined most of her experience and, being led by a modern and deplorable desire for sensationalism, had decided to exploit some one. Possibly there were instances in which blackmail had been obtained, which had occurred to her. Vice must be stamped out, but attacks on citizens of such a sort must be curbed. The important citizen is a prey to such attacks. So on and on he went persuasively, showing us the way out of the hole, thought Nell Farwell, who resolved then and there to have this lawyer for dinner next month.

Without more ado the prosecuting attorney made his concluding remarks to

the jury. He said that Holden could not have been at the Majestic Theater, yet Miss Holden had insisted that it was the Majestic. He let it go at that. No threats of perjury. The fact remained Society must be protected. The unfortunate young woman—who had been so sinned against—but after all, the rest of what he said was idle talk. There seemed little doubt that Sylvia Holden had been trying to protect her father—and that as far as evidence went she had failed.

Then suddenly it was over. The judge was wiping his spectacles with evident relief that his work was done and telling the jury that they must be guided by the evidence and not by sympathy, no matter how or in whose behalf those sympathies might direct themselves; that they must decide whether the evidence beyond a reasonable doubt warranted a verdict for the State. A reasonable doubt of guilt in their minds would entail a verdict for the defendant. He charged them accustomedly as if he ran through the same speech often but still enjoyed his elucidation of these points. Before the jury was marshaled out, Mrs. Farwell looked again at Sylvia Holden. She did not meet her eyes, for the girl's glance was directed now straight at Ethel Wallace, and the eyes held horror intensified, horror and fear. But Ethel Wallace was powdering her face with that little pink pad and giving half an ear to the stern remarks of the woman beside her. The shoulders of Henry Holden, beside his lawyer, drooped. His fine air of a man of the world had gone out of him. He looked his fifty years, and he did not look at his daughter.

The foreman of the jury was Mrs. Hetherington's fat butcher, and he was determined to pay especial attention to her opinion and to defer to it. He felt apparently that in her he had found the quintessence of womanhood. In the jury room they seated themselves for deliberation and for some reason Mrs. Farwell found herself seeking the side of



"YOU ARE QUITE RIGHT. WOMEN ARE FOOLS TO KEEP ON PROTECTING"

Mrs. Brown. She did not want to sit by Alpha, who was wedged in between a lanky clerkly person and a well-known dealer in real estate.

The butcher had been on juries before. He knew how to go about things. He suggested that they review the evidence informally, and yet it was hard to begin. Locked in a room together, these twelve persons of no previous association suddenly became conscious that it was a difficult business to plunge into discussion of this case which was so embarrassing in incident. All these years, thought Mrs. Farwell, men have been deciding these cases among themselves with freedom of discussion. What are women bringing to it? And she, who had never been especially suffragist and was somewhat intolerant of what she had termed "quarrelsome women talking about their rights," thought of herself

as a member of her sex in a strange, responsible, impersonal manner.

It was of course the butcher and Mrs. Hetherington who began the talk—pomposity on his side, tripping delicacy and wordiness on hers. Odd how she flowered in the presence of this admiration! She was more of a personality than she had been when she herded with women. The butcher represented her idea of what man was to woman as clearly as she represented his idea of woman. On that idea, backed by what evidence had been presented but influenced by that idea, they would pass judgment. Nell Farwell longed for a dozen cool, clean, impersonal minds around that table. Instead, as she looked around, it seemed to her she saw a hundred minor feelings. Embarrassment, boredom, the look of men waiting for a lead, Alpha Long smoldering in a

kind of black and illogical hatred at everything. She herself leaned forward, the domination of the social leader in her tone.

"There's only one thing that matters. Was Mr. Holden with his daughter or not on Memorial Day afternoon? Otherwise the Wallace girl's story seems irrefutable."

A man shuffled his feet.

Some one said—Mrs. Farwell found out in the next three hours that he was a teacher in a business college—"Of course there is also the question of whether the girl's previous moral character was good."

"Personally, I fail to see," answered Mrs. Farwell sharply, "what that has to do with the case."

Silence hung for a minute. The difference between the men and the women had been defined somehow in that brief statement. Naturally, as all the men knew, it had everything to do with it. Then Alpha Long said crudely:

"You mean, I conclude, that if the girl was not what is known as a good girl, she has no right to the law's protection—"

"Not at all," said the butcher, "not at all—"

The fat was in the fire. The discussion moved. On and on it went. The teacher from the business college and the real-estate man fell into a prolonged wrangling over a question of whether some minor point had or had not been incontestably proven. They had retired to the jury room at four o'clock. At six some one appeared at the door and had a brief colloquy with the butcher. The butcher's information was apparently such that food was sent in, a strange dinner of hot roast-beef sandwiches and coffee and ice cream sitting in soggy pyramids on top of wedges of pie. The men jurors ate heavily and criticized the food. Two or three were beginning to look extremely bored and one of them, a sandy man who sat by a window and smoked, called for a vote. The foreman looked doubtful but he called for the vote. They knew by this time where the sen-

timent of the jury was and the preliminary vote confirmed it. Mrs. Brown was for conviction, for conviction with set lips and consciousness of civic virtue. Mrs. Farwell was for conviction. The other two women were for acquittal, as were all the men. Ethel Wallace had made a most unpleasant impression and the sweet look of Sylvia Holden lingered.

Electric lights had been turned on in the room. Nell Farwell was no longer conscious either of delay or weariness. With every hour's passing, clarity had seemed to come to her.

"Perhaps these ladies would like to talk the matter over together," said the foreman, "and see if they cannot come to an agreement?"

It was clear that he had great faith in Mrs. Hetherington and she, evidently inspired by his faith, took up the conversation when the men and women grouped themselves in separate knots at the end of the jury room.

"The way it is with me," she said, "I feel that poor girl was telling the truth. She was confused—that was all. She was such a lovely girl and I'm sure that if there is anything in bringing-up, she must have a good father. That Ethel Wallace made a very poor impression on me, indeed." She glanced into the mirror of her little handbag and something in the gesture was familiar to Mrs. Farwell. It came to her. There, but for some chance, but for the handle of the "Mrs." title, sat Ethel Wallace grown up. Such a one was Mrs. Hetherington, wavering eternally in the sight of men's eyes and the reflection from her pocket mirror.

"But the evidence," said Mrs. Brown, "one must decide these things on evidence. We're all sorry for Miss Holden, of course. But if she committed perjury, which seems probable, are we the ones to take upon ourselves responsibility for not judging by the evidence alone? And the Wallace girl must be protected by society."

It was wordy, thought Nell Farwell, and not the way she felt at all. She was depressed by this business of judging. It

had seemed such a simple thing to do—to decide on the merits of the case. Now the starch was out of her mind and soul. Judgment was not a matter of weighing on an accurate scale—it could not be—it was a matter of trying to average what all these personalities thought, and what they thought was founded on their experiences. Alpha, for example, had no moral sense. She didn't believe in conventional morality. She saw that the Holden girl was the best of the lot and for her she was trying to cast her vote.

"I'm sure that Mrs. Farwell agrees with me," said Mrs. Brown. "Won't you tell them what you think, Mrs. Farwell? Women have a great duty to perform. I don't suppose you know that an enormous proportion of these cases are always decided in favor of the man. Now that women have been called to serve on juries,

it seems to me that it is our barest duty to take up the cause of purification. Mrs. Farwell feels with me, I am sure."

Mrs. Farwell lifted her eyes—experienced, worldly-wise—but tired, simple.

"I am thinking of our duty to Sylvia Holden more than to anyone else. You think she lied about being with her father, Mrs. Brown. Well, perhaps she did. It looks so to me. I think she did so, because, stronger than her instinct for fineness and truth which is apparent to us all, was her instinct—bred in her artificially—to protect her father. The mother must have been like that. All these years she had protected her husband and it came easily to the

daughter. It was the thing she put first—to save him from Ethel Wallace. I don't care about seeing Mr. Holden convicted. I'm not sure the Wallace girl told the truth, not sure of what were her attempts at provocativeness or what relation they should have to his resistance; not sure that we can determine enough about their joint psychology to decide how far to condone possible lack of resistance—" she looked around at the stiffening faces of the men and smiled in faint derision. "But I do think that if that poor child Sylvia Holden starts out protecting men now, she will be doing it all her life—for her father or some other man. The iron had better be put in her soul now while she's young, while tissues heal easily, so that she will see that there is a justice—crude, like this—cruel enough, but something



"I'M GLAD IT'S OVER, SYLVIA," SAID MRS. FARWELL

that will not let evil escape because it happens to exist in your own family or social group."

So deeply spoke Mrs. Farwell, with utter lack of embarrassment—she who at many a dinner table had refused to ever let the conversation get "heavy." Unconsciously her voice had risen or dead silence had fallen, for as she stopped an echo rang faintly. She hesitated in thought for only a second and concluded:

"The way to protect Sylvia Holden, who is the single lovely thing in this whole unlovely case, is to make her understand that, gracious and gallant as she was, she couldn't save him, that it was a useless lie."

The men broke away at that. Some one suggested that they had better stick to the facts and quit the theorizing—that this was a court of law and not a story-book. But a tired and inconspicuous man who had said he was a clerk in a bookstore and had an air of trying to conceal frayed cuffs, broke into the discussion.

"I do not think she lied," he said, "at least, I am not sure. I have been casting about in my mind and now that the thing has come to a deadlock it may interest you to know that the actress Nancy Fay was here on Memorial Day and that the picture she was in was 'Daughters of Nobility' and it was at the Lyric. I saw it myself. Miss Holden said she saw Nancy Fay. I've been trying to recall what picture I saw and it came to me that it was the one I mention."

"She said she was at the Majestic."

"She could easily have been confused."

"Maybe you are confused now," said Mrs. Brown sharply.

"No, I am not. I always go to the Lyric because it's cheaper. I only go on afternoons of holidays and yet I remember that I saw that picture in the afternoon and told my mother about it in the evening. I never go on Sundays because I have to get the stock ready for Monday's trade. Memorial Day

was the only holiday this summer except the Fourth of July. On the Fourth we went to the country. I have checked it up carefully in my own mind."

"Why didn't her attorney bring that out? He must have corroborated the events beforehand," said the business college teacher.

The gentle Mr. Stebbins seemed to address himself exclusively to Mrs. Farwell, though they all listened.

"I think the lawyer did not wish to confuse the girl further. Besides, he couldn't really prove her father was with her. We have to judge of her veracity about that. But on this point there seems to be some reason to believe in her truthfulness, or attempt at it. After all, what the attorneys have asked us to do is to judge which girl needs support most?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Jordan the butcher, "certainly not, sir. I protest. We are to judge on the evidence. And on the evidence, further corroborated by this rather delayed statement of your own, Mr. Holden is clearly not guilty."

Mr. Stebbins stepped back with an air of never contradicting a customer. But his eyes, superior to his manner, stayed on Nell Farwell.

"What you say is all true, Mrs. Farwell. You are quite right. Women are fools to protect and keep on protecting, destroying moral fiber in themselves and men too. But don't drive the iron too deep into that girl's soul. There is such a thing as a branding-iron which you might use by mistake. I know."

Jordan the butcher felt the thing getting out of hand. He glanced at the men and back at Nell Farwell as if to say, "This comes of women on juries—with theories, refusing to sum up the evidence—everyone knows how these cases should end."

"Well," he asked aloud, "does this evidence of—er—Mr. Stebbins—change your minds, ladies? It corroborates Miss Holden in every detail except in the minor misstatement. Does it clear up your mind, Mrs. Farwell?"

"My mind was quite clear before, Mr. Jordan," said Mrs. Farwell, "but Mr. Stebbins does alter my point of view. He has created a reasonable doubt on some points—a reasonable doubt as to what my vote should be, I think. I respect his judgment and I will vote for acquittal."

Mrs. Brown was nettled. She disliked being left alone and she had not followed his intricate understanding of the book-keeper and the lady. She picked up a phrase.

"Why Mr. Stebbins did not tell us this before I cannot guess. It changes the face of things. Of course, as the judge so wisely said, if any reasonable doubt exists we should not bring in a verdict of guilty. We are bound by our consciences to clear the defendant if there is that doubt. Now Mrs. Farwell says—"

While Mrs. Brown wound up her compromise in a stiff little speech, Mrs. Farwell moved toward Mr. Stebbins. At her approach his eyes fell and he was again a shy little man with stringy affairs, a bookstore clerk who had perhaps drawn wisdom from shelves laden with experience of life.

The butcher, already swelling with importance to make his report to the judge, again took the ballot. The acquittal was unanimous. Mr. Jordan glanced benignly at Mrs. Hetherington to see if she had noted how things came out his way, the way of the masterful man. But his eyes fell first on Alpha Long, black and glowering, and then on Nell Farwell, again wrapped in her cloak of power and social position. His nerves dropped. There was something funny about this case—an uncomfortable difference from most cases he had known.

The spectators had long since gone. Sylvia Holden sat alone in the back of the courtroom. She did not go to her father when he got his verdict. The lawyer stood talking in low, satisfied tones to Holden. But Sylvia's eyes went

to Ethel Wallace, grown restive under the bleak, discouraged gaze of the police-woman. The Wallace girl began to talk noisily and angrily. Sylvia slipped out the back door of the courtroom.

Mrs. Farwell followed as soon as she could. She found the girl as she had hoped, still in the building, sitting huddled on a marble bench in a half-lit corridor, waiting for something or somebody.

"I'm glad it's over, Sylvia," said the older woman, sitting down.

Sylvia nodded.

"And I'm sorry you had to go through it. Men don't realize—"

"Men," said Sylvia, in low, tearless bitterness, "are beasts. All beasts. I hate them all with their fat, sleek, curious faces, their disgusting eyes! And women are bad—worse. That awful girl who didn't care what they said, who sat and flirted—that woman who giggled on the jury—I hate everyone!"

She was close to hysteria. The hours of waiting had done that. But Mrs. Farwell saw that Stebbins had been right. While the jury had struggled for a verdict, Sylvia Holden had brought hers in against the world. She found it guilty, black with guilt. Mrs. Farwell knew what she must do. She said to herself grimly that there was at least a reasonable doubt that the girl was wrong about men and women. It would be her job to defend the world before Sylvia Holden and win her case.

"Come, child," she said, "let me take you home."

"I never—never will talk about—that—again," answered Sylvia, "and I don't want to go home. How can I go there?"

"I don't want you to. Come home with me. To-morrow we'll see. Talk to your father and plan. I'm going to Europe next month. It's a long way off, Sylvia. I think you're coming with me, away from this and everything. Come, dear. There are things I want to prove to you."

MAGELLAN FINDS THE STRAIT

BY ARTHUR STURGES HILDEBRAND

(Magellan's voyage round the world was not only one of the crowning exploits of the age of the Great Navigators; it was one of the great adventures of all time. Last month Mr. Hildebrand told how Magellan—originally a Portuguese, by name Magalhães—won the support of the King of Spain for his wild project to reach the isles of the East by sailing westward to find a new passage to the ocean that Balboa had just discovered; and how he organized his little fleet under extraordinary difficulties, not the least of which was the threat of a mutiny engineered by the jealous Portuguese authorities. In this article we accompany Magellan on the expedition itself, cross the Atlantic with him to South America, learn what came of the threat of mutiny, and see him go on through doubt and disaster to thread the Strait that bears his name to this day.—*Editor's Note.*)

ON Tuesday, September 20, 1519, Magallanes sailed from San Lucar. The fleet proceeded on a southwest course for the Canaries: five ships, with a fair wind in pleasant weather, surging over the long rollers.

The watches were arranged for sea routine and signal communication between the several ships. Each night just after sunset when the weather permitted, the ships were to close within hailing distance of the *Trinidad* to receive the orders for the night and to salute: "*Dios vos salve, señor capitán general y maestro, é buena compañía.*" God save you, and good company!

The fleet touched at Teneriffe, and remained five days, taking in meat and wood and water and loading pitch. And a caravel, flying the standard of Spain, rounded the point and stood up for the anchorage.

She rounded up and backed her foresail; a boat left her side and rowed to the *Trinidad*. A messenger from India House. He went into the cabin with the Captain General.

The letter was from Diogo Barbosa. "Keep a good watch, since it has come to my knowledge that your Captains have told their friends and relations here that if there is any trouble they will kill you . . . your Captains have resolved not to obey you, particularly Juan de

Cartagena." Magallanes gave the messenger a simple acknowledgment: he was grateful for the warning, but he would go on, of course. Across the intervening space between their two ships Captain Mendoza looked questioningly at Captain Cartagena.

At midnight on the third of October the order was given to get under way and the ships hove their anchors out of Spanish ground and stood away to the southward, following the Captain General's lantern. At dawn the Peak of Teneriffe was a patch of thick dark mist on the horizon astern.

The course drew gradually nearer to the African coast as the fleet reached down to the eastward of the Cape Verdes. Here between the islands and the main they found bad weather, as might have been expected. All down the Guinea coast they met with rough water and hard headwinds and violent squalls. The demonstration concluded with a howling gale. It was impossible to set a rag of sail; the ships went wallowing off before it under bare poles. Each night the *Trinidad's* lantern showed ahead, reeling over the waves half hidden by flying mist and level rain; each day dawned on a dim wild world of low dark sky and hissing moving water. It was discouraging work, endless and hopeless. But one black night

Elmo's Fire appeared; pale flames reamed from the mastheads and a aring ball of light hung at the flag-ship's maintop, sputtering, wavering in the wind, lighting the decks and the men's faces, and showing tears in their eyes. The good Bishop was mindful of them, and the good omen promised that the gale would end. A heavy rain succeeded, flattening the seas, and the sun shone brightly in the morning.

The Trades blew fresh, the water darkled, the distant mountains of Africa stood up sharp and blue in the clear air. The ships made sail all together, and the *Trinidad* set the course: south by west.

Now this was not the course that had been mentioned and agreed upon, and Captain Cartagena—wanting, perhaps, to see how matters stood—crowded sail on the *San Antonio* and drew up abreast the flagship. He hailed and asked the course. South by west. And then he asked why it had been changed. "Fol-

low the flagship and ask no questions," was the reply. The *San Antonio* dropped back again where she belonged, and when the course was changed again, no questions were asked.

The routine was resumed. But when the *San Antonio* ranged up to salute, it was a quartermaster who hailed: "*Dios vos salve, señor capitán y maestro, é buena compañía.*" Magallanes called Captain Cartagena on deck; he was "Captain General," and not "Captain," and he expected to be properly addressed. "I sent the best man in the ship to salute you," shouted Cartagena, "and another day, if you like, I will salute you through one of the pages." The *San Antonio* dropped back to her place and for three days thereafter offered no salutes at all.

On a certain day, not long following, the flagship hove to and set the signal: All Captains report on board. They gathered accordingly in the Captain General's cabin; the matter in hand was the trial of a sailor in the *Vitoria*,



MAGELLAN ENTERING THE PACIFIC

A fanciful engraving made in 1590 by Theodore De Bry, showing the famous navigator surrounded by mythological figures. (Reproduced by courtesy of the Yale University Press.)

and the investigation of the case being finished, Captain Cartagena spoke again of that change of course. He said that the agreement had been for a southwest course, but the Captain General had altered it, as if he were keeping near Africa for some reason of his own; now they were standing across the Atlantic on a course that was taking them to the nearest point of Santa Cruz, which was Portuguese territory. What was the reason for this, and why had not the Captains been consulted?

Magallanes wasted no words with him. He clutched him by the jacket. "You are my prisoner," he said, and turned him over to Captain Luiz Mendoza for custody. There were the two of them together.

The command of the *San Antonio* was given to Antonio de Coca.

On November 29th they made their landfall in the New World—Cape San Agostino, on that outreaching sweep of coast which approaches most closely to Africa. The people came swarming down to the beach to trade; the very things that the fleet needed were the things that were most plentiful: fowls and potatoes and pineapples and tapir-meat. Indeed, nothing could more surely make for peace than the schedule of trading values which was in effect: six fowls for a fishhook; two geese for a comb; enough fish for ten men for a mirror or a pair of scissors; a basket of potatoes for a small bell or a leather thong. Señor Pigafetta got six hens for a King of Diamonds.

On December 13th the fleet entered Santa Lucia Bay at Rio de Janeiro. It rained for the first time in two months, and the natives made an obvious inference and were grateful to the fleet. They came out around the ships in their big dugout canoes, thirty or forty of them in a boat—naked, black, with shaven heads, their paddles shaped like shovels, so that there was a devilish look about them. But they were very cordial and friendly. The phrase "friendly natives" meant more to medieval explorers than

it is possible to understand; it would have meant more still if these men had known what was before them and had found that a thing was friendliness.

The next anchorage was the Rio de Plata. The name Santa Maria was applied both to the river and the cape on the northern side of the estuary; it had once been thought to be the strait that led through into the South Sea. Magellan had explored it, and though it was plain that the water was fresh and could not lead to another sea, he had gone on land looking for China—for faith was hard—and had been killed and eaten by the natives. The shores had a hateful and malicious look. The weather had become uncertain and the sky was never clear.

A man appeared on the beach. He seemed incredible—yet it was true that he was almost a giant in size. In the old books there had been travelers' tales of giants in these outlandish parts. Others appeared, both men and women, and stood staring, plainly afraid. The Captain General sent a hundred men ashore, and the giants ran so fast that they could not be overtaken. They were gone. Had they really been giants?

As they proceeded down the coast the country became a terrifying region of portents and wonders. The barren headlands had a wild and haunted look—without trees, almost without grass or shrubs; the sand-hills were desolate and lifeless; alongshore the bottom shoaled suddenly in murderous banks and sand patches; and a surf as high as the hills rolled in on the beaches in sullen thunder. There was a hopeless quality in it, a dead and dreary despair. The gloom increased with progress toward the south—in the aspect of the country itself and in the effect of it upon men's minds.

By the time the fleet reached forty-nine south the season was well advanced—it was early in March—and the weather was growing steadily worse. There were frequent squalls with flurries of snow and hail—a merciless, dis-

spiriting process of exhaustion. Each hour brought the limit of endurance—and a worse hour followed.

Then there came a howling gale from the southeast. It blew as no man in that port had ever seen it blow before. The sea was swept in at thirty miles an hour, boiling white, and each succeeding hill of water caught up the ships and set them nearer shore. To look for shelter could be simple folly. No man, unless he had resolved on death, would run a ship blindly for that yelling beach in the faint hope that some way would open up before her through the banks or some chance gap in the coast would lead her to the protecting land. They set what sail they dared risk, came about into the offshore tack, and went sagging away to sea. They were laying over, buried up in foam, jumping like mad things, leaking, groaning with the rain, steering wild. But they got ashore.

St. Elmo's Fire appeared again.

When it was over the fleet reached back in toward the land, with a northerly wind. To the southwest a dim mountain showed over the rim of the sea. Where there were hills it was likely that the coast was broken. They cheered for it. It was harbor they wanted. It was plain that the year was over and that winter was upon them.

An opening appeared. There was a bar across it with a broad bank of sand in the center, and an intricate channel with swirls of tidal current on either side. The *Trinidad* hove to just outside and the Captain General studied the shape of the land. As the tide made, the breakers covered the bank and the long smooth surges rolled through between. He sent a man to the foretop to watch the color of the water, and leadsmen to the bows; he swung his yards and stood straight in. She yawed in the swift current; the rollers caught her and flung her forward, head down, roaring. Then, almost in a single instant, she was through. The others fell into line and followed. Behind the point the water

gradually shoaled, and the fleet dropped anchor. Port San Julian, the winter quarters. It was the last day of March, 1520.

The aspect of the shores was desolate, but there was firewood in evidence and a plentiful supply of fish and sea-fowl. The ration of bread and wine was reduced. Alvora de la Mezquita was appointed to the command of the *San Antonio*, to replace Antonio de Coca.

The reduction of rations brought an immediate protest. In the men's view of it the rations should have been increased, not reduced; they had had all the hard treatment they were disposed to stand, and now that they were in harbor for the winter, were they not to live easy? The captains were of the opinion that the expedition had already failed. There was no strait here, nor any sign of one—nothing but snow and ice and cold and bitter desolation. Nothing was being accomplished by remaining. The King wanted no more than what they had already done. But if the Captain General was not willing to turn back, at least let him increase the rations again. Were they all to die in this horrible place?

Magallanes replied that he would assuredly die—if not here, then somewhere farther on—or accomplish what he had set out to do. There was a strait; the King had ordered him to discover it, and he would discover it. As for food, there was plenty of it in the country; the bread and wine had not failed them, and would not so long as they adhered to the rations which he had ordered. Had they no faith in the spring? Were they Castilians? What had become of the valorous spirit of Spain? Then let them have done with such faint-hearted talk, and set about their business.

Early on the morning of April second the Captain General ordered out a boat. They were to go to the *San Antonio* for men, and then proceed to shore to look for water. Within five minutes the boat came back.

It had happened.

The boat had rounded up beside the *San Antonio*, and had been told to keep off. But they came with orders from the Captain General. This was not the Captain General's ship, nor the *Concepcion*, nor the *Vitoria*. "For whom are you?" cried the coxwain. Gaspar Quesada appeared on deck. "For the King and for myself," said he.

Magallanes did not ask about the *Santiago*. She was commanded by Juan Serrano, who had been with Lorenzo de Almeida off Cannanore. Well, what was the rest of it?

During the night Gaspar Quesada, Juan de Cartagena, and Juan Sebastian el Cano with thirty men from the *Concepcion* had gone aboard the *San Antonio*. They entered the Captain's cabin where Mezquita, just returned from the *Trinidad*, faced them. They had drawn swords in their hands. They had seized the *Concepcion* and the *Vitoria*, they said, and they demanded his surrender. They had been hazed long enough under pretext of the King's orders; now they were through. If it kept up they were all dead men. Was it yes or no?

Just at that instant there appeared in the black doorway behind them Juan de Elorriaga, Master of the *San Antonio*. "In the name of God and of the King Don Carlos," he said, "I summon you to go to your ship. This is no time to go through the fleet with armed men. Release our Captain."

Quesada whirled on him. "Must our work remain undone because of this madman?" he cried, drawing his dagger. He stabbed Elloriaga, and stabbed him thrice again as he fell. Mezquita surrendered.

Quesada remained in charge of the *San Antonio*; Mendoza had gone to the *Vitoria*; Cartagena took the *Concepcion*. It was bad enough that three ships out of the five should have turned against Magallanes. The forces were ninety-eight against one hundred and seventy. But it appeared at its worst when he looked around him; they were

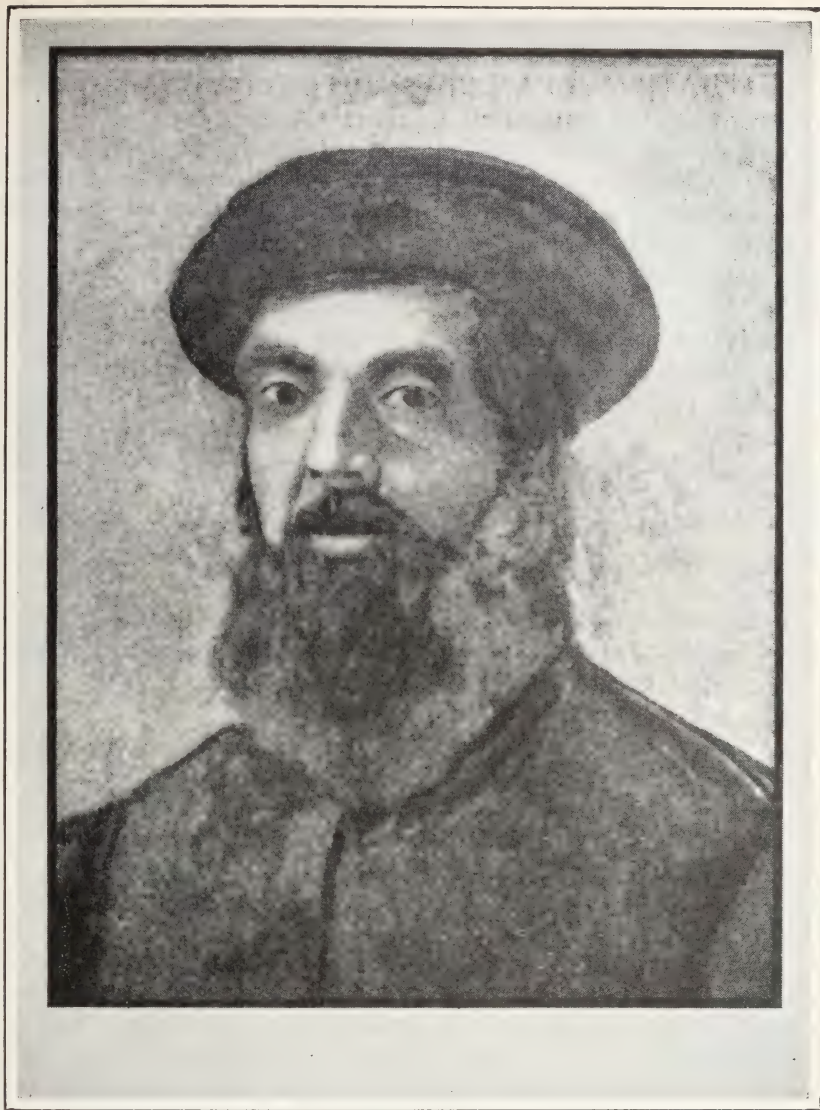
on the other side of nowhere, at the end of the earth.

In the evening a message came from the mutineers. They had done this in order that he might no longer ill-treat them. If he would agree to fulfill the King's instructions they promised obedience. If not—they had three ships. Magallanes replied that he was willing to treat with them; if they would come to the flagship he would hear what they had to say. But the mutineers could not consent to come to the flagship. They proposed a conference on board the *San Antonio*.

Magallanes considered. What chance would he have, whether he was alone or not, to refuse them anything they might demand? No. It would be better to strike. Soon, before they expected it.

He sent for Duarte Barbosa, and . . . a man for dangerous work . . . yes . . . the *alguacil*, Gonzalo Gomez de Espinosa. He wrote out an order to Luis de Mendoza: report at once on board the flagship for conference. Espinosa was to deliver it; he was to have with him six men with hidden weapons. They were to keep together while the note was handed over; if Mendoza refused to obey the summons they were to kill him. At once, before he had time to shout "To arms!" Espinosa understood. Meanwhile Duarte was to take fifteen men in the *Trinidad's* spare boat and row up under the *Vitoria's* stern. If they heard a sound of a fight—a cry, or noise of naked steel—they were to board and take the ship. They must not fail.

The boats were put over and the men dropped into them; their faces showed for a second in the lantern light, and then they vanished utterly. The whole anchorage was perfectly black. Duarte's men were very quiet, but Espinosa's oars thumped loudly and grew fainter in the distance. The wind was moaning and outside—as always, day or night—the surf boomed on the beaches. A hail was heard beside the *Vitoria* and a light showed for a second over the rail.



FERDINAND MAGELLAN

From the painting in the Museo-Biblioteca de Ultramar at Madrid, probably the best likeness in existence.

Aboard the *Vitoria*, in the captain's cabin, Espinosa delivered the note. The men stood around him. No one spoke or moved while Mendoza unfolded the paper. Then he laughed. "Ho!" he said, "I'm not to be caught that way!" Instantly Espinosa stabbed him. He struck at his throat—it was likely that he wore chain mail under his cloak, and Espinosa was the man to know it.

There was a moment's silence, and then Duarte and his fifteen men came

piling in over the rail. An extra ration of wine had been served out to all the *Vitoria's* hands, which did not improve their courage. They surrendered at once without resistance.

On the morning of April third the *Trinidad*, the *Vitoria*, and the *Santiago* lay in a line across the harbor mouth and the mutineer's ships were like bears at bay. In the night's brief interval the situation had been completely reversed; the balance of power had shifted to the Captain General's side; the rebel ships

were trapped; and, now that they knew what they might expect and saw the chances turned against them, the mutineers' courage changed to despair.

Quesada and Cartagena made the best plan they could. To send men to the Captain General with a message would simply be weakening their forces by so much, for the men would be seized. But Alvora de la Mezquita might be sent; he was not to be trusted as a mutineer, no matter what might be the outcome, and he was moreover a kinsman of the Captain General's. He was under hatches, in chains, knowing nothing of what had happened.

Quesada went down. He was going to release Mezquita, he said, and send him to Magallanes to ask for terms. Mezquita replied that there would be no terms. This was obviously true, on second thought; the more so since Mezquita gave up his chance of life to say it. Well then, they would go to Spain. They would slip out in the darkness that night, and Mezquita, stationed up forward for the purpose, would hail the Captain General as they passed and ask him, once more, as a last chance, to give up the voyage. Mezquita saw that this was folly. He saw himself as a witness in a court of piracy, and at the same instant saw that Quesada saw it. He was left alone again.

That night it came on to blow. The wind was south along the coast and directly out of the anchorage. It was a black night, of course—all nights were black in Port San Julian. It was quite plain that this was the mutineers' chance.

The three ships, like sentries before a prison door, loaded their cannon, got out their grappling irons, and stood under arms. The whole world was a pocket of black. There were no lights on the *Concepcion* and the *San Antonio*, and it was impossible even to keep fixed in the mind the positions where they lay. There was no sound anywhere except the dreary wind and that eternal roar of surf. Hours passed. They stood there,

waiting, unable to see or to hear, forbidden to speak; they reached out the hands from time to time to feel the comrades near them.

Just before midnight a faint sound was heard—a confused clatter at thumping. Then all was still again. Then there came a sudden guard-shout. And all at once the *San Antonio* invisible, lurching through the darkness dragging her anchor, unable to turn or steer or make sail, drifted stern-first in the *Trinidad*. The ships reeled, and every man braced his feet. The gunner fired a broadside. The grappling hooks were thrown across. Torches flared and blinded. The *Vitoria's* men boarded from the other side and the mutineers surrendered.

The crew of the *Santiago* were sent to take the *Concepcion* and, having done so, mounted guard. Not a man was wounded. Only Juan Rodriguez de Mafra, sitting in chains in the hold of the *San Antonio*, saw a cannon ball coming splintering through the side of the ship and go humming across between his legs.

In the morning the body of Luiz de Mendoza was quartered and impaled on stakes on the shore.

The mutineers were tried and sentenced. Gaspar Quesada was beheaded and quartered; Juan de Cartagena and Pedro Sanchez de la Reina, a priest, were sentenced to be marooned. They, and more than forty others found guilty, were put in chains until the fleet should leave.

The weather had been the real cause of the mutiny. The wind and the cold and the desperate coast had discouraged them all, except the Captain General himself and those few others who were able to take what came without being crushed by it. After that bitter gale at the end of March the sudden relaxing of resistance and the security of the harbor—even in that God-forsaken country—gave men time to sum up, to think of the position they were in and how they were to get out of it. Mendoza and Quesada

Cartagena had been waiting for an opportunity, and the circumstances of Port San Julian on the very next day had afforded it.

The Captain General looked ahead, trying to see how he was to occupy the months that were to come, and was tormented with a maddening impatience. He imagined weeks and months devoted to killing time when there was so much to be done! He was never a man to be idle. He did not know how to wait. The fleet had been out for seven months, and they were no more than started on their road; they were simply in a position to begin.

An earnest attempt was made to determine the longitude. It failed of any intelligent result. But it was certain at least that Port San Julian was across the line of Demarcation, and in Spanish territory. It would be a criminal neglect of opportunity if the land were not explored; it was Spain's, and worth investigating. He determined, therefore, to send an expedition to explore the coast to the south, to examine the country, to avoid subsequent delay to the fleet, and perhaps—to find the strait.

The *Santiago* was ordered ready for sea. She was a small and handy ship, requiring less water than the others. No one of course would take her. Toward the end of April the *Santiago* hoisted anchor and made sail. They saw her going down the harbor and turn out into the channel; she plunged into the arms of the advancing rollers at the entrance; her reeling topmasts were visible for some time over the point. Then she was gone.

For all this time at Port San Julian no one had appeared on shore. There was reason enough, indeed, to consider the country uninhabited. But late in May a man appeared on the beach, dancing. He was a giant and he danced mightily, stopping now and then to catch up handfuls of sand which he threw on his head. He might reasonably be assumed to be a sign of welcome and of submission. The Captain General sent a man ashore

with instructions to meet the demonstration in the spirit in which it was intended. The man landed. The giant paused to watch him step out and pull up his boat. Then the two danced together for some time. Then they got into the boat and the man rowed the giant to an islet where a smithy had been set up.

When the Captain General arrived at the islet the giant was utterly astonished at his appearance, and made it plain by signs that he thought he came from heaven. But the giant's appearance was even more extraordinary. He was huge; the Spaniards came hardly to his waist. His face was painted red, with yellow about the eyes, and there were heart-shaped patches on his cheeks. He was clothed in skins, very neatly sewn, and he wore enormous fur boots. It was Magallanes who gave these people the name of Patagones—"big-feet." They gave him some food, for which he seemed grateful, and showed him a large steel mirror. He was badly frightened at the sight of his own face and jumped back, upsetting four men. The mirror was presented to him with a comb and some bells and he was set ashore. He disappeared over the hills toward the west.

Six days later another came. He also danced lustily, his feet sinking in the ground to his ankles at every leap. He seemed to like the Spaniards and remained with them for a long time; they baptised him and gave him the name of Juan, which he learned; he was able also to say "Jesus," "*Ave Maria*," and "*Pater Noster*" very loudly and clearly. He was given presents and afterward disappeared into the west.

Then two men appeared together. They shouted and waved their arms and while the boat was coming for them they sat down on the sand. The boat brought them back to the *Trinidad*. They were sick-looking men: haggard, in tatters, hardly recognizable. They were from the *Santiago*.

Their comrades were safe—that is,

they were on shore. Sixty miles down the coast they had come to a large river which Captain Serrano had named Rio Santa Cruz, and there they had entered. It was, indeed, the only opening in the whole range of iron-bound coast. They spent a week in catching fish, with which the river was swarming, and then they prepared to return. But they were caught in a heavy onshore gale. Their rudder was broken and the ship, unable to get about to claw off, was driven ashore. She struck broadside on, swung on her heel, and put her bow in the breakers; every wave picked her up and dropped her on the sand; she opened like a basket and her whole rig went by the board. There was no hope for her, and they climbed out into the head rigging and dropped to the beach.

They were thirty-seven men. They caught fish and managed to keep alive, and when the sea went down they saved what they could from the wreck. Finally, these two had volunteered to cross the river on a raft of planks and go back to San Julian for help. They had been eleven days on the way; they were nearly dead, but they had done it.

Magallanes called for volunteers for a rescuing party and selected twenty-four men, who took a two months' supply of biscuit and set out.

The natives began to come more often to the harbor, with a growing interest in the ships. Since Don Carlos had requested that some of the inhabitants of the visited lands should be brought home to Spain, and since these Patagonian giants were certainly unique and as curious as any people likely to be found on earth, Magallanes decided on the capture of some of them. When a favorable opportunity occurred, two were caught and bound. They raved savagely, struggling like madmen, and called on Setebos, their Greater Demon, to aid them. They were taken aboard and given food; each ate a basketful of biscuits and drank half a pail of water at a gulp.

One, who was later christened Paulo,

made signs which were understood mean that he did not want to be taken from his wife. There could be no objection to her going to Spain also, and the party went ashore to find her. There was some misunderstanding of the intention, and the women fled, jumping about so agilely that the Spaniards could not shoot them; and as they ran they fired back over their shoulders. Diogo de Barrasa was hit in the leg by one of the arrows and died immediately from the effects of the poison. The women all escaped, and thereafter it was not safe to go ashore at Port San Julian.

The shipwrecked crew of the *Santiago* returned. The rescuing party had found them intact and safe, though they had suffered greatly from privation and exposure. Serrano reported that in his opinion the fleet might profitably proceed to Santa Cruz.

There were reasons enough, besides this, for leaving Port San Julian. The place had become impossible: to its desolation had now been added the monotony of five months; the natives had become enemies; and the remains of the bodies of the executed mutineers still hung on the poles on the beach; worse of all, there was no water. Rio Santa Cruz would afford a change, at the least; moreover, it was farther south.

Juan de Cartagena and Pedro de Reina, the mutineers, were given a large supply of bread and wine, and put ashore.

No one knew what was coming; before them was awful weather, a dangerous coast, the reminder of one shipwreck, and uncertainty in every changing hour—but every man in the fleet was glad to escape from the curse of Port San Julian.

A cross was erected at the summit of the highest hill, which was named Monte Cristo, and the land was claimed for Spain. Mass was said ashore, and the crews went to confession. They sailed on the twenty-fourth of August 1520; on the twenty-sixth the fleet crossed the bar at the mouth of Rio

Rio Santa Cruz and anchored opposite the land behind the second point on the south shore.

Guanacos and fish were plentiful, and drinking water was taken from the river, a day's boat trip upstream. Strict economy of food had become the first essential now, for there was every evidence that winter would last forever; there was no break in the cold, and the sales followed one another in weary procession. And yet the days were surely growing longer.

The Captain General felt his impatience grow, and with it there grew a realization of the need of haste. He was near the strait—perhaps. It was inaction and uncertainty that were unendurable. Make sail.

On the eighteenth of October the fleet left Rio Santa Cruz.

The coast was low, destitute even of hills. On the second day there was a range of cliffs ending in a lofty cape. Then there was more low land, and a river—it promised nothing. There was always a danger that some opening might be passed during the night; and the nights were very long. A broad range of shoals fronted the shore, making it necessary to keep well off; at times the land was not visible even in daylight, and the ships stood in as close as was safe, to look—and saw always that dreary and unbroken line of dunes and shingle. Then once more there were white cliffs, plainly visible even from



THE SOUTHERN TIP OF SOUTH AMERICA

The dotted line shows the course of Magellan's fleet down the eastern coast to Port San Julian, Rio Santa Cruz, Cape Virgins, and through the Strait to Cape Dezeado on the Pacific.

outside the shoals, and plainly unbroken. Then there was another lofty cape. Four days of slow and wearing progress to cover one hundred and thirty miles of discouragement.

It was on Saint Ursula's day, the twenty-first of October, that the cape was sighted, and the Captain General named it the Cape of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. Beyond it was a low sandy point covered with tangled and matted kelp which had been blown out of the water. Beyond the point there was a great indentation in the coast.

The bay was too large to take in at a glance; the light that filtered through the shifting clouds distorted and hid the distant coasts; hills seemed to be on the shore, and were later found to be ten miles inland; points of land seemed to be islands and were proved to be continuous solid ground; openings appeared and at a nearer view, closed again. The fleet stood across to the farther shore and anchored among an intricacy of shoals.

They were four miles from the beach, and protected only by the sand banks. The tide rose forty feet and covered the banks, and during the night it came on to blow.

There could not be a worse position. The ships made sail, hove up, and stood off and on under easy canvas in the center of the bay, well clear of the land. To be jammed in on a lee shore in an encircling bay, with no room to reach out and nowhere to run, is a situation for which the only remedy is a shift of wind. And this was in black night with the shores invisible.

By noon of the following day it had moderated somewhat. The *San Antonio* and the *Concepcion* were sent to leeward to look at the head of the bay. The other two ships hove to and awaited them, very impatiently. The sooner the fleet was out of this the better.

The *San Antonio* and the *Concepcion* reached over to the north shore of the bay; they were nearly out of sight. The changing light hid them and then revealed them; it was only between two

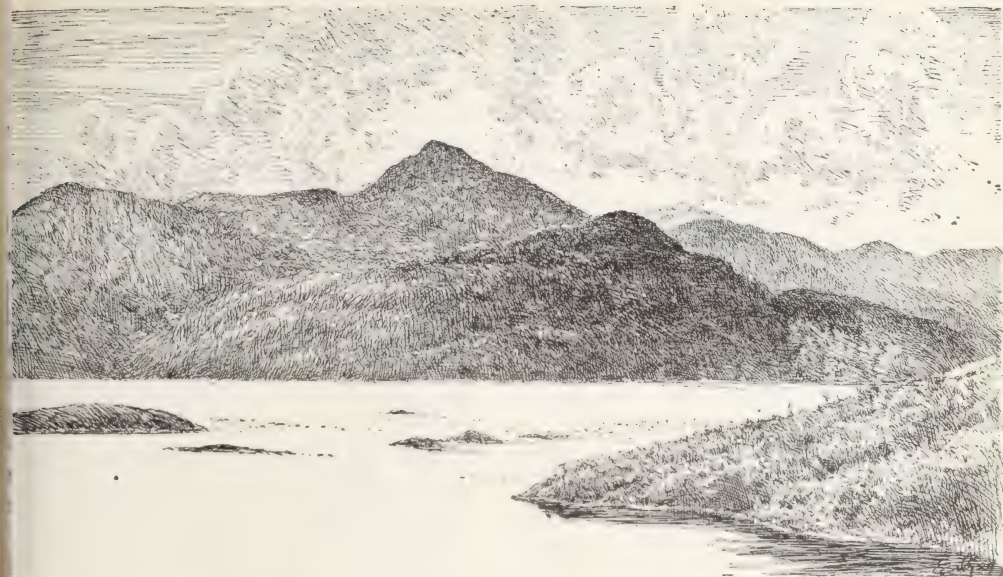
waves, and when they chanced to roll that the light was reflected from the sails, that they could be seen at a distance. They were at the very head of the bay. Then their sails showed as square notches cut in the coast behind the ships as they were coming back.

The Captain General watched the ships come. There was a point of land under their lee, and they seemed to be trying to keep off it—it was a continuation of the same line of shore where the sand banks were. If there was a shoal under their bows, with the wind they were carrying, they were gone. A current at their own leeway were sweeping the ships down; they drifted with terrible speed and seemed to draw nearer very slowly. A line of white water now lay right across their path. They must do something—soon.

Then all at once they swung off, both together. They squared their yards and ran straight for the point. In an instant they were out of sight behind it.

It still blew very hard and a heavy sea was rolling into the bay. In that weather to go to look for them would be a foolish risk for the two remaining ships. If they had run ashore—if they had decided in that brief exciting moment before the ships turned and ran west that it was better to slam hard up on the beach and be done with it, rather than to sag into the shoals and lie pounding in the breakers—then there was nothing that could be done to help them. The head of the bay was hopeless; if the *Trinidad* and *Vitoria* should run in and be caught as the other two had been, then all would be lost. It was impossible to launch a boat or to land her through the surf if she should be launched. And on the following morning—the gale continuing—dense smoke was seen across the land where they had vanished, which added the apprehension of fire to that of stranding. This anxiety continued for a day and two nights.

Early in the morning of the second day the wind shifted and blew offshore. All at once the *San Antonio* and the *Concepcion* came flying round the point



THE STRAIT OF MAGELLAN—A PRESENT-DAY DRAWING

"Indeed, Magellan Strait is the end of the earth. . . . Submerged rocks and heavy overfalls and whirlpool currents—and, for these ships, no charts, no courses, no basis of experience."

They were ten miles away but coming very fast; they ran out beside the point of shoals and headed straight down the bay. They were carrying every rag of sail they owned: topsails, spritsails, mizens, bonnets on the courses; crowding long like clouds, stamping over the long wells of the storm, thundering through white water, flying flags and banners from every truck. They were firing lombards. As they got nearer they cheered. The crews lined the rails, yelling like madmen, waving their caps. Serrano stood on his quarter-deck. He ran the *Concepcion* down past the flagship's stern; she went plunging by, rolling thunder before her, flinging up her head in streamers of foam, lurching, reeling, wallowing, smoking through it in one tremendous dash, with everything creaking aloft—it was as if she herself were cheering. Mezquita took the *San Antonio* through on the other side and rounded her up, surrounded by a halo of whistling spray, her canvas rumbling like volleying cannon, her banners snapping in the wind. Everyone was cheering. They had found it! It was there! The strait was behind that point of land!

They made sail all together and reached back up the bay. They passed the point of shoals and the tide, rushing mightily through, caught their scurrying keels and drove them to windward. There was a narrow place with the wind humming down it; then a broad bay; then another narrows; and then a wide sound, leading south under a range of broken hills until it faded in misty distance. Already the daylight was nearly gone, and the fleet ran in behind an island on the northern side and anchored.

Magallanes summoned his captains on board the *Trinidad*, and Serrano told the story of the discovery. They had gone up to the very head of the bay, risking everything, for a close inspection of the coast, but there was only a sudden turn in the shore, and no visible opening. They had hauled their wind to come back, forced to report another failure, when the shoal showed under their lee with the current sweeping them down upon it. They had hung on desperately, pointing as high as they dared, to fetch out, yet keeping a good full to fight the tide. It was evident that they couldn't make it. It was a matter of seconds

until they struck. They looked helplessly around them—and the coast astern, where they had thought there was no more than a sharp turn, opened up. Up helm, swing around, square yards, and run. They had seen the first and second narrows, and the bay between, and then they had anchored to wait for a shift of wind. Men had been sent ashore to build fires as a signal to the Captain General.

As for going on, there could be no question of it. There was little doubt that this was the strait which they had come so far to seek, and their achievement, and the rewards and the glory of it, were now within their reach. Moreover, each day was bringing summer nearer.

But there was a dissenting voice. Estaban Gomez, now Pilot in the *San Antonio*, wanted to go back to Spain. They had done what they set out to do, he said, and it would be the part of prudence to return now for another fleet, for their supplies were dangerously low, and if some bad fortune should overtake them in the South Sea, the ignominious result would be, simply, that they would have nothing to eat.

The Captain General replied, "If we have to eat the leather on the yards I will still go on and discover what I have promised the King, and I trust that God will aid us and give us good fortune."

There was no more to be said.

That night they saw many fires to the south, low down on the beach and moving about on the water, and from this circumstance they called the country *Tierra del Fuego*.

The sound at whose head they lay extended toward the south, and halfway along it, on the eastern shore, a broad opening led into another. The Captain General sent the *San Antonio* and the *Concepcion* to explore this eastern arm, while he, with the *Trinidad* and the *Victoria*, went south.

Fifty miles south of the anchorage the strait narrowed and turned west. The

coast to port was much broken; one could not be certain which way to turn, or indeed be confident of getting through at all. But a great cape appeared, a grand and savage thing, twelve hundred feet high, with swirling clouds about it—the end of the continent. It seemed an appropriate mark. Beyond it the mountains piled up in fantastic confusion; weird crags that changed their aspects as the snow squalls passed across them, pinnacles that hung in the air as if they had been frozen in the act of leaping, glaciers and waterfalls, tortuous coasts that might have been crumpled in a furnace; and a mad and shouting wind, furious without sense or motive like the insane voice of an uncompleted chaos. Straight through this the passage led away northwest. The wind was ahead and screaming; the ships beat up against it in a hundred tacks, back and forth from shore to shore, now gaining, now falling back, at times almost stripped bare by the gusts swooping through the squalls. It was killing work at sheets and braces. The mountains stood around in a horrible sort of indifference, and under their lofty cliffs the most heroic efforts seemed no more than puny gestures. Twenty-five miles beyond the cape they found a cove with a little river running into it, and here they anchored. It was named the River of Sardines.

From this anchorage the Captain General sent an expedition by boat to explore the length of the passage, and to discover that cape—which they so much desired to see; which must exist somewhere—which was touched by the waters of the strait and the waters of the great South Sea.

The boat returned. They had seen the desired cape. Cape Dezeado they had called it. It lay about a hundred and twenty miles away, straight through to the northwest. As for them, they were worn out.

It was good news that they brought, yet no one could rejoice. The crossing of the South Sea, now that it had come

lose, became a matter of grave importance in comparison with which the dangers that were past seemed insignificant. The provisions undeniably were very low. The South Sea might be very broad. And—no matter; it must be crossed. There must be islands in it. . . .

A more immediate cause for anxiety turned the Captain General's mind from the main chance: during five days of waiting at the River of Sardines there had been no sign of the *San Antonio* and the *Concepcion*. In that country, in that weather, shipwreck was a matter of any moment's probability. They were long overdue. It was unendurable to wait without knowing, and the Captain General went back to look for them.

He found the *Concepcion* alone.

Serrano could report nothing of the *San Antonio*. At the very first she had outsailed him and in the thick weather he had lost sight of her. He had waited and she had not come; he had gone on to explore the bay, as he had been ordered to do, and had not found her. There was nothing useful in the bay. He was still looking for her when the Captain General found him, and he had seen no trace of her. She had utterly vanished.

The *Vitoria* went back to the Cape of the Eleven Thousand Virgins to look for the *San Antonio*. There was no trace of her. Captain Barbosa planted a banner with a letter of instructions on a little moll in the first bay; another was set up at the island inside the second narrows. And then, very solemnly, the fleet got under way and struggled back to the river of Sardines.

The banners whipped to pieces in the wind, and the standards rotted and fell. Estaban Gomez had taken the *San Antonio* back to Spain.

The situation had been grave before. It was critical now. The largest ship, with all her supplies, was gone. Of resources, those that remained had comparatively nothing. The chances of

failure were overwhelming. But courage was left, and loyalty. The Captain General asked his captains if they were willing to go on. They were. He thanked them . . . he could not have gone on alone. . . .

Even then they could not entirely give up the *San Antonio*; she might have missed the route, or misunderstood the instructions, or been blown to sea. They waited for her. But the conclusion was irresistible in the end. Make sail.

That navigation of the Strait was a marvelous achievement. In all the years since 1520 the passage from Cape Virgins to the Pacific entrance, even by smart and able fore-and-afters, has rarely been attempted. And Magallanes' ships were square-riggers, and of a type absolutely at its worst under these conditions. Indeed, Magellan Strait is the end of the earth. No portion of the world frequented by man has worse weather; there is no fine season and, winter and summer alike, snow, hail, rain, and wind are absent for only very brief periods; every feature which can add difficulty and danger to navigation is here present in a superlative degree. Bold coasts, of a complexity utterly unknown elsewhere; passages so narrow that a lee shore is never more than five miles away, and is generally much nearer; water so deep that it is impossible to anchor, except too close to the shore for safety; sudden and violent squalls in which no ship is manageable and which no canvas can endure; an atmosphere too thick for visibility; submerged rocks and heavy overfalls and whirlpool currents—and, for these ships, no charts, no courses, no basis of experience; nothing but a blind decision of expediency, made in the last moment before disaster. But Magallanes took them through! Not only did he take them through; he kept them within the strait for more than five weeks.

On November 28, 1520, the three ships cleared Cape Dezeado and set a course northwest into the great South Sea.

(Next month Mr. Hildebrand will describe Magellan's adventures in the Pacific.)

CIVILIZATION—THE PERILOUS ADVENTURE

BY ELTON MAYO

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(Mr. Mayo, an able psychologist, has recently been investigating labor problems in Philadelphia, and has come to the conclusion that many an industrial disorder is due in large measure to mental obsessions to which the study and application of psychology furnish the key. In this article he throws fresh light on an ever-pressing problem of business and of society by revealing the extent to which a new study of the human mind may aid in bringing about industrial peace and a happier social order.—*Editor's Note.*)

THE historian looking back at ancient civilizations, such as that of Imperial Rome, sometimes asks how far the mere size of a material organization tends to bring decadence and death to social endeavor. The question has more than a historic interest now; it is a present and a practical issue. Our own civilization has achieved an organization of material resources far surpassing any historic precedent. Does this mean that we are in danger of a like disaster? We live in the midst of wars and rumors of wars; we know that beneath its fair surface civilization is suffering extensive social and industrial unrest. Are these facts but symptoms warning us that our own hour approaches? Or shall we be able to face these difficulties, conquer once again, and renew that adventure of the spirit which is civilization?

Civilization is primarily an adventure in freedom. It is better to be civilized than savage, because it is better to be relatively free and fearless than to skulk through the primitive forest in active dread of an animistic god or devil behind every bush. Civilization is more than this, of course; it is a social and material organization of peoples. But when the emphasis falls on the material organization rather than on the adventure, the urge to be civilized tends to diminish. The most notable period of Anglo-American history is probably that which

stretches between the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria in England. In this period new continents were discovered, new scientific conquests won; life itself was a romance of unknown possibilities to the humblest citizen. When the spirit that leads to this form of achievement diminishes, or is shared by too few, society tends to internal disagreement and, later, to decadence. It is always the dream and the story which inspire progress. Only for so long as it promises adventure for the bulk of humanity will the struggle of civilization endure.

A civilization, and especially a large-scale civilization, cannot remain stationary; it must advance or decline. Before the era of scientific research and systematic investigation it was almost inevitable that large social organizations should relatively soon pass their maximum of achievement. Large-scale problems of material organization cannot be solved by the haphazard methods of so-called common sense; scientific understanding is the basis of civilization. But it is not merely or mainly the inability to solve material problems which leads to decadence. The Parthian and Byzantine empires fell into an internecine conflict of which they could not make an end, though they desired to do so. Societies suffer and die from ignorance; and the special form of ignorance which perpetually assails progressive societies

ignorance of human nature itself. Man tends from the first to look outward at the world of nature rather than inward at himself. In our time he has developed a magnificent apparatus of scientific understanding of the world about him, an apparatus which enables him to bend the forces of nature to his purpose. But the development of an equally adequate understanding of the nature of man is woefully in arrears. As a result, we use much of our knowledge to destroy rather than to create. Our difficulties at the present are mainly human—international hatreds, intra-social misunderstandings; and we tend to deal with such difficulties as our forgotten predecessors dealt with material problems, that is, after a fashion suggested by the merest opportunism. This is so because we have failed to investigate scientifically the human material which constitutes society.

The defect of method is nowhere so plainly evident as in the field of industry. If some inorganic material cannot readily be adapted to industrial processes we employ a chemist or a physicist to discover why. But should a group of workers show signs of resisting adaptation to some industrial system, we usually lose our tempers and endeavor to force them to accept it. The proposed system is never based on accurate knowledge of humanity; it is always dictated by clearly formulated business needs and by rough guesswork at human feeling and desire. This form of procedure inevitably exacerbates the human difficulty; it solves no problem, at best it arrives at a mere settlement—by scuffling. Throughout the world this method has been unwarrantably exploited, it has been dignified with the title of "collective bargaining." The principle of the primitive squabble has been accorded a pseudo-scientific rank.

It cannot be too often or too strongly said that the systematic study of individuals is a necessary precedent to the understanding of society. The easy method of the crowd-psychologist ig-

nores this fact—and ends in confusion and misstatement. The business man equally ignores it—and industries are torn down by strikes. Everywhere round us is a litter of human fact, disregarded by all save a few, and yet directly relevant to the major issues of our time. Take, for example, the extraordinary persistence of superstition. This is one of the "small matters" which society determinedly disregards when making up its accounts of "progress upon the whole." Yet it remains a very serious human problem. It is to the superstitious attitude of mind, and all which it implies, that many of our present troubles will ultimately be traced. The ignorant and the neurotic are not alone in their observance of superstitious practices; as many instances may be found amongst the educated classes. The problem has nothing to do with enlightened religion: we are facing a question as to why an essentially primitive attitude of mind should persist in the most advanced societies.

Recently a leading business man of Philadelphia refused to leave a factory he was visiting by the most obvious exit. He had come in by another door and must therefore leave the building by the same door: otherwise he suffered premonitions of "bad luck." This same belief is found widely spread through the country and mining districts of Pennsylvania and Virginia. If a visitor enters a house by one door and leaves by another, the death of some resident in the house may be expected. It is somewhat astonishing to discover in the United States and among native-born Americans (the educated not exempt) a superstitious belief with respect to visiting strangers which is held by the savage islanders of Java, New Guinea, Borneo, and the South Pacific generally. The elaborate ceremonies of purification after a visit from a stranger have been abandoned, but the fear itself persists. The apparent identity of superstitious beliefs is not confined to this single instance. Over a

wide field there is a most striking resemblance that calls for further investigation. A bird flying into a house or against a window means a death; this again is an omen that would be similarly interpreted in the Pacific. Civilization has apparently developed the outward and visible signs of intellectual freedom, but not the inward reality. Many new superstitions have been added to the original and primitive list—superstitions with respect to the significance of a fallen picture, shoes left on a table, the new moon seen in a mirror, and so on indefinitely.

If the average human mind has this side to it—an aspect of utter irrationality—are we wise to neglect the fact in making up the accounts of civilization? What part is this irrationality playing in the creation of industrial disputes and social unrest? These questions call urgently for answer. Until answered, they leave us in doubt whether Frazer's volume on *Taboo and the Perils of the Soul* is not a better guide to the problems of industry than learned treatises on economics.

Close study of the neurotic in recent years has resulted in important discoveries with respect to the mentality of the person of average normality. The eccentricities of the abnormal were formerly supposed to be without significance for the psychologist of the normal. It is now known that the study of neurotic disorders performs much the same office for the psychologist that a microscope does for the biologist. That is to say, it enables him to examine closely natural structures magnified far beyond their natural size. In this way psychology, like biology, has been led to take notice of many important facts which formerly escaped notice. In a former article I showed that "absent-mindedness" a little exaggerated becomes hysterical preoccupation—a "hysterical fugue"; also, that this fact has an important bearing on the education of the normal child. In this

article I hope to show that the so-called obsessional neurosis is an exaggeration of a common tendency to terror-ridden reveries and that this, in subtler form is playing a large and unsuspected part in the misdirection of civilized destiny. Psychopathology has called attention to the almost universal presence of fear-obsessions in clinical cases; it is the duty of social psychology to discover the relation of these same obsessions to unreason and distress in the world beyond the hospital.

The obsessional neurosis is a form of "nervous breakdown" which is exceedingly distressing to the sufferer and his relatives; it is very commonly encountered in these days. Melancholic preoccupation, conviction of sin, chronic indecision, suicidal tendencies are the most usual symptoms. One patient, a military case, lay for eight hours on his bed, rigid and unsleeping, because he could not decide whether to transfer himself to another hospital in the morning. The same patient had formed a habit, whenever he went for a walk, of allowing his "feet to decide" which way he should take. If he came to two roads he was careful not to choose which he should take, until his feet seemed actually to have entered upon one or the other. The burden of decision is the burden of possible sin; all definite decisions are carefully avoided. Another patient, a woman of forty, after entering a small public garden, walked round it most of the afternoon weeping because she could not decide to go out of the gate. Finally some one, observing her condition, asked what was the matter; this apparently helped her to decision for, without answering the question, she left the garden and went home. This same woman if she began to sweep a room was unable to stop. The text, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," would come into her mind and she would continue her work to the point of physical exhaustion, fearing lest she might not have done it "with her might." This

type of case is, almost without exception, much preoccupied with religious fears. In some this leads to the imposition upon themselves of increasingly complicated religious forms which must be observed with detailed accuracy. One woman had developed a long string of promises to God which had to be repeated at stated periods of the day and night. This complication of ceremonial does not, however, lead to happiness, so in other cases there is an endeavor to throw off the yoke of religion altogether. This frequently takes the form of a "compulsion" little understood by the sufferer himself. Thus one young woman of thirty, after a period of great apparent devotion to religion, became unable to go to church at all without suffering mental and physical symptoms that terrified her. She always felt ill if she heard a church bell, her symptoms were always accentuated on Sundays. She always crossed the road to avoid meeting a clergyman or to avoid walking past a church. She also suffered from chronic agonies of indecision in all the major and minor affairs of life.

With regard to all these cases it has been observed that they suffer the effects of melancholic reveries which show a continuous development from earliest infancy to adulthood. Childish fears persist and develop into adult obsessions. Fear of death, of the dark, of "the unforgivable sin," of God, and everlasting punishment—these things still preoccupy the unhappy adult mind. The great majority of obsessional neurotics show a history of an unusual and unhappy infancy. The incidence of the disorder is very high among only children, children who have been subjected to excessive discipline, children of divorced parents, and children brought up in institutions. The adult symptom may seem at times to be so mild as to be almost negligible. A highly placed business executive was once sent to me for examination whose only apparent symptom was inability to sign

his name if anyone was in his office with him. He had to ask his secretary and any chance visitor to retire before he could begin to sign documents. In his case as in others, however, the abnormal revery-development had its origin during an unhappy infancy.

It has long been known that children are easily terrified, that they are specially apprehensive in unusual surroundings, that to them the dark holds more awful mysteries than the day. But just as we find in democratic societies a comfortable conviction of "progress upon the whole," so also do we find here an easy and comforting belief that the average child learns somehow or other how to control and get rid of these incipient obsessions. Until very recently it has been no one's special business to inquire why these infantile fears persist and develop in certain individuals, or whether it is not possible that some such fears persist and develop in everyone. This is a difficult inquiry. It is easier to hold fast to one's own scrap or shred of sanity and to assume that a pill or salts will sufficiently atone for a continuously mistaken education in other people.

The fact is that education, in the broadest sense of that term, matters much more than has commonly been supposed. The prime duty of the educationist is not to impose a profession or a trade upon his student, but to set him free. Freedom for the individual means the clear light of understanding, and emancipation from fear—obsessions, superstitions, and the powers of darkness. For the individual as for society, the course of civilized development runs from fear to freedom. The mental situation of the infant is curiously like that of the savage. He sees as far, he hears as much as we do; but he understands much less. For the first few years of life his mind is largely preoccupied with the difficult task of learning the management of limbs and body. Walking, running, speech, the handling of objects, the judgment of distances by

sight—these things all demand the most careful attention. But somewhere about the age of two or three a great change comes; the infant lifts his eyes and, behold, there is a world. Some things in it he knows—people, and objects such as chairs which have helped his staggering walk. But most of it is unknown, and especially its wide extent. The change is profound and the period critically important. For a time the child's power of concentration diminishes; wonder emerges, and a more generalized fear than he has previously known. Terror-dreams begin at this age—which probably means that with the generalized fear comes revery of a primitive order. From the age of three onward the infant mind recapitulates in some degree the mental history of the race. He has, of course, many advantages over the savage. Civilization helps him forward to a restricted area of understanding and emancipation, and prescribes a regular life for him the while. But in spite of his apparent acquiescence in a civilized regime, there is nevertheless at the back of the infant mind a very definite repetition of primitive attitudes and beliefs. Between the ages of three and eight his world is dominated by magic. The daily routine of speech and play does not altogether express the essential child; it is rather a species of civilized scaffolding behind which the essential child is forming himself by revery upon what he sees and hears. The scaffolding is important to the building but must not be mistaken for it.

It is therefore the child's reveries, his secret or behind-the-scenes reactions to the events of the day, which specially concern us. His habits of routine may be largely determined by other, and adult, minds. It is his variation or adaptation of such routine which interests us. Externally and to all seeming he may do exactly what parents or nurses require; but his interpretation is very different. It is in this respect that his attitude resembles that of primitive

man. The briefest examination will suffice to show the immense importance in his secret life of magic, ceremonial, and taboo. Like the savage, he invents ceremonies which are designed to protect him from evil chance. Sometimes the resemblance is exact. A small boy of ten years was sent to school for the first time; previously he had been taught at home. Though backward at games, his mental development and aptitude for study were beyond his years. In spite of this he used to take minute precautions, as he walked to and from the school, that no one who passed him should tread upon his shadow. If some one did by chance do so, the boy indulged in a peculiar three-step shuffle which was supposed to act as an antidote. All of this happened without the knowledge of his parents or schoolmates. Only later, when fighting down the magic practice in adolescence, did he make it known.

If we compare with this Frazer's statement of the savage attitude, we have to admit something more than coincidence. "Often he (*i.e.* the savage) regards his shadow . . . as a vital part of himself, and as such it is necessarily a source of danger to him. For if it is trampled upon, struck or stabbed, he will feel the injury as if it were done to his person. . . ." The same small boy invented another shuffle of four steps which he used if he failed to step over the shadow of another person. Again, Frazer says, "Conversely, if the shadow is a vital part of a man or animal, it may under certain circumstances be as hazardous to be touched by it as it would be to come into contact with the person or animal."

The small boy under discussion lived in a part of the world very remote from Philadelphia; it is of special interest to me, therefore, that I should have been witness to an illustration of precisely the same attitude a few months ago in this city. An adult seated on a sunny veranda was teasing, not unkindly, a very normal small girl of nine. Suddenly the child moved forward and

tamped hard with her foot upon the veranda floor. "There," she said, with conviction of successful retaliation in her tones, "I've jumped upon your shadow." Anyone intimately acquainted with children knows that these instances are not isolated or unique, but characteristic. Many other types of magical practice held in common with primitive man might be quoted. People ordinarily do not notice such things because they have not been trained to observe them.

Do we ever ask ourselves what we should think of the events of the day if they occurred against a background or in a setting which was largely unrecognizable by us? Yet this, or something resembling this, is the situation of the infant and the savage. The child and the savage look out at a wide world which they do not understand; they feel their impotence and are afraid. The world may hold for them the thrill of splendid possibility; it certainly holds the threat of unanticipated disaster. The roads by which success or disaster may come are alike unknown. But something must be done; life has to be lived. Whether child or savage, the individual has to reassure himself somehow or other before he can give attention to the affairs of the day. Magic is the means he employs. The pretence of control by words and ceremonies where no real control exists has the effect of setting at ease the unstable or fearful mind; it makes possible attention to hunting, play, or domestic duties. Rub the feet with the skin of a snake you have killed and no snake will attack. Repeat a certain word three times at midnight and you will win your heart's desire.

I do not mean that child or savage clearly understands this need of reassurance or that magic is in any sense "make-believe." What I mean is rather that such practices originate in a human need of something to act as a set-off against ignorance and impotence: magic makes life livable. Many mothers of the present day, nominally civilized, put "teething necklaces" upon their babies

or tie a red cord round a wart. Many successful men of business wear an iron "rheumatic ring" or carry a potato in the pocket to "absorb the evil humors" of rheumatism. The point is that there is the closest possible relation between generalized fear and magical practices. Ignorance implies fear or, it may be, a combination of desire and fear. This is overcome by a magical fulfillment of the desired end, by the substitution of magical for real control. This "night-mind" of the child and the savage survives in the civilized adult; few, if any, are wholly free. In a distorted and exaggerated form, it discolors the reveries of the neurotic.

There is much said in these days of the necessity for "mental hygiene" and especially of the necessity for a mental hygiene of industry. Since no very clear distinction is drawn between medical and mental hygiene, the claim is sometimes obscure or in some degree confused. There are those who advocate periodic medical examinations of industrial workers, coupled with facilities for referring eccentrics or paranoid cases to a psychiatric clinic. This is excellent and probably necessary; but it does not begin to touch the real problem of mental hygiene in industry. The "night-mind" of the child and the savage survives in the civilized adult; few, if any, are wholly free. The social psychologist is chiefly concerned with the average adult, the man or woman who, though never likely to suffer actual "nervous breakdown" or to need the attention of the psychiatrist, is nevertheless partially actuated by irrational reveries of the type we have discussed. Human behavior that is determined by superstition and magic is no mere unimportant relic of our ancestral past. It is at once a symptom of a social ill and an aggravation of that ill. Wherever groups of men and women are gathered together it will be found that this partially concealed irrationality, more than any other mental factor, is determining their group attitude and behavior. In the Queens-

land political elections of 1916 the party fight between Labor and "Nationalism" was conducted after the usual "democratic" fashion of appeal to fear-obsessions. The Nationalists were accused of attempting to exploit the worker; the Labor party was accused of a desire to attach the savings of the middle classes. Labor won the election and immediately there followed a "run" upon the State Savings Bank. This "run" lasted for days and had to be taken in hand by the police. Long before the bank opened depositors gathered, bank books in hand, to withdraw their savings. There was no reason at all in this panic; all the financial resources of the State of Queensland were the depositors' security. The party system has been guilty of many crimes against democracy; it is easier to appeal to fear than reason. Gilbert Murray, in an essay written twenty years ago, said that "the submerged self . . . counts for most in the movements of masses and of nations." This statement remains true; the sociopsychological is the problem which most urgently demands the attention of civilization.

The alternatives which life offers to the individual would seem to be either a life of high adventure (and best if intellectual) or a life dominated by fear-obsessions. The unconquerable human spirit, if it finds no outward issue in action, turns upon and rends itself. Statistics show that mental disorders of this latter type are definitely increasing. More illuminating than statistics is actual investigation work in factories. Hardly ever does one meet an individual who finds life a high adventure; pessimism and discontent are rife and universal. The reveries of middle-aged men and comparatively young women alike show an extraordinary tendency to the implication that life is not worth living. An avid grasp at the magical comfort of patent medicines is the outcome. It is apparently no one's business to ask what the disregarded mental condition of

revery is doing in industry. And meanwhile society suffers symptoms of an unrest which should be a sufficient warning of the danger of neglect.

Modern machine production is exceedingly monotonous. An operative may be asked to repeat two or three simple operations for the whole of his working day, five or six days in the week. An industry which has thus ordered its work is said to be "well organized" or "efficient." It may be that this form of operation is actually necessary to mass production. If so, its effect upon the human organism will have to be considered. Work of this type, once it has been learned, demands the minimum of concentration; it is in fact performed in the mood of revery. The worker cannot actually concentrate his mind on other things, but he can nevertheless think passively of matters utterly irrelevant to his work. This is, in fact, the mental condition of every machine-worker I have interrogated. "You think of other things." "You need no brains for this work"—assertions such as these are common. If the inquiry, in favorable instances, be taken farther in order to discover what "other things" are thought of, one finds that personal ills or injuries form a large part of such thinking. A male worker said, "We get disgusted, we are always getting disgusted." A woman operative, renowned for her speed and skill, declared that she always worked best and fastest when she was "mad" with something or somebody. Many firms have already made the discovery that it is exceedingly unwise to assign intelligent workers to monotonous work. One large English manufacturing house has instituted intelligence tests with the avowed purpose of discriminating against intelligent workers over a large area of its industrial operations. "Intelligent workers dislike monotony and create trouble." An American firm, which employs mainly women, will have none over a certain "intelligence age." This for the same reason—that the intelligent are "trouble-makers."

It becomes evident that we are sadly in need of a social psychology or a mental hygiene which will discover what civilization is doing to humanity. "Vocational selection" as the psychologist conceives it may be an excellent thing. Vocational selection as industry practices it may be of very doubtful benefit. Here is a definite instance of danger consequent on our general failure to apply to human investigation the scientific principles which direct material inquiry. In any business situation there is a clear statement of the economic aspect coupled with rough guesswork at the human factor. As a result, the solution that is reached is merely economic—and humanity is expected to adapt conveniently its inheritance of racial capacity to the economic requirement. A dangerous oversimplification of the problem—which suggests the possibility of worse to follow. If psychologists and psychiatrists alike refuse to participate in social investigation, we shall move toward two alternatives. Either we shall put a premium upon unintelligence as the area of organized machine production is extended, or we shall give rise to an increasing resentment in the "submerged" mentality of the workers—a resentment that will

ultimately wreak a terrible vengeance on the social order.

When shall we learn that civilization can be based only upon scientific understanding? Human nature is a natural fact, like lightning, and as unconquerable. If we endeavor to use electricity without understanding, we suffer damage or destruction. Until understood, electricity was known only by reason of the apparently wanton damage it did; in these days it provides us with light, warmth, and a safe passage into the city. What civilization most needs is such a research as that begun by Michael Faraday, but pointed in a new, and human, direction. Faraday began investigating the how and why of certain electrical toys which everyone disregarded; he was derided for his pains. But out of his research has come man's power to annihilate distance, to ride upon the storm. For the psychologist and psychiatrist there is a present and urgent necessity to investigate certain aspects of human mentality equally disregarded by civilization. And out of this research, however slow or beset with possibilities of error, will come the power to amend and advance civilization, to defy the possibility of decadence. This is not one way but the only way to save society.

YOUTH

BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

I NEVER thought that youth would go
 Who was so blithe and fain,
 Or if he strayed I thought a song
 Would call him back again.

But knowledge came one April day
 And woke me with a start—
 When I walked alone in a wooded lane
 With perfect peace of heart.

A CALABRIAN GOES HOME

A Story

BY VIOLA PARADISE

TONY was going home to kill his wife. He turned his head toward the open sea, away from New York's haze-blurred skyline, shook himself, ground his teeth and groaned. He would kill her. His brother, too. Hadn't he spent the money that should have bought grand glittering presents for them on a revolver and a stiletto? Glittering presents. Which to use? The stiletto. He would plunge it between her smooth firm breasts, just where on his wedding night he had put his hand—how timidly!—feeling her heart pound, pleased at her modesty as she shuddered away from him. He shuddered now. He shook himself again. No, not the stiletto. Time enough to think out the details. But first, he'd tell her what he thought, he would take her by the throat—

A sob shook him. Her smooth throat! She would be sitting there so calmly, with her distaff, her long clever fingers drawing out and twisting the *ginestra* into thread. The charcoal would be glowing in the *braciére*—or perhaps it would have burned down to ashes, and maybe an egg would be roasting in the ashes. She would see him come in at the door, she would smile her faint tolerant smile as if he were a little boy, she would say his name, and get up slowly. . . .

But no, she would not smile. She would know—must know—by now that he was coming home to kill her. Perhaps she would start as he came in, perhaps she would scream. (Oh, God, don't let her scream! I couldn't do it.) . . . And Bruno would be there, the poor

wayward stormy clubfoot brother whom he had always looked after and protected against the plaguing of the village boys, against his own caprices; Bruno who had worshiped him, and now had grown up and had stolen his wife—his, Tony's wife! Oh, he would have vengeance; no one would blame him. Only a coward would let some one else steal his wife. And his own brother—terrible!

At first he had not believed it. It was down in the mine; he was switching a car of ore into the lift. And then he saw Giovanni, just back from their native village in Calabria. He shouted to Giovanni and Giovanni shouted back but did not come over to him. When Tony had finished with the car he had hurried to where Giovanni was standing, and Giovanni had shaken hands, but turned his head away.

"What's-a-da matter?" Tony had asked in English.

"Nothing, *niente*, how are you? Well I gotta get to work," Giovanni had said, embarrassed.

"But first, what's a hurry? You saw Lucia and Bruno? Did they tell you that in three months I go home to bring here Lucia? Gotta little money in the bank. What's the matter—*Cos' è stato?*" For Giovanni had turned his head away. "Giovanni, she ain't sick, my wife?" And then Giovanni had told him.

He saw the car coming along the track but could not move. And in the months afterward in the hospital he had tried to believe it was all because the car struck him, that it was not true. But he knew it was true. And so now he was going home, to be a murderer.

That was it: to think of himself as a murderer. But not to think of Lucia of the rich voice and lovely head; not to think of Bruno with his limp and his eyes glowing in his peaked face. "*Dio mio!* I will not think of them. . . . I should never have married her, I knew she loved him, I knew her father made her marry me. But I loved her more than Bruno. He only—*Madre di Dio*, don't let me think of them, let me think only of *me, me*, a murderer. . . ."

The boat lurched, he was feeling seasick. Ah, that was good, you can't think when you are seasick . . . A murderer, that's what. He'd go straight into the room, and she, with her soft voice, and her calm eyes . . . Madonna!

In the Calabrian mountain village Lucia was waiting. Not since the end of Tony's first year in America had she gone to the fields with the other women, for Tony had sent money, had written that she must not work, had promised to come back soon, to take her to America. Three years now since he had gone, three years and a month since they had married, four years since her father had forbidden her marriage with Bruno. Bruno, not at all like a cripple in spirit. Now stormy, now gay, a little wicked, irresponsible, but with fire in his veins, and hot words, and boldness. Ah, she had liked his boldness. The first time was the day she had gone to the village well at noon, when nearly

everyone was indoors. He had laughed at her a little and said, "I could prick that Madonna smile of yours with a sweet, sharp kiss." And she had started, had almost dropped the jug from her head. But she was well brought up, she had dropped her eyes, and had gone home to her father's house. In bed that night she had trembled, and wondered how it would feel to be kissed. Bruno was foolish, kisses weren't sharp. . . . And yet maybe they were, sharp and sweet—like Bruno's laugh. Tony, now, he did not laugh aloud, he had a sort of fumbling chuckle. Oh, he was very nice, *simpatico*, and steady, and the older and not a cripple. And Lucia was an obedient girl, not wanting things too



LUCIA WAS AFRAID. TONY WOULD KILL HER NOW

hard, perhaps a little lazy. But one day, her fifteenth birthday, as they came back from the vineyards, Bruno had pulled her aside, had suddenly given her that kiss, that impish kiss. . . . Oh, why had her father not let her marry Bruno?

Yet Tony made a good husband. She even loved him—he was so fond of her, so gentle in his awkward way. Rather like a child; and a little stupid. Yet he could say sweet things. “I love you,” he had said, “because your voice is—nice. The other girls in the village have hoarse voices.” That was pleasing. Bruno would never have said such things, more likely something taunting; he would only have seized tight hold of her, and have laughed at her a moment through his small sharp teeth, and held her close, and not let go when she cried out. . . . But it was wicked to think of such things. Tony was a good husband, and needed looking after. When he left for America, left to make his fortune, a sadness came over her and a fear for him as if he were a child going away. How would he get along by himself? And when an accident had kept him from coming back at the end of the first year she ached with anxiety for him, she wanted to pet him, and to scold him a little; it was just like him to get hurt. Such a blundering boy, so awkward! And even this last accident, she couldn’t help wanting to be there, to look after him. . . .

But she must not think of him, poor Tony! Time enough. He would be well

all too soon, he would come home to kill her. Why, *why* wouldn’t Bruno take her away? Poor Bruno, so miserable now, his fire quenched, his laughter gone. His love too. Had it ever been love? The

waiting was hard and bitter. The women of the village would not talk to her, would only call her shameful names. Even her own relations had cursed her. Where could she go alone? She was glad her father was dead. A shiver of fear pierced her at the very thought of her father. He would have beaten her, he would have killed her for this disgrace. Then that thought passed; she would have laughed, only there was no more laughter in her. For Tony would kill her now. Yes, she was afraid. Only, as soon as she really thought of it, she could see Tony with his fumbling way, and the feeling changed to something different, with shame and despair and pity mixed in it. Besides, she wanted to die. Now all there was to life was waiting, wondering: which would come first, death or birth? What would become of the child? Oh, it would be better to have Tony come quickly. Yet it would be sweet to have the little baby for a while, first—Bruno’s baby! And if only, if only Bruno

would change back to his old self, and if only he would take her away! She waited day after day, hoping he would say, “To-morrow we are going.” But when she looked at him, the unasked question in her eyes, he grew impatient. And once he said, angrily, as if she had accused him, “I am no coward,



“GOD PITY YOU BOTH,” SAID
THE OLD PRIEST



AT THE BLACKSMITH SHOP THEY ASKED ME, "WHEN DO YOU TRAVEL?"

do not run away, *sono Calabrese, io!* At the blacksmith shop they asked me, "When do you travel?"—snake-eyed sons of devils! Only once they asked me that. I promised the point of my knife to the next. Dogs!" And his sharp eyes looked at her in wrath. He stamped his crippled foot. And then, his spirit suddenly deflated, he said absently, "What will be, will be."

The whole village knew what was going to happen. Nothing like this had ever happened here before; but in a village the other side of Catanzaro, and again not far from Nicastro, there were tales of men who had left their wives too long and had had to come home for vengeance, for vengeance that was almost a duty. Tony would come, no one doubted, when he was well. Giovanni had written about the accident in the mine. Just let her wait, this Lucia. And what a blessing her parents were dead, not to know this disgrace! And when as soon as the disgrace had become known, Tony's old mother had died, then the village said, "It is of shame she died; she is a murderer, this Lucia that has the soft voice and the Madonna face! Bah!"

There was plenty of food for scandal. For on her marriage Lucia had come to the house of her husband's mother, and Bruno had lived in the house too. It was a large house for this village, it had four rooms. The goat and the *asino* had a room for themselves, not in with the family. And now that Tony was gone and the old mother was dead, Bruno and Lucia were living in the same house alone. Shameful! said the village.

The priest came to protest. Bruno, defiant and stubborn, said, "I will not go away. Let her go if she likes!" and Lucia said, "Where could I go, Father? You need not worry, we are moral now, waiting for death." And the bewildered old priest tried first to scold her, saying, "That you, you should have done this! To betray your husband, to cause the death of your mother-in-law!" and then he muttered, "He must be arrested when he comes—Tony! He must not be allowed to commit murder!" But he knew he was powerless, and he left the house saying, "God pity you both!" and he wrung his hands.

The days passed. Things to do—milking the goat at dawn, and mixing the warm milk in a bowl with coffee for

Bruno to drink before going to the fields; cleaning the house, cleaning out the straw from the room of the goat and the *asino*; polishing the brass *braciére* so that it would look bright and warm even when the charcoal had burned down to ashes; making *pasta*; weaving the spun thread into strips to bind the new baby in—the poor new baby, what would happen to it?—going down the steep cobbled street to the well, but at noon when the other women were indoors, but not going empty handed: with the jug on your head you could still spin, then if some one passed, your eyes need not be seeking shelter. And before you knew it was sundown, another day had gone in little tasks that turned the mind away from fear. But then evening had come, and the mind turned fear-ward. And when Bruno had had his *pasta* and wine, and sometimes a stew of meat and dried chestnuts, he would go out into the night. And Lucia would linger over washing the dishes to drag out the time; she would sometimes change things about in the room, hanging the festoons of dried mushrooms where the peppers had hung, and moving the strings of dried chestnuts to another hook. But presently she would change them back. It was not that she cared how they looked, only that the familiarity of the room seemed almost cruel. But the strangeness would be worse. Sometimes she would not work at all in the evenings but would go quickly to bed before Bruno should come in. But sleep came tardily. She could see Bruno's tight eyes and his bitter mouth and his limp. She would think, "I ought to be praying, to beg forgiveness," yet she could not think long about her sinfulness. Instead, she would think, "He hates me, he never loved me, or he would take me away."

They did not talk much now. But sometimes they talked. One evening Bruno had said, "The wickedness is done. To-night I will come to you as before."

"No." Her voice was almost a whisper.

"Yes, there can be no more harm. The sin is done already."

"No. It would bring a curse upon the baby."

"The curse is there already."

"Oh, no! Madonna, no!" she cried out and she touched the yellow stone in her ring to ward off evil from the baby, and made the sign with her fingers which should turn away the evil eye.

He said, "Then you do not love me!"

"About love we cannot talk." (If only he would say, "To-morrow we go away!")

He glared at her with angry eyes. "Almost I could kill you myself when you look like that—so still—so, so—yes, almost I could kill you."

Her voice was low again, he could only just hear it. "That is my husband's right."

He caught his breath sharply and stared at her as if she were a stranger. Then he seemed to crumple up. He turned away and said, muttering to himself, "No, I will not rob you twice, my brother." And after that she felt something new in his manner toward her—as if he were seeking out in her a cranny for his scorn.

Another night, when it was storming outside, they talked. He said, "You look so calm and still, but you must be frightened, no?"

She knew it was not of the storm he spoke. She said, "Yes—I don't know." (How strange to be talking like this, she thought.) "Sometimes I do not feel anything. But you, are *you* frightened?"

"I? Oh, yes, it is likely that I am frightened!" he scoffed. But suddenly he changed. "Yes," he said simply, "I have fear."

The admission shook her—she felt flooded with pity for him. He was proud, and he had admitted fear. She wanted to say, "We will go away together," but she too was proud. Instead she said:

"Run away, Bruno. Please run away!"

He made a contemptuous sound in his throat, he spat with disgust.

"Don't spit, you are dirtying the floor. Please run away."

He shuddered. She looked at him. His sharp bright eyes stared at the ceiling. He tipped back in the heavy chair, stretched out his legs, and then suddenly sat up straight again. He looked so insolent one moment, so pitiable the next. She was sorry for him.

"Maybe," she said hesitatingly, "maybe he will not kill us."

He started up, his eyes blazed. "Of what are you thinking!"

"Yet it may be, who knows? One can always hope. Compassion—he may have compassion."

"My brother is no coward!" There was angry pride in his voice.

"But—but Bruno!" she was strangely stirred, troubled. "Bruno, it sounds as if—as if you wish him to kill us!"

He looked away, his hands were clenched, it seemed as if his whole body were clenched. "There is honor," he said through his teeth.

She breathed several long deep breaths. "Yes," she assented. "Honor. And fate."

He walked to the window and opened the shutter. It was not quite dark, the hills were all budding in the early spring. He turned back to her after a while, softened, yearning. "But it was too short—the happiness," he said, "to pay with two lives. Lucia—to-night—"

She shook her head, shuddering. He turned sullen and scowled.

After a few minutes she asked:

"Bruno, if it had been the other way . . ."

"I would have killed you," he said fiercely.

"And—Tony?"

A cry of anguish escaped him. "He took care of me when I was little! I—I couldn't have killed him! And I should have known—a man can't help these things. But a woman—"

"Bruno!" For a moment she was stunned. Then anger welled up in her—rage, "You—you—but it was *you*—"

She could not find words. She rushed from the room.

It was not for several days that the new ache in her found understanding in her mind. But now, more than the



words of the priest, more than the scorn of the village, more than the curses of her relations, more than the terrible loneliness, more than the misery of her own reproaches, his words lashed her. "A man can't help these things. But a woman—"

And for the first time in her life she felt hate. For a while it chased away all fear. Sorry for him! Never! Her very shame went thin before her hate. She even thought of running away—not from death and Tony, but from Bruno. Yet sometimes she would dream of Bruno's thin sure hands gripping her shoulders.

Spring was heaping itself up, a crescendo of greens. The world looked happy, full of promise. And then a rumor spread through the town (a letter had come from Giovanni) that Tony was out of the mine hospital and had started for New York.

The priest gave the news to Lucia. He was angry, distraught. "You have been wicked, you must go away. Otherwise you will make your husband do murder! You have made enough disgrace in this village, God pity you!" But she only shook her head.

Yet his words had put panic in her heart. Her slow-moving mind now thrashed about futilely, trying to think of some place to go, something to do. Now for the first time the thought of death was imminent and terrible to her. Death—only a matter of weeks. If Tony had started for New York when the letter was written—why then, almost any day now, *even to-day* he might come! No, no, one could not die like this, one could not stay still and invite death when the whole world was full of spring, when. . . . Her eyes sought every corner of the room, stayed a moment on the little shrine which Tony had carved for her just after their marriage, and dropped from the shrine to the chest beneath. She crossed herself and then went to the chest where the woven strips for the baby were piled, and the knitted things. She began tumbling

them out on the floor. A trunk, that was what she needed, a trunk. Why, at any moment Tony might come in at the door—ah, that was he now!

No. Only Bruno's limping footstep. Bruno whom she hated. Suddenly her panic was gone. Run away? Never. She began folding up the strips. Then she took up her distaff and began to spin.

He sat, his feet on the frame of the *braciére*, his chair tipped back. Presently he said, "You have heard the news?"

She stole a swift glance at him. His face was white. She did not answer him.

After a long while she said, "If the baby *should* come first, do you think your aunt—after I was—dead—?" She ground the word out.

Now he did not answer. She felt him shrug his shoulders. She said, "Some one must take pity on a little baby. It's not a little baby's fault."

"Tell that to your husband, perhaps." His voice was sneering.

Then she said her first bitter words to Bruno. "It is your heart that is crippled." And she looked at him with scorn.

He clenched his hand to a fist, he raised it, he was limping toward her. But she looked at him without fear, and said before he reached her, in her low rich voice that did not tremble, "My husband's right."

He dropped his hand.

The panic to run away was gone. Even hate was gone. And the fear was not a steady terror, it came and went in waves. She could go about her work, she could make cakes of *polenta*, she could even work on the baby's christening dress for an hour at a time without it. And then it would flood over her, suddenly, and she would crush the dress to her body.

A week went by. She would lie awake at night, thinking, "He is nearer, he is nearer." Again and again she calculated the probable hour of his coming.



"WE WILL GO AWAY. I—I WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU, TONY."

If he took the postman's bus from Catanzaro it would bring him to the nearest town to her village, ten kilometers away, at noon. Then he would come at three in the afternoon. Only, he would never arrive by day. And he would not take the bus: that would mean talking to the postman. No, he would walk up, following one *scorciatoia* and another, at night. She saw him stumbling along in the dark, through the woods, past the fields fragrant of the turned earth, through first one village, now another. And the dogs would bark and startle him. And perhaps there would be a moon. And he would sleep any day in lonely places. Surely, it

would be at night when he would come, but not late at night, not after the time for the door to be bolted. But if the door were bolted what should she do? He would beat on the door, and she—would she let him in? Could she get up out of her bed to make it easy for him to murder her? She shuddered, her heart was cloven with fear.

Bruno too seemed preoccupied with the door. Before he went to bed he would bolt it. But often in the night she heard him get up and stealthily unbolt it, and then perhaps an hour later bolt it again.

One night she heard different sounds. Bruno was moving about in his room.

She heard his chest open and close. She sat up in bed. "He is going to run away!" she thought. And then, "He must take me, he must!" She got out of bed, and then remembered that she hated him: She stood still, leaning against the door, listening. Suddenly she heard sobs. He was crying, "Tony, Tony." She thought, "He can't run away, he loves Tony." She got back into bed, listening as he cautiously moved his chest back into place against the wall. She could not hate him any more.

Now she thought only of Tony. How would he do it? A stiletto? She tried to picture him coming in madly, purple with anger, rushing at her with the stiletto. But she could not see him like this. She saw him tired from his long walk, poor Tony. Not enraged, but his teeth set in hate, and his hands, his clumsy, stupid hands fumbling with the stiletto. "Oh, God, let him be quick about it, if it must be," she prayed. "Let him not muddle and fumble!" Her horror changed now. Maybe before the stiletto found her heart he would have to stab, and stab. . . .

Sometimes she felt numb from too much fear. To-night as she closed the thick wooden shutter over the window, she looked at the new moon with a star just below it. She thought, "I ought to make a wish—at least a wish for the baby." But she could not wish—just looked at the moon a few moments, stupidly. Now all the work was done, Bruno had gone out after supper, he would come back at any moment, or perhaps not for hours. And meanwhile she had a reprieve from thinking about the door, whether to bolt it, whether to speak to Bruno about bolting it. And there was still a breath of twilight left, Tony would surely not come before dark. And now, with the window shuttered and the door closed, she could not tell when it was dark. She could pretend it was still light outside. But the village was quiet, quiet.

She did not hear his footstep, only the latch click, and her heart stood still. The door opened. She got up from her chair, and stood rooted. There was Tony.

Tony—white, shaking. Tony—hands hanging at his side, a revolver in one, a stiletto in the other: both glittering in the light of the candle that burned to the Virgin in the shrine, with a restless glitter, because his hands were trembling. He opened his mouth but could not speak. His eyes were frightened—and thirsty.

"Tony!" The words came of themselves, "Tony, you are sick!" And she made a movement toward him, and then remembered.

He raised both his weapons. He stepped toward her.

"You—You—*Aie!* I cannot!" The weapons dropped to the ground. He sank down, sobbing, torn and wracked by sobs.

She was at his side, her hand stroking his hair; she was saying, "Do not cry, Tony. Do not cry. I—I will bring you something to eat. Do not cry, it will be better. There—do not cry." And it was only when she bent toward him, to kiss away the hurt as one would with a child, that the full remembrance came over her. "Madonna! What things do I say!" she cried, jumping away from him. She felt faint, she staggered to the wall, she threw her head back and tried to stuff her fists into her mouth.

There was a sound outside. Tony though he was sobbing more gently now did not hear it. But Lucia felt as if Bruno's limping footsteps were on her heart. The door opened, the rush of cool night air brought Tony to himself. He stood up trembling, his hands not clenched, but stiff, bent, as if he had started to clench them, and had been frozen halfway; his mouth open but silent.

Bruno's hand went to his belt, but dropped again. They stood there silent. Lucia looked only at Tony, yet she knew that Bruno was again the

little brother—wayward, but ashamed; frightened, but not quite frightened.

Tony groaned. Then he said, in a hoarse shaking whisper, "Go away from here."

Bruno did not answer, did not move.

"Go away," Tony repeated, "till to-morrow."

"I—I cannot go away—so—and let you—it would be cowardice. I cannot!"

"Go away. There will be no killing," said Tony, faintly. "We are a family of cowards."

"*Maledetto!*" Bruno swore, his eyes blazing. "You—you—"

Lucia winced for Tony, at the scorn in Bruno's voice. But Tony said slowly, onelessly, "Cowards. Go away. Till to-morrow. Then it will be empty—his house."

"But you mean—you do not mean—you and Lucia—together!"

"Yes." It seemed as if he were talking to himself. "To some new place, where our dishonors are not known. This house to-morrow is Bruno's—ours; and the things in it. Now go away." He turned his back to them both. After a moment he said, "Lucia, I am hungry."

Bruno gasped, stood a moment breathing hard, and then limped out of the room, out of the house.

Lucia felt dazed. The months-old fear was gone, but instead there was a terrible sadness and pity. She picked up the revolver and stiletto from the floor and put them on a little shelf. She left the room, and came back: a jug of wine on her head; in one hand a loaf of

bread, in the other an egg. She set the bread and wine on the table, and raked apart the ashes in the *braciére* to make a bed for roasting the egg. Her eyes were wet but her hands were steady; she moved about slowly, calmly.

"A little wine now," she said in her low voice, "to strengthen you; and when it is hot, the egg."

"Lucia!" He struggled for words, but she said, "There, there, we can talk after you have rested." She began cutting the bread.

He watched her long fingers, he looked at her smooth olive throat, at her Madonna-like face, and her figure grown so strangely heavy. Then he said, "Lucia, it is all muddled. Lucia—I—can you bear to go away with me? I am stupid and a coward. I—I should—I ought to kill you. But I can't. I—I—love you. I cannot help it—when you talk in your soft voice—" He choked.

She came behind his chair and put her hand on his shoulder. To herself she thought, "He asks my pardon—he—for not killing me! *Poveretto*," she said aloud, "do not tremble so, we will go away. I—I will take good care of you, Tony." She kissed the top of his head. "Now the egg must be hot enough."

He sighed—like a child's sigh after weeping. Then he said, "I am a poor sort of man for you. Even—even about the baby I cannot feel ashamed. Even the way you look—big—nice—oh, Lucia!"

She was opening the egg. "Here—it will give you strength. Now some bread . . . And a sip of wine. There."



Cast West North & South of a Man

By AMY LOWELL

I

HE rides a white horse,
 Mary Madonna,
 Dappled as clouds are dappled,
 O Mary, Mary,
 And the leather of his harness is the color of the sky.

On his head is a casque with an azure plume
 Which none may observe with unswerving eyes.

A proud gentleman, Mary Madonna.
 A knight to fill the forest, riding it crosswise,
 O Mary, Mary.
 His hoofprints dint the beech-mast,
 His plume brushes the golden leaves.

No flute man this, to sigh at lady's elbow.
 This is a trumpet fellow, proper for jousting or battle,
 Mary Madonna,
 To hack an enemy to pieces, and scale his castle wall.

O Mary, Mary,
 A point for piercing, an edge for shearing, a weight for pounding, a voice for thundering,
 And a fan-gleam light to shine down little alleys
 Where twisted houses make a jest of day.

There are dead men in his hand,
 Mary Madonna,
 And sighing women out beyond his thinking.
 O Mary, Mary,
 He will not linger here or anywhere.

He will go about his business with an ineradicable complaisance,
 leaving his dead to rot, his women to weep and regret, his sons to wax into his
 likeness,

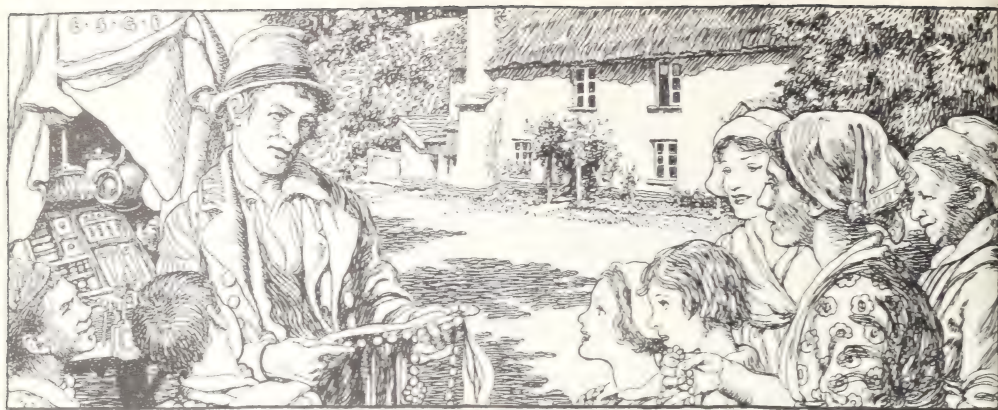
Never dreaming that the absurd lie he believes in
 is a gesture of Fate forcing him to the assumption of a vast importance
 Quite other than the blazoning of ceremonial banners to wave above a tomb.



II

Hot with oranges and purples,
 in a flowing robe of marigold color,
 He sweeps over September spaces.
 Scherezade, do you hear him,
 And the clang of his scimitar knocking on the gates?
 The tawny glitter of his turban,
 Is it not dazzling—
 With the saffron jewel set like a sunflower in the midst?
 The brown of his face!
 Like the brown like the heart of a sunflower.
 Who are you to aspire beyond the petals,
 To touch the golden burning beneath the marigold robe?
 His sash is magnificence clasped by an emerald;
 His scimitar is the young moon hanging before a sunset;
 His voice is the sun in mid-heaven
 Pouring on whirled ochre dahlias;
 His fingers, the flight of autumn wasps through a honey-colored afternoon.
 So, Scherezade, he has passed the dragon fountains
 and is walking up the marble stairway, stopping to caress the peacocks.
 He will lean above you, Scherezade, like September above an orchard of apples.
 He will fill you with the sweetness of spice-fed flames.
 Will you burn, Scherezade, as flowers burn in September sunlight?
 Hush, then, for flame is silence,
 and silent is the penetrating of the sun.

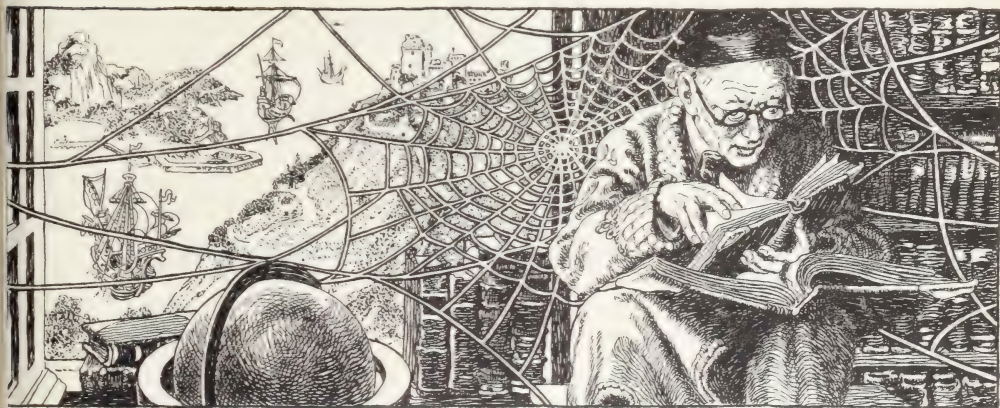
The dragon fountains splash in the courtyards,
 and the peacocks spread their tails.
 There are eyes in the tails of the peacocks,
 but the palace windows are shuttered and barred.



III

Pipkins, pans, and pannikins,
China teapots, tin and pewter,
Baskets woven of green rushes.
Maudlin, Jennifer, and Prue,
What is lacking in your kitchens?
Are you needing skewers or thimbles,
Spools of cotton, knots of ribbon,
Or a picture for your pantry,
Or a rag-rug for the bedside?
Plodding, plodding, through the dusty
Lanes between the hawthorn hedges,
My green wheels all white and dusty,
I as dusty as a miller,
White as any clown among them
Dancing on the London stages.
Here I have Grimaldi's latest,
Songs and ballads, sheets of posies
For your feet to ring-a-rosey.
Songs to make you sigh and shudder,
Songs to win you bright eye-glances,
Choruses, and glees, and catches.
Do your cupboards need refilling?
Take a peep into these hampers.
I have goods to loose your purse-strings:
Smocks, and shifts, and fine-clocked stockings,
Aprons of a dozen sizes,
Muslin dresses sprigged and patterned.
Can you look and not be buying?
Maudlin, Jennifer, and Prue,
Here are dainties for sweetheartings,
Tinsel crackers plumped with mottoes,
Twisted barley sticks and peardrops.
Here are earrings, chains, and brooches,
Choose what gift you'll have him give you.

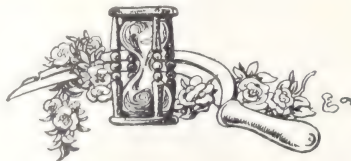
If the sweetheart days are over,
 I have silver forks and bodkins,
 Leather breeches, flannel bed-gowns,
 Spectacles for eyes grown feeble,
 Books to read with them, and candles
 To light up the page of evenings.
 Toys, too, to delight the children,
 Rocking-horses, tops, and marbles,
 Dolls with jointed arms, and flying
 Kites, and hoops, and even the Royal
 Game of Goose the world is playing.
 When I camp out on a common,
 Underneath an oak or linden,
 And my horse crops at his supper,
 Finding it along the hedgerows,*
 Then I play at Goose, with one hand
 Taking sides against the other.
 First my right hand holds the dice-cup,
 Then my left, each has its counter.
 'Tis a pastime never tires.
 Coppers, coppers, for the pedlar.
 Maudlin, Jennifer, and Prue,
 Fare you well, I must be jogging.
 Horse-bells tinkle at the lane-sides,
 Green wheels growing whiter, whiter,
 Lurching van of whims and whimsies
 Vanishing into the distance.



IV

Who would read on a ladder?
 But who can read without a ladder?
 Cheerful paradox to be resolved never.
 Book by book, he steps up and off to all the four quarters
 Of all the possible distances.
 Minerva have a care of him,
 For surely he has none for himself.

His eyes are dim with the plague of print,
 But he believes them eagle-seeing.
 His spectacles have grown to his nose,
 But he is unaware of the fact since he never takes them off.
 A little black cap on his head;
 A rusty dressing-gown, with the quilts run together,
 To keep out the cold;
 A window out of which he never looks;
 A chair from which he never rises.
 But do you not know a wharfside when you see it,
 And are you not moved at watching the putting off of the caravels of dream?
 Food gets into his mouth by accident
 As though fish swam the seas to come there,
 And cattle crowded the thoroughfares to reach his lips.
 If there are intermediaries, he is unconscious of them,
 As he is of everything but his cat,
 Who shares his vigils
 And has discovered the art of projecting herself into his visions.
 He loves a thousand ladies, and foregathers with a thousand caravans.
 To-day is as remote as yesterday,
 And he is avid of either with the intensity of a partaker of each;
 He could hobnob as blithely with Julius Cæsar as with King George or Samuel
 Gompers,
 And his opinions on affairs of the moment are those of an eyewitness
 Although he never sets foot out of doors.
 Indeed, Minerva, you should watch the step of this gentleman,
 For he runs so swiftly past events and monuments it seems incredible he should
 not trip.
 The walls of forbidden cities fall before him;
 He has but to tap a sheepskin to experience kingdoms,
 And circumstance drips from his fingers like dust.
 An habituated eye sees much through a pin-prick,
 And are not his observations folio wide?
 He eats the centuries
 And lives a new life every twenty-four hours,
 So lengthening his own to an incalculable figure.
 If you think you see only an old man moldering between four walls,
 You are greatly mistaken.
 Minerva over the door could tell you better
 If her stone face would speak.
 Talk to him and he will not hear you;
 Write a book and he knows you better than you know yourself.
 Draw the curtains, then, and bring in tea, with plenty of buttered scones.
 Since neither the old gentleman nor Minerva will speak to us,
 I think we had best ignore them and go on as we are.



THE BLACK BLOCKS OF MANHATTAN

BY KONRAD BERCOVICI

(The recent migration of hundreds of thousands of negroes to New York has created a black city within the metropolis. Mr. Bercovici's fascinating picture of the extraordinary Harlem of to-day is no mere study in local color; it is an analysis of an American problem as new as it is formidable.—*Editor's Note.*)

UNTIL ten years ago Harlem was a district of New York. A suburban section within the city, inhabited by second-generation Germans and German Jews. To-day it is a city in itself—negro town, the heart and the pulse of the colored population of Greater New York. Harlem cannot hold the entire colored population of New York; neither can the older negro district, the 59th Street section; nor could Brooklyn. There are obstructions and objections and restrictions everywhere against them. The center of the colored people is in Harlem. Indeed it is the center, the intellectual center, of the colored population of the United States.

There are between three and four hundred thousand colored people in Greater New York. In the last census here were not one tenth that many. But Chicago rioted after St. Louis had one on a "nigger spree." Atlanta, Georgia, had its dance. Lynchings, burnings, persecutions are the main reasons why colored folk have been flocking to New York, where a "nigger slaughter" is not so frequent an occurrence.

All shades and all sizes. Woolly-haired, immense, half-lumbering Africans as black as pitch. Brown-colored bronzed men and women, mahogany blonds, down through all nuances to the almost white negro, straight haired and blue eyed, whom nobody suspects.

Not all white men of Europe are of the same race, of the same blood, of the same faith. Not all negroes are like, although most of their ancestors

were ravished from Africa. Since their arrival in this country there have been many inmixtures into their blood. I have seen perfectly black negroes of long Spanish faces, with the cruel penetrating eyes of the Moor and the elegant gait of Iberians. I have met red-haired negroes with a wistful Irish smile. I have friends of a lighter shade, from New Orleans, where they have so thoroughly mixed with the French that they are hardly to be distinguished; with all the love of color and softness of one race and the precision of mind and clarity of the other. The Italians have mixed with the negroes, and the Slavs and the English, and the Mexicans and the Indians.

Of these mixtures the ones with Indian blood are the finest—the women especially, with skin like golden bronze dyed in deep red blood. The big gala eyes swim in clear white pools, and the hair is like shavings of ebony, lustrous and rich, plaited down over the trim and beautiful necks. And there are Jewish negroes—Abyssinian Jews, squat and long bearded, hooknosed *falashes*, real Jews—who because of their color are compelled to live among people of an alien faith instead of among their own co-religionists.

Four hundred thousand negroes in New York! There has never been such a number of negroes in any one place, not only on this continent but on any other continent before or now. Every twelfth person in Greater New York is a negro or has negro blood. Four out of five negroes have white blood and are

none the better for it. Much of the best the race has achieved is the work of pure-blooded Africans. They have their own life, their own dreams. More isolated in their social relations than any other single group, their dreams and ideals may be sectional but they are their own. Thicker walls separate them from any other population—not only color, but a thousand and one aversions; a thousand and one superstitions; a thousand and one traditions. We have been taught that the negro is a different sort of animal because of his color, because of his particular odor, because of the coarseness of the grain of his skin, because of his speech, because of his tastes for certain foods. Each of our major senses has been prejudiced against them. And yet . . . four out of five negroes have white blood. There is at least as much white blood in the American negro race as there is black. And that is so not because of black immorality, but because of white immorality and the inhumanity of our ancestors. The whiter a negro the weaker he is physically. The pure blacks are giants. When slave dealers went to Africa they selected the strongest specimens, for work and breeding. Only the strongest survived transportation on a slave ship.

And yet a great deal of the true native art of this country is of negro origin: folklore, the spirituals, jazz, the dance, and some of our best poetry. They brought that in their souls from Africa. It may be argued that the origin of native American art is African.

Anyone who can keep dry eyes and calm heart during the singing of spirituals by negroes should be avoided for his callousness. Any white man who can gaze into negro eyes without horror for the wrong done them during centuries should be . . . condemned to read the prophet Isaiah's fifth chapter for the rest of his life, mornings and evenings.

Four hundred thousand negroes in one city! They have not increased immorality. They have not increased crime. They have their own proportion

of vice and their due percentage of criminals; neither more nor less than any other single group in this city. They have their gambling dens and cabarets and houses of prostitution, and corrupt politicians and swindlers, and saints and institutions and churches and artists and novelists and musicians exploiters and exploited—and bankers. Not one quality, not one single vice of modern civilization is missing. They are, as a matter of fact, living as separate from any other group as any other group lives separate from them. The pity of it! For so much lightness, so much gaiety, so much naïve merriment is lost. Nowhere in the city except in the Harlem or in the Brooklyn negro sections does one hear so much frank laughter. Nobody can laugh as engagingly as a negro. It is one of the first things which strikes a visitor. New York is a laughless city. But there is laughter in Harlem, in the Brooklyn negro quarter in Bensonhurst, on 59th Street, and even in the narrow Carmine Street and Minetta Lane, where the congestion is such that one can almost cut the air with a knife. There one finds laughter and song and dance.

A friend of mine recently said to me, "Harlem! The old Harlem is dead. I have lived there all my life until not long ago, when I was squeezed out by the negro population invading the old section. All the *Gemütlichkeit* of it is gone. Gone are the comfortable *Weinstuben* where one could smoke his pipe and peacefully drink his glass of Rhine wine. Gone is the old *Liedertafel* and the hundred-and-one social organizations and the *Turnvereins* and the singing clubs where one could pass the evening peacefully. They have all moved elsewhere, and the new places do not have the atmosphere of the old ones. It used to be so pleasant to pass a Harlem street on a summer evening. The young ladies were accompanying their *Lieder* with the twanging of the soft zither, and the stirring robust melodies from the Lutheran Churches used to

fill the air on a Sunday. It is all gone now."

It is all gone. But in my recent long peregrinations through the Harlem streets I have failed to see the little notice under the *To Let* signs, "No Jews need apply," or the other little notices in German, "*Keine Juden, und keine Hunde.*" An American city with such signs on its doors was a shame. The absence of them largely compensates for the absence of the other things my friend so much regretted.

At 138th and 139th Streets, between Edgecombe and Columbus Avenues, are two rows of houses that were designed by Stanford White. Built in pre-negro days, they had been the pride of the neighborhood, homes of fairly well-to-do white people until not very long ago. In my eagerness to see what the negroes have done to Harlem, I visited these streets again. They were still there, the houses, and although inhabited every one of them by negroes, still as beautiful, still as tasteful, still as clean. The little bits of color in the curtains, the flower assortment on the sills and in the cement urns of the broad sidewalks made them more agreeable than ever.

The story of the passing of those houses into negro hands is the story of negro Harlem. Below the surface of that story is the story of the negro migration from the South. When the 59th Street district around Seventh and Eighth Avenues was no longer able to hold, even after they had been sardine-packed, the negro invasion of this city, Harlem was in one of her periodical real-estate slumps. The old-fashioned railroad flats, mostly dark and cold, and uniformly built, were being vacated readily for the better houses built in the Bronx and elsewhere. Not a house but had several empty apartments. Yet they would not rent to negroes.

In his eagerness to cover his carrying charges, one of the shoestring landlords rented an apartment in the middle of the block to a mulatto family. By the end of the month the rest of the

tenants living in that house had vacated their apartments. By the end of the following month the whole house was occupied by negroes. Before that they had been living packed four and five families in one apartment in the 59th Street negro section. Tenants of houses adjoining, to right and left and across the street, began to abandon the block. Before winter that whole block was a negro block. And as the negroes were not in a position to pay rents as high as the whites who had abandoned them, the houses were soon up for sale. They passed into the hands of negro owners and such owners as did not object to having negro tenants, expecting to increase their rents as soon as conditions permitted. In this respect the negro owner has, like Emperor Jones, learned a thing or two from the white landlord.

The white population fled as if in dread of a contagious disease. Block after block was deserted by the white tenants. Negro real-estate agents, seeing their chance, infiltrated in other blocks by buying a house and going to live in it themselves. No one refused to sell. Dollars were dollars. Some of those who objected most strongly to negroes sold their houses. It was enough that one negro family should come to live in a house for the whole block to be abandoned to them. And because of this invasion, 138th and 139th Streets, and Edgecombe and Columbus Avenues, though distant from the steady biting-in of the infiltrating colored population, were being steadily abandoned by white people vacating in advance of the invasion. The beautiful houses designed by Stanford White stood empty for a long time until the bank owning the mortgages, which had been allowed to become defaulted, decided to tear them all down and sell the ground. These houses were a useless burden and a loss on their hands. They could then have been bought for five or six thousand dollars apiece, although they had cost fully five times that amount to build. Upon the advice of Mr. Jacques Nail,

a negro student real-estate agent, the houses were sold on small payments to negro tenants instead of being torn down. The invasion, which had till then been only from the south to the north, began to run from the north to the south, until at present hardly a house in that section of Harlem between 120th Street and 140th Street, and Lenox and Amsterdam Avenues, but is inhabited by colored people. Churches, banks, stores, theaters, the power to grant political offices, municipal offices, everything has passed into the hands of negroes. A city in itself—brown-black town—Harlem. And they have not left Harlem as they had found it. A visit to Harlem would help dispel the idea that "niggers" are shiftless—when they have an incentive for their work, something more than corn and sowbelly. But it will also teach how prejudice might, because of enforced congestion, cause one of the most serious holocausts this or any other city has ever experienced. As it is, the infant death rate is just keeping pace with the birth rate among the negroes of Harlem.

The beautiful Abyssinian Baptist Church on 138th Street was designed by a negro architect, built by a negro contractor, with negro labor, and money collected from negroes in the city. Not a thing within the church but was done by negro hands. The pastor, the Reverend Dr. Powell—a tall colored man with a thunderous voice and big curly head of hair—looks very much like the picture of Alexandre Dumas, the celebrated French novelist, who was himself partly of negro blood. I have yet to listen to a better choir than the one directed by the choir leader of that church. I have yet to listen to a better church organist than the colored woman who was treading the pedals and combining the stops of the magnificently voiced organ of that church. This church, like most other negro churches, is really more than a church. It is a social center.

At one of the recent services Doctor

Powell announced they were going to have classes conducted by capable physicians for instruction in sex. Children of all ages were urged to come and there were also classes for the parents. So far as I know, it is the first time that such a course has ever been undertaken by a church. Doctor Powell does not hold that ignorance is bliss in all matters. "Why dodge the sex question when the living are a testimony to its existence?" he thundered. "It is because of ignorance that so many diseases have spread."

There are numerous courses and classes within that church. It has an employment bureau, sewing classes, cooking classes, a gymnasium; and Doctor Powell showed me with great pride his home, "Furnished very much as are the best homes on Riverside Drive, so that a colored girl looking for employment in one of the better homes might, by helping to take care of my apartment, learn how to work and earn her wages elsewhere," he explained. "The Southern negro girl on coming here must be helped to become a capable worker."

At the revival meetings, while the hymns and spirituals are sung the old folks "get religion." The women, in shrill, piercing voices, scream out, "Yea, Lord! Yea, Lord! Yea, Lord!" while the droning voices of the multitude moan and wail. Voices break out, self-denunciatory and praying for the Lord to come to their aid and save them and protect them against the evil spirit that is within. The whole congregation joins in prayer, only to be interrupted by a rousing voice citing a whole chapter from the Bible and commenting upon it. Rising to his feet, another man is so moved that he loses complete control of the language he has been speaking and passes on to an incomprehensible gibberish, into a tongue he himself no longer understands, a subconscious language (if one may say so) which has been stirred from centuries past, beyond the time of other days, like under enharmonics of life; the base of all emotions and reactions. Really, these people have

religion. They go to church not as an obligatory call, a duty, a formality. It is part of them.

I saw a young white boy of splendid physique and beautiful blond hair and blue eyes distributing literature between hymns. "Surely," I asked Walter White, who was with me, "this young boy is not colored?"

"He is," Walter answered. He himself is blond and blue eyed and fair skinned. "Only one drop of colored blood makes a white man a negro, but nine-tenths of white blood in a colored man does not make him a white man. It has been so decreed. See how white he is. Should he live among white people and should they find out he is of negro ancestry, they would draw away from him as if he were the worst kind of criminal."

There are a hundred little churches housed in apartment ground floors, with little windowpane pictures of saints and gold-lettered wooden signs on the walls. Some of them have the most fantastic names: Eureka Church, The Oasis Church, and similar titles. And services are announced in the quaintest possible language, in removable enameled letters. The reason for these many small churches is to be found in what follows. A colored man after having lived in New York for a little time returns home, South, on a visit. Going to church on Sunday, the brother is asked by the preacher to step up to the front and tell his brethren about the great city. The visiting brother is well dressed, looks prosperous and happy. He generally draws such a glorious picture of the opportunities, the tolerance, and the economic conditions here that the whole community, including minister, doctor, and undertaker, follows him to the city within a week or two. The hardships they encounter could only be braved and conquered by laughing, gay-hearted talk. Any other kind would succumb.

Within the last year nearly five hundred thousand negroes have migrated from the South. It is because of this

that housing conditions are appalling in Harlem and in other negro quarters. Really no one would dare publish the results of investigations into density of population in some Harlem districts; or the Brooklyn districts, for that matter. After these houses had passed into colored hands, rents were raised until they are to-day, relatively speaking, probably the highest in the city. Apartments for which white people had paid forty dollars a month a few years ago are now rented for a hundred dollars or more. Families have doubled up, and tripled up, to pay the exorbitant rents from the wages obtained in such occupations as are open to the negroes. One must not forget that only very few occupations are within their reach. Trades unions long refused them membership. Whenever they have won such privileges it was only for fear lest they be used as strikebreakers during an industrial war. As it is, many trades have barred them from the possibility of earning a living.

There is greater privacy in the low dives and cabarets, in the streets, in dark hallways, in the numerous saloons which flourish in spite of white prohibition, than in the homes. Because of high rents, less than a hundred colored children graduate yearly from the high schools of the city. They must work. There would be starvation in many a negro home if child-labor laws should be strictly enforced. High rents caused by segregation is the reason for black immorality and lawlessness and the blind pigs leaning on the walls of the police stations. The white messenger who collects the protection money has his drinks served in his own cup which he carries in his pocket—and complains of black immorality! Most of the expensive dives in Harlem are supported by white customers who complain of black immorality.

Chris Matthews, formerly one of Harvard's greatest athletes, related to me recently that for a year he had been refused permission by his team-mates to eat at the same training table with them.

In Annapolis they had drained the water from the pool after he had taken his swim, in spite of the fact that he had been instrumental in winning the championship for his team. I have listened for hours to tales of riots and lynchings, as told by Miller and Lyles, the co-authors of "Shuffle Along" and "Running Wild," and the tales of Walter White and Wendell Johnson; but the tale of the lynching of Matthews' soul seems to me the most tragic one. Though his body still lives, they have killed him.

And in spite of that, and in spite of all the misery they have endured, what joy and gaiety and merriment they are capable of! What full-throated laughter, what spontaneous giggling in which every limb and the whole body takes part in an expression of joy or merriment! Heinrich Heine in one of his essays said that the dance is the song of the limbs. The colored people have made laughter the dance of the inner voices.

There are some six weekly newspapers edited and published by colored people for colored people in the city, not to speak of several magazines of more serious import. The professional men of all walks meet and know one another thoroughly. There are numerous lodges and groupments and societies where they come to discuss things. Like the intellectuals in other districts, they also have their coffee houses, where they stay till the wee hours of the morning talking about this and that.

At the Abyssinian Jewish Synagogue, the black-bearded, dusky-faced men affirm that Moses, Jesus, Solomon, and David were Ethiopians like themselves. They point to numerous passages in the Bible, interpreting this way and that to confirm their views and opinions. They sit day after day, night after night, discussing in the old Hebrew the Old Testament, which they have at their finger tips. With that curious separatist spirit so marked in the Orient, the few hundred Abyssinian Jews are split into a hundred factions because of the

interpretation of a verse in the Bible. How little color has to do with the marked characteristics of a race or nation! In their studiousness, their professions, their family life, their sad humor and their lack of ability to laugh as loudly and as frankly as the others they show themselves to be much more Hebrews than the white Hebrews are. And when I asked one of them what he would really wish his condition in New York to be, he told me, "To live among the other Jews." They resent the epithet "negro," and their inability to mingle with their white brethren of the same religion makes them bitter against their privileged co-religionists. One of them told me, "There is no chance of any of us ever crossing the line; for there is no white blood in us."

And his wife stood up in her enormous corpulence and added, "And there shall not be."

To which her husband replied, "Except if a white co-religionist marries into our fold."

They are very poor, for their children also are forced into poorly paid professions because of their color. Most handicrafts are closed to them. The negro is not persecuted in New York. He is segregated and tolerated. Only the poorest paid work is open to him whose skin is not white.

One night I was sitting at a table with two negroes and their wives at one of the "protected" cabarets of the town. There were about a hundred people in the establishment, but I was the only man in street clothes. They were all immaculately dressed. The women were resplendent in gorgeous gowns. Rivers of diamonds were displayed, shining brightly in the subdued lights of the place. They danced, frantically, joyously, with the most sensuous abandon of body and spirit, to the jazz played by a gyrating band, the musicians actually dancing on the platform while they played. The drinks were unusually expensive, and though because of their profession (which

suspected) the visitors should have known better, the only difference in the wine, in spite of the different prices, was the color and the shape of the bottle in which it was served.

My male companions at the table did not wait long to strike up friendship. A tall, corpulent man leaned over to me and questioned gently:

"Your name, please."

I told him. Whereupon he rose and ceremoniously introduced me to the rest of the company. He eyed with displeasure the bottle in which my wine was served, for it was not of the highest priced. It shamed his table. He asked me politely to consent to partake of his wine. When I had consented he billed my wine in the brass bowl and put the empty container under the table out of sight. As the waiter did not appear quickly enough to suit him, Mr. Smith raised his eyebrows and said:

"Is it not remawkable haow these a-an servants are procrastinating?"

"They is procrastinating!" the other assented, happy to mouth so high-sounding a word. "Yes, sir, they is procrastinating—yes, sir!"

While the music played and the dancing women exhibited their diamond-budded garters through the bottom slit of their gowns, and the phosphorescent white combs in their hair were gleaming, he inquired of my profession. And then he spoke of his.

"The other gentleman, Mr. Jones, and his partners. I's a sci'tnist and di'tishon and chemist. A sci'tnist, that's what I is, a di'tishon. There are plenty of learned folk in Harlem, sir."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, that's what I is. We two, my partner and me, is going to change the color of our race and make it happy. We are going to make 'em white, so they can live everywhere and go everywhere and be even the President of the United States. The only trouble with the colored race is that it ain't white. Not that I says we is inferior! No, sir! Only when you are in Rome you've got to be

like Romans, as Lincoln said. So we will make 'em white."

"Is that so?"

"All this straightening-out hair business, permanent wave, is not the thing; ain't near the real thing. The hair is like tassel on corn. To change it you must change the seed. It is not sci'ntific. I am a di'tishon. I believe in doing things fundamentally."

Suddenly he raised his voice and looked to the people about him. People crowded our table now though the music played.

"Why am the Northern people blond? Why am they blond? I asks." And his large belly shook like jelly while his black eyes rolled furiously in the white pools. "I say they am blond because they eats fish: cold-blooded animals they eat, and because of that they have fair skin and blond hair. Color comes from within, and not from outside. That is sci'ntific. But you cannot change the whole colored race into a white race at once. Burbank he ain't done changing the nature of fruit by paintin' it. You've got to do it sci'ntifically. And through the mothers especially. And so when a woman has got sense enough to come to me I look at her and study the grain of her face. Then if she is very black I prescribe a diet of fish with a little vegetables three times a day. And I give her the right kind of face powder. And it's the face powder I's interested in with my partner here."

(Mr. Jones puffed at his cigar and bowed in acknowledgment.)

"Still, the business is idealistic, it is. But there ain't no reason in the world why ideals should be losing propositions! No, siree! And if a woman of lighter shade comes up I give her a diet of two-times-a-day-fish and a little more vegetables of a certain kind and give her a different kind of face powder, a little lighter. And if a woman whiter than that comes she gets fish only once a day and the use of a different kind of face powder. There are eight hundred and forty-nine different kinds of face

powders to choose from. And I select the right kind after studying the grain of the face and the hands. I's a di'tishon and a sci'ntist, a chemist."

"And then you think that diet will straighten out a woman's hair?" I asked.

"I ain't interfering with another end of my business; that is hair culture. No, siree! But do you knows the Bible? Do you know the Bible, I asks." He waxed more enthusiastic as he continued. "Do you remember how Jacob got them striped sheep from his father-in-law Laban? He fooled him by putting the half-peeled branches from the trees in front of the water well to which the ewes used to come to drink. And so most of the sheep were born flecked because the ewes looked at them. Well, do you remember it?"

I nodded.

"Well, that am exactly how I do the things. Nothing like the Bible for an honest man. Study the Bible for ideas. I have a woman eat fish and give her the proper shade of face powder, and she'll be looking into the mirror at herself a dozen times a day. Women is that fallacious, vain, and perspicacious. And watch her offspring. That is sci'ntific. Like Laban's lambs got striped, her offspring is gwine to be whiter. It's in the Bible, sir. If you believe in the Bible you can't dispute this here fact, or you is a heathen. For I'se a sci'ntist and di'tishon and benefactor and student."

I told him he was wonderful, whereupon a dozen more gentlemen and ladies, evidently already the clients of the firm of Smith and Jones, crowded our table. And my friend affirmed to them that I had said he was wonderful.

"And this gentleman knows, for he is a celebrated sci'ntist himself and a student of the Bible."

Who will ever imitate the nice jollity and naïveté of the man! The music played and the couples danced and as they passed by the women patted his cheek, assuring him that he was wonderful. And they were getting such tender and sweet glances in return!

There are a hundred, a thousand different charlatans of his kind in Harlem who want to make the colored people happy by making them look like white. Every other house on the Avenue holds a practitioner of some sort. The colored people are so easily separated from the money. They are naïve and confident. Not only all the sciences, but also all the superstitions flourish in like way. There are a horde of representatives of schools of medicine I have never heard of—podopractors, manopractors, pedipractors—doctors all of them.

The advent of Marcus Garvey, who styled himself the emperor of the African race a few years ago, has had very much to do with the factionalization of Harlem. The full-blooded negro was made to feel through Garvey's propaganda that he was better than his brother of lighter skin. The blacker, the greater the pride. And a thousand and one disputes have been going on since Marcus Garvey's advent. Undoubtedly the negro Moses started out as a saint with high ideals, with great love in his heart. His desire to take his people out of this country and lead them back to Africa had a solid emotional background. I was unfortunate that he should have become involved in the financial intricacies which ultimately led him to jail. He was a picturesque and imposing figure with a sad and eloquent voice and magnetic gestures. Somewhat of a *poseur*—yet genuine. There are any number of people to this day in Harlem who still believe he was honest and who cannot be convinced that he had ever swung aside a single penny which they had given him. They have bought shares in the different enterprises that he had started; and the Black Star Line, so much scoffed at when its lone vessel was confiscated by the Prohibition Agent for carrying whisky, is still something of which they dream. "Garvey was jailed," they say, "because he is colored." They will tell you big interests were behind his persecution. He was a

black genius of organization, and therefore dangerous. Some even spoke of him as the Ghandi of the negroes.

Marcus Garvey's influence is still strong in Harlem. It has worked havoc on the relations between the West Indian negro and the native negro. His antagonism breaks out in all fields. It is of frequent occurrence that a West Indian should ruin another negro in business. They boycott one another's stores, restaurants, and dancing places. There is no peace between the West Indian negro and the rest of the population. They neither associate nor intermarry, and seldom if ever belong to the same society, lodge, or congregation with the others. It also so happens that the West Indian negro is of more astute commercial makeup than the other negroes. Most of them have become quite wealthy in a very short time. They are not as happy-go-lucky as the native negroes. They save and invest their money in sound ventures, and do not part with their gold for hair-culture salves and the like. They are seldom as profoundly stirred in their emotions as the others are. They take religion more casually. They don't dance as well. They are quite satisfied to stay black, are proud of their race. There is less white blood in them than in the native negro.

A most interesting little man is Mr. Bach, the owner of the Renaissance Dancing Hall. A wealthy man and influential in the community, is this Mr. Bach. He confessed to me he had once had literary ambitions, and had drawn his inspiration while serving as cook for Mr. Irving Bacheller. Later on he became a servant to a Miss Watkins whose writings he admired. But it availed him nothing. He had great difficulty. Write he would, imitating as closely as possible either of his two masters, his stuff would not sell. In despair he became a clerk to Mr. Wilton Lackaye, the actor, whereupon he promptly had better luck in selling a moving-picture scenario for fifty-five dollars. This made him think about motion pictures. He owns to-day

a screen theater, has invested in a colored production company, and is the proprietor of several buildings and dancing halls. Had any of his stories been accepted he would to-day be a publisher.

A little below the Renaissance, on Lenox Avenue, is the Lafayette Theater, once the home of the Ethiopian Players of which Charles Gilpin, now of national fame, was once a prominent member. The Ethiopian Players have produced a number of negro actors who have won national fame. They have staged Shakespearean plays, plays by Shaw, Oscar Wilde, Ibsen, and plays by local authors, mostly on negro subjects.

Among interesting Harlem figures are men like Doctor Dubois, the editor of the *Crisis*, and Mr. James Weldon Johnson, the poet, whose commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the emancipation of the negro was published in *The New York Times* in 1913. It was one of the most widely commended poems of the year. His poem, "The Young Warrior," set to music by H. T. Burleigh, almost became the national hymn of Italy during the World War. Mr. Johnson has published several books of poetry of his own, and is the editor of *The Book of American Negro Poetry*. Walter F. White, my companion during my Harlem days, is a novelist and one of the best-known figures in Harlem. Welcomed everywhere, known everywhere, a fluent talker and fiery orator, as ready with tears in his eyes as he is with a smile on his lips, he knows Harlem and knows his people. He is for this and many other reasons one of the most valuable assets of the negro race. He has investigated almost every riot and lynching for the past ten years; and should one want a nightmare without going to the trouble of eating Welsh rarebit, he can have it if he meets and listens to Walter White.

Claude McKay, the poet, author of *Harlem Shadows*, though a Jamaica negro, is one of the most pampered poets of Harlem. Young, handsome, and fiery, with undeniable talent, he is loved

by everybody, and even his escapades are being recounted with great gusto. McKay is now in Russia, the guest of the Soviet Republic. Another interesting figure was Mrs. Lillie C. Walker, who has become both famous and wealthy from her hair-straightening process. Branches of her parlor are now in operation all over the country, and her bottled preparation is selling in almost every drug store. Mrs. Walker, who in her lifetime made several million dollars through her invention and through shrewd real-estate investments, was also a speaker and a singer, and one of the most race-conscious negroes in the country. She left her estate to her daughter when she died, who, a most handsome amazon as though hewn out of dark bronze, stands fully six feet in her stockings. She is living in great luxury in a palace she has had designed and built for herself by a negro architect, in Irvington, New York, surrounded by social secretaries and all the luxuries of life. A well-traveled and cultured woman, she too is a very proud negro. Her father having been killed in a riot, she is anything but passive on the subject. Rising from her chair as she talked to me, she looked more like an African empress than the offspring of a former slave. Speaking about negroes whose relatives and parents have been killed in riots or in lynchings, her frame trembled, her lips quivered, and her eyes filled with tears. She looked like an avenging nemesis. But white Irvington objects to her living there. She is as isolated as if she lived on an island a thousand miles from shore . . . except when her own people come to visit her.

In general, what one feels very distinctly in Harlem is that it is composed practically of two elements: those whose ambition it is to "cross the line" or have their offspring cross the line to live with the whites as whites; and another, much better element who refuse to live with whites under false pretenses, who want to live as negroes, race conscious, who hope by their achievements to compel

the white people surrounding them to recognize them as their equals. And they insist that their best men have been full-blooded negroes. To them the great numbers of their kind invading Harlem and New York is very agreeable. They have them all together. They can hold meetings with larger crowds. They can lecture to them. They can make them race conscious and with their help agitate for such legislation as is favorable to the negro.

People like Mary Burroughs and the crowd of the Association for the Advancement of Colored People are laboring for the education of the negro by making his life more complete, by pointing out to him values in literature, by making him conscious of a poetry all his own, a theater all his own, encouraging sculpture and painting and higher education; building a new edifice on an old foundation by pointing out the great arts that have flourished at all times in Africa, in olden times and down to the time when their ancestors were ravished from the coasts of Africa and brought here as slaves. Native music and dance are almost entirely of negro origin. A visit to musical comedies such as "Shuffle Along" and "Runnin' Wild," which have been tremendous hits on Broadway and in most of the principal cities of the country, proves their contention. These comedies have been written, staged, and executed from first to last by negroes, and have a quality all their own. The tunes and dances are both intoxicating and infectious. Not one risqué or obscene joke. And yet the woman dancers have been forced into tights by our censors, while the white dancers in revues and follies romp bare-limbed in other theaters. And when a man like H. O. Tanner, the painter, becomes famous, the negroes get angry because he is referred to as an American painter, and not mentioned as a negro, which he is.

How prejudice against negroes has been melted in New York is perhaps best illustrated by the recent enormous

success of the singer, Roland Hayes. For years and years this great artist has sought an opportunity to show his ability and his great art. It has been refused to him only because of his color. Managers raised their brows. No white population would come to hear a negro singer, they claimed. In despair Hayes went to England, where in less than a year after his arrival he was summoned to sing before the King. When he returned to New York on a visit to his parents in 1923, he found quite a different attitude. His success was overwhelming. I counted four white out of every five people in the audience at some of his concerts. And although he sang very beautifully in several languages, he never reached such heights or depths as when singing the simple spirituals of his own race. Even those who had come to scoff remained to praise and admire.

Hundreds of negroes arrive daily in New York from every Southern state. It is pathetic, the eagerness with which the other negroes, poor and overcrowded as they live, extend hospitality to the newcomers. Yet hundreds find themselves on the street. The Harlem forum, where many are taken care of out of charity, is overcrowded nightly with shivering, ragged, hungry creatures who look as though they had just escaped from hell. There is no way to stop the invasion. There is no way to enlarge the houses in which negroes live. Space inclosed by walls is rigid. Segregation breeds immorality, criminality, diseases, and increases mortality. One twelfth of the population of a city cannot be restricted to live in one fortieth of its area harmlessly, and be excluded from most decent means of earning its livelihood. Prostitution, bootlegging, and charlatanism are rampant on every corner. The saloons are wide open. So are gambling dens and dope joints. I have been accosted by boys under twelve who offered to sell me gin, while the policeman on the corner twirled his club and looked aside. Rents are high. Wages are small. Trade unions are ad-

verse. And yet . . . Harlem goes earlier to work than any other district. Street-cleaners, dishwashers, chauffeurs, elevator men, and the home-sleeping servant girls have to be early at work. And at night ten thousand men, exceedingly well dressed and looking more prosperous than the others, go to their employment, for that many are regularly employed in cabarets and dance halls as musicians.

And yet . . . watch them in the street cars, subways, and the elevated trains. They laugh and giggle. Their eyes sparkle and their white teeth flash, recounting last night's dance, last night's party, last night's meeting, last night's affair at the church. Never do they call one another by Christian names. It is always Mister, Missus. And when one of them recently gave me his visiting card it read: "MR. ELEAZAR GODSON, *Chief Indoor Aviator*, etc., etc." I puzzled long before I discovered "Indoor Aviator" meant elevator man, and that "Of Hygeinist Bureau" meant Street Cleaning Department.

If there should be another such displacement of negroes from the South to the North as took place in 1923, when nearly five hundred thousand abandoned their home states, the day is not far off when there will be a negro population of a million in the city. Their political power is already a considerable one. Political machinery is at work to swing it this way and that in exchange for winked-at liberties and favors. Whether the negroes in New York can be permanently segregated in one particular quarter is very problematical.

And one of them bitterly remarked to me the other day, "They sing our songs, the whites do. They dance to the music we make. They dance our dances. And the bullets made no difference when they killed us in the War, whether we were white or black. And yet when it comes to renting us an apartment they turn up their noses. As soon as I get enough money I shall go to live in France where they don't discriminate against us."

IN THE FOREST OF MALAYA

Entertainment and Adventure beyond the Roads of Civilization

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

WHEN our little coasting steamer had worked clear of the noisy bewilderment of Singapore's crowded harbor, the reality of the East dissolved. The East again was only a silent presentiment. For several days I saw to port the somber hills of Johore, Pahang, and Trengganu, and behind them each day the sun disappeared in an appalling splendor of thunder and flames. But those hills by the China Sea and the wrack of day above them were in the same world; one was no nearer to me than the other. The weather was heated and tranquil, and the sea was glazed, for the monsoon was southwest.

I was bound for Bangkok. Yet Malaya was implicit in that magnificent dread to port at dayfall; though how could I enter it? How does one reach the sunset clouds? I had come to see Malaya, but I had given it up. I was going to Bangkok instead. Singapore is not Malaya—it is more Chinese than anything else; nor Penang, nor even Malacca. You may drift about from one anchorage to another in the China Sea and the Bay of Bengal—voyage along both sides of that strip of Asia which reaches down to the equator, and is called the Malay Peninsula; or travel leisurely in a railway coach for days past inland stations with pleasing native names, or career for weeks over excellent roads, through miles of rubber plantations, jungle, tin-mining districts, old Malay hamlets, and modern Chinese compounds, and feel all the time that you will never enter Malaya. I had tried every device in an effort to glimpse it, but it had eluded me; and soon I

must go home. We ought to have more sense, of course, than to try to touch dream, or to reach that place which exists but in the glamour of a name.

The agent of our steamer at one sleepy coastal station, when I asked him whether it was possible to travel inland away from the usual roads, shook his head. He did not know. He thought not. It was wild and uncertain. No body ever did it. He had been there nine years and had not been more than ten miles inland. That overseer of car goes and manifests looked toward the hills, and I thought for a moment that his glance was half-regretful. "No," he said, "I shall never know what is behind them. I'm too busy. And when I'm finished here I shall go, please God straight to Dorking. Do you know Dorking in Surrey? That's where my hills are."

And his, I think, is the experience of nearly all exiles from Europe on that coast. Those men are not really incurious. Their youthful ardor, the zest for adventure which carried them out, has been subdued. Commerce caught them on the way, and imprisoned and disciplined them. They have not and will never see more of their fate than the coconut and rubber plantations, estate inventories, poker at the club, tin mines, coastal go-downs, and cargo manifests. They do not talk with the natives but with commercial travelers. The extent of London and New York and their unquestioned control is terrifying. Our maps give no indication of it. They seem to have men everywhere in bondage, and you find the chains are



THE FIGHTERS STOOD WITH HORNS INTERLOCKED AND THE CROWD RAISED THE
MALAY WAR CRY

as despairingly stout and reliable on a
Japanese beach as they are where fixed
to their awful staples in Threadneedle
Wall Streets.

So Bangkok, another great city, was
the best that I could do. Nobody could
help me to anything better. I was free
to regard distantly from my steamer
the home of the Sekai, the hills where
the little forest people use poisoned ar-
rows, and where, in fact, life is still un-
aware that it is more than four hundred
years since Vasco da Gama rounded
Good Hope. But I was no nearer to
those hills than if I were still in London.
There was nothing for it but to remain
contented as a happy tourist, and not
ask for too much. A week's journey in-
land from most of those roadsteads by
ever mouth would get me to where the
Malay folk were living in the way which

was traditional before the coming of the
English, even before the coming of the
Portuguese. But if any sedentary per-
son supposes that it is easy to break
through the spell of the settled high-
ways of this world, then he had better
try it. Only good luck will get one
through; and I should like to hear how
to arrange for the advent of that angel.
In another two days we were due in
Bangkok. There I should see fantastic
temples, smell stale drainage, buy pic-
tures of the place at the hotel office,
drink and gossip with cynical exiles to
kill the evenings, and then be more
than glad to embark again. To feel the
spirit of enterprise moving you is not
enough; a door must be found and the
key to it. Malaya, however, was closed
to me, as in fact it is to all but a few
government officials, prospectors, and

men who are indifferent to prudence, time, space, and the neat virtues.

A young fellow-passenger, to whom I had not yet spoken, that evening said something to the captain which I did not hear, and the captain thereupon turned to regard him in mild surprise and amusement. "Are you though?" the captain said, with a wise smile. "I hope you will like it, but I think not." An elderly planter next to me chuckled. The young man began to hum a tune as though he did not hear.

"How will you do it?" said the planter.

"Oh, on an elephant; or walk it, if it comes to that. Or take a *prahu*. I don't know. But I'm going."

"And you call that a holiday?" said the planter, smiling bitterly.

"No, I call it a lark," said the young man.

"I wouldn't do it for a tenth share in the ship," the captain assured me.

"Do what?" I asked, in suspicious curiosity.

"Why, make my own way to Ulu Kelantan, where that river rises, somewhere among the rhinoceroses over there." The skipper pointed at the night beyond the open ports of the tiny saloon.

After that dinner I forgot my excursion to Bangkok. I did not want it. The young man assured me that he

would not obstinately disapprove of my society, and that he thought I could furnish myself with what was needed for the trip up-country at a place he called Kota Bharu. We should land next morning near there, at Tumpat. It was fortunate for me that night that those

places were not on my map, and that I could not prove my new friend did not know what he was talking about, for otherwise I might still have been prudent and continued in comfort and boredom my voyage to the Gulf of Siam.

We landed next morning at Tumpat, which is on the present main channel of the delta of the Kelantan river, a river which changes its mind about its channels now and then; and from there we crossed to Kota Bharu and found a rest-house. That city is the capital of the native state of Kelantan, and there its Sultan resides. My share of the work then was to go to a Chinese shop and buy



THE TRACK BECAME A TUNNEL IN THE FOREST

provender and frying pans; and my friend, whose name may be Smith—he called on the Sultan's Prime Minister, or Lord Chancellor, or Caliph, to acquire a mandate which would require *pengawas* or local chiefs to regard us friendlywise. That afternoon, by invitation, we attended a bullfight at which the Sultan and his court were present. It was a

urious festival. The colors of the silk arongs and head scarves of the lithe ladies of Kelantan were momentous, and from the ambush of those clustered dyes came the distracting shrill challenges of many immediate bulls, waiting their fall. The animals were small but athletic creatures, with brass or silver guards to the points of their horns. Their hoofs were polished. Their coats shined like satin with the light. They were haughty. To the caresses which would have won the coldest lady they were massively indifferent. They appeared to know their part in the show and to anticipate it. The favorite was a little black animal. He was quiet, even sleepy. He submitted to the sham-booing of his coat and the massaging of his limbs with the proud nonchalance of a popular champion. Children might play with him and they did. And while the children played, the bookmakers gave the picture a familiar touch of Gosport Downs. Malays are dour and

irreclaimable gamblers, and I found that to share this human failing with them no knowledge of the vernacular is necessary. The betting was two to one on the champion.

The two bulls for the first round were led by their backers into a large enclosure. There for a space they were fondled in opposite corners, while, so far as I could see, good advice was whispered earnestly into their ears. Their horn guards were removed, and a backer from each went over to inspect the sharp horns of the other animal, probably for poison. Then a gong droned; and the comely gladiators were marched to face each other at a distance of about fifty yards. The gong crashed, and the crowd raised the shrill and fearful Malay war cry. Each bull exploded in a cloud of dust.

I felt at that moment a spasm of apprehensive indignation at the cruelty of it; but the bulls understood each other. It was all right. Anyhow, one bull



HE BEGAN TO TREAT HIS FOOTHOLD WITH TOO PRECIOUS A CARE

understood the other. The little champion appeared to be outmatched. He kept his front carefully on feet as nimble as a cat's, but was pushed about the field. I felt I could only wait for his end. There were sharp, convulsive onsets; or the fighters stood with horns interlocked, waiting for each other to move. But I noticed each time that it was the big aggressive fellow who moved first. Once the two separated—gazed round calmly at us while their flanks heaved—ignored each other—showed clearly that this was fun and that they had had enough of it. But the war cry roused them, and the cry rose an octave when they met in the shock of another charge. The champion stumbled at the impact. His opponent instantly became distinctly savage and more active, and the bookmakers thereupon raced round the enclosure offering three to one on the champion, which I thought was ridiculous logic. The champion was bleeding at the shoulder. He was tired, and was being pushed all over the field. Once or twice now, when their horns were mingled and they stood with their muzzles to the ground for a breathing space, like statues, watching each other, I thought I observed that the little fellow experimented with the other. He appeared to test him with a modest feint or two. Yet this only inflamed to fury his enemy, who drove him backward again straddle-legged over a dozen yards or so.

This happened once too often. At the end of one of these retreats the little fellow played some caper. I do not know what. I could not see it. It was instantaneous. But there the big bull was, on his ribs, and the champion's armed front was prodding his belly, daring him to move. The beaten bull, lately so aggressive, did not move. Once he raised his head; and if there was not in his eyes a pathetic appeal to let him off, then I do not know that expression. The champion understood it, like the gentleman he was. He turned away his head as though he had forgotten some-

thing, and on the instant the defeated gladiator was on his feet and trotting away briskly to his corner.

With our possessions assembled into six small packs roped in rubber sheets next morning at daybreak we took train to Rantau Panjang, a village on the east bank of the Golok river twenty miles from its mouth, just in case there should be any curiosity to discover exactly where we were. The Golok is the division between Malaya and Siam. At that little village the chief on reading our mandate, found three men for us without parley. And the chief of police, who happened to be an Englishman, was so alarmed by the inadequacy of our preparations and the puerility of our plans that he forced on me also a rifle and ammunition. I understood from him that I might be required to shoot a tiger or a *seladang* at any moment. "But don't shoot an elephant," he admonished me "unless you must." I assured him that I would resist every temptation to harm a wild elephant unnecessarily. Thereupon we marched off. The policeman shook his head over us in mirthful pessimism.

It was ten in the morning; and the spaciousness of the bare and brazen prospect to which we set our faces under that sun was a matter for firm courage. I could have played tennis with the rifle at the start. In less than an hour it was a worse evil than many tigers. For we had to cross some miles of padi fields and open land, all of it hard and rough in the dry season, with the loam of the furrows and ridges as unaccommodating as granite. We marched toward a line of blue hills, but the shelter of their woods seemed at a distance no effort could measure. Smith was ahead of me, so I could watch the dark stains begin on his khaki tunic and spread till their boundaries merged and the back of his jacket was uniform again with sweat. When he turned to me now and then I could see he was suffering, for he was of a stout and rounded habit. But



THE CHIEF'S HOUSE HAD A LADDER TO ITS VERANDA

certainly this was better than all the motorcars and steamers, for at least we hardly knew where we were going, and had no idea where we should be that night. A spot named Nipong was mentioned; but by looking first at the chart and then at Smith, I judged that Nipong was best considered as a fond dream. We came to a swamp, then managed a small tree over a much larger stream (a rifle is useless as a balancing pole) and the track became a tunnel in a forest. Immediately it left the far end of the ten trunk.

Nothing could be guessed of that path except that it would get more illegible the farther it beguiled us from the things that were familiar and under-

stood. It would please itself, though perhaps not Smith, who was a little sketchy in his geography. He, indeed, appeared to be sure only that there was a lot of jungle to be traversed before we reached Nipong, where folk lived; we were going to rely on Malay hospitality for shelter for the night. So I wondered, under these circumstances, what had gone amiss with me, because it is odd to feel tired yet sure you can light-heartedly continue till the best man of the party has had enough of it. I felt I had known the Malay jungle all my life. This place had no incubus. It was still the first day there, and not even noon. I would not have used that rifle on any polite tiger, and it occurred to me from

the look of the place that the animals there would be friendly. Besides, the Malay who had chosen to march near to me had rolled his sarong into a loin cloth. But for that he was naked. He was a middle-aged man, slender and tough, and his bronze figure appeared to be so proper to that somber place, where fragments of sunlight had foundered down the deep silence to groups of improbable and immovable leaves on the floor, that I knew I should be lucky if the two of us were destined to go on like that till we reached the other side, where the Bay of Bengal would stop us at a beach. I liked the mild but critical eye of that fellow. He did not look at me, but there could be no doubt that he was appraising, by a standard we should find difficult to meet, the two white men who were with him; and I am bound to say I desired that that barbarian should not view me in any miserable, inadequate, thin, faded, apologetic loin rag of civilization. I did not want my culture to shame me. I will swear that fellow was a sound judge, whose verdict might be guessed only in the aloofness of his contempt. When the police inspector that morning had pointed to the far hills and peered at us sardonically as we turned to go there, I was a little dubious of my sanity. Why was I asking for trouble? But something had happened to me in the meantime. I would have repudiated my past if I could have done so, denied St. Paul, pretended I had never heard of Matthew Arnold, and swapped all the noble heritage of two thousand years of London for a couple of bananas—only there is no escape from what we are. I wished then that Mr. Santayana were with us. I would have given even the bananas for a sly peep at that Malay as he viewed in that wild our more tenuous refinement. I wonder to what it really amounts? An accidental beam from the roof of that forest had dropped on it, and you could hardly tell Ancoats from Oxford; yet the Malay's quick and questioning glance had been not only

revealing but pleasing to me. There are other worlds but we seldom glimpse them.

We came to the sandy shore of a larger stream. It flowed swiftly and silently out of the darkness on one side of us and into the shades on the other. There was no bridge. Quite naturally I looked for it, because it is our right to cross a river by a bridge, and to find an inn on the other side of it. Our Malay did not pause. They walked straight in, somehow kept their feet with the water swirling near their shoulders, climbed the opposite bank, and vanished within the foliage without looking round.

It began to occur to me that I was expected to get wet; and I followed the natives with but the briefest hesitation. We are so used to the provision of bridges and such accommodating things that at first it appears to be an oversight on the part of Nature, and an affront to our dignity, to have to wet the shirt. Something was broken in my mind during that pause. On the other side, as I went up the sandy slope with heavier boots, I saw a footprint not made by our party. A tiger had been there before us. Crossing that little stream, therefore, translated me into a quite different region, where the usual counters of thought were not current. We use the supports of our civilization without knowing they are there, and even suppose we are supporting ourselves. Fine philosophers themselves will do this, unaware that without the favor of the rude tinkers, tailors, and candlestick makers beneath them, their minds would give way and drop them flat on an earth even ruder and more intractable than a revolutionary tinker, and that they would perish long before they could raise a few coarse oats for sustenance. I followed my Malay as though I had not gone over a boundary which parted me from all that hitherto had kept my feet. What my civilization had given me, I realized, was altogether inadequate and counterfeit. It could not help me now. Even my rifle was fraudulent. A

philosopher's finest thought cannot move the infernal quickness of a tiger.

A little later another stream ran athwart our way. There was no wading over that. It was wide and swift, and moved with a silent power that betrayed its depth. There was no passage over it but by a fallen tree. The huge butt of the tree was on our side and descended in a nasty curve to the center of the river, which in places eddied over the partly submerged bole. I knew I could not do it. My Malay gave me a warning and crotched over without a fault. And crocodiles too? Smith went over ahead of me. He began to treat his foothold with too precious a care just when his daring courage should have entered recklessly into both his feet; stopped and made to look back; tried to go forward again; and fell. I was at that moment on a greasy length of it, waving the rifle about helplessly, and trying not to judge how many more seconds I should last. Smith bumped off, but snatched at a projection and hung on desperately. The current carried his legs downstream.

The Malays had disappeared ahead. What could I do? I cried savagely to him that if he let go he would have to die. I knew he was almost at an extremity with fatigue, but at the shout he became lively, grabbed a better hold, and at last was aboard again, panting. I have no idea how I got over.

A tropical rain-forest is an experience which goes far to alter your conception of the quality of life. Life does not seem to be a tender plant. In the north, on the exposed ridges and sandy barrens of the world, life might be a patient but timid invader, grateful for

the stoniest comfort, doing its best against the adverse verdict of fate, and perishing meekly in adversity. In a jungle of the equatorial rains the earth itself is alive, and there is no death, and not even change. There are no seasons. Life is visibly as dominant a fact in the universe as great Orion in a winter sky. It is immortal. It is terrifying in its heedless and unscrupulous arrogance, as triumphant as the blazing sun, and has no doubt that God has justified its ways. You may live with it if you can. It has no other terms.

This Malay forest varied in character. Where the ground was high it was more open, yet more dim; the trees were greater and their buttressed trunks rose like the pillars of a cathedral whose roof was night. But on swampy ground, where day could in some diffused sort reach the earth, we could not step aside from the track. A lower riot of foliage was caught between the masts of the



THE HEAVY SHADOWS WERE HARDLY MOVED BY THE
LITTLE OIL LAMP

forests: spinous, tough, and exuberant. Bare cables were looped and pendant from above, roots meandered over the earth like flat walls and like the rounded bodies of dead reptiles of interminable length. Climbing palms, the rattans, lifted green feathers into every space, and their barbed and flexible ropes frustrated every pass. Epiphytes and ferns were posed on all the knots and protuberances of the masts and spars, and one fern, the elk's horn, projected its masses of palmated green antlers in such abundance that it was more remarkable than the hosts on which it was parasitic. There was no sound. Nothing moved. I paused to watch some colored flies hovering in a lathe of sunlight and their murmuring might have been the audible energy of the tense and still uprush of life about me. It was while alone, watching those insects, that I was surprised by my Malay coming back to me. He was evidently bothered by a difficulty. He told me that the other *tuan* was ill, was lying down in the path and could not move.

Poor Smith was on his back. He had propped his head on his helmet, and he confessed that this heat and fatigue was outside his specification. He was finished. He could not go another step. While kneeling beside him, pointing out that he was yet too young to give himself as food for ants, I noticed that my breeches were bloody, and had to touch the leeches off my legs with my pipe. This was our introduction to those indefatigable creatures. The revulsion was mental, not physical. It is a shock to see the worms feeding on you before their time. Such haste is unseemly and not by the rules. I glanced at Smith and then saw a group of them attached to his belly. He had not noticed them. How soon he was up! How well he stepped out! Even leeches can have their good points.

The day was slanting fast toward sunset, but there was no sign of any end to the forest. I found myself the leading file, and so discovered that when one

reached a queer place in the woods, some resolution is required to take it ahead of the others. For I came out of the trees suddenly and unannounced, and saw below us an extensive and forbidding enclosure in the jungle: a level lake of pale reeds round which the gloomy cliffs of the forest rose as though to keep private and secluded what was there. The day, sure of its privacy, was reposing in that secret bay within the darkness of the woods. Even Adam must have had some hesitancy in the far corners of his garden. The grass rose several feet above my head, and as I parted it to find a way, I thought of tales of the *seladang*, the bison that weighs a ton, does not wait to be insulted but takes the initiative, and can reverse like a cat. Then the forest began again.

Within an hour of sunset, when even the Malays looked as though they had had enough of it, we came upon a wide clearing. The hills of indigo, which had been far from us in the morning, were now near. They were part of the forest. That open space was grown over with shrubs, bright with blossoms, and heavy with scents which stirred only when we moved past, as though nothing moved in that place except when man disturbed it. Its peace seemed as settled as eternal truth. I could look upon the pale bare stretches there of the sands of old floods as if this were not only another country, but I had entered another existence. Tired? I felt I could drop. But why are some moments and some scenes of such nameless significance that though all is strange, we feel there is no need to ask what is truth? The Golok river was near us. It might have been an upper reach of the river of life. It was of crystal and beryl. The façade of the forest above it on the opposite bank was in gracious pilasters of palms, with cornices and capitals of plumes, and the roof was domed. The clouds of evening were of rose.

But Smith was done. No more of it. The Malays, he said, were deceiving us.

This was Nipong. "There," he said, pointing "is a house. I can see the plantains from here." Our men stood by, disconsolate. They said nothing. But when I went to inspect this house, something loathly stirred within the rank herbage on its floor; for it had no roof and most of its walls of palm matting had gone. We got going again. And it was almost dark when, for the first time in that long trek, we came to betel and coconut palms (no doubt of it now) and presently to huts. There was a fair cluster of them, all raised on stilts with clear spaces under them, and the paths between were obstructed by the big black shapes of buffaloes. The beasts gave one sullen stare at us and lumbered off in a panic, with about as much sense of direction as runaway lorries. I thought they would carry the houses off their props, and that we should be left shelterless after all. But anyhow, the irruption brought out a frowning and elderly little man who stood at a distance while he read the Sultan's letter.

He took us home. It was a larger house than the rest, with a great length of ladder to its veranda. A corner of its bamboo floor was given to us, and a group of children became intent on our

unpacking. The chief showed us the river, where we could wash. When I returned from it the day had gone, and I sat crosslegged with the Malays, dressed like them in sarong and *baju*, and feeling that I would have gone twice the distance for such a night. The heavy shadows of that old barnlike structure were hardly moved by a little brass oil lamp. Some men of the village gathered to gossip, and the women and children vanished I don't know where, but I could hear their voices somewhere in the rafters. Brass dishes were placed between us on the floor with fruits and nuts: lansats, rambutans, mangosteens, and a kernel which tasted like walnut. One felt quite at home with these people. They spoke in low voices. They asked modestly about the outer world, but said nothing in criticism. Smith fell asleep, and I lay on a mat which the chief spread for me and pretended to sleep, but lay listening, smelling the whiffs which came up through the flooring of old durian shards, looking at the gossiping heads of the chief and his cronies, and at the grotesque shapes on the wall—whether antlers or horns or shadows I did not know. When I woke, the day was beginning to enter the hut in splinters.

SHE LOOKS BEYOND TO-MORROW

BY RUTH FITCH BARTLETT

I WILL wear purple bonnets
 And high black shoes.
 Too soon, too soon,
 Youth is all we lose.
 Losing Life is nothing much
 After youth is gone.
 Tell me I am sweet to touch
 For old age will be long;
 Tell me that this yellow dress
 Is a part of loveliness—
 Like a jonquil in the spring—
 Tell me any foolish thing!

LITTLE BROTHER OF THE UNDERBRUSH

A Story

BY MARIUS-ARY LEBLOND

Translated by Louise Collier Willcox

EDJA is a poor lost little military post at the extreme southern end of Madagascar—in the thick underbrush, a few straw huts like beehives under the spreading mango trees. No mortuary stakes or sculptured tombs, but before each cabin—torches in the glow of the setting sun—gleamed enormous bunches of red corn, made up of all the red ears of the harvest, which the Mahafalies tie at the top of tall poles to keep them from the rats.

In the courtyard of the post, where our runners arrived at a gallop, a long figure was stretched in a folding chair—chairs such as one sees on the decks of steamboats or in the colonial hospitals. As soon as he perceived us he rose painfully.

"Sergeant Des Billard," he said, bowing, "chief representative of the army," and at the same moment he took off his helmet.

I recognized it at once, that helmet—the helmet of a drunkard in the tropics; the helmet of a tipsy man, of a soliloquist, of an irascible creature; a helmet that one has fought, with which one has fought, and against which one has fought. But this helmet—flabby as a fireman's collapsible pail—was singular in that it was pierced, battered, full of holes in every part, so that it looked like a thing already in process of decay.

"I beg pardon," he said, "but I am commander of this Post only in name; those who really command here are *the rats*."

They had already forewarned me that this military guard was a type: "One of the last of those administrators left, or

rather forgotten, there since the military occupation." I asked him what he meant.

"Rats, monsieur," he said, "flourish here. They attack everything, wood, copper, man—to such an extent that he has to renounce all idea of defending himself." And to spare himself further explanation, with a noble gesture he indicated his person from top to bottom.

His boots ripped, like a beggar's; his white trousers, clean, but hanging in fringes; his shirt, his waistcoat so full of holes, so eaten up that the linen on his body looked leprous. His face, too, was so mangled and pockmarked that it looked like a piece of lace. But it was not the rats that had gnawed it; right at his hand, on the ground, was a row of bottles of iodide of potassium.

I asked him to show me the lodging.

"Everything here is torn to pieces," he replied gently; "the personnel no less than the habitation. Here are two old barns of houses, and that is the entire Post. They served formerly as rice granaries and it's a long time since messieurs the Rats have taken them by assault. They accomplished their end. They have forced me to sleep in one of the native cabins."

"And who is this?" I asked, pointing to a little dog of the fox-terrier family, who, while we were talking, watched his master with a kind of feverish interest. "Doesn't he catch rats?"

"His name is Bidet," he said, turning his eyes from me to the dog. "And Bidet, little brother of the underbrush, has eyes for no one on earth but his master!"

It was evident that the dog noticed no one but Des Billard. He had not barked at our carriers. He did not even look at me. But as his master was speaking to some one other than himself, he watched him the more anxiously. He neither moved nor growled. It was only in the fixity of his eyes that one guessed the beast's passion. I had already noticed this breed of dogs in military outposts, especially among the officers; the life of the colonies seemed to inoculate them with a kind of neurasthenia. Isolated from their kind, they bear the solitude only by clinging to men. Parted from them, they die of boredom. In the end they become a kind of misanthrope who can bear only *one* man—their own. At the office, the club, they crouch under his chair; at home, under his bed; traveling, they run under his palankeens. They follow him everywhere and everywhere they see, hear, smell only him. They are no longer friends of man but his parasite. It is affection in the morbid sense of the word.

"It goes without saying that you will do us the *honor*, Bidet and me, of taking dinner with us?" he said jestingly.

We went into the first of the two lodgings. As soon as one entered one felt one's gorge rising; my host had taken the precaution of watering the ground and the smell of dust was asphyxiating. But the smell of rats was stronger still, a stale smell, sharp and acrid as of fermenting musk.

"Because of these filthy nibblers," he said, "I am obliged to keep everything that I have under lock and key—but as you see—it isn't much."

It was the setting of a drunkard. A table and four chairs, all of them tilting; unbreakable crockery; dishes and saucepans all of wrought iron.

He showed no embarrassment, no shame, at showing himself as he was, in all his nakedness; dropping to pieces with sheer lassitude; just as one shows oneself unashamed degraded by illnesses for which one is not responsible. His flat voice, even more than his decrepit

body, had the same resigned languor as his faded blue eyes in his wan face. Nevertheless, he made a point of showing me, very prettily too, that he drank only water. Men obliged to cure themselves of their vices for the sake of health—are they not often touching, since their souls have suddenly been converted? Courteously and amiably he asked me to sit down and began a conversation.

He was emaciated from fever, yellowed by abscesses on his liver, embittered by rheumatism; deaf by reason of long solitude, and yet there were still ideas in the head of this tatterdemalion. "The French," he explained, "are not colonizers. In this line the English always excel us. They command the natives with a club in their hand, but we put on gloves! The English, sir, everywhere and always, in their colonies remain faithful to what I call a policy of glory; even on the lowest rounds of the administrative ladder their functionaries are honorably remunerated. But with us French what we pompously call honorary posts are only famine appointments. For example, what respect could they possibly have for a pariah like me? They see me here debased by misery—these princes and lords around me, these Mahafalies, of whom the least can parade his Homeric herd of three thousand cattle, and the greatest boasts of sacrificing two dozen horned creatures for his funeral feast! Think of it, monsieur! in all conscience, is it not too absurd that I, in my own person—so little honorable!—must represent to them France and its glory? Come! you may be sure they don't think a quarter of what Bidet thinks of me."

Seated on a case of absinthe, marked on the side, *pharmacy*, Bidet, careless of what we were eating, kept his eyes fixed on Des Billard's face, as if that were his food and he lived on it. Those dog's eyes, by dint of fixing themselves on the face of man, had become burning and oozed a strange moisture, the color of iodine.

"Here in this rat-hole, for fifteen years—ten of them with my mascot, Bidet—I have been getting moldy like an old crust. But thank God, there's an end to all things! In twelve more days, monsieur, I shall be re-established in France, in perpetuity! I am so afraid of missing the steamboat that I shall reach the port four days in advance. Do you know how long my squad of carriers, most carefully chosen, have been here under guard? *For one month!* And not one of them dares leave the village. If they break down under me, if they don't carry me swiftly and well, when the time comes, the eighty kilometers a day—let them look out for a revolver!"

He stretched out his fist; then, as if the gesture of menace had fatigued him, he went on with sorrow:

"One thing poisons all my pleasure: What am I to do with Bidet? I don't want to leave him with my cook; that ape loves nothing on earth but the accordion I bought her. She detests Bidet because they both love sugar; she is wild about sugar and sometimes I give one more than the other. Then, though she is quite devoid of sentiment, it grieves her to the heart that only Bidet is allowed to share my bed: I make her sleep in the kitchen and as my boy is paying court to her, I lock her up there."

He tried to laugh, but his toothless mouth would no longer even smile.

"As to leaving Bidet to the tender mercies of these savages—that? Never! These Mahafalies would commit follies for an ox that they wouldn't commit for a woman; they would commit a crime; to steal an ox they would go miles and miles on a dark night and expose themselves to javelins. But they are as penurious as they are rich; they would let a traveling Malgache die of hunger rather than offer him cassavi or rice. Better the little dog should go."

I turned toward Bidet. He must have been a native dog; his hair was as shaggy as the brushwood, all in disorder, as if it were standing up in rage, and there were doubtful yellow patches on his

muzzle that gave him that—I don't know what sort of an air—of a cur.

"Why not take him with you?" I suggested.

The man seemed put out.

"You don't realize—a dog? You can't transport one as easily as a lemur which French soldiers wrap around their necks. The maritime freight would cost me half a month's pay in European money."

Turning aside he looked at his dog.

"What will you? It's always the same story, one thinks one has broken with family, friends, women, everything—and there is always something to which one remains bound!"

A silence.

"In the end, as a last resort, I must get up courage—"

And fearing without doubt that if he said the word Bidet would understand, he put a finger on his lips, and pointed to a partition.

There, above a shelf covered with glasses full of shot, hung a gun.

Moved, I turned to look at this man, this skeleton, who hardly had energy enough to hold himself upright, and yet imagined he had enough to shoot his dog.

It was the morning when Des Billard was to start. At last! Nevertheless, he got up in a bad humor. Settled outside in his armchair, he began to pack, himself: stones brought back from his wanderings—stones that you can have in Madagascar for the trouble of picking them up, emerging from the night of the soil, shining like butterflies in the shadowy forests—amethysts, onyx, garnets, rubies, pink diamonds; charming aigrettes black as jet, and white ones—whiter than silk; natural plumage—yellow, blue, green, like metal ore; snake skins and shells of crocodiles. Bidet, as his master took up each object in his hands, looked at him, his head on one side, as if at each one he had the same memory as his master. Then with one paw he scratched at Des Billard's knee.

"Ah, nervous this morning? Poor

old brother, you say to yourself that they are packing up for a final leave, and you are giving yourself dog-sickness asking what I am going to do with you!"

Bidet shivered in all his hairy coat as if he were freezing. There was nothing he loved like hearing his master talk alone, just to him. Des Billard never stroked him, for he had the mange; the man's voice was the only caress. "Ah well, then, listen! You have decidedly no luck, nobody wants to take care of you. I begged that brute of a *habitant* but he has but one idea: digging ore—as if Bidet were not worth his weight in gold! As for his Lordship, my successor here, I humiliated myself to get him to accept you as a left-over account, but his whim is to educate the natives!—as if these anthropoidal apes were worth one beast that one has learned to love.

. . . The devil knows, my poor beast, I don't know whom to leave you to!"

He stopped and swallowed a mixture.

When he raised his head the dog was no longer beside him.

He had dragged away into the court one of the crocodile skins which Des Billard was about to pack, and full of rage, as if the animal had just been killed, barked as he tore at its scales.

Des Billard watched him tenderly, with a mixture of love and malice: "To your last day you will have a crocodile under your nose?"

Then he was silent.

Suddenly he was struck by what he had said, and with his lids lowered, he lay there, his arms hanging, immovable.

. . . Then without a murmur he got up, spat, went into the hut and took down his gun and, his weapon over his shoulder, started out back of the Post.

Bidet was already in front of him, on the path that they always took when they went hunting.

Des Billard walked like a man ill of fever, a phantom step so languishing that it seemed at times to stop altogether. It was nearly noon. Under the rays of the Madagascar sun one felt at

times as if one must drop, but over the wild prairie long breaths of wind blew, regularly, at intervals, coming from one knew not where; over the high underbrush that the noon sun burned to the depths they glided, hot, sizzling, but so sweet, sugary with an odor of *tizane*. Breathing them in, one lifted one's head, one's chest swelled, and the body took heart again.

At the end of half an hour they were at the marsh. Oddly, although it was midday, not a single muzzle of a crocodile showed, watching for the men, the cattle, the dogs that come down at noon to drink.

"Voay! Voay!" said Des Billard in a low voice that only Bidet could hear.

Bidet understood; to bring up the crocodiles he must bark, then he howled wildly.

Nothing came up.

Bluer than the sky itself, the marsh slept among its red reeds. Under the great mauve lotuses on the surface one felt it heavy with a carpet of crocodiles, as the enormous tamarind tree on the other bank was heavy with hidden birds, moss, and flowers, till it bent its long branches down into the water.

Impatient, Des Billard raised his gun to his shoulder and fired!

In the same instant, like bubbles, four black muzzles, like ends of dead wood, appeared among the lotus-flowers. (In these regions it is like that—the crocodiles, unused to the sound of arms, push their heads out of the water to see what is happening.)

"Do you see them? Do you see them?"

Bidet shivered, pawed the ground, stood on his hind legs, ready to jump.

Usually Des Billard had to call and beat him to hold him back, for Bidet belonged to that race of hunters which fling themselves on a crocodile as soon as they spy it.

This time Des Billard neither called nor struck.

In a choking voice he whispered:

"Go on! Go on!"

Bidet did not understand anything—to understand he had to consult his master's eyes and to-day the master spoke to him with his eyes cast down as if he did not want to look at him. It was that which overwhelmed his poor dog heart and made him tremble, and in a rage at the crocodiles he threw himself into the water.

He swam! With his little paws he beat at the marsh! He held up his head covered with slime, not to lose sight of his master, and now he had found them again, Des Billard's eyes—those eyes, so far away, never turned from him, watched him, coaxed him, spoke to him, held him!

Slowly, always toward the same point, the little black nose glided. . . .

It was only a faint howl; the last gasp of a lost—no, not an animal—but a child, a drowning child.

Des Billard had not counted on the *voice*. As if his resolve to kill his dog had come to him only as a *vision*—as if he had counted on only having to have the courage to *see* it—overcome, he lost his head.

"O you filthy beasts!" he groaned.

His heart torn, panting, he ran into the water, and as if he could still save his old Bidet, shot all his bullets at the gathering crocodiles.

In the azure above sounded a cry and

a sweep of wings. Already nothing swam on the surface of the marsh.

Haggard, despairing, Des Billard seized his helmet. Furious, he flung it into the mud, among the reeds and, bareheaded, eager to expose himself to the sun and drop right there, he dragged his steps homeward. As if draped in flame, the immense waste of prairie undulated, glittered. The man walked through a nightmare of fire. Once or twice, from habit, he turned to look back.

His head down, he was just entering the Post when, catching the sound of an accordeon, he stopped short.

"Ramatou," he yelled.

A young Malgachian ran up, her blouse torn open, her breasts shaking: saw before her a face green as death, sweating great drops from every pore—saw a gun and, seized with terror, turned to run. Des Billard threw himself on her, tore the instrument from her hands and with one gash of his knife cut out the whole inside of the accordeon.

"Bidet is dead," he murmured in a hollow voice, "and there'll be no more accordeons in this house."

And that evening, having counted his men, counted his baggage, showed his revolver to his runners, the military-guard mounted his palankeen.

VICTUS

BY MORRIE RYSKIND

BEWILDERED in a dense and mystic maze,
Tortured by fear, and agonized by doubt,
I followed feverishly the endless ways,

Knowing that one must surely lead me out . . .
For hope was mine until I learned how hard
It was to find the gate—and find it barred.



▲ A LITTLE ONE-CHIMNEYED HOUSE IN ITS LONELINESS

SALTING THE CATTLE

A New Hampshire Idyl

BY KATHARINE UPHAM HUNTER

IT is a *jour de fête* when we go to "salt the cattle," for we take the tea basket, the picnic kit, and books; and we loiter in the upland pasture until shadows come creeping down the high hills and chase us back to the grass-ribbed way where the car was left some hours ago. Indeed, it is the car that makes our weekly pilgrimage so simply possible, for it effaces the miles between our farm and the hilly ridges where our young stock pass the summer pleasantly chewing their cud.

One hundred years—and fifty more—ago (so it pleases me to fancy) when the

energetic and cultured Tory gentleman who carved our farm from the wilderness went over these lanes (probably then not even bridle paths) to salt his cattle, he ambled through the woods on a sure-footed horse with the salt in his saddle bag, stopping now and then at some farmstead to bolster His Majesty's cause; and the journey there and back must have consumed many of the hours between sunrise and sunset. Now, this afternoon, because we live in the twentieth century instead of the eighteenth century, we can compass that journey in less than an hour. The car turns out

of the same drive over which the Tory trotted. In a few minutes we leave the State Highway and follow a tortuous, bush-grown road which climbs steadily upward through a region of knolled sheep pastures. Now and then these pastures bow, as it were, their heads in homage, and then we glimpse Our Mountain, shadow-flecked and benignly young in the spring sunshine. For the Mountain, as well as the tempered steel of Toledo, responds to the wrist-play of the Seasons and, like those wise old people who keep their hearts unwrinkled, comprehends youth. The road dips into deep pine woods and disappears; we coast eagerly after it into a perpetual, soundless twilight; here in these solemn woods spring flowers are nodding under the shadowy boles; we see their fragile, innocent faces as we speed through the bogey pines.

At a crossroad we swing left through mixed woods where white and yellow birches, hemlocks, and lindens line a ferny, boulder-filled brook; the brook brawls lustily beside us—a wild brook that may during a summer storm respond to the elemental fury and run “amok” down the road—(I remember one of our salting trips when the brook was “amok” and I would have exchanged six cylinders for the Tory gentleman’s mare!) Later in its headwaters, in its babyhood as it were, it meanders gently through the emerald meadows of an intervale. But we are bound for more Arcadian country, to reach which we turn acutely right over a rickety bridge, and again climb into the hills past tilled and abandoned farms, into a rugged region which grows steadily more rugged with outcroppings of granite ledges and with shiny bald knobs. We begin the last upgrade to our pasture. Ah, now we catch sight of its granite-powdered flanks, but they are in the distance and still the motor toils as we climb up, up into this wild, rough upland New England. And now we are scanning a slice of our uptilted pasture for a sight of the heifers—the young Jerseys.

When we see them, the shapely, soft fawn and mouse-colored, deer-eyed heifers, it is the climax to the journey; the goal has been achieved and we sigh in satisfaction, “They are exquisite as deer.” When they are not visible, and seemingly untenanted acres unroll before our anxious eyes, deerlike qualities other than grace and beauty arise disturbingly to mind, an anticlimax of inconvenience; indeed, it impinges on any day: a jangle of the telephone bell and into one’s ear is poured in no uncertain tones the iniquities of heifers, “Say, your young stock is out all over the road and into Charlie Tift’s oats and some of ’em are running wild on the Twickensbury place in the mowin’.”

“But we have just fixed the fence this morning,” I interrupt, confident that this time at least we are irreproachably fenced.

“Well, they got through—they Jerseys can git through anything and we can’t do nothin’ with them.”—Deerlike heifers indeed!

But I have digressed. The car has purred up into the most idyllic spot and parked where the high pasture slope comes down, bringing its brook, to greet some other high pasture slope; and in their meeting-ground before the noisy brook, which has scrambled into a mossy water-trough, only to sprawl out again into a wild-mint bed, is a little house of white clapboards and weather-stained shingles, a little one-chimneyed house that, in its loneliness and endurance (its courage and faith, as it were), typifies New England.

For the nonce we will cheer it, we and the cattle—for the horned creatures are now bounding down the steep hillside to investigate us. They group themselves about the moss-grown trough, the brook swirling about their feet; but when Agricola with the salt bag steps among them they follow him to drier ground, where they relish the lumps of salt which he throws down for them. We count them: there are six heifers missing and, as they have banded them-

elves away from the herd, we decide to picnic first and hunt them afterward. The little old house regards us wistfully as we climb up the steep hill along the channel of the brook, following zigzag cowpaths which connive with purple pasture-violets to lead us on. But they are thwarted; the pathetic little house begs for cheer that we make our picnic fire before the hemlocks hide it from view. All picnics are delectable, and a picnic with a cooking fire on a tongue of turf above the cascading, laughing brook, wherein are cooling bottles of Jersey milk and cream and desert, deserves superlatives. These the children, who have blissfully waded and blissfully eaten to contentment, voice for us.

Says Agricola, lighting his pipe, "I will burn a little incense to the gods of this country," and as it rises we spend long minutes watching the white clouds sail lazily in the azure above us, and following the brook as it runs songfully down the long pasture slope to the little old house. It is the recollection of minutes like these, simple yet replete, that one cherishes and that one's children store unconsciously into the very fiber of memory. Now the fair head and the dark head are bending in eager, happy absorption over their water-play—could we give them more than this free, healthful, beautiful country life, I wonder! . . .

We hunt the pasture to its many odd corners for the missing heifers, and as the meadow presses we hunt singly, and in silence—save for the rustle of our feet through the fern and the occasional "bos co' bos" that does not materialize the six lost ones; no, promising dun patches of pasture refuse to move!

Down below a young porcupine went securely across the path; up here on the height of land I have attained not a leaf quivers, not a beastie rustles in the hush; the solemn hush is broken only by the sweet, sad hymn of the vesper sparrow—I see him run noiselessly over

the sparse grass and disappear amid woolly crosiers which (lacking the bishops!) will unfurl themselves into ferns with a few more hours of warm sunshine. Around me is panorama; to the west, our Mountain, changed in shape, great in majesty, but veiled in the same amethystine garments; north and south, passing at the Mountain's feet, unfolds the noble valley of the Connecticut. The broad, silver riband, bordered by wooded hills, which now and then assume an Umbrian character, is hidden for the most part from me by other intercepting hills, but it is richly there for all that. If one has been born in this valley, even if one as a stranger has come to it and lived in it, one returns. The legendary lore of Europe is not here: there are no Rhine maidens to entice by their singing, there are no craggy castles; but the wooded hills so delicately individual, the tilled meadows wrested by the pioneers from the forest and cultivated in hourly peril of death from lurking Red Men, these make their appeal; and the Mountain and the shining, broad river call with a voice sweetly, witchingly insistent. . . . North lies an upland country, east more hills. Way below me, rising out of a maze of country lanes, is God's Acre, a little graveyard whose markers are touched shining white by the long rays of late sunshine. It is pathetic in its isolation, yet to me it is gloriously hallowed, for simple men and women of industry, perseverance, and faith lie buried there: tillers of the soil, patriots, the backbone of the nation. And south where the land wrinkles to the horizon—half wild in forests, half tamed in farmlands—their habitations stand and others carry on; the little red or white weather-worn houses catch the eyes of the sun in their tiny old panes.

All these things I see from the hilltop of the pasture, and when the call comes up from below that the lost heifers are found, I go to their salting with a heart full of psalmody that the earth is ours to delve in and to garner.

THE BIBLE AND COMMON SENSE

4. *The Bible and Dogma*

BY BASIL KING

ONE of the difficulties which the modern man must meet in his reading of the Bible arises from the necessity of viewing ideas essentially Hebraic through a Greco-Latin perspective. It is like turning a blue light on what should be seen in a white one. The atmosphere is changed. The reader's mind is charged with assumptions which were not in that of the writer. Not only are the original issues confused, but new issues are, in a measure, put in their place. It is no exaggeration to say that between the Christian thought of the twentieth century, largely Greco-Latin in its essence, and that of the New Testament, there is as wide a divergence as between the aspect of the streets of New York and that of Jerusalem or Pompeii. To reach the original intention we must make allowances for this coloration, working our way behind it.

It is a fact that what we call the Christian Religion passed almost from its inception into Greco-Latin keeping and development. An evolution purely Hebraic up to the death, resurrection, and ascension of Jesus Christ, it was Hellenized and Latinized in the course of two or three generations. By that operation it was moved from the basis on which it was placed at the beginning. What we call the Early Church was no longer the church of the Upper Room or of St. Paul's missionary gatherings. There is no indication in the New Testament that the Founder and His followers expected to separate from the Hebrew body politic. The Master taught daily in the Temple; wherever the Apostles traveled they spoke in the synagogues

first. Nothing but excommunication drove them to assemblies of their own.

It must be remembered that the word *ecclesia*, translated *church*, meant in the New Testament no more than an assembly. The elaborate senses we now attach to it must, in the main, be read into it through what we have developed in later times. Though the question is both too large and too involved to be discussed here, we may reasonably doubt if any such concept, or series of concepts, as we have worked out in the course of the Christian centuries was in the mind of either the Lord or the Apostles. Had it been their intention to establish a unit or a phalanx of units, so complex as any of our churches has become, their teachings and writings must have run with it.

For the modern man the chances are that some particular church, with its formulas and passwords, stands in the forefront of all his thoughts of Christ. It is what he thinks of first. It is the Way, the Truth, the Life by which he must reach any other Way and Truth and Life, and through whose portals he must pass. That Christianity had a right to develop along these lines may be conceded, but that is not our theme. My only point is that to understand the Scriptures, even in their latest form, we must see them as antedating the system of ecclesiastical politics which now rises up between the reader and the page.

As it is, the beaten path to that understanding is the one which the Greco-Latin has marked out for us. The fact is significant for the reason that in one special respect the difference between

he Greco-Latin and the Hebrew mentality was radical.

The ruling characteristic of the Hebrew mind lay in the fact that its thought was vast, suggestive, poetic, but indefinite. Exactness was not part of its endowment. It threw out ideas but left them fluid and unfixed. The words of richest import in the Hebrew tongue were broad and deep, capable of many implications. They rarely crystallize. They state few thoughts with what Emerson calls "the solid angularity of facts." Neither the Old Testament nor the New explains or delimits. Neither of them lays down anything like what we call a dogma. Neither of them draws up a creed. If they were analyzed they would be found to deal with very few principles, and these the most general and fundamental: God, righteousness, mercy, forgiveness, love! A list of such universal themes would soon exhaust them all. Even St. Paul, who is often called the doctrinal writer among those of the New Testament, is philosophical rather than dogmatic. Dogma must be read into him retroactively. Had the Greco-Latin never developed dogma it would not be found in St. Paul's epistles. Creeds and doctrines, as we now understand these words, were alike outside the range of the Hebrew genius.

That genius, let me repeat, was for the vague and pregnant. It could never have produced such a document as, let us say, the Athanasian Creed with its representation of God in terms almost geometric. It could not have given us the Westminster Confession, or that of the Council of Trent. The most sharply positive statement Jesus of Nazareth makes concerning God is that He is the Father. Even from that He leaves us to infer what we have the grace and power to infer. He enforces nothing. He radiates verbal tests and merely formal adhesions. "Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord! Lord! shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father." His only test is

in conduct. Conduct is the proof of faith. It is the standard of both the Testaments. Faith in God is one of the most potent of all the spiritual impulses; yet without being lived in practice it is dead. But once that faith in God *was* lived in practice, the Hebrew exactions came to an end. In speculative matters the individual's liberty of thinking for himself was not so much a conceded right as it was a matter of course.

Now the Greco-Latin mind, which almost at once took charge of Christianity, was the opposite of all this. It was clear, logical, definite. Above all, it was disputatious and dictatorial. It lived on argument. The history of Athens was that of its schools of discussion. To disembowel a subject till it yielded its last shred of significance was a mental sport. What the Greek thought out the Latin codified. They played into each other's hands, the Greek by laying bare the idea, the Latin by hardening it into a formula. Though they differed in gifts, their propensities were similar.

It must be noted, too, that outside the narrow circle of which Jerusalem was the center, the Greco-Latin civilization was that of the educated world. When I speak of the Greco-Latin, then, I speak of a sphere of influence, rather than in terms either ethnical or geographical.

The new ideas which Christianity brought to the centers of this European culture became at once the subject of the verbal wars in which Greeks, Latins, and all their disciples had come to delight. The time was opportune. Old topics, the very greatest, had been worn out by generations of dispute. There was nothing novel left to talk about, and to talk was an imperative social need. Without undervaluing whatever was sincere in some of the greatest conversions, it can hardly be doubted that the fascination of new subjects of debate was powerful. Though we can hardly suppose that anyone ever became a Christian because of the freshness of the themes which Christianity presented,

yet the freshness of the themes was an attraction. On those themes the Greco-Latin convert fell like a starving animal on its victim. The Christian literature of the first three or four centuries shows an appetite for talk both voracious and insatiate.

Where, too, the old themes had been discussed in select academies, the new were the topics of all classes of society. For the educated Greco-Latin Christian nothing was too abstract, nothing too far removed for human pursuit to follow after. The God whom the Hebraic Scriptures had held as indefinable and indescribable was tracked beyond time, beyond His relations with man, into the deepest recesses of His relation with Himself. It was a realm in which the Greco-Latin mind exulted, and from the inner conclaves of the learned the sport spread outward to the multitude.

Doctrines which we ourselves sometimes consider too sacred to mention outside a church were, among the Christians of the Roman Empire, the themes of ribald songs in circuses and of drunken debates in wineshops. A favorite topic was the composition of the Trinity, and the method by which the Son was born of the Father, and the Holy Ghost proceeded from them both. "Every corner, every alley of the city," Neander quotes from Gregory of Nyssa, a bishop of the fourth century, "was full of these discussions—the streets, the market-places, the drapers, the banks, the victualers. Ask a man, 'How many oboli?' He answers by dogmatizing on generated and ungenerated being. Inquire the price of bread, and you are told, 'The Son is subordinate to the Father.' Ask if the bath is ready, and you are informed, 'The Son was created out of nothing.'" This quotation, which is often reproduced, is given merely to illustrate the passion with which the Greco-Latin gave himself up to verbal contention; for out of this tendency grew whatever we know as dogma or the science of theology.

The Bible is Hebraic; theology is Eu-

ropean. It is European in spirit whether its protagonists spring from Italy, Byzantium, or North Africa. The churches therefore, are European too. They are Greco-Latin rather than Hebraic in their origin. They sprang, for the most part, out of the Greco-Latin instinct for discussion. Had a multitude of questions which the sacred writers seem never to have dreamed of not been raised, it is possible that our lamentable schism might never have come about. As it is the Greco-Latin intellect with its imperious will to dispute, to docket, to classify, to codify, dominates most of our Christian thinking.

Taking the Greco-Latin church as the first to emerge with strong self-assertion from obscurity, most of our Protestant bodies may be seen as variants on this model. All show traces of their inheritance. They have the same habits, tastes, and methods. Leaving the Greek Church out of the discussion as remote from us Americans, our other denominations can be seen as true blood-relatives of the Church of Rome. To this statement the Society of Friends, the Christian Science Church, and a few other cults of less importance may be taken as exceptions; but the great historic communions—Anglican, Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, and Presbyterian—differ from their Roman prototype in details rather than in essence. None in spirit goes back beyond the methods evolved after a Hebraic religion had already passed under Greco-Latin guardianship. None reverts to the simple suggestiveness, with a large liberty of private judgment, which can easily be seen as the staple of the Old and New Testaments. All are dogmatic, in the spirit of the fourth and fifth centuries. On touchstones of dogma all found admission to their membership. For lapses from dogma all would excommunicate. Faith, as a test, has been swung from its place as faith in God, where the Hebrew had been content to leave it, to that of a conditional principle as faith in a set of formulas. Against all our churches the

large might be brought that the set of formulas has been made more important than God. As a matter of fact, choice between sets of formulas is what is chiefly offered to mankind by the churches of to-day, while there is something like an assumption that you can hardly be reckoned as a Christian without selecting one of them.

Is a set of formulas, then, to be explored?

The question is often asked. The answer is so often given that *it is* to be explored, and given without much reflection, that a few words from one far from dogmatic by temperament may not be wholly presumptuous.

In the first place, there is nothing to be gained by quarreling with the course which history has taken. If Christianity, after springing from a Hebrew source, has become to all intents and purposes a Greco-Latin religion, there is doubtless some good reason for the transmutation. Having become a Greco-Latin religion, it was bound also to become a dogmatic religion, since the European mind would not have had it otherwise. To fall in with this is merely common sense. Most of the churches being dogmatic, we can only suppose that they know the conditions necessary to their purposes. The individual who objects to their methods is no longer compelled to subscribe to their creeds.

For the fact remains that the vast majority of those who can accept Christianity at all prefer to accept it dogmatically. Notwithstanding the rebellion which the last half-century has raised against dogma, it still prevails over all forms of undogmatic religion. It may even be said that only a small proportion of the spiritually-minded *want* an undogmatic religion or would know what to do with it. For the enormous mass of Christians in Europe and America a faith in which all the *i*'s are dotted and all the *t*'s crossed would seem to be the only one that can, even remotely, be assimilated or understood.

That is what dogma means; an explanation so obvious that the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot grossly misinterpret it. It must never be forgotten that the message of the Master came to an undeveloped race, and that the race, after two thousand years, is only slightly more advanced than it was when Pontius Pilate was governor of Judea.

For the childish mind anything serious whatever must be made so plain that there is no mistaking it. That, apparently, is what the teachers of the church in the early centuries undertook to do. Not to have done it would have been to leave the Christian religion to the uproar of irresponsible tongues. It is probable that without the strong hand of the Roman Church, the Christianity of the early ages would have drifted into a wild sectarianism even more disastrous than the disunion and eccentricity of the present day. For a people of Greco-Latin tendencies some amount of definition was the only course. They were not the Hebraic people, with an inherited awe of a Holy of Holies into which no man dared force his way. They were an excitable, audacious populace of disputants, only to be kept in order by autocratic decree. The refusal of such decree would have meant the folly and confusion of the Christian world.

The same thing would be true to-day. Were the churches to lift their restraints of dogma it would soon be seen that the Christian mind is not yet ready for such freedom. Since we must take human nature as it is, we must take it with its limitations. Among the first of those limitations is the average man's disability as to knowing what to think. He is always under tutelage. That tutelage is exercised now by the press, now by the politician, now by the force of a standardized public opinion, and largely by the churches. In the United States as much as in any other country, the churches sway, and often for good, a huge percentage of minds that would otherwise be lost amid pros and cons with which they are incapable of dealing.

Control by the church in such countries as Spain and French-Canada is often the subject of comment; but scarcely less stringent is the similar control in important sections of the United States. Though in one case the control is Catholic and in the other Protestant, the principle is the same.

Without a strongly dogmatic system this leadership would be impossible. It seems necessary for the Christian world in its present stage of progress to be divided into groups, each with its watchwords. The watchwords serve a purpose. Like political slogans, they concentrate thoughts which would otherwise be scattered through the wildness of much speaking. Dogmas do the same. A world without the signposts of dogma might come to know something of God and be a better world than this one, but at present we have not got it. *What seems to be true* is the first meaning our best-known Greek lexicon gives to the word "dogma," and an authority able to point out *what seems to be true* cannot be other than a useful one.

Whether or not it is wise for the churches to make binding on the conscience of its members what only seems to be true, is still another question; but there again they presumably know their own business. If to fulfill the functions they elect to serve, they make it a rule that the individual must subscribe to their doctrines or give up their fellowship, no one can contest their right. To raise public outcry when this is done is not only foolish; it is indefensible. No one compels a man to be a Presbyterian, an Anglican, or a Catholic. If he chooses to be so enrolled he should surely be true to the terms of his enrollment. To call himself a Catholic, an Anglican, or a Presbyterian, and then appeal to public clamor to support him in being something else, is an outrage to liberty of conscience.

What it comes to, it seems to me, is the right of the individual. There are those who possess what we may call the

Greco-Latin temperament, who demand definitions, who seek a clearly marked course which they have no choice but to follow. With a religion which did not provide them with this they would be unhappy. There are not only individuals of whom this is true; there are nations and races. Nearly all the Southern-European peoples have this spiritual submission in their blood, and nearly all the Celts. Socially and politically, too, they are subjects of group-consciousness rather than fiercely independent personalities. Just as in any Celtic or Latin country the clan, the sept, or the family will be found to dominate the man, so among them, too, dogma delivered from above, with ritual to express it, will overbear the tendency toward thinking for themselves. For those who by racial make-up are inclined this way there must be a legitimate place in a religion so generous as Christ's.

On the other hand there are those who are not inclined this way, and to whom the cell built by walls of dogma is nothing but a prison. A large part of the struggle always going on within what we call the Christian Church gets its incitement from the dogmatist's effort to control those to whom dogma is abhorrent. Among all races, even among the Celts and the South Europeans, there are those who need to be free, who insist on seeking truth along the lines or which they themselves best know how to pursue it. There are also races and nations among whom this instinct is imperative.

It may be pointed out here that the Anglo-Saxon race especially has long been recognized as having a natural affinity with the Hebraic mind. It is, I think, a fact that of all the modern languages English alone has some of the large suggestiveness of the Hebrew. It is the least conjugated of the European tongues, the least exact, and yet the richest in overtones and implications. It is probably for this reason that English translations of the Bible have been con-

dered to reflect most fully the spirit of the original. Each medium has the same broad comprehensiveness, not too positive, not delimited. Each is pregnant with idea and yet each is restrained by a reserve which is not Greco-Latin. Where everything is not said in words there is always the wider latitude for thinking. The wider latitude for thinking possibly makes the Anglo-Saxon "heretical" instinct. It is well to remember here just what is implied by "heretical." "Heresy" meant at first no more than the power of choosing for oneself. Not in the ages of the great ecclesiastical controversies was a sinister significance attached to the word. Only in proportion as faith was wrested from God to be applied to formulas did the act of choosing for oneself become first an offense, and later a crime for which no punishment was too terrible. But to this crime the Anglo-Saxon race has always been predisposed. The English mind in particular is notoriously restive to dictation. Whether in politics, adventure, religion its bent is to choose for itself. Choosing for itself, it has rarely failed to recognize the right of others to choose for themselves, and so has solved the notable English capacity compromise.

If I had a plea to make, which I have not, it would be for some degree of compromise between the Christian "dogmatist" and the equally Christian "heretic." By compromise I do not mean that either should relax his principles, but that each should grant to the other an acknowledged place in the scheme of things. The "dogmatist" might remember that the purest religion ever known, that which centered round the visible presence of the Master, existed before there was dogma of any kind. On his side the "heretic" might recall the fact that, had dogma never been proclaimed, there might not now be any Christian religion in the world. All that should beg is the recognition of something which seems self-evident: that what is good for one is not of necessity

good for another, and that each should be free to follow his own bent.

Here it may not be amiss to speak of an episode in the New Testament which presents the most obvious difficulties to the American man-in-the-street. It is perhaps the more permissible to do this since the episode often inspires in the press sensational headlines not suggestive of the earlier quoted words of Gregory of Nyssa. I mean the story which embodies what is commonly called the Virgin Birth of Jesus of Nazareth.

The subject is naturally too vast to be resolved in a few paragraphs in a magazine article; and yet what I have to say of it can be put into few words.

First of all, in considering God or anything Divine, I start from the fact that we human creatures, whether as individuals or as churches, know nothing whatever of the Being of God. We are ignorant of what He is like and of what He consists in. His Name is more often on our lips than that of any other entity, and yet of what constitutes His Entity there is not the smallest single detail which of our own experience we can affirm. In this respect the Bible gives us no help in either of its Testaments. On the contrary, it clings on this subject to the deepest possible reticence. If it did not cling to this reticence it would lay itself open to suspicion.

"No man," St. John writes, "hath seen God at any time. The only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him." But He has not described Him. He has spoken of Him as Spirit, but of Spirit He has given us none of the textures, or tissues, or component parts. All we can know of God is what we are able to infer.

This inference extends only to His qualities. From the past experience of mankind, supported by some personal proof of our own, we come to the conclusion that He is eternal, almighty, and infinitely loving. To sum up these and many other attributes, the Master found the words "Heavenly Father." This

being as far as even He could go, He left the whole subject there.

There, I feel sure, the Hebraic mind would have left it too. There, I think, the Nordic—and especially the Anglo-Saxon—mind would have left it. But not so the Greco-Latin. It cannot be irreverent to presume that had it not been for the Greco-Latin's glee in dialectic, no questions as to the exact relations of the Father to the Son, and of the Father and the Son to the Holy Ghost—transcending as they do all human thought—would ever have come up. From contemporaneous history of the days when these were living popular issues we do not gather that they were inspired by devotion or by what is known as zeal for God. Rather, they seem to have been raised by the avidity for debate, for hunting a given concept to the last extremity, which was the ruling passion of the time. The assemblies in which these issues were fought to a finish were not, as we sometimes suppose, consecrated gatherings of saints waiting to be moved by the Holy Spirit. They have been aptly called "pitched battles." These battles were fought along the lines of a general election in England, or a life-and-death struggle between Republicans and Democrats in America. Not only did the spoils belong to the victors, but the defeated went down to exile, ignominy, death. There was hardly any fury of revenge too savage for the partisans of a conquering doctrine to exult in.

None the less, certain decisions were reached in this way which an immense majority of Christians have accepted. To remain a Christian and yet to dissent from that majority is to take on oneself a degree of responsibility not easily borne by a single individual. We are bound to admit that the mission of the churches is the highest we know anything about. We must also admit that, allowing for the shortcomings due to human nature, that mission on the whole is nobly carried out. To break with this great tradition is a grave step for anyone to

take; and we break with it when we deny the teaching of which the least we can say is that centuries have hallowed it. Were there no truth in it at all, we can feel reasonably sure that in the course of these centuries the churches would have found it out.

At the same time, to follow the churches into their analysis of God is no possible for every man, and I, as an individual, have ceased to make this attempt. My Nordic, or Anglo-Saxon mind does not permit me to enter into holy places which I cannot tread. I feel myself at liberty to stand away. I stand away in awe and, I hope, in reverence. If others feel the power to go on and fathom the depths of the Being of God, let them go. It is not for me to stop them or to tell them that they have no such capacity. When I know that I have no such capacity, I know all that I can assert.

This attitude, given the bewildering conditions of our time, seems to me a legitimate one. If the churches teach what I cannot understand, I can at least incline before them with honor and respect. If they know what I do not know, I see no merit in contradicting them. If they claim to know more than what seems to me possible for anyone to know on earth, that is their business and not mine. Mine is to know what I can know myself. Beyond that the better part is silence.

In this way I stand off with awe and reverence from what is known as the Virgin Birth. With a sense of the supreme beauty of the idea, I shrink from discussing it, even in my own thought. I see nothing to be gained by doing so. I would not lose the first three chapters of the Gospel According to St. Luke for a large part of the literature of the world. I doubt if many people would so lose it. Merely as one of the loveliest episodes ever related to man, the story of the Babe of Bethlehem is without a parallel.

Were I asked if I believed it to be true, I could only reply that I do not know.

What possibilities are open to Almighty-
ness. I do not know what natural laws
beyond the very few of such laws
which up to 1924 have come under our
observation. It is certain that within a
generation we have with our mortal eyes
seen things come easily to pass that we
supposed to be out of all question.
Matter has been reduced to a tenuity
not very different from spirit, while the
boundaries of the finite have been re-
moved and removed again till it almost
blends into the infinite. How can we
say that this could not happen or
that could not happen when we do not
know?

Personally, I have no difficulty in
thinking that a human being might come
into the world by some other process
than the one we know as generation.
The religions of the East and the classi-
cal mythologies have many traces of the
supernatural. Far from tending to discredit
the possibility, these legendary vestiges
enable me to think that there may have
been some prehistoric knowledge on the
subject which we of to-day have lost. In
any case, God has too many forms of
self-manifestation for me to say which
are within His power and which are not.
I am able, therefore, to stand at a hum-
ble distance from the Manger of Bethle-
hem or to kneel with the Sages and offer
my gold, frankincense, and myrrh with-
out too many Greco-Latin questions or
too much introspection. This is not a
case of ignorance being bliss; it is one of
the Socratic aphorism that no one knows
anything till he knows that he knows
nothing.

There is this also to be said: that while
the Virgin Birth may be questioned as a
physical or historical fact, it is too late to
root it from the hearts of Christen-
dom. There are facts of beauty as well
as those of history; facts of poetry as well
as those of natural law. Truth cannot
always be measured by a yardstick.
Beauty can be Truth just as Truth can
be Beauty. There is a wisdom of God as
well as a wisdom of Men. The wisdom
of Men has to sift and weigh and specu-

late; the wisdom of God is large and
bold, filling the universe with wonders.

Wherever the Evangelist St. Luke got
his information, he drew it from the
sources of the loveliest things ever con-
ceived of by man. No such story as his
had ever before been told to human ears.
There is no single detail in which he does
not touch, in one and the same act, the
highest sublimity and the deepest, sim-
plest human tenderness.

His very words are music. "In the
sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent
from God unto a city of Galilee, named
Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man
whose name was Joseph, of the house
of David; and the virgin's name was
Mary. And the angel came in unto her,
and said, Hail thou that are highly
favored, the Lord is with thee: blessed
art thou among women! . . . The Holy
Ghost shall come upon thee, and the
power of the Highest shall overshadow
thee: therefore also that holy thing
which shall be born of thee shall be
called the Son of God. . . . And she
brought forth her first-born son, and
wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and
laid him in a manger; because there was
no room for them in the inn. And there
were in the same country shepherds
abiding in the field, keeping watch over
their flock by night. And, lo, the angel
of the Lord came upon them, and the
glory of the Lord shone round about
them. . . . And the angel said unto them,
Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good
tidings of great joy, which shall be to all
people. For unto you is born this day,
in the city of David, a Saviour, which is
Christ the Lord.' And this shall be a
sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe
wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a
manger. And suddenly there was with
the angel a multitude of the heavenly
host praising God, and saying, Glory to
God in the highest, and on earth peace,
good will toward men."

This narrative has been accepted as
the Truth wherever men's hearts have
opened to the appeal of the Infant Jesus.
It may stand for Truth beyond all our

known facts, and as to which our known facts are but broken reflections. I do not know. I do not know what St. Luke means when he says that "the Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee." The Church may explain it to me in doctrines of the Incarnation, and yet my spirit stands aloof. Another man's spirit may press forward and assimilate all that the Church has beaten out through its centuries of discussion. For me it is enough to know that somehow, somewhere, it has been demonstrated in one great act of Love and Beauty that God and man are caught up together in a single community of being.

Something like this—to be expressed in as many ways as there are men and women to express it—the Christian world has taken as the starting point of its faith. The stable at Bethlehem, the Babe in the manger, the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night, the trooping angels singing "Gloria in Excelsis! Peace on earth! Good will toward men!"—these are visions of Beauty and Truth which the Christian cannot and never will let go.

And lest I should seem to base this clinging to tradition on grounds of sentiment only, let me add that there is no authority on earth—however scholarly, however scientific—with the right to assert that St. Luke's narrative of the birth of Jesus is not true. There are learned men who can reason against it, who can trace to their own satisfaction the methods by which it grew as a legend, and who themselves may disbelieve it and refuse to teach it. But that is as far as they can go. They cannot prove that it never happened. The simplest Christian who believes that it did happen has as much right on his side as they can have on theirs. At its most radical point the question must still remain an open one. It lies in that region where the heart has reasons which the head cannot know, but which none the less have their validity. To dogmatize against the narrative of St.

Luke is at least as Greco-Latin as to dogmatize in its favor, and probably more dangerous. The Hebrew mind and in many ways the modern mind a large, would rather wonder and wait standing outside with the angels who frankly acknowledge that there are holy places where they fear to tread.

After all, in spiritual things of which we know so little, why be too vigorous in denial? Denial is our greatest danger since it shuts the mind. So long as the mind is open the spirit is receptive. With a closed mind the life becomes narrower and new ideas are brought to it in vain.

Not without an immense significance did Goethe make his Mephistopheles describe himself in the words: "I am the Spirit that Denies—*Ich bin der Geist der stets verneint.*" The Spirit that Denies is perhaps the most subtle of all the anti-progressive forces. It is the fanatic, schismatic factor in the history of churches, the instinct that brings enmities, persecutions, wars into the life of man.

There is a sense in which what we deny is a surer index to our characters than what we affirm. What we affirm concerns ourselves only; what we deny concerns others. When I recite my own creed I am responsible for myself alone; when I deny another man's creed I become in a measure responsible for him. In this way we violate liberty of conscience and rouse resentments and hostilities.

If the Bible is anything at all it is the charter of a vast religious freedom. By freedom I mean the right of any man to believe what he can grasp, and to progress as he is able. If he is far behind what the churches teach—as many are—and as I confess I am myself—it simply means that he has that much ground to cover before he catches up. The important thing is to make what we do understand a possession. There was an undogmatic religion before there was a dogmatic one. Where both have merits, the individual, it seems to me, must be free to choose from both in the degree which best helps him to know God.



Portrait of Lady Ellenborough

BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

(Reproduced on the cover of this Magazine)

REYNOLDS and Hoppner have been discussed here; this month it is a follower of the one and a rival of the other, Thomas Lawrence, who began taking likenesses at the age of five, and supporting his mother and father and several brothers at the age of eleven. Before he was twenty-one he was presented at court. Before twenty-five he was made a full Academician, crowded with royal commissions and, working breezily for the well-born and fashionable, too occupied with orders to study or attempt to broaden his work. It was not till middle life that he made a trip to the Continent; and then his tour was a succession of quick portraits of kings, princes, statesmen, and leaders. If Reynolds had famous patrons, Lawrence had more famous ones. And if Hoppner was the "painter of beautiful women," Lawrence's beauties are more vivacious—"gaudy" was Hoppner's jealous comment. His success was greater than theirs put together. His competitors and the art of English portraiture itself were left far behind by this energetic stylist who made a "snatch at nature."

It may seem strange that the precocious youth and accomplished courtier did not show more vanity over his immediate fame; he foresaw that his works would never have "so great an interest at any future time as they have now." But he was not a deep thinker; his "professional labors," as he called portraiture, consisted mainly of "habits of accuracy," and his own words prove that he was careless of his limitations, knowing as he did enough about ideals of art to make the finest collection of drawings by the old masters ever assembled in England and to testify clearly to the excellencies of the Elgin marbles. He liked praise, as do all precocious people, but on the other hand bitter criticism did not distress him. Even Pasquin's description of "Satan Calling His Legions"—"a mad German sugar baker dancing naked in a conflagration of his own treacle," had no effect. And the criticism in this case seems much more just than usual.

As to character we read in Lawrence's brush strokes the same qualities which we read in his own handwriting—"some appearance of fortitude . . . but wholly unconnected with reason." Fanny Kemble, said that "his sentimentality was of a particularly mischievous order, as it not only induced women to fall in love with him, but enabled him to persuade himself that he was in love with them, and, apparently, with more than one at the same time." The "incident" of his interest in the elder daughter of Mrs. Siddons, then in the younger, and then in both is proof of his thoughtlessness. Suave and lively, he seems to have been little more than the surface of a man. Dexterous and ambitious, he seems to have had little more than the hand of an artist. But surface and hand were enough to make him one of the most popular of English painters.

ALAN BURROUGHS.

JULIE CANE

A NOVEL—PART VIII

BY HARVEY O'HIGGINS

XXXVI

JULIE had been telephoning for the doctor when Alan rang her—with Cane laboring for breath on a stool against the counter—and the doctor, just starting out on his morning calls, had replied that he would arrive immediately; but before she took her father upstairs she locked the door and put the bar across it, in case Alan should come; and while Cane was getting back into bed with his wife's silent assistance, Julie returned to the shop to wait for the doctor.

Alan arrived while she was still waiting, sitting on a box in the door of the storeroom, invisible to him in the shadows; and she watched him inscrutably while he knocked and pounded. She merely closed the door to the kitchen stairway when she thought that the noise he was making might be heard above her.

He went away. The telephone began to ring again. She let it ring until it occurred to her that the doctor might be calling her; then she listened at the receiver and heard Alan arguing with central. At that she got a piece of blotting paper from the office, doubled it up between the hammer and the 'phone bells to muffle the ringing, and sat down again. Later she saw him across the street, looking up at the second-story windows. She turned away from the sight of him without the faintest emotion—with an indifference more complete than if he had been a stranger, for she might have felt at least a little curiosity about a stranger.

The doctor drove up while the 'phone was ringing for the third time, and she let him in calmly, free of any apprehension that Alan might appear, since it was probably he who was on the 'phone. She locked the door and led the way up stairs. "I'm afraid he's very ill," she said.

"Everyone always thinks that," he smiled.

She waited for him in the dining room with her hat on; and when he came out of the bedroom at last she knew from his face that her fears were justified. It was pneumonia—both lungs affected. "He should have been in bed days ago," the doctor complained. He was a young man and he had to have some one to blame.

She did not defend herself. She was guilty. She had been letting Alan kiss her and make love to her while her father was ill. She listened dumbly to the doctor's instructions. He would pass the druggist's and leave his prescription there. She was to go for it in half an hour. He had told her mother what to do. They ought to have a trained nurse but Mrs. Cane objected. Well—. She followed him downstairs to let him out and Alan, having seen the carriage at the curb, was waiting on the steps.

She had the door open before he heard her. "Julia!" he cried, and started toward her, but the doctor got in his way and she slammed the door and turned the key before he could get to her. She put the bar across his pleading face without so much as looking at him. "Julia!" he called faintly, hammering on the wooden casement as she turned away.

She went to the telephone and asked

for the Perrins' number; and while she was waiting for it she watched him talking to the doctor. When the doctor drove off Alan returned to the door again. He could see her through the glass. She turned her back on him.

"Hello?" she said. "Is that Fanny? This is Julia Cane. Will you please tell Miss Martha I can't come this afternoon. No. My father's ill—very ill. Pneumonia."

She hung up abruptly because her voice failed her. Alan was making signs to her. He had scribbled something on a piece of paper, and he was holding it up and tapping on the glass with his pencil. She took the telephone book from the hook and found the Birdsall number. When a servant answered she asked for Van Schoeck.

Alan had put the paper under the door. He pointed to it beseechingly.

"This is Julia Cane," she said to Van Schoeck. "I can't come out this afternoon. My father's very ill—pneumonia in both lungs." And at his shocked misinterpretation she began to weep. "He should—he must have had it yesterday. I should have been looking after him—"

"Let me come over," Van Schoeck begged. "I may be able to help—to run messages or something—to answer the telephone."

"Come," she said, "and take away this—this—Alan's here, pounding on the door. Take him away."

She wished to go at once to the drug-store's and wait there for the prescription to be made up, so as to have it the moment it was ready; Alan prevented her. She might go out the back door and round through an alley; but the drug store was on the corner of Center Street, and Alan could see it from the shop steps. She was not afraid of him and she knew that he could not move her with any plea whatever; but she preferred not to acknowledge that he existed. If she could have wiped him out of the world with one deadly wish she would not have exerted herself to do it.

He stood in an attitude of passionate

patience in the doorway, begging her, in dumb show, to read the note which he had written. She went back to the store-room, sat down on a box of canned goods, and waited for Van Schoeck to take him away.

And how was Van Schoeck to take him away? He was perfectly aware himself that he could do no good by staying—that he ought to disappear until her resentment faded—but he could not act on his judgment. He was held as remorselessly as if he were hypnotized by the fact that she knew he was there. He had to compel her to open the door to him. She had challenged him to a contest of wills, and he had to defeat her. Like many another Byronic lover, he could be meek, humiliated, ridiculous; a lovesick suitor yearning on her doorstep—in fact, he did not care what appearance he made or what pose he took—but she had to open that door. Black clouds had come sailing over the hills and shut out the sun; the wind was blowing colder; he shivered with suppressed wrath and waited.

"Hello, Alan," Van Schoeck said behind him.

"What!" The long-faced fool had come meddling again. "What the devil—"

"Miss Cane just 'phoned that she can't see us to-day. Her father has pneumonia. I came down to ask if I could be of any use."

"Why didn't you ask her over the 'phone?"

Van Schoeck had put on an overcoat and warm gloves. He was buttoned up and comfortable. It gave him an advantage. He looked placidly at the chilled sneer on Alan's face.

"The darn fools can't hear their door," Alan explained. "They live upstairs."

"Let's go and 'phone, then."

"They can't hear that either. Anyway, they don't answer it."

"Oh." He gazed vacantly at Alan, not knowing how to get rid of him. "You ought to have a coat on. I had to go back for mine."

"You might have brought *me* one."

"You didn't tell me where you were going."

"Well, I was coming here. . . . And I'm going to stay here till some one opens that door."

Van Schoeck cleared his throat. He regarded the sky, which threatened snow rather than rain. He regarded the barred door. "I'll wait and tell them," he said, "if you want to run back and get a coat."

Alan sank his hands in his trousers pockets and went into a long, crafty study of the situation. "Look here, Biddy," he decided, at last, "I've got to see this girl. I've got to explain something to her that she misunderstands. If she comes to the door while I'm gone you'll have to try to hold her till I get back. Will you?"

Van Schoeck nodded. "I'll try."

Alan examined the face that went with this promise. It was a poker face, as noncommittal as the back of a playing card. "All right," he said. "I'll be only a few minutes."

He hurried off, his hands in his pockets, his shoulders hunched, blown along by the cold wind behind him. As soon as he was well on his way, Van Schoeck knocked on the door, and Julie, who had been watching them from within, came forward to open it.

Grief had deepened and softened her eyes. It had made more tender the modeling of her clear-cut features. It had broken the independence of her manner and put a touching uncertainty into the hand she held out to him.

"He's gone," he said. "He's gone to get a coat."

She let him in and locked the door. "I have to get a prescription from the druggist's. Could you go for it?"

"Certainly."

"You can come in the back way. I'll leave the door open. There's a lane."

"I'll find it."

"Perhaps you'd better go out that way

She led him through the empty shop

into the darkness of the storeroom. He blundered against a barrel and stood waiting for her, unable to find his way. She opened a solid door that was like a lid on the blackness, and the cold light showed her drooping tragically as she stepped back to let him pass, unconscious of him, with her empty gaze on the squalid disorder of a yard that was full of broken boxes, barrels that had lost their hoops, dirty sawdust, and the winter's ashes. She pointed to a gate in the fence. He nodded and went to it.

It opened on a lane which led to High Street, and the drug store was on the corner of Center Street and High. He saw nothing but Julie's grief-stricken face until the clerk in the drug store said "Yes?"—and smiled at him as he blinked and came to himself.

He explained what he wanted. He was told, "It'll be ready in a minute." He stood staring unseeingly at a shelf of patent medicines at his eye's level, until the amused clerk returned and wrapped up a bottle and a box of pills and a sheet of powders, and said, "Will you pay for it? Or—"

He paid for it, though he did not know later how much it had cost. He still had his change in his hand when he knocked on the back door and Julie opened it. The sight of her brought him to an instant co-ordination of sight and perception. "If it's pneumonia," he said, "you've got to have good nursing and I want to 'phone to my doctor in town. He's a specialist in this sort of thing. Let me use your 'phone."

She held the package of medicines in her hands as hopelessly as if she were on a ship that was sinking in mid-ocean and the last boat had swamped, and someone had given her a lifebelt to put on.

"It'll be all right," he promised. "If anyone can help him, *he* will. Let me get him."

She looked back at the shop, trying to tell him that the 'phone was in there.

"Never mind," he said. "I'll find it. You go upstairs. I'll wait here—in case you need me."



"JULIA," HE CALLED FAINTLY, HAMMERING ON THE WOODEN CASEMENT

When she had disappeared up the kitchen stairway, and he had closed the door behind him, he lighted a match to see his way into the shop. And the shop was as black as the storeroom. She had pulled down the blinds on the windows and the door—blinds that were not usually lowered on Sunday until the afternoon sun reached that side of the street—and it took another match to find the 'phone. Then, in the darkness, he proceeded to carry out the plan which had occupied his mind while he was in the drug store.

He got a New York number and a Dr. Schelling"; and in a tentative and hesitating manner he proposed that Schelling should come at once to Finnerman to see Cane and bring with him two of his most experienced nurses. He

suggested it with an excess of unassuming politeness, but he did not seem surprised when Schelling agreed to come, and he made no show of relief or gratitude. It was evident, in fact, that his diffidence was the pleasant affectation of a young man who knew he needed only to ask for what he wanted in order to get it—because he would pay whatever exorbitant price was asked. He made no explanation of why he wanted it; he did not insist upon the urgency or importance of it; he merely asked for it as mildly as possible, gave his explicit directions with little apologetic coughs between sentences, and ended, "Yes, if you will. Yes, thanks. If you don't mind—Good-by."

Some one had knocked on the front door. He went, as you might say, pen-

sively to a crack of light that showed beside the door-blind; and seeing Alan, he came back as pensively to the telephone.

He called another New York number and got a man named Crawford, with whom he appeared to have a business relation. To Crawford he proposed that two experienced clerks should be sent to Findellen to take charge of Cane's grocery while the proprietor was ill. "Perhaps," he said, "it wouldn't be a bad idea to make one of them an appraiser or something like that—if you know what I mean—so as to find out what the business is worth; and then, if the family has to sell, they'll have some idea—Yes, if you don't mind. And I'd be glad to have them here first thing in the morning, if that's convenient for you. Yes. And you can reach me, if you wish to, by calling on Cane's 'phone. Yes, that will be all right. Yes, if it isn't too much trouble. Yes. Thanks. Good-by."

And having settled these matters briefly, with an appearance of extreme inefficiency and lack of executive ability, he went out the back door and down the lane toward High Street—to speak to Alan—meekly innocent and absent-minded.

XXXVII

Alan, in his overcoat, had hastened back to the shop so resolved to see Julie that he felt confident of seeing her—because the need of seeing her had become too urgent to permit of doubt. With his head down against the wind, overcoming opposition determinedly, he had returned along the river road at a rousing pace and rate of progress that put his hope up with his heartbeat; and by the time he reached the station-square and saw the faded red of the little shop-front, he was in a state of unreasonably buoyant expectation. He felt cheerful, magnanimous, tender and true. Her father was ill; she was unhappy. Somewhere in his thoughts a voice kept saying, "The darling—the dear girl." She would forgive him, and he would console her. And if her father

died—There! That would end ever cause of quarrel between them about the grocery and her connection with it. He would take her away from all this sordidness that irritated him, and they would be forever happy together in an æsthetic and congenial world.

When Alan saw that Biddy was not at his post in the doorway he looked to find him somewhere about, standing on the corner or walking up and down the street. No? What had—? The blind had been drawn on the windows and on the door. It looked like—death? Could Cane have suddenly collapsed, with some failure of the heart, perhaps?

He stood before the shop steps thoughtful, with his head bowed in an unconscious pose of respect for mourning; and that attitude brought his gaze down to a tiny corner of white paper showing under the door. It was the note which he had written her. Well naturally, in her anxiety and distress she had not seen it. That was what he told himself but the expression of his face belied it; his eyes saw an insult offered and his lips tightened to accept it silently. He knocked on the door to make sure that the shop was empty. Then he stooped down and withdrew the paper with a finger nail. It was obviously his note, but he opened it to make sure that she had not written a reply at the bottom of it.

No. It read, "Dearest—I love you. Nothing else matters. I love you. A."

She had left it there, with all its pathetic and sincere appeal, to be read by anyone who might find it. He was hurt, he was resentful, and he was sorry for himself. Moved by the first of these feelings, he started to tear the note in pieces; but the second caused him to stop. He would compel her to read it yet, and be ashamed, and humble herself to him. He thrust it in his overcoat pocket.

And now, how was he to reach her? It was useless to knock. It was equally vain to telephone. There was nothing to do but to wait at her door. And that act

of patient humbleness was supported by a mixed emotion in him—a feeling of self-pity which sought humiliation and a feeling of resentment which welcomed humiliation as a just cause for anger and revenge. If *she* had come repentant to his doorstep—no matter what she had done to him—would he have left her there with her plea for forgiveness unheeded? She was inhuman. Compared to her he was a model of sweet and charitable constancy.

He was in this mood when Van Schoeck, coming round the corner of High Street, approached him in the manner of a Sunday idler back from a walk. Alan leaned against the frame of the window and watched him come. Van Schoeck shook his head before he was near enough to speak. "I'm afraid," he said, "it's no use waiting."

"Have you seen her?"

"Well—yes."

"Why didn't you hold her for me?"

"She's too worried. Her father's illness—it's dangerous. He may be dying."

"What was he doing out this morning, then?"

"I don't know. Was *he*?"

Van Schoeck seemed more than usually dumb and vague, and Alan fumed and nagged at him in vain. What had she said? Nothing except that her father was very ill. Was she going to the Perrins'? No, he thought not. When were they to see her, then?

"Well," Van Schoeck said, "if you could let it go for a day or two it might be a good plan." And with that he turned away, as if his part in the affair were ended, and drifted down the street toward the river road.

The rain had begun to fall.

Alan watched him go, but what he saw was not Van Schoeck's broad indifferent back; he saw Julie, thrown



THE SQUALID DISORDER OF A YARD FULL OF BROKEN BOXES AND BARRELS

on the world by her father's death, frightened and broken-spirited, turning to him for help and consolation. And the world, like Biddy, walked away and left her to him. She would know then who her true friends were. Of all the doors at which she might knock, only his would open to her. "Come in," he would say, forgiving but reserved, and then he would stand aside to let his mother receive and welcome her. She would burst into tears of shamed repentance—

Absorbed in this consoling drama, he left the scene of his defeat and followed after Van Schoeck—but with no intention of overtaking him—and he did not notice that when Van Schoeck came to Mountain Avenue he turned north instead of continuing toward the river road. And by the time that Alan had dawdled across the bridge and found the vista of the road empty ahead of him, Van Schoeck had regained High Street and was hastening toward the lane that was the squalid and muddy path of his return to Julie.

When he came to the lane he looked at it as if he liked its dirty slovenliness. It had, perhaps, for him the same quality as the tawdry little shop and Julie's dumb grief and the fumbling hand she had held out when she opened the door—a quality of sincere reality that may have seemed to initiate him into some franker and more wholesome relation with life than he had known—as if this were the way that people lived when they were not protected by wealth, packed in cotton wool, and padded against all harsh contacts with adversity. That Julie had come out of such surroundings could only make her the more wonderful to him.

Some considerations of the sort must have sustained him in the contentment with which he accepted the hours of waiting that ensued; sitting on a barrel in the storeroom, with the back door open for light, listening to the rain drum on the empty boxes in the yard, and facing the meager stock of cases of

canned goods, chests of tea, sacks and barrels and tubs and firkins from which Cane kept his shelves supplied. Certainly an undejected interest and enthusiasm sounded in his voice when he answered the telephone and explained to Martha Perrin that he could not call Julie but would take a message for her, and received with little congratulatory murmurs Martha's excited account of how she had determined to get up as soon as she heard of Julie's trouble, and how she had succeeded miraculously in walking without help, a trifle weak and dizzy but not more than was to be expected after such a long time in bed. "And tell her, *please*," she said, "not to worry about her classes to-morrow morning. I'm quite able to take them. Tell her they assisted me downstairs, but I believe I could have done it without them. And tell her I telephoned *myself*." And so forth.

It was a birdlike and chirruping gentle voice, and he answered it sympathetically, obviously pleased to share with Julie in the intimacy and excitement of it. When Martha had rung off he called up the Birdsalls in another tone—the tone of turning from friendship to formalities—and left word that he would not be in for luncheon. Then he went back to his barrel in the storeroom, took off his hat and overcoat, and sat there with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands, like a boy who had escaped from his elders and found a congenial attic to dream in on a wet day.

The sound of the rain prevented him from hearing Julie as she descended the stairs, and she came as unexpectedly as a ghost out of the shadows into the bedraggled half-light that was sad and cold in the doorway. She did not see him. She stood staring at desolation, with a hand up to her head, her fingers clenching and unclenching in her hair and tugging at it as if she were trying to relieve a headache by the painful counter-irritant of that massage. It was a homely but tragic pose, and it took him in the throat. He coughed.

Her fingers stopped, tangled in her hair, but she did not turn or look at him.

"The doctor's coming," he said at last, hoarsely. "And two nurses."

She shook her head in hopelessness—and continued shaking it slowly from side to side as if she found this movement a relief.

He watched her, miserable, unable to help. He said with an effort, "If you—if you could—" and hesitated, and swallowed his last reserve, and went on numbly, "When it happened to *me*, I used to cry every night—and all night—in school. I could bear it better."

Her expression did not change but her hand came slowly down the side of her head and stopped at her cheek. He saw that she was breathing open-mouthed, with quick and shallow pantings. Her jaw was trembling, and it was this that her hand tried to cover.

He looked down at his feet, unable to endure the sight of her misery. And it must have been with some foolish idea of trying to get her mind off her tragedy, or the moment at least, that he said, "Miss Perrin telephoned—Martha Perrin. She asked me to tell you that she got up and found she could walk—"

At the name "Martha Perrin" she had turned as suddenly as if some one whom she wished to escape had appeared in the doorway; she tried to get back to the stairs but she stumbled against a barrel, caught the top of it in her hands, and bent over it as if it were a breakfast tray that she were carrying; then a rightful sob burst from her in a convulsion that shook her to the knees, and she began to sink to the floor, clinging to the barrel-top in an agony of spasmodic dry chokings and horrible sounds. He sprang to her, frightened. She dropped in a huddle, her face in her hands, trying to stifle the noise that she made. He stooped down beside her and caught her in his arms. "No, no," he cried. "My God, no!" It was too painful. "You mustn't. Don't cry like that!" He held her to him, trying to restrain with the

pressure of his embrace the anguished spasms that tortured her. "No, no. Listen. It'll be all right. I've got a good doctor—the best."

She shook her head like a terror-stricken child, her eyes glazed, her mouth open, fighting for breath against the paroxysms that strangled her. "It's—it's father," she gasped. "*Father!*" And at that the tears came on a long shuddering wail and she fell back against him, her head on his shoulder as limp as if her heart had been pierced; and she wept and wept, helplessly, in an exhausted abandonment of all attempt at self-control.

He drew a long sigh of relief, though the tears had started to his own eyes. He blinked them back, holding her to him and saying nothing. As she gradually quieted he got on one knee and lifted her to the barrel with no apparent effort, and stood beside her with his arm around her. He gave her a handkerchief and she buried her face in it against his shoulder, weeping endlessly.

"This Doctor Schelling," he said, to console her, "he's a great man. One of my—one of my grandfathers—my mother's father—founded that hospital for consumptives. And the family has been supporting it ever since. And Schelling's at the head of it." He spoke a phrase at a time, with long pauses. "He's on his way out here with two of his best nurses, and it won't cost anybody a cent, and he'll stay till your father's out of danger. You needn't be afraid. He'll pull him through. He's a wizard."

She made some broken and smothered reply that was unintelligible.

"Then I 'phoned another man who has a chain of grocery stores in New York. And asked him to have two clerks out here to-morrow morning. So you won't have to worry about the shop. My father started them up in business years ago. And our family still owns stock in the firm, so he's glad to do it. They'll stay till your father's well again—if you let them—no matter how long it takes. And I'll hang around too, if you don't



THE LANE THAT WAS THE MUDDY PATH OF HIS RETURN TO JULIA

mind, so as to see that they keep on the job."

She wiped her eyes and tried to control herself in order to speak.

"No, no," he said. "Don't try to talk. I'm just explaining what I've been doing. So you'll understand who these people are when they arrive. And I've told Alan that you can't see him for a day or two. And I'll ask the clerks to keep him away if you wish. There'll be no need to worry about that. You'll have nothing to do but help Schelling and the nurses to get your father well."

She made a grateful sound, a sort of thankful moan.

"That's all right," he said. "I'm glad to be of any use."

And having offered all the explanations he thought necessary, he waited in silence, looking thoughtfully out at the rain and holding her to him. He had a peculiar expression of sober and responsible happiness. She lay at last as quietly in his arms as if she were sleeping.

There was a knock at the front door. "That's probably Schelling," he said. He patted her on the shoulder before he freed himself. She reached his hand and pressed it dumbly. He raised hers to his lips. And though neither of them spoke, the handclasp and the caress were, in effect, her tearful surrender and his almost tearful acceptance of it.

XXXVIII

He found Schelling at the door with an assistant and two nurses.

The profession regarded Schelling as a great man, and he had at least one of the most invariable traits of greatness—he was without any self-conscious dignity. Dressed in an informal business suit, with a soft felt hat raked down over one eyebrow, he faced the world as he now faced Van Schoeck, with a shrewd and wrinkled diagnostic scrutiny which asked for no respect and gave none. “Oh, you’re *here*,” he said. “Where’s the patient?”

“Upstairs.”

He did not shake hands and he did not introduce his staff. His assistant nodded to Van Schoeck as they entered. The younger of the two nurses slipped past quickly; the elder ignored Van Schoeck with an unnecessary haughtiness.

“If you’ll go through to the back,” he said. “The stairs are there.”

Schelling led them briskly through the darkened shop without any comment. He merely glanced at Julie when he saw her standing in the light of the back door, and then looked around from her in search of the stairway.

“Miss Cane, let me—This is Doctor Schelling,” Van Schoeck presented him.

“Yes, I see,” he said. “Where are the stairs?”

“This is Miss Cane,” Van Schoeck insisted.

“Oh.” He took off his hat. “Yes. How do you do?” He held out his hand.

She did not see it. She seemed to be trying to find in his face the skill that would save her father.

“All right,” he said. “Where is he?”

She turned and led the way upstairs.

And Van Schoeck went to the telephone, called up his apartment in New York, and directed a servant to come immediately to Findellen, engage rooms or them at the Union Hotel, and take his bag there from the Birdsall’s.

What this action indicated was plain

enough when Schelling came impatiently down the stairs, with his hat on, and announced in a tone of contemptuous frankness, “I can do no good here. He hasn’t a chance.”

He tried to brush past on his way out to the shop. Van Schoeck blocked his path. “Why not?” he asked evenly.

Schelling scowled at him. “He’s been starving with malnutrition—indigestion—for ten years or more. He has no stamina. His heart’s bad. It’s no use wasting my time.”

“You’ll not be wasting it,” Van Schoeck said. “I wish you’d stay and do what you can.”

Schelling took a long look at him. “Oh.” He reflected, frowning. His frown slowly cleared. He asked, at last, “Are you going to marry this—Cane girl?”

“Yes,” Van Schoeck said, “if I can.”

“I see.” He went over Van Schoeck’s face, feature by feature.

“I’d like her to be—to be interested in your work,” Van Schoeck hinted.

“I see.”

What he saw, of course, was this: since Van Schoeck had come of age he had been one of the trustees of the fund upon which the hospital depended; and he had contributed to make up its yearly deficits and to support the research work that had made Schelling famous. Van Schoeck’s wife would inevitably have a voice in his affairs. If anything happened to Van Schoeck she would probably administer his estate. It was part of Schelling’s success in life that he knew how to handle the people from whom he needed money.

He nodded. “I see,” he said. “In that case, of course—” He looked out the open door at the condition of the back yard. “Her mother,” he asked, “is a religious maniac, isn’t she?”

“I don’t know. I’ve never met her.”

He narrowed his eyes thoughtfully. “The girl looks healthy.”

“Quite.”

“Do your cousins know her?”

“No.”

"I see. Well, I'll do what I can." He turned to go back upstairs.

"I don't mean," Van Schoeck said, "that Miss Cane knows anything of this."

"I understand."

And from that moment Julie was no longer her mere self, her father was no longer simply her father, and their house was not at all their house. They had all been altered by their new relation to the Van Schoeck estate. It was as if Julie had been picked to marry into royal prerogatives. She became a power-elect, though not yet in office. Cane was prospectively Van Schoeck's father-in-law. And the house was no more than a ward in the Van Schoeck hospital.

"Mrs. Cane," Schelling said at her first interference, "I doubt whether I can save your husband's life, but I'm willing to do my best. I must have a free hand, however, and if you hamper my nurses in any way, I'll hold you responsible for my failure."

"Mother," Julie pleaded, "take my room upstairs. Let them—"

"Who's goin' to pay for all this?" her mother demanded.

"I am," Julie said.

Mrs. Cane made a gesture of bitter abdication. "Go on. Do what you like. I'm nobody. You an' your father—" She went to the attic staircase, stopped as if she were about to make her final shot at them, gathered her old coat-sweater across her bosom with the air of wrapping herself in her dignity, and disappeared without a word.

"Thank you." Schelling took Julie's hand and patted it. "If his heart holds out we can pull him through, I think. I'll do my best, but you mustn't blame me if I fail."

She asked only, "What can I do—to help?"

"Keep a stiff upper lip. Don't let him see you're frightened." He smiled at her encouragingly. "The nurses will take care of you. Have you had any lunch?"

She did not wish any. Schelling spoke to the younger nurse and a few minutes

later she came to Julie with a steaming bowl of beef tea, interested, staring, but respectful. From that time on she was Julie's nurse, detailed for that special service, although everyone kept up the pretense that she was nursing Cane. And when two other nurses arrived to do night duty, one of them devoted herself watchfully to Julie.

Julie remained indifferent to their attention because she was unaware of it. She had no eyes for their quick and competent movements in and out of her father's sick room. She had no ears for their noiseless bustle or for their reassuring murmurs when they spoke to her. She was like a gambler at a roulette table, absorbed in watching a spinning ball which meant her father's life or death. The suspense had now become so great and so terrible that it left her no capacity for any other emotion. She waited in a dumb, blank, exhausted restlessness—standing at a window in the dining room and looking out on the tar-and-gravel roof of the storeroom where she had played as a child—standing in the parlor, staring at the empty arm-chair in which she had so often sat on his knee—standing in the doorway of the bedroom where her father had stood when she drew her first wailing breath, and gazing at him sleeping feverishly with a nurse beside his pillow and a doctor setting up a tank of oxygen.

She was unable to do anything to help; she knew nothing of illness. The nurses, on Schelling's orders, had taken over the kitchen; they and the doctors had engaged rooms at the hotel and ate their meals there, so she had no household management to consider. She carried upstairs to her mother a tray which had been prepared for her, but Mrs. Cane was too happy in her grievance to jeopardize it by any communication with anyone. She was, quite humanly, letting her resentment occupy her mind to the exclusion of more painful feelings.

Julie wandered down from the attic to the storeroom, intending to ask Van Schoeck if he had had any food, but

When she arrived there she had forgotten what she came for. The store-room was empty. She heard voices in the shop. An angry voice—Alan's voice—drew her to the door. He was scolding Van Schoeck, accusing him of—what? She went in to them, unnoticed. "What do you want?" she asked.

"Julia!" Alan cried.

"Go away," she said. "You have no business here."

"Business! Business! I've as much business as *he* has." She turned to go back. "Julia," he pleaded, "don't act like this to me. Let me help. I didn't know he was ill. I didn't mean to—look. Here's the letter I wrote you. Read it. Here."

"No. No—never." She waved him

away. "Nothing. Nothing from you. Never. Never again."

The shop was now so dark, even with the door open, that he could hardly see her. "Julia!" He followed her, trying to reach her, to touch her. Van Schoeck grasped him by the arm.

"You'd better go away," Biddy said.

Alan tried to throw off his hold, cursing in a sudden insane rage that vented all his accumulated feelings against Julie. Van Schoeck swung him round, pinned down his arms in a hug from behind, caught both wrists in one powerful hand, picked him up with an arm about his knees, and carried him, kicking and swearing, to the door. "If you come back here again," he said, setting him on his feet, "I'll *spank* you."



HE STOOPED DOWN BESIDE HER AND CAUGHT HER IN HIS ARMS

He gave him a shove from behind that shot him down the steps into the street.

When Alan turned, hatless, the door was shut. He sprang at it and kicked it furiously. Biddy plucked it open, caught him by the collar, and jerked him into the shop. "Now!" There was a silent scuffle in the darkness. It ended with Alan, choked by a hand twisted in the back of his linen collar, lying face down across Van Schoeck's bent knee. At the first resounding whack of the spanking he went limp, and Biddy stopped. "I'm sorry," he said. He put the trembling boy on his feet and shoved him gently out the door. "Please go away."

He went. He picked up his hat from the steps and went without a word, without even a look behind him. He turned up his overcoat collar to cover his bruised throat, sank his hands in his pockets, and staggered away, shuddering weakly. At the corner he dropped his head to hide his face because he was crying. When he came to the river road he was afraid to approach the bridge; he was afraid that he might throw himself in the river. He turned north on Mountain Avenue.

And yet, two hours later when he was nearing his home, tired out, he saw Alice Carey and her father coming toward him, and he drew himself up jauntily to meet them and saluted them with an airy bow. Then as he passed Alice—on an impulse of resentment that seemed independent of his will—he slipped into her hand, unseen by her father, the note that he had written Julie.

XXXIX

Cane had been dreaming. He dreamed that he was standing on the hill above Findellen, looking down on the little town and feeling a peculiar inflation and buoyancy in his chest; he flexed his knees and sprang into the air. He rose, astonished. He rose and seemed for a moment to float, suspended, before he sank lightly back.

Gosh! He did not believe that he had done it, but when he tried it again, with a stronger leap, there was no doubting it. He rose like a toy balloon. "I can do it!" he thought. "I must've been able to, all along—all my life—an' I never knew it. I believed I couldn't because people told me I couldn't!" And leaping for the third time, in an exultant confidence, he found that by treading down the air and making little finlike movements with his hands, he could not only remain aloft above the treetops—he could rise and continue rising, higher and higher, gloriously.

The sun had been sinking. Its lower edge had already touched the western hills. But as he soared he seemed to raise the sun with him, because as he ascended he cleared the shadow of the earth and caught the rays like a sunset cloud. "Gosh!" he said. "I can keep it—sunlight. If I go on up it'll never be night." And this delighted him because he hated darkness. "No more night! Gosh!" Once free of the revolutions of the earth, of course there would be no more night. He would float in eternal sunlight, in the immense spaces of the sky. "Why?" he asked himself, "why didn't I think of it before? It just shows you. People don't realize their powers."

He looked down contemptuously at the landscape below him. There it was, dead, inert, immovable. It could never escape the night, as he could. It could never escape from the earth, as he could. It had to be rolled around and rolled around forever, from day to night, from winter to summer, the mountain looking down at the village and the village looking up at the mountain. He felt superior. He pitied the everlasting hills. He was off—on his way—leaving them.

And then, of course, he remembered. He remembered that he had to see someone—his mother?—to say good-by—to explain where he was going and to tell her not to worry about him—that he was all right. He reversed the movements of his hands and he began at once to descend. He lit on tiptoe, at the top

of Mountain Avenue, and he started to pound down the road toward home in long flying leaps that were as graceful and effortless as the soaring and dipping of a bird. The excitement of it was so great—it was so breathless and it set his heart to racing so wildly—that it woke him up.

He was lying on his back, panting, the whole bed shaken by his heartbeat. The nurse had put a hand under his shoulder to turn him on his side. "Say, maw," he said—and recognized that she was not his mother. "Huh!" he grunted painfully. And then he smiled.

He smiled with the superior and pityingly complacent feeling that he had had in his dream. Here was this same dull old room, in the unchangeable old house, set forever in the mud and pavements of the immovable old town, looking at the everlastingly imprisoning hills, and stupidly unable to get away from them. He was different. He did not have to live forever. Gosh! He had never thought of that before—not *that* way.

The nurse had noticed the movements of his hands in his dream. Now, as he smiled in the dim light of the lowered gas-jet, she put a clinical thermometer in his mouth. He grinned. He felt placidly contemptuous of her and her nursing. His body seemed asleep in a dull ache of its own that left his mind swimming free. He let his eyes move contentedly over the walls and the furniture.

Nearsighted eyes, everything was blurred and vague to them, but he knew the room by heart. It had not changed since he first entered it. He had brought nothing into it but his clothes, and they were few. There was the dresser, for instance. It had belonged to old Sowers, and the brush and comb on it were Sowers', and the round box in which he kept his collars had been Sowers' too. And outside of the room nothing was his own but the few books he had bought and kept; the house, the shop, the business, the furniture—all were Sowers'. There they were, just as Sowers

had left them—stupid, enduring, imprisoned things.

At the thought of them he looked exactly as he had looked at the immovable landscape in his dream, though he was not aware of that origin of his feeling. What had been a fear in him that he was going to die—a fear confirmed by the arrival of so many doctors and nurses—had somehow changed itself into this placid and contemptuous sense of superiority over these things around him which he would leave behind. He seemed almost to float above them in his bed—happy, airy, free.

And then, of course, he remembered. He remembered that he had to say good-by to some one—his mother?—to tell her not to worry about him, that he was all right. His mother? He frowned, perplexed. It was a young woman like his mother, with red hair, but it was not—Julie!

It struck him with a physical pain in the heart that wrung a groan from him. Julie! He was leaving Julie. And lying there with the thermometer in his mouth, he stared tragically at the thought of her.

When the nurse took the thermometer, he said feebly, "I want—my daughter." She bent over him to see him better. "It's all right," he said, in a stronger voice. "I'm all right."

She withdrew behind him. He took a long breath that crackled in his chest, controlled a desire to cough because he did not feel able to cough, and waited, saving his strength to smile at her.

She was beside him before he saw her. He smiled at the dim figure that he knew was she. "Sit down a minute," he whispered, trying to pat the bed.

She sat down and took his hand, and he wanted to respond to the pressure of her clasp but his fingers felt swollen, enormous, and stiff. He could not move them. He made an effort to clear his sight, blinking, but even when she kissed him it was only from the wetness of her face that he knew she was weeping.

"It's all right," he whispered. "I'm all right. I just wanted to tell you. I feel better—a lot better. I'll get well all right. But I wanted to tell you—if I *don't*, see?—if this thing gets me—don't you worry." He gasped it out, word by word, with a persistent cheerful feebleness. "I was here before you came, wasn't I? For a good many years before you were born, I was here waiting for you, see? I was finding out things so's to be able to tip you off when you arrived, wasn't I? Well, if I have to move on, I'll do the same thing over there. Don't you be scared. I'll be finding out what's what. I'll have it all lined up by the time you come, just the way I had here." He rested, every now and then, like a man toiling up an exhausting ascent. "I'm not going yet—not by a darned sight—but I'm not scared, at that, no matter what happens. An' don't *you* be, see? You an' me, we're not scared of anything. If we hang together they won't put much over on us—anywhere—any more than they did here."

She was unable to reply. She pressed his hand, blinded and choked with tears. He panted hoarsely, catching his breath.

"Besides," he went on more faintly, "there's a lot o' things I can't find out here, see? I *got* to find out. An' I can do it. An' I know exactly how I'm *going* to do it, too. I've believed I couldn't just because people said I couldn't, but I've been trying out a little experiment lately an' it's as easy as swimming." He frowned uncertainly. There was some-

thing wrong, something unreal about his memory of himself soaring up into the sunlight, but he could not decide what was the matter with it. "Well, never mind about that," he mumbled. "We'll keep that to ourselves, see? People don't believe that sort of thing. They're like this Birdseed boy." He looked at her

anxiously. "What're you going to do about *him*?"

"I've told him—I'll never see him again. Never."

"That's the talk. He's no good. Well, that's all right. Nobody needs to worry about you. You got brains. That's all right. What I wanted to say was—well, let's see. What I wanted to say—" He closed his eyes and relapsed into a long, faintly gasping silence. "Yah. That's it. I'll know you the minute I see you—the same as I did here. Don't be scared. It's like that machine o' mine—that anti-gravity one—only you don't need a machine, see? You just have to know you can do it. Confidence, see? Know your powers. You can do anything. Yah. —Well, I just came back to tell you not to worry. I'm all right. I'm fine. It just shows you, Julie—"

He had not opened his eyes. She waited for him to go on. She waited a long time before she realized that he was asleep. Then she released his hand and rose to tiptoe out of the room, consoled in spite of her anxiety, as he had always consoled her.

She had no suspicion that she was never again to hear herself called "Julie" by anyone.



"YOU WHAT YOU LIKE—I'M NOBODY"

They had brought from the attic the cot on which Cane used to sleep in the storeroom before he married, and she lay down on it, still dressed. She woke several times in the night to hear his painful breathing in the next room—a breathing that became slower and slower, feebler and feebler, stopped, and then started up again with a fierce, eager, fighting rapidity. She did not know enough to be worried by it. At last she slept in a dead exhaustion.

When she wakened there was sunlight on the window blind—and silence from the bedroom. She was covered with a shawl. Van Schoeck was sitting beside her. She knew from his look what the silence in the bedroom meant. She turned and hid her face in the pillow and reached out her hand to him.

He caught it. "Julia!"

Her reply was in the way in which her fingers clung to his.

Of all the impossible possibilities that have since come out of Findellen, per-

haps the most improbable has been Julie Cane's success in the life and environment of Julia Van Schoeck; for whatever else you may think of her, she has certainly been successful—as conspicuously successful as Niagara Falls. Her career has been such a public performance that it must take precedence as a marvel even over the private miracle of Alice Carey's happy marriage to Alan Birdsall—a marriage which infuriates everybody who sees it, in spite of the fact that the husband is blissfully contented doing as he pleases, and his wife is sweetly pleased to let him. The third prodigy, Martha Perrin's complete recovery from bedridden invalidism, made the reputation of Doctor Beck, but his is only a local reputation after all. And it is only in what you might call the business circles of Findellen that the sale of Cane's grocery to a New York firm, for a price sufficient to retire the widow on a pension, is recognized as the holy wonder that it was.

(THE END)

ON REREADING CATULLUS

BY HARRY KEMP

THE flutes, the silver flutes began with dawn,
 With dawn the flutes and hidden birds began;
 All tremulous with stops the music ran
 Of light, skilled fingers lifted or laid on;
 The birds were practiced, too, and played upon
 Obedient throats that tracked no casual plan:
 For as they played they all looked up at Pan—
 Nor had the flutes his leadership foregone.

Then I saw altars gleaming, marble-pure,
 With fire—or day—too bright to shine in words;
 Again, I saw the satyrs' quick pursuits,
 The nymphs' delayed escapes, with yielding sure,
 While—was it flutes that waked the hidden birds
 Or birds that brought awakening to the flutes?

THE LION'S MOUTH

JACK AND JILL

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

I HAVE been doing some pretty heavy thinking about the intellectual differences between the two sexes. Are women, I have been wondering, born conservative, and are men born radical? In support of this hypothesis I offer you the facts with regard to a small girl, aged three and a fraction, and an even smaller boy, aged exactly two. Let us regard them as Exhibit A and Exhibit B in our investigation, and survey them with the cold eye of science.

Jill is a standpatter. She views with alarm any departure from the established routine. She must always sit in the same chair to eat her evening dish of prunes, and if apple sauce is substituted for prunes she is thrown into confusion. She stands for the rights of property; if her brother Jack appropriates her toy taxicab she raises a hubbub beside which the protests of Judge Gary at the machinations of Mr. W. Z. Foster are as nothing. She believes in discipline; the word "mustn't" is constantly in her mouth. "Mustn't go out without a coat on," she says severely to her father in the same tone of voice in which members of the Committee on Foreign Relations say, "Mustn't go into the World Court without reservations on." She prefers to have things done to-morrow as they were done yesterday. Even Senator Lodge could hardly be more insistent than she on having his customary piece of zweiback presented to him at the customary moment as he kicks off his slippers and climbs into his crib for the night. She doesn't smash the furniture or other established institutions.

We used to take upon ourselves the credit for her behavior; when other parents lamented the ink bottles spilt on the carpet by their young barbarians, we smiled indulgently and prided ourselves on the masterly training that kept Jill in the ways of peace. But now we know better. Up to the age of three at least, we have decided, the female of the species is more lawful and orderly than the male.

It was Jack who brought us to humility.

I shouldn't like to give the impression that Jack is deliberately destructive. The better word would be headlong. Like other good radicals, if he destroys things it is not from a love of destruction but merely from an excess of zeal coupled with a lack of experience. He wants to examine everything, climb over it, push it around, and test its qualities of resistance by banging it against something else. He combines the exploratory fervor of a Balboa with the indefatigability of a La Follette—except that if he ever reached a peak in Darien he wouldn't stand silent but would immediately charge full tilt for the Pacific to see if it was any good for splashing, and that, unlike the Senator from Wisconsin, he is always in uproarious humor. He does not agree with the editors of the *Nation* that the world is a bad place and reform a weary task; he is delighted to find it a place in which there are so many things right-side up that might be turned upside down by the experimental mind with undeniably comic effect. Jill holds that whatever is, is right; Jack's view is that whatever is should be taken apart to see if it is amusing enough to be right.

"Hello, hello, and what have we here?" he seems to be thinking as he comes charging into the room where I am working. "A waste basket? That's worth looking into. Curious thing, this theory that waste baskets look better right side up. Now my idea is that their contents should be spread about on the floor. Would you like to bet that there is nothing of a humorous nature in this basket? I thought so—the pictorial section of the *Times*. Such funny pictures! May I show them to you, Daddy, and leave them in your lap, after proving that the paper on which they are printed may be torn quite easily and with a pleasant sound? I wonder if it would make more noise if I beat on the mahogany desk with the ash tray or with that silver candlestick on the table. That one over there. Just a minute and I'll climb up on the arm-chair and get it. Rather a job to climb up. Now that I'm up, I think I'll just let the candlestick go for a minute and get down and climb up again about seventeen times to see if I can't find a better way of doing it. Impulse sport, climbing." . . .

That is about what Jack would say during the first three minutes of a standard hour of his life if he were given no more fluent speech. Long after you have quietly left the room because the atmosphere seems uncongenial to anything so conservative as work, you can hear him climbing up the chair and down again with chuckles of appreciation, slamming the door at various velocities to study the action of the latch, falling over the waste basket that he himself left in the middle of the floor, and enjoying everything prodigiously and audibly. Yes, he is the cheerful radical: put him in politics and in thirty seconds he'd be saying, "Well, well, if there aren't a lot of coal mines. Let's nationalize them. I offer a bill to that effect. And bless my soul, if there aren't some farmers. I offer a bill to appropriate a billion dollars for the farmers. Nothing like a little experimentation.

If you don't like it we'll try something else."

When Jill sits beside me in the flivver she is all for caution and safety first. "Put your other hand on the wheel," she admonishes when she sees me endangering private property by driving with one hand. Jack's vocabulary to date contains only such more vital words as "Daddy," and cannot express his true feelings; but I am sure that if he were as voluble as she, he would be crying, "Faster! Faster! Why use any hands on the wheel at all? How long do you suppose we'd stay in the road? I say five seconds; do you say more or less? Here's a corner—wouldn't it be more fun if we ran over the traffic officer instead of going round him?"

Sometimes I try to imagine what Jack will be like when he grows up. But my imagination is unequal to the task. A minute ago I spoke of him as he might behave as a Senator. But in my mental picture he insists on rushing jovially about the Senate Chamber, banging the desk, scattering public documents, climbing upon the Senatorial chairs and jumping off them; and I realize that as I visualize him he is wearing a little blue print suit buttoned about his waist with large white buttons, and is only just two years old and not a Senator at all, and that my imagination has accomplished nothing.

Perhaps he will have exhausted all the joys of experiment long before he reaches years of discretion, and will become a sedate conservative who prefers a reliable business administration, low surtaxes, and no entangling alliances; while his sister, weary of a youth of regularity, will scandalize him by sympathizing with the Soviet Government and voting the Farmer-Labor ticket and coming out openly for prunes and apple sauce on alternate nights. But there, you see, my imagination has gone back on me again. I can't do more for my hypothesis about the intellectual difference between the sexes than offer my evidence about these two small children as they are to-day.

Let's leave them so for the present. Only let's not leave Jack in the same room with anything breakable unless Jill is there to say "mustn't," as all good conservatives say to all good radicals.

THE HIGHBOY

BY PHILIP CURTISS

MY wife must have heard a sound of some kind, for she looked up from her book in distinct irritation.

"What are you laughing at?" she demanded.

"That wasn't a laugh," I replied. "That was a sigh—a sigh of artistic satisfaction. I have just evolved a perfect work of art, an absolute *bijou*, flawless in form and profound in conception."

With an air of somewhat ostentatious martyrdom, Maude turned down the page of her book and laid it beside her on the table.

"What is this masterpiece, this absolute *bijou*?"

"It is a short story," I replied, "a short story *par excellence*, not to say *ne plus ultra*. It has all the compactness of Chekov, plus the sardonic truth of de Maupassant, plus the little flick at the end of O. Henry."

"All that?" asked Maude dully. "Well, carry on."

"The story," I explained brightly, "is this: The hero—we'll call him John Jones—is a struggling young author who has lived for eight years with his wife in a little white house in the country."

My wife looked at me suspiciously, but she made no remark.

"They are just like Darby and Joan," I continued, "this Jones and his wife. For eight long years they have lived together without the slightest ripple on the water. To be sure, they have no money—"

"I gathered that about two sentences back," remarked Maude. "You said he was an author."

"Old stuff!" I retorted. "Just for that I'll make him a bond salesman. I

seem to know a certain young lady's brother who is a bloated broker in Wall Street, yet has no compunction about letting a poor author pay for the seats every time they go to the theater together."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed my wife. "It happened only once."

"Three times," I corrected, "not to mention train fare between New York and Stockbridge and a telephone bill of nearly twenty dollars at the New Brighton Hotel."

"But, goodness gracious!" admitted Maude, "if you are going to keep an exact dollars-and-cents account of your social life with your friends—I thought you said this was a short story."

"I did," I replied, "and it is if you'll let me tell it. This, then, is the plot in two words: Here you have this Jones and his wife, two honest lovers, living a quiet, self-sacrificing life in the country. He is wrapped up in his work—"

"And what is she wrapped up in?" demanded Maude quickly.

"Well, she's wrapped up in him," I had to confess. "I know it isn't ideal but there they are—both in their original wrappers. Now will the listener kindly keep in mind that for eight long years they've never had an unpleasant moment. If his work has met with rebuff and defeat, she has always taken him to her arms and consoled him. On the other hand, if she herself has ever wanted anything: jewels, fine gowns, horses and carriages, she has never said anything about it—just stifled it."

I looked up cautiously at that, expecting a swift return from the net, but my wife was apparently not listening. I spoke a little louder.

"She stifled it," I repeated. "If she wanted fine gowns or horses and carriages, she stifled it."

"Oh, I heard you the first time," answered Maude, wearily. "To my mind, she's a simp."

"At any rate she was a great help to Jones."

My wife looked up suddenly, with

washing eyes. "For Heaven's sake," she demanded, "if you admire that kind of woman—all spectacles and highbrow and loving-kindness, why in the world didn't you marry one and be done with it?"

"I didn't say I did admire her," I reported. "I didn't even say that Mrs. Jones was that kind."

"You make her sound like it," replied Maude. "I can see her now—old-fashioned, high-boned corsets, and shirt-waists with a belt. Belongs to a drama league and is good to the birds. Detestable type of woman, I call her. I suppose you'd like *me* to pull my hair straight back off my eyes and wearannel nightgowns with a little frill at the neck."

"My dear girl," I begged, holding up my hand, "don't get all worked up about poor Jonesey's wife. Can't you learn to look impersonally at a work of art? Do you suppose that Goya or Dante admired his own creations—as people they'd want to take to the club? Just try to consider this pair of simple lovers. I consider them—purely as figures in drama, as puppets of fate."

"Exactly the word for them," replied Maude. "Come on. Push along."

"Of course," I suggested painfully, "if you don't want to hear this story you needn't."

Maude softened distinctly. "Oh, don't be an ass," she replied. "I *do* want to hear it. It was just because you went rambling off about those theater tickets. Now what about Jonesey?"

I began again. "Well, here they have lived for eight years in the country—"

"Yes, I know all that," replied Maude. "No horses and carriages."

"And no ripples!" I insisted firmly. "But one day this author's wife was going through an antique shop in the village and she happened to see a perfectly marvelous old bonnet-top highboy, the first she had ever discovered outside a museum."

To be candid, this was the only point in the story that I had really dreaded. I looked up cautiously; but to my re-

lief, while my wife was blushing she was also laughing.

"So *that's* it, is it?" she asked. "I knew there was going to be *some* dirty dig in this fable."

"Not at all," I replied. "We can call it a lowboy if you want, or even a footstool. It doesn't matter. The highboy is merely symbolic—the symbol of a wife's desires. You see, all these years this wife in the story had bravely squelched her secret longings for gowns and jewels. Those didn't affect her. But she was artistic at heart, and so when she saw this genuine bonnet-top highboy—"

"She fell for it."

"Exactly," I said. "That's just what happened. Highboys were the one weak spot in her armor—her price, if you will. At the same time she realized that this one was way beyond her husband's means and for days and days she tried to drive even the thought of it out of her mind."

"But it wouldn't drive," suggested Maude. "The sinful little hussy!"

"Of course, to her," I agreed, "it did seem sinful. You see that's the delicate little note of pathos in the tale. This woman had been so good all her life that merely to want a highboy which she couldn't afford was as sinful in her mind as if she had planned to commit—"

"I get your point," replied Maude, "but in the story you'd better say 'arson.' Adultery's rather rococo, don't you think?"

"I'll fix it somehow," I answered. "But now begin the daily and hourly struggles of this poor, tortured creature. The first thing she does is go back to look at the highboy—in secret—feeling as guilty as Zaza. Timidly, furtively she asks the dealer to hold it for her. He consents to do so for exactly one week, and by a curious coincidence it also happens that one week from that day is her birthday."

At this word Maude half leaped from her chair. "You darling!" she cried. "You're not honestly planning—?"

"Eyes in the boat!" I commanded sharply. "No, Sweetheart, I'm planning nothing. I'm simply trying to tell a story—against odds. Please remember that up to this point the husband doesn't know a thing about the old highboy; but little by little he begins to see that at last some mysterious ripple is creeping across the perfect pool of his wife's idyllic happiness. At first she refuses to tell him what it is but finally, after threats and entreaty, he worms it out of her. Did you get that last? He wormed it out of her."

"Yes, I got it," replied Maude, unconcerned. "But, good heavens and earth! Just because I happened to see a perfectly marvelous highboy and your own cousin says it would be absolutely criminal not to snap it up at the price, and just because I happened to mention it casually two or three times, you try to make it appear that I have been carping on it every day for a month. Besides, if you didn't want to get a rise out of me, why did you put in that about the wife's birthday?"

"In a story," I answered, "facts are unimportant or accidental. It is the eternal, underlying moral struggle that really counts."

"Oh, fish!" retorted my wife. "Did she, or did she not, get the highboy? That's all I want to know."

"And that's exactly what every reader will want to know," I answered. "That's the artistry of the story—element of suspense. For you see that now, in addition to his wife's mental struggles, the husband began a set of his own. To him the whole question came down to this: How could he get the price of the highboy before his wife's birthday?"

"And that's all the question there was to it anyway," commented Maude. "That's the first sensible thing you've made him do."

"Thus," I continued, "as Jones had no trade except that of author, he sat down and wrote a story. He had a bully idea. He wrote a story about a young author and his wife who had lived

eight years in the country and one day the wife came to her husband and confessed that she wanted a highboy."

"Oh, help!" exclaimed Maude. "And I suppose that in Jones's story the second author sat down and wrote a story about an author who had a wife who wanted a highboy, and so he in turn sat down and wrote a story about a man whose wife wanted a highboy and so on *ad infinitum*."

"Precisely," I answered. "Isn't it beautiful? But I'll tell you where I got the idea. It was from a box of Quaker Oats. You know, on every box there's a picture of a Quaker holding a box of Quaker Oats in his hand. And on the box that he holds is a little Quaker holding a still smaller box. And on the smaller box is a tiny Quaker holding an infinitesimal box. And on the infinitesimal box—"

"That's enough," interrupted Maude. "No doubt it's very subtle, but if you don't mind I'd rather follow this tale with the coarse eye of the general public. It's action we want, not infinity. You started with Jonesey, so let's see him through. He wrote the story, you say?"

"He did, and he sent it right off to a great magazine. It took him only one day to write it because, you see, he was fired by the loving help of his wife. But there were now only six days left in which to get a verdict. So, every morning right after breakfast he walked to the post office to see how fate was going to turn. You remember, I think, that they lived in the country and so all his mail was put in plain sight in his own little box, with a tiny glass door and a number. And I'll describe in the story how the box was right opposite the door so he could see whether or not it was empty the minute he walked in. Then of course, in his daily anxiety he got so keyed up that he could tell even from the street whether or not there was anything in the box."

Maude squirmed and drew one foot up under her.

"I can really see where it might get

you excited," she confessed. "Poor Mrs. Jones!"

"And every day," I continued, "you can feel the suspense getting tighter and tighter. I'll just pull those poor devils through a slow, lingering agony."

"First day, of course, nothing doing—but Jones didn't expect it. Nevertheless, awfully worried on the way home. Second day, he begins to hope but pretends that he doesn't. Nothing doing, of course, but this time his wife meets him at the door and searches his face. Both try to be flippant about it. Laugh it off. Very hollow—ha-ha. Third day, neither one can eat any breakfast. They quarrel a little as to which one shall go to the post office. Husband goes. Sees from the door. Nothing in the box. Just blank glass. Fourth day, both of them getting decidedly pettish. Try to pretend they aren't worried. Husband goes to the post office. Asks the postmaster whether mail ever gets missent. Fifth day, wife on the verge of tears. Husband kicks the dog, then repents. Love of animals stuff. Still nothing doing. Box empty."

I held up my hand. Maude followed the gesture with wide-open eyes as if she expected to see me take a rabbit out of my palm.

"And now," I announced, "comes the big moment. Dawning of the sixth day, after a sleepless night. It is the wife's birthday and also she's had a notice from the man in the antique shop that a millionaire wants to buy the highboy, regardless of price, and that he cannot hold it one moment after twelve o'clock noon. Business of gulping down coffee. Husband must save all his strength. Both give way to all sorts of little private superstitions. Wife's hand trembles as she gives husband his hat. If they'd only had a child perhaps they wouldn't have wanted the highboy so badly—"

"Oh, come on, for goodness sake," interrupted Maude. "Cut out the artistry. What finally happened?"

"To get the whole effect," I replied,

very slowly, "I think I'd better tell it to you just as I'm going to write it. Now listen, for here is the crux:

... As Jones turned out of the dusty highway and into the village street, he could feel his knees hit together and his heart pound like a trip-hammer. His hands were bloodless and his mouth was dry. A passer spoke to him but he heeded not. His eyes, his ears, and all his senses were focused on the door of that post office and beyond it, in the shadows, on a little numbered box.

It seemed to loom out from the others like a dread, malignant eye of some monster, glaring glassily to mock his overwrought nerves. For a moment a dizziness of uncertainty overwhelmed him; then, as his vision grew clearer, he looked at the tiny, fateful square of crystal and he saw . . .

"He probably saw a notice, 'Box Rent Due,'" suggested Maude. "He would—after all that time."

"No," I answered, "I'm not going to tell what he saw. I'm just going to carry the story up to that point, then put in a line of dots and leave it."

"Leave it to the reader's imagination?" asked Maude, in disgust.

"Not a bit of it. Leave it to the editor's imagination. Don't you see the idea? That's just what Jones did with *his* story and presumably what all the others did with theirs. Each one of them simply wrote out his heart in his story, letting an editor know how a certain brave little woman was dying for a highboy. Then at the crucial point he ended with that plaintive little row of dots. It was just as if he raised his hands at the end and said, 'Well, Mr. Editor, how about it?'"

"Um-m," mused Maude, doubtfully. "It might work and again it might not. Of course, I want a highboy—"

Then suddenly she broke off with firm resolution. "But anyway, write a nice, joshing letter and tell them to hurry. For it isn't really six days to my birthday." She looked down at the dying embers, then up at the clock. "It's now only five."



THE VOTER AND THE PRESIDENT

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

IT SEEMS more incredible than usual that this should be the October number of the Magazine. The summer did not start until July, and strawberries were current and well regarded long after the middle of that month, whereas in these latitudes they usually culminate by the Fourth. That summer is gone, one may admit, but hardly that autumn is a month old. And what an autumn! With all the problems of contemporary life pressing in on us demanding opinions and insisting that we shall settle all problems of humanity by a vote.

We won't do it, because a vote is not up to so big a job, but doubtless as far as a vote will go, we shall settle them. October is the real take-off of the year, as we are annually reminded. Then schools begin; people come back to town; there are new fashions in the shop windows. Everything begins except politics, which has still a full month to go, the hottest of the whole campaign.

Theophilus Broadhead has been thinking about boys' schools and their imperfections, and even writing on that subject. He discussed it with a philosopher who finally suggested that he should begin by discussing what is a boy. So when we discuss politics we have to begin by considering what is a voter. Surely an appalling subject. A voter! It would not be too much to say Hell and Maria! particularly as voters nowadays are of both genders. Is there any variety of misconception of any subject, dead or alive, that is not entertained by one or another bloc of the electorate of the

United States? And probably the wrongest-headed people are the surest to vote! Consider how little voters vote with their minds and how much they vote with their livers, or their spleens, or wherever is the seat of prejudice. They vote according to racial promptings; according to whether their grandmothers were Presbyterians, Quakers, Jews, or Catholics; according to whether their grandfathers voted for Andrew Jackson or John Quincy Adams; according to their affections, their antipathies, their wages, the state of business, the price of wheat, the prosperity or otherwise of sugar or steel; according to their views about Darwin, or whether New York is a useful center of population or an ogre that threatens to gobble up the West and all its money. Let each of us think of himself—of the interests, the traditions, the derivations and the environments that affect our judgments; let each of us who is a voter consider how he himself is going to vote and why. The result may not be very flattering, in spite of our natural desire to think as well of ourselves as we can. How much worse when we think of voters in the mass! How extravagant seems the hope of getting out of them a righteous and intelligent verdict in accordance with the facts!

And yet that hope survives all experience; better than that, indeed, in our country, is considerably supported by experience. For some mystical reason the voter is apt to beat both the political machinist and the sophisticated reasoner in getting to the man the times need.

Sophisticated citizens and politicians are both apt to see some things bigger than they are and to be warped in their choice of candidates and in their efforts to elect them by considerations which are not really vital, though they seem so. The voters do not so much think as feel. They go more by instinct. The mass of them unorganized cannot provide government: they need leaders; they need some political machinery; but when candidates are offered to them they can make a choice. They can choose between parties, too, shifting from one party to another. In President-making the fact that the candidates must take the verdict of the voters affects the choice of candidates and probably, on the whole, affects it favorably.

The voters' capacity for mischief is limited in several ways. In most elections there are only two or three ways that voters can vote. If they don't vote for one candidate they vote for the other, and even when there are three the chances are at least one in three that they pick the best man. A lot of their aspirations and antipathies cannot find expression in a ballot. If their vote is to count for anything they must vote for some one who is sane enough to be backed by a considerable following, because otherwise he could not be a serious candidate.

Besides that, the voter, taken by and large, is subject to influences from without himself. When a notion or persuasion sweeps through the country strongly enough, it may carry him along with it and deposit his vote without much help from his personal judgment. When that happens there befall what are called landslides.

"And another thing—" continued a commencement orator last June—"and another thing: do not be satisfied merely with the visible world. There is a lot more to existence than that. The visible world, the things of which your senses alone make you aware, is not enough. You may glut all your senses and still not be satisfied. There is something else

that you will need and there is something in you that will always reach out to supply that need."

So too with politics. There is more in it than is visible. In nothing else is there a more appreciable sense of mortal mind—as the Christian Scientists would say—trying to swing jobs that are a little beyond the capacity of its best efforts. When the politicians have worked their heads off to pick the best issues and sort out the likeliest candidates, they are still sensible, in spite of all their protestations of certainty, that the outcome is beyond them. They know—most of them—that except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it, and, still doing their best and sticking to their chosen purpose, they watch and wait to see how nearly their endeavors will finally consort with destiny.

Perhaps that is one reason why political conventions in this country are so prayerful. The more obvious reason is that it placates the more pious voters to have them so, but that is not the whole story. In Europe prayers and politics are much less mixed, and one recalls the complaints from Americans because the help of the Almighty was not formally solicited by the statesmen who built the Versailles Treaty. Franklin, who was not notably religious but incomparably wise, finally called for prayer to help out the deliberations of the convention which made the Constitution, very much as Bryan did when the Democratic platform threatened to die a-borning. It was the appeal to the invisible to help the seen, and in both cases it was timely medicine.

At this writing the political calculators are busy with lists of the states, assignments of some of them to one or another of the candidates, and conjectures about the large group left over whereof the final disposition is still pure guesswork. For this seems, even more than usual, a campaign in which anything may happen, and in which any one of a collection of issues may forge to the front overnight and decide the election. For Europe is

an issue, with Ireland liable at any minute to develop into a separate one. In so far as the Catholics make an issue of the Klan, they make an issue more or less of the Roman Catholic Church. Unionlabor seems ambitious to be an issue. The farmers are another. Something in the campaign may make an issue of Volstead. And then there is that regular performer, the tariff, and the new aspirant, the surtax, and plenty more, so that it amounts to this: that there is an unusual number of subjects on which some group or other is or affects to be sensitive, and is ready to make a violent outcry if any candidate or campaign orator makes injudicious remarks on that subject.

Now a good deal of all that is affectation. When Mr. Gompers says the American Federation of Labor is going for La Follette because there is something in the Democratic platform that does not suit it, or when Judge Cohalan, who is nominally a Democrat, disapproves of Mr. Davis because he is too fond of England or because, as the Judge says, the Democratic platform was surrendered to the Klan—in either case the reasons are not impressive. Mr. Gompers simply did what he had to do, and Judge Cohalan behaved naturally, and both of them put out the best reasons they could think of at the time. Really in a multitude of issues there is a kind of safety. They make for caution in discourse, but they are only symptoms of what the election will really turn on. There is a new political group in power in England which, working with a new political group in power in France, has brought new hope to a world that needed it. Any group which can do that for us is going to be welcome. Both our chief parties, though they are not new, are under new leadership. President Coolidge is a very decided change from President Harding. Mr. Davis, as a candidate and a shaper of policies, is a new hand and all the more so because Mr. Wilson has died. Mr. La Follette's party is new, so new indeed that it is hard to say just what it stands for. It

has no record. Its platform is Mr. La Follette. It stands for him but no one expects him to be elected, though it is recognized as quite possible that he may have the power to decide which of four men shall be our next President. The best political word just now is "progressive." The Labor party in Britain is progressive. Herriot's party in France is progressive. The most truly progressive of the two great parties here ought to get the most votes, and probably it will develop in the campaign that the favorite epithet with which the speakers of one party assail the candidates of another will be "stand-patter." Reactionaries and stand-patters are not in demand. It is not to them that one looks for the cure of the current perils of civilization.

The great issue of all is Europe and the averting of war. That job is so enormously important that all the other issues seem petty beside it. Besides that, it includes all the others. Everything that anybody wants out of an election except office, which for many is the main thing, is something which they think or pretend to think will make life go better for them. But the great wholesale improvement of life lies in breaking up the war habit, or so at least it seems to be. Winston Spencer Churchill had a piece lately in one of Mr. Hearst's magazines discussing whether civilization should commit suicide, for that and nothing less was what he felt that a big new war with all the modern improvements would amount to. And of course he knows what the modern improvements are. It is true that we may have mistaken notions of what is good for us, what is good for civilization, and what is good for this world; but if we think it is bad for the works of man to be destroyed and vast numbers of people killed off, and what is left of the surplus wealth of the world to be used up in more fighting, then we must feel that the great issue in politics is the averting of war and the development of some method of co-operation by which the

nations may succeed habitually in sprinkling salt on the tail feathers of the Dove of Peace. So of our coming election one may say that the man we ought to choose is the one who will be the best man at promoting peace.

And this is a considerable office that we are invited to fill. There will not be much dispute nowadays that, all things considered, it is the greatest office in the world. The President has more power than any considerable sovereign that is left. He has a more certain continuity in office, for better or worse, than any Premier in Europe. Mr. Davis has spoken of running for President as the greatest adventure a man can undertake. Really, the Presidency is a big job, more than a man-size job; an office of such ceaseless duties, such profound responsibilities, and such opportunities as almost inevitably to lift its occupant out of himself and make him feel that he is, or ought to be, working in co-operation with the higher powers. Indeed, to get along at all it would seem that the President must regard himself as an instrument of powers invisible, and must feel that he is only responsible for what he is, and that when he has done his level best in any crisis the issue lies with fate and not with him. For that reason it seems improper, and in a way foolhardy, for any aspirant to insist on being nominated. To be willing to serve, to disclose his opinions and define his position, is enough. Some candidates have gone beyond that and practiced to get control of the machinery which secures nomination, but this is better done by a candidate's supporters than by himself. For really, the Presidency in the strict sense of a much abused adjective is an awful job, that a man does well to approach with his hat off and to undertake it, if it comes to him, with more or less fasting and prayer. One remembers Grover Cleveland and his practice now and then of taking out a new consecration. It needs to be done by folks in general but especially by Presidents.

Of course the President is not an absolute monarch. He exercises the powers of his office under the law, is responsible to the people who chose him, can be impeached by Congress and turned out of office if he has transgressed the limitations of his place. Of course, too, he has advisers and takes counsel with them, and a large proportion of his duties are discharged by proxy; but in his power of appointment, his power of initiative, his power as the leader of his party, his power to influence legislation, and his power as the voice of the government of the United States, he is sure to be an extremely conspicuous figure and may be a tremendous one. His power of voice is one of the greatest endowments that his office brings him. What he says on any important matter, and a great deal that he says and does about things of slight importance, goes all over the country, finds space in all the newspapers, and, nowadays, is carried everywhere by radio. Because of that, not only the man's public life but his private life also is a constant influence so long as he holds office.

And so not only what a President does but what he is counts for very much. Once elected and in office, the instinct of the country is to support him. He stands for the law. He stands, while his term lasts, for something like divine right, since it is no great strain on democratic intelligence to see in the chosen of the people the chosen of the Lord.

A President ought to be a politician. He should understand the processes of politics, its mechanisms and the men who run them. That is a branch of knowledge not in high repute because men who are proficient in it are often limited to that proficiency, and try to use it to accomplish low or trifling aims. But a President, if he is to do much, must have a party to back him, and must know how to hold it together. Whether he is a great President or not depends on whether he holds it to great policies or small ones.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF AWARDS
IN
THE SECOND COMPETITION
OF THE
HARPER SHORT STORY CONTEST

The Editors announce the following awards in the second competition of the HARPER'S MAGAZINE Short Story Contest, which closed June 30, 1924:

FIRST PRIZE of \$1250.00 to Fleta Campbell Springer, for "LEGEND."

SECOND PRIZES of \$750.00 each to Conrad Aiken, for "THE DISCIPLE," and to Edwina Stanton Babcock, for "WAVERING GOLD."

These two stories were tied for second place, having an equal number of points according to the system of scoring agreed upon in advance with the judges, Meredith Nicholson, Zona Gale, and Bliss Perry, and it was therefore decided that instead of awarding a second prize of \$750.00 and a third prize of \$500.00, the Magazine should award two second prizes of \$750.00 each.

Three stories received honorable mention: "A Great Club Woman," by Margaret Culkin Banning; "The Elder Brother," by Charles Caldwell Dobie; and "Cameo," by Edgar Valentine Smith.

The first prize story, "Legend," will be published next month, and the second prize stories will follow in subsequent issues.

Further comment on the competition will be found in the Personal and Otherwise pages.

The third competition began on July first and closes September 30.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

WITH the campaign in full swing, more people than ever are asking themselves what is the real difference between a Republican and a Democrat. In our leading article this month, *Elmer Davis*, an astute observer who has seen much of politics and politicians is correspondent for *The New York Times*, answers this question in a new way. His conclusions are unorthodox, and many readers will fiercely oppose them; but it will not, we think, be easy to dislodge him from a position surprisingly well fortified with historical facts. Mr. Davis (who, by the way, is not related to the Democratic candidate) is known to readers of the *Times* as the creator of Godfrey Gloom, an untterrified Democrat of Amityville, Indiana, who appears periodically at the political conventions; and to novel readers as the author of two amusing books, *Times Have Changed* and *I'll Show You the Town*.

"Women Come to Judgment," *Margaret Gulkin Banning's* story, was awarded Third prize in the first quarterly competition of the Short Story Contest. This is Mrs. Banning's first appearance as a HARPER contributor, but she has written for other magazines and is the author of several novels, including *Half Loaves*, *Country Club People*, and the recently published *A Handmaid of the Lord*. She lives in Duluth.

Arthur Sturges Hildebrand's third and last paper on Magellan's voyage will appear next month, and will tell what happened after the remnant of the Great Navigator's fleet left Cape Dezeado and set sail across the Pacific.

The days of discoveries such as Magellan's have departed. For a present-day parallel to the exploits of the navigators we must turn to the work of modern men of science. The frontier on which *Elton Mayo* is pioneering, as an investigator of the psychological problems of industry for the Wharton School

of Commerce and Finance at the University of Pennsylvania, is a frontier within the human mind; yet he and his co-workers are none the less breaking new ground. His article contains many implicit suggestions for the more rational ordering of the industrial scheme and of human society on the basis of recent advances in psychology. Many readers will recall his article entitled "Civilized Unreason," which appeared last March.

Viola Paradise's story, "A Calabrian Goes Home," received honorable mention in the first competition of the Short Story Contest. Miss Paradise, who lives in New York, has previously contributed articles to the Magazine on a subject close to that of her story—the effect on European countries of returned American immigrants.

Konrad Bercovici is one of the ablest short-story writers in this country. Artist rather than sociologist, in his article on present-day Harlem he states a tremendous problem without indicating its solution. That is left for the reader to ponder over.

We publish this month the last of a series of articles by one of the masters of modern English prose, *H. M. Tomlinson*. Only yesterday we read a newspaper clipping which the literary critic of the *Providence Journal* called "a review of a book not yet in print," expressing the hope that Mr. Tomlinson would bring together these and other papers between book covers. He spoke of Mr. Tomlinson as "a very real genius." It is a pleasure to announce that *Tide Marks*, a chronicle of Mr. Tomlinson's journey to the Moluccas and the forests of Malaya, containing the material which has gone into his HARPER articles and other chapters as yet unpublished, will appear shortly over the imprint of Harper & Brothers.

"Little Brother of the Underbrush" is the work of two brothers, Frenchmen, who collaborate under the name *Marius-Ary Le-*

blond, and have won a high place among the younger writers in Paris. The translation is by Louise Collier Willcox.

"Salting the Cattle" brings us back from Malaya and Morocco to more familiar scenes. *Katherine Upham Hunter*, the author of this idyl, lives in West Claremont, New Hampshire; the river of which she writes is the Connecticut, whose annual floods she vividly described last spring in a chronicle entitled "When the Floods Clap Their Hands."

The last of *Basil King's* four articles on the Bible appears this month; and this one, it seems to us, is the most important of them all. Mr. King is widely known both as a novelist and as the author of *The Conquest of Fear*. & & *Harvey O'Higgins'* story of Julie Cane—the first novel he has written since he established his reputation as a literary craftsman of unusual quality with his two volumes of short stories, *From the Life* and *Some Distinguished Americans*—comes to an end this month after having been a welcome feature of the Magazine ever since last March. It is to appear this autumn in book form.

The poets of the month include *Amy Lowell*, internationally known both as poet and critic, who is bringing out this autumn a book on Keats which represents years of research; *Morrie Ryskind*, a New York writer who contributes to many of the magazines; *Jessie B. Rittenhouse*, who is best known for her excellent anthologies of modern verse; and *Harry Kemp*, author of *Tramping on Life* and other books of prose and verse.

The contributions to the "Lion's Mouth" are made by *Frederick L. Allen* of the HARPER staff, who writes frequently for this department of the Magazine, and *Philip Curtiss*, author of the delightful new mystery story, *The Gay Conspirators*. We understand he has recently added a new highboy to the furniture of his house at Norfolk, Connecticut.



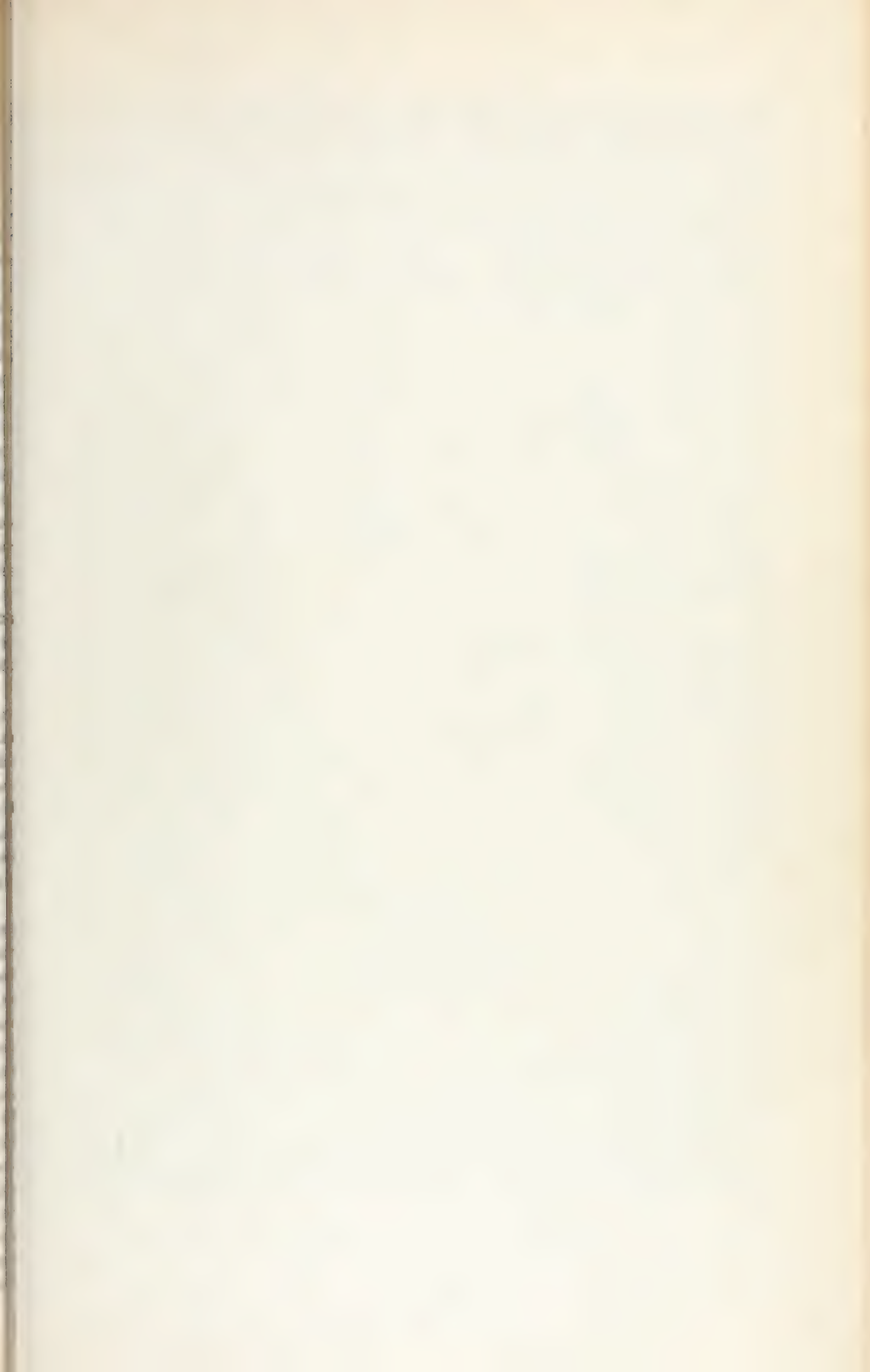
The second quarterly competition of The Short Story Contest closed on June 30th. Nearly three thousand stories were submitted during its three months' duration.

As in the first competition, the Judges

differed widely. Each picked a different story for first place. "Legend," by *Fleta Campbell Springer*, one of the best-known story-writers in the country and a frequent contributor to HARPER's, was rated first by one Judge, second by another, and fourth by the third. "The Disciple," by *Conrad Aiken*, a distinguished American poet who has recently taken up short-story writing and is at present living in England, was ranked first by one Judge, and fourth by each of the others. "Wavering Gold," by *Edwina Stanton Babcock*, another frequent HARPER contributor, secured a first choice and a third and was not listed among the first four by the other Judge. "A Great Club Woman," by *Margaret Culkin Banning*, who makes her first appearance in HARPER's this month with the story which won Third Prize in the first competition, secured a second and a third choice. "The Elder Brother," by *Charles Caldwell Dobie*, had one second choice to its credit; and "Cameo," by *Edgar Valentin Smith*, winner of the O. Henry Prize for the best story published in any magazine in 1925, received one third choice.

As stated in the announcement on a preceding page, the application of the point system gave the First Prize of \$1,250 to Mr. Springer. Mr. Aiken and Miss Babcock were tied for second place. As there seemed to be no way of deciding which should have Second Prize and which Third, the Editors conclude to award a Second Prize of \$750 to each of them, thus eliminating the Third Prize.

It is interesting and, we believe, significant that the Judges, considering the stories solely on their merits and without knowing who wrote them, awarded the First Prize and one of the Second Prizes to writers who have been represented in HARPER's for many years. The fact that Mrs. Springer's story was ranked highest by a jury of three distinguished authors and critics, representing different schools of thought but all of them discriminating critics of literature, and none of them aware of its authorship—is not this notable vindication of the opinion which we have long held, that she is one of the very ablest and most distinguished short-story writers in America? "Legend" will appear in the November issue.





Drawn by Frances Rogers

Illustration for "A Great Club Woman"

THE MAILMAN DID NOT TURN IN, AND SHE STRAIGHTENED AS IF MEETING A DAILY BLOW



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THE GEORGE AND THE CROWN

A Novel—Part I

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

Author of "Joanna Godden," "The End of the House of Alard," etc.

PROLOGUE

HIS name was Thomas Sheather, and he was born in the Ouse Valley of Sussex, between Lewes and Newhaven; her name was Kitty le Couteur, and she lived at the Pêche à Agneau in the land of Sark; so it was strange that they should have met and married. Nevertheless their marriage took place in the little island-church of Peter the fisherman, among the memorials of the crowned, with their refrain: "*Ta voie été par la mer et tes sentiers dans les rosses eaux.*"

Tom had come to Guernsey in a coaster from Deal, a tramp which had cutted her way along the coasts of Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, and Dorset, and then adventured south in the tomato season. There had been a longish wait for repairs at St. Sampsons—the *Queen of the May* had been built for coasting, and the coasts of England, even at Land's End, have no weather like the weather of the Casquets and the Bur-

hous. Tom had spent a great deal of his time ashore, exploring this new island of forts and greenhouses, and he had met Kitty le Couteur at the home of her cousins, the le Cheminants, who kept an eating house in St. Peter Port.

Kitty was small and slim and dark, with big black eyes burning in her pointed face. She wore little dark modest garments with long tight-sleeves, and demure aprons of which she was not ashamed. She had never seen a railway and was afraid to go in a tramcar. She was quite unlike the girls at home, and her voice was unlike their voices, with its pretty Frenchy accent like the twitter of a bird. She called him Mister Sheeter very sedately, and it was quite three days before he could persuade her to come with him for a walk, and then nothing would make her go out of town. But she told him more about herself this time, about her home in Sark, right away at the Pêche à Agneau, beyond the road's end—about her father who kept the farm and her brothers Eugene and

Philip who sailed the cutter, about her own life, lived between sea and sky, in which this visit to Guernsey was the first adventure.

"My father he not mind me come before, but my brother Eugene and my brother Philip say 'If you go to Guernsey you meet strangers, and perhaps you marry a stranger or even an Englishman.'"

Tom cared nothing for brother Eugene nor for brother Philip. Kitty's pale face and dark eyes now held the magic which the sea was beginning to lose. When the *Queen of the May* started north with pounding paddle-boxes and a cargo of tomatoes, she left Tom Sheather behind in the island of forts and greenhouses, taking in his stead a Cornishman who wanted to see his home after ten years of gathering *vraic*. . . . Tom stayed behind as an extra hand for the tomato picking. He worked on an estate near Torteval, and once a week he crossed over to Sark in the Saturday excursion steamer and walked along Sark's high backbone to its granite horns, to where Helier le Couteur's house looks over the sloping bracken to Rouge Caneau and Moie de la Bretagne.

He was well received by the old man himself, a kindly, simple creature who loved his daughter and was proud of the admiration she had kindled in the stranger's breast. He could speak very little English, so their intercourse consisted chiefly of bowings and smiles. The brothers were unfortunately more fluent, as a part of their business was to take visitors fishing and sailing, and they were not slow to let Tom hear their disapproval of his courtship.

"Our sister never marry a Guernseyman or an Englishman," said Philip.

"Oh my gar! she do not," said Eugene. But she did.

Old Helier was ruler of his household, and when he saw that not only did the stranger love Kitty but that Kitty loved the stranger, he refused to let the island prejudices against England and Guernsey stand in her light.

So Tom and Kitty were married, in spite of the grumblings of Eugene and Philip, and settled down in one of the outlying cottages of La Belle Hautgarde. Tom helped the old man on his farm, living once more, there, in the midst of the sea, a landsman's life; for the brothers would never let him come into their boat.

Time passed and two children were born, both boys, and both with their mother's black eyes. Tom created ill feeling by the names he chose for them: first Leonard, then Daniel. They were English names—no such names had ever been given to babies in Sark. There every boy was either Peter or William or John if he was not Philip or Eugene or Helier—large clumps of Peters and Williams existing bewilderingly among swarms of Hamons and Carrés. The Sheathers already had a foreign surname by the misfortune of their birth, and now their father had doubled their strangerhood at the font.

Then, after five years, Helier le Couteur died, and his farm became the property of Eugene, who had lately married a Hamon and begotten a Peter. Tom Sheather found his position untenable. In his own words, he was fed up. It was all very well to be on your guard with strangers—at home in the farm between Lewes and Newhaven, foreigners were generally on trial for a year or two before being absorbed into the local life—but these Sarkies were just about the limit . . . when it came to making foreigners of your own kin. . . . Ever since his marriage Eugene and Philip had mysteriously forgotten the English language, and as he couldn't learn their outlandish speech it was impossible even to have a good quarrel. They refused to take him out in the cutter, though everyone knew he was handier with a sail than anyone in the island of toy boats—they had persisted in treating him, their sister's husband for five years, as an outsider and interloper; and now when the old man, his only friend, was dead, he confessed him-

self sick of it. Life wasn't worth living in these damned islands. . . . He asked Kitty if she would go home with him to England, and she agreed—for she loved her stranger.

Nevertheless she would have liked her third child to be born like the others in the little room whose windows were full of the sea; and when he came it was hard to persuade her that he had not taken his fair hair and blue eyes from the new pale country instead of from his father. She never could get quite used to the pale, clear colors of the downs, to the white cliffs by Newhaven, and the gray, calm sea. But she said she would never go back to Sark—"I never go back now. It not my country any more." Perhaps this was because—or perhaps it was why—she loved the flaxen child better than either of the black-eyed children born in her father's house.

The old Sheathers had a farm in the parish of Piddinghoe, almost in the suburbs of Newhaven. The backward growth of the port into the Ouse Valley had greatly improved the value of their land, and they were able to do well for their prodigal, whose return they welcomed. They offered to set him up on a small farm; but Tom had grown tired of farming, just as he had grown tired of the sea—he thought he would like to be an innkeeper for a change. Since his parents were anxious to provide for him, wouldn't they put him into a nice pub? He would like the Crown at Bullockdean, for choice . . . the landlord had just died.

But the price of the Crown, which was a free house with a substantial piece of land attached to it, was too high even for a farmer whose fields are being turned into streets. Another place must be found, and after a time the George Inn, the other public house in Bullockdean, came into the market. It stood almost opposite the Crown, which was certainly a superior concern in every way . . . still, the old George wasn't so bad. It was a tied house, of course, but some people said it was none the worse

for that. Tom thought it would be rather fun to see if he couldn't bust the Crown. Also he had set his heart on establishing himself near Lewes, for he had once again begun to frequent the races, the dim first cause of his romance. Bullockdean was almost midway between Lewes and Newhaven, and Tom saw the George becoming famous as a house of call for sailors and racing men. After all, the Crown was much too high class for him—too much like a country hotel instead of an honest pub. He liked something livelier.

So after six years beyond the sea, Tom Sheather settled down as landlord of the George at Bullockdean and had soon forgotten the islands between England and France. The mists of the Ouse Valley blotted out the cliffs of Sark. He never thought of the unfriendly island, of Rouge Terrier or Moie Fano, of the sunset red and black behind Brecqhou, or of Eugene and Philip le Couteur mending their nets and talking to each other in their throaty foreign tongue.

CHAPTER I

The George was King George the Third, and the Crown was Queen Anne's Crown, and they faced each other across the street of Bullockdean. The George had a face of stucco, cracked and discolored with age and the mists of the Ouse Valley, and a parapet behind which its old roof rose rakish and wrinkled. The Crown's face was of ruddy brick, gashed with long, deep-set windows, and topped by a huge pediment of new-painted whiteness. The Crown catered chiefly for sedate farmers and good-class visitors from Lewes, Newhaven, and Eastbourne; the George catered for the rowdier elements of all three towns, which frequented it at race time, and the more disreputable, poaching class of farm laborer. The only occasion when the two inns had had any manner of warfare was when Mr. Munk, the landlord of the Crown, sent over a dignified protest at the noise made by the George's dis-

persing drunks at closing time; whereat Mr. Sheather, the landlord of the George, retorted that the sight of the Crown's lady visitors undressing with the blind up was demoralizing his family.

On the whole, the neighborhood disapproved of the George and approved of the Crown, though both were equally frequented by different elements of local society. The stain on the George's sign was drunkenness, and, it was whispered, betting too. Still, as everyone said, what could you expect from a man like Tom Sheather, who had gone roving in his youth and brought back a wife from foreign parts? It was his own fault if the George was but a sorry pub, while the Crown was very nearly a hotel, with visitors staying all the summer. Visitors would never stay at the George, even if there were room for them, which there was not. Tom Sheather filled the place up with his roughs such as decent farmers would not drink with. He'd have racing men from Lewes, a drunken, sharky lot; he'd have sailormen from Newhaven, making a night of it in a hired shay.

As a matter of fact, most people liked Tom Sheather, though it was agreed that you could never quite trust him, and that you felt sorry for his second boy Daniel, who was always having to play policeman to his dad. The eldest son was married and had a sad little farm over at Brakey Bottom beyond Telscombe, while the third boy, Christopher, was no good to anybody. His mother spoiled him, and gossip accused her of having kept him at home by disreputable means when other women's sons and her own elder boys had gone to the War.

The War had dealt hardly with the George. The suspension of racing, the limitation of the hours in which liquor could be sold, the no-treating order—all had been bad for the George's particular constitution, whereas the Crown had thriven on high prices and a congested population. Also, James Munk had had money come to him through his wife,

who at her death had left her entire fortune to his enjoyment and disposal while Tom Sheather had none, for his parents at their death, shortly before the War, were shown not to have dealt very wisely with the landlords of streets, and of the little that they left nothing remained after a few years' fluency in Tom's hands. It was obvious that he had not realized his ambition of busting the Crown. But if there was little comfort in the thought that he owed his failure largely to his own mismanagement there was considerable alleviation in the fact that it troubled him not at all.

Anyhow Tom was better off in his home and family than poor Munk, whose wife was dead and whose elder son had been killed in the War, leaving him with no one but Ernley, who everybody knew was rotten—an officer and a gentleman, but rotten. Whereas Tom had a tidy little wife—even if she was growing a bit sharp-tongued these days and inclined to snap her old man's head off—and three spanking boys: Len, who was as clever as you made 'em, for all he hadn't been educated at Lancing College like some folks' sons; Dan, who was the stoutest, handiest chap between Lewes and the sea, and Kit, who was the handsomest. . . . He was glad they'd all three come safe through the War, and if ever he wished that the old George was a better paying concern, it was for their sakes. . . . But there you were—times were bad for innkeepers, unless they were foxy like old Munk—and anyhow it was good to have his three boys under his roof, even if he couldn't give them all he and they wanted. He liked to see them sitting in his bar.

They were all three sitting there that evening in February, just twenty minutes before six and opening time. Len had come over from Telscombe to an auction at Tarring Neville, and was on his way back, disappointed because of high prices. Dan had just come back from Batchelor's Hall over by the Dicker—where he had gone ostensibly



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

“HULLO, MR. GADGETT! WHAT BRINGS YOU ROUND AT THIS TIME?”

to sell a pig, but really, as everyone knew, to court Belle Shackford. Now he was helping Christopher and his mother polish glasses in readiness for six o'clock. The three young Sheathers were much of a middle size, but they were very different in face and coloring. Leonard and Daniel were both dark, but whereas the former had his mother's sharp nose and chin, the latter had the broad face, short nose, and wide mouth of his Saxon fathers. Christopher was blue-eyed and flaxen, with a weaker version of Dan's blunt nose and a sulky, inviting mouth.

There was a shuffling, scurrying sound outside, followed by a rap on the door.

"Go see who that is, Dan," said Kitty. "We aren't open yet."

Dan unlocked the door and revealed an ancient shepherd in charge of some muddy dogs.

"Hullo, Mr. Gadgett! What brings you round at this time?"

"'Tis gone six o'clock, Maas' Sheather."

"Not for half an hour," called Kitty from the bar.

Mr. Gadgett consulted an elderly turnip.

"My watch says three o'clock, which means ten minutes past six," he affirmed.

"And my clock says half-past five, which means half-past five," said Kitty.

The old man heaved a deep sigh.

"I comed all the way from Brakey bottom, and there's a wunnerful lot of mud on the roads. Leastways it wur wunst on the roads—reckon it's all on my boots now."

"Poor old chap," said Tom—"I can't see any harm in serving him. It's nearly opening time."

"Oh, no, Dad, it isn't," said Daniel.

"Besides, if it was," said Len—"even if it was only two minutes to six, you'd be breaking the damn law just the same. The law's a fine thing, ain't it, Mr. Gadgett?"

The shepherd looked confused and weary.

"Wot wud six o'clock and two o'clock

and ten o'clock, I'm wunnerful muddled."

Dan felt sorry for him.

"Maybe we could let you have a cup of tea since it's too early for beer," he suggested.

"Well, you go into the kitchen and make it," said his mother, "since you're the only one who's doing nothing."

This statement was open to challenge, but Dan accepted it good-humoredly.

"I'm a fine handy one with the tea, ain't I, Mum? You come around to the kitchen door, Mr. Gadgett, and I'll give you something as good as ale."

When he was gone Leonard took his pipe out of his mouth.

"This is an all-fool's game with the clock. I wonder you stick it, Dad. If I was you I'd kick for my right to sell my own beer at my own time."

"It ain't my own beer, seeing I haven't paid for it yet."

"Maybe you could pay for it easy enough if they didn't tie you hand and foot in your trade. I tell you this sort of thing makes me sick—us working like slaves and getting nothing but abuse and interference . . . they said 'Come and fight for your country and we'll give you a country fit for heroes.' Now they say 'You've fought for your country—thanks—now get out of it.' They tell us strong chaps to go and emigrate, and I'm—"

"Well, I'd do it for two pins."

"Don't you make him think of it," cried Kitty.

"He won't be such a fool. Besides, it isn't the same for him as for me. He didn't lose four years mucking about, though it wasn't his fault, like some. . . ."

"Now don't you go hitting at me," said Chris.

"I'm not hitting at you. It wasn't your fault, neither—and I'd never blame a young boy of eighteen for not choosing to go out and get killed. But I blame those chaps that hid in government offices, and wore uniforms, and got a thousand a year, and call themselves Major and Colonel these days, and say

o us poor fellows who were fools enough
o get sent out to France . . .”

“Oh, chuck it, Len,” said Chris.

“You’re a fine chap to say ‘chuck it.’”

“You said you never blame him,”
roke in his mother.

“No more I do, but he’s got to let me
alk.”

And talk he did.

Meanwhile in the kitchen Dan made
ea for old Mr. Gadgett.

He went out, comfortable and slaked.
t was now nearly six—a few more
minutes would have seen him in legal
enjoyment of a glass of beer—but, re-
flected Daniel, a cup of tea was better
or these old chaps. He wished the
George would provide it as a matter of
course, instead of selling only brewer’s
tuff. They’d never get on that way—
out Dad cared for nothing but messing
n the bar, and mother said she’d work
enough without waiting on strangers.

. . . Dan shrugged his shoulders and
whistled himself into his overcoat, then
vent back into the taproom.

“Where are you going, Dan?” asked
Kitty.

“Just round to the parsonage to fix
hat henhouse, and then I’ll go and see
old Ernie for a bit.”

“You’re never at home. Is it not
enough you going out all day without
being out half the night as well?”

“The evening’s my best time for see-
ng my friends.”

“And a fine set of friends you have—
t clergyman who has holes in his coat,
and a young girl who already makes her-
self the talk of the place with your other
riend—and he’s a lazy, fine, wicked,
extravagant young boy who rides about
he country on a motor-bike and keeps
n inn that he says is better than
ours.”

“And so it is if you go by class—I’m
maccountable fond of old Ernie, any-
way. And reckon no one’s any call to
ay anything against Miss Shackford—
or it ain’t true, and I won’t listen to it
either. And as for Mr. Marchbanks,

he pays me for what I do for him, and it
ain’t much.”

“Oh, you be off then. I got Christo-
pher to help me. Thank God, I got one
son who stays at home.”

“Thank God, you haven’t got two,”
said Daniel good-humoredly, “or the
bills ’ud never get paid.”

“Now don’t you get saucy.”

“He ain’t saucy, Kit,” put in his
father—“he’s only reminding you that
all his outings ain’t for pleasure. The
boy’s a good boy, sure enough.”

Dan looked deprecatingly at his
mother. He wondered what she would
do if he took her in his arms and cuddled
her. He had often wanted to, but some-
thing about her made him shy. She
would not like it from him as she would
from Chris—he had often seen Chris
put his arms round his mother and lay
his cheek against her shoulder. . . . He
wanted to do that. But—well, he
didn’t like to, somehow. He pulled his
cap over the thick, shiny, black hair
which was brushed back undivided from
his forehead, and went out with rather
a sheepish look in her direction.

“You’ll be back before closing time,”
his father called after him.

“Yes—I’ll be back.”

His voice came to them with the chim-
ing of the church clock as it struck six.

“Open the bar!” cried Tom Sheather.

It was nearly dark when Daniel went
out—a sheet of lingering red in the west
showed up the masses of Fore Hill and
Bullock Down, but the rest of the sky
was a dim, lightless gray, pricked with
a few stars, and the valley beneath was
gray, with the river dark among the
mists save where its waters held one
faint glimmer at the Shine.

Bullockdean Parsonage was a big ram-
shackle house where the unmarried rec-
tor camped like some squatter in the
vastness of the prairie. Its few tokens
of care and ornament—that is to say,
a bright blue gate, and windows and
doors in the piecemeal process of becom-
ing blue, also an artistic flower-bed

border of bottle glass and scallop shells—were the fruits of Daniel's industry. Daniel "had an arrangement" with Mr. Marchbanks; that is to say, he had quasi-sole charge of the house and the garden for ten shillings a week. This worked out to the rector's advantage in that he would never have found anyone else to do half the work for twice the money, so he was willing to put up with a certain growing eccentricity in the appearance of his domain. It also worked out to Daniel's advantage for he could come and go as he pleased, suiting his hours to the demands of the George. At the same time it helped lighten that house's financial burden, for ten shillings a week went far in his mother's thrifty housekeeping.

To-night he stood for a moment at the gate, contemplating his handiwork with a satisfied smile. One of the lower windows was lighted and he could see through its uncurtained panes a young man stooping over a writing-table covered with books and papers. Mr. Marchbanks was busy, and Dan had better get on with his jobs without troubling him.

At eight o'clock he stopped work, put away his tools, locked up the shed and went quietly off. It was now very cold indeed—a snap of frost made the stars shiver above the black ridges of the downs, and Daniel walked quickly with his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his overcoat and his collar turned up to his red ears. It was bad luck never having quite enough clothes to keep you warm. . . . However, it would be warm enough at the Crown—Ernley always had a good fire and often a good drink of something hot as well.

The bar of the Crown was altogether a superior affair to the bar of the George. The sawdust on the floor was thicker, the windows were covered with cozy, bright-red curtains, and there were one or two comfortable chairs about. Moreover, behind the counter stood pleasant Maudie Harman with her slow, pretty ways and welcoming smile.

"Good evening, Mr. Sheather," she greeted him. "It's some days since you've been in."

"Good evening, Miss Harman. How are you? And how's Auntie and your sister Jess?"

She hastily took her elbows off the counter and became professional. Dan saw that James Munk had come into the bar.

"Evening," he said glumly, "is Ernley in?"

He hated James Munk for a variety of reasons, the chief one of which was that he wielded a weapon against which Daniel Sheather, like most of his class, stood helpless—the weapon of sarcasm. He never knew whether or not the landlord of the Crown was "getting at him"—his simplest remarks were full of danger, his praise was barbed, his blame two-edged. Dan in his presence became a mumbling oaf.

"Evening," repeated Munk, in tones of courtesy, "Ernley is in his room."

"Well, I'd better go upstairs."

"Yes, I think that would be the best way."

Munk did not like having the young Sheathers in his bar—his comfort was that they never stayed there long. Daniel was now halfway up the stairs. He knocked at Ernley's door. It was merely a consoling fiction of Tom Sheather's that James and his son had to sit in the kitchen because their parlor was let to visitors. It was often so let, it is true, but Ernley would never have sat in it. He had a room of his own—a long, low, comfortable room that ran along the frontage of the Crown and looked out over its sign at the village street. A bright wood fire burned luxuriously in the grate, showing the thick carpet and comfortable chairs, and Ernley's bed with its warm quilt—lighting up his pictures and dancing on the covers of his books.

"Hullo, Dan—that you?"

"Hullo, Ernley."

Dan came in and sat down on the other side of the fire.

"What'll you have to drink?"

"Oh, I dunno."

"May as well have the port out—you ok cold."

"It's turned cold."

Ernley fetched a bottle and glasses out of the cupboard. He was a tall, well-made, well-dressed young man, with a dark complexion and queer, restless eyes. He and Daniel had been in the same battalion of the Sussex Regiment. They had joined up about the same time, and they had been together at the second battle of Ypres, where Ernley had been wounded and gassed. Soon afterward he had been given a commission, and his way and Dan's had parted, but their friendship—superseding a mere distrustful acquaintanceship—had remained. There was a world of difference between them—difference in birth, for Ernley's mother at least had been well-born; in education, for Ernley had been to Lancing College and Daniel at the National School; and in character, for Ernley had queer dark hidden ways and moody adventures in which Dan could not share. But the friendship stood firm, built on a double set of memories—memories of childhood spent in the same village, of games and jealousies and quests; and memories of the black and ravaged soil of Flanders, of horrors and dangers and terrors and salors, lighted up by queer gleams of human laughter. . . .

"Why didn't you come yesterday?" asked Ernley. "I was expecting you."

"I went over to Brakey Bottom. Len was that done over his pigs, and Em having a headache and all—"

"Which did you look after, Em or the pigs?"

"Both," said Dan innocently. "I gave Em her mixture, seeing old Len was in a terrification, and heated her a back to draw it out of her feet; and as for the pigs; I tell Len straight they've got pneumonia and he may as well kill 'em quick before they die."

"Then there's no use strafing you because you didn't come to me, but I wish

you hadn't quite so many people to look after, or that you'd count me in as one of them."

"I do count you in—not that you want looking after as much as some."

"But I do. That's where you make a mistake—you put too much stress on physical comfort. If a chap's got good boots you never think there's anything more he can want."

"Well, you seem to have a lot besides boots. Howsumever, Ernie, you can't say I haven't done my bit to help in other ways—it's only that things being so muddled up these times. . . ."

"I know—I know. I'll never forget, old chap, how you worked through that awful business. By the way"—carelessly—"have you seen her at all of late?"

"I saw her this afternoon."

"The devil you did—and how is she?"

"Oh, she looked fine."

"Oh . . . I say, do you think she's heard anything about me and Pearl?"

"I don't think she has. Anyway she didn't speak of it."

There was a moment's silence. Dan broke it first.

"Are you still so hem keen on Pearl?"

"Of course I am. The affair's only just starting."

"And she on you?"

Ernley smiled reminiscently—"She seems willing enough."

"Going to see her again soon?"

"I'm taking her to a *thé-dansant* in Eastbourne to-morrow."

"Lor!"—Dan was impressed by this aristocratic wooing. Then he gulped a little and turned red.

"Then you aren't sweet on Belle any more, Ernley."

"Good Lord, man, no. I've cut that off clean. It's over and done with, thank God!"

He got up and took a turn across the room, passing into the shadows beyond the firelight.

"She hasn't sent a message . . . said anything to you, has she?" he asked; "because I tell you I'm through with

it all. I've had enough of kissing and making it up. I tell you it's done with now. There's no good her trying to whistle me back again."

"She ain't trying, Ernley. She never spoke of you. It's only I'm thinking that, if you've really stopped caring and have got someone else, I—I'd have a shot at courting her myself."

Ernley suddenly stopped his pacing. He turned and faced Daniel, but as he was still in the shadow, young Sheather could not read his face.

"I've been sweet on her for months," continued the boy, "but I wouldn't speak a word, seeing as you hadn't got properly shut of each other. It's only when you started courting Pearl I thought it really must be the end."

"It is the end. But you're a fool, Daniel, if you think Belle Shackford will have you."

His voice came cruelly to Dan. Ernley could sometimes speak like that—all fierce and cruel—but it was better than being sarcastic.

"Why shouldn't she have me?" asked Daniel, much hurt. "I've got as much chance as anyone else, haven't I?"

"I'm sorry, old chap. I didn't mean to be offensive. What I meant to say is this—that we're so different—it's hardly reasonable to expect a girl who's liked me to like you, and t'other way round. And anyhow, it's only three weeks since our break. You're a much more cynical fellow than I thought if you can expect any girl to console herself so soon."

"But that's just it," said Dan sagely—"it's the Rebound. They're more likely to take up with someone else in the first month than afterwards. Look at Mrs. Light, look at Letty Morris—look at yourself, Ernley."

Ernley flushed.

"I've had a sickener. It's a relief to turn to a girl who's not always tearing passion to tatters, who knows how to keep cool, and doesn't always want to get more than she gives."

"Come, Ernley—that ain't fair on Belle. Reckon she gave a lot. She ain't

the sort of girl for you, that's all, and I'm glad you've got a different. She couldn't understand your ways—she's no notion of putting up with you."

"Thanks," said Ernley.

"Well, reckon folks have always got to put up with each other. I'm not saying there weren't faults on both sides. But I'm quite a different sort of chap—more comfortable like, more easy-going—you understand what I mean. I'm a different from you as your Pearl is different from her—and if you like the change I don't see why she shouldn't."

"Is there anything—anything in her manner to make you think she'd take you?"

"Yes," said Dan confidently, "there is."

"Oh . . . it's easy-come easy-go, is it?"

"No, Ernie—you misjudge her. It's simply as she's worn out, and I'm a comfortable chap. Reckon she don't want no more passions: just a homely sort of affair as this 'ud be."

"Are you able to marry her?"

"If she don't mind putting up with the George, I am."

"A damn fine life for her," sneered Ernley.

"Well, leastways I'll be marrying her and treating her proper."

"Now don't start getting at me. You know why I couldn't marry her—you know the way Dad treats me—that haven't a bean of my own, and my only hope is to work round Dad so that he takes me into the business. If Belle 'ud have waited we could have done it some day."

"She's not the sort as waits."

"Evidently not."

He came out of the shadows and sat down opposite Daniel beside the fire.

"I tell you, Dan, being in love is hell—it's like having your skin off—it's bloody—it's damned—it's—Well, thank God I'm out of it, and you'd better think twice before you go in."

"Ain't you in love with Pearl then?"

"Not in that way—never again in that way—my God, no!"

"Well then maybe I shan't be in that way. I hope not, I'm sure."

He stuck out his legs to the fire and tared into it, silent and satisfied. He was glad he had told Ernley about his feelings, for until then he had had an uneasy suspicion that his friend still tared, and while there was a chance of that he would not speak to Belle. But now Ernley had practically said "go in and win"—though he had also implied "You'll be likelier and luckier to lose."

. . . Well, time would show that. Anyhow Dan was not afraid of love. He did not expect it to burn him up as it had burned up Belle and Ernie. He wasn't such a combustible sort of chap. Maybe some people would say that what he felt wasn't love at all. But it did well enough for him and he hoped it would do well enough for Belle.

The clock in the taproom below struck ten. Daniel sprang out of his dream.

"Losh! I must be getting back. I promised Dad I'd be back by closing time. It's awkward for him if there's anyone drunk and won't go. Mother won't have Chris chuck 'em out, and I in't so bad at it."

He began buttoning up his coat.

"So you're still wearing your army coat," said Ernley. "I thought it would have been done by now."

"So it is—done in, as you might say. I'd meant to get myself a new one this fall—seen it in Lewes—but Mum wanted parlor curtains, and reckon her old curtains were worse than my old coat."

"Would you like my British Warm? Dad's giving me a new one this season."

"Ernie, old chap, you don't mean it!"

"Of course I do—it's not new but here's a lot of comfort in it yet, and if you like to have it, it's yours."

"Would I like to have it?" asked Dan.

—"Oh no, of course not!"

He went home muffled in Ernley's British Warm. His humility in receiving gifts was one of the things that made

their friendship delightful to both of them. But some people thought Dan Sheather was too ready to accept Ernie Munk's cast-off possessions.

The next day broke as cold as the night had been. Daniel was up before the sun, lighting the kitchen fire. This was his daily task, as his mother did not care these days for early rising, and the nondescript assistance known as "the girl" did not arrive till eight o'clock. So Daniel lighted the fire, put the kettle on to boil, gave the cat its breakfast, and went out to feed the fowls and the pony; by which time the house was astir, noisily shaking itself into activity. First Tom Sheather came thundering down the stairs, yelling after Daniel to ask if he'd remembered to order the sherry, as if not he'd have to drive into Lewes and fetch it; then Kitty Sheather shouted to her husband that she wasn't going to fold his nightshirt and he could come back and do it himself; and last of all Chris Sheather came yawning and stretching his supple limbs and laughing at Dan because his face was dirty.

"And I'd like to know what yours 'ud be if you'd been down raking out the fire instead of laying in bed like a lady."

"Well, Daniel, if you grudge helping me I know Chris will do it," said his mother.

"I reckon he won't. Nothing 'ull get Chris out of bed before half-past seven. He's Miss Flossie Fluff of the Pink-tights Theater, I reckon."

"D'you want to have your head punched?" asked Christopher.

"Yes," said Daniel. "You come on and do it."

Two hours' hard work on an empty stomach had not improved his temper; besides, it always did him good to knock Chris about.

But the battle was not to be. At the mere thought of it Kitty Sheather threw her arms round her darling's neck and burst into tears. She would not let him fight Dan any more than she had let him fight the Germans. So Daniel had

to sit down unrelieved, and eat his bread and cold bacon to the accompaniment of his mother's scolding.

"Whew!" said his father after breakfast as he followed him into the stable.

When the family "took sides" it was always Dan and Tom on one side and Chris and Kitty on the other, though in his heart Dan would rather have had a different alliance.

"I sometimes think," continued Tom, "that I shall have to leg it."

"Leg it! What do you mean?"

"Beat it—sling my hooks. I can't stand being treated like this."

"But you aren't treated like anything, Dad. We all have to mind mother. It's I who got it in the neck this morning."

"Well, I don't see why you should, for you're as good a boy as ever breathed."

"I ain't. And anyways it won't help me much if you clear out. It'll be worse having to stick it alone."

"But I shan't have to watch you sitting there being wigged for what ain't your fault—me the master of my own house and not able to say a word."

"It's because you're scared."

"That's just it—I'm scared—scared in my own house—and I won't put up with it. I'm beginning to think I was a fool to leave the sea."

"The sea! But, father, you've left the sea almost a lifetime ago. You'd never go back to it."

"A lifetime! I like your cheek. Your lifetime maybe, but not a man's, not mine. I'm only forty-six and as strong as a dromedary. I tell you I'm wasted here, having to sit and listen to my boy being slated when I'm not being slated myself. I'm not master in my own house."

"And would you be master on board a ship?"

"No, I shouldn't. But I shouldn't have a woman over me. It's that what stings—having a woman ordering you about all day. And she promised to obey me, too—and though she said it in

French, it's just as good as if she'd said it in English. I asked the minister and he told me."

"Father, I think you shouldn't ought to speak so of mother before me."

"Well, I can't help it. I must let out before some one or I'll bust. You're a good boy, Daniel. I say, what if you and me was to go away together and get a sea job? Then you wouldn't have to stick it alone—and you'd like the sea, I know, for you're handy as they make 'em."

"Father! Have done, do!" Dan was agast at such treason.

"Well, and why not?"

"You should ought to be ashamed of yourself. How's poor mother to get on without us—and us leaving her in debt to the brewers and all—and Chris no good, and no woman ever fit to manage a pub? Father, you shouldn't ought to speak so. I'm ashamed of you."

"Lor! you're got your mother's own tongue. You take after her in that way if you don't in no other. Well, I won't talk about it any more, since you feel bad about it."

"And you won't do anything neither?"

"Not I. What should I do now after twenty-five years ashore? I was only joking, and wishing I hadn't been such a mortal fool as to—howsumever, you'd say that was wicked too."

CHAPTER II

Daniel had not remembered to order the sherry, so most of the morning was spent in driving into Lewes to fetch it. After some mutual impoliteness with the wine merchant, whose bill had not been paid, Dan brought back the sherry and took his stand in the bar. He generally worked in the bar of mornings to make up for his evenings elsewhere. At last the clock struck two, sign of banishment or liberation according to one's circumstances and point of view. Dan came into the kitchen whistling, and buttoning Ernley's British Warm up to his chin.

"Where you going now, Dan?" asked his mother.

"Over to Batchelors. They asked me tea."

"And when 'ull you be back?"

"Not till closing time. I promised 'em I'd have supper over with them."

"Why, the boy's never at home."

"Well, Mum, seeing as I've been on our jobs all the morning—"

"Oh, yes, I know you grudge everything you do for me."

"But I don't, Mum. It's only, as I've told you, I must see my friends."

"You were over at Batchelors yesterday."

"Well . . . say, is there anything you want me here for this afternoon?"

"Nothing. I got Christopher to sit by me. He don't want any sweetheart at his mother."

"He's only a kid—not old enough for girls."

"I don't like girls," said Chris.

"Well, you wait till you've cut your teeth."

"Anyways, when I take a girl I'll take somebody fresh, not another chap's savings."

Once more Kitty Sheather saved her curling's beauty; but this time she could not have done it if she had not been between them, for Dan was really angry.

"He's a swine to speak so—and I'll knock his head off some time when he isn't hiding behind your petticoats."

"Well, you chipped at him first—with your talk about cutting teeth."

"I don't care what I said. He's a swine to speak so. I ain't taking nobody's leavings. I—I—"

Daniel spluttered.

"Who's coat are you wearing?" asked Kitty. "Isn't that somebody's savings?"

"Well, seeing as . . . well, mother, you've got no call . . . seeing as I bought your curtains . . . leastways . . ."

His anger was turning to grief and was choking him. He was only one against two this afternoon—his father

having gone for a "lay down" upstairs—and he could not stand any more of it. He muttered something thick and foolish and went out.

The air of the down cooled him. Before him spread the curves and swells of the down-top, cut into clear strips of color by the plow—brown and gold and delicate green, with the round eye of a dew pond looking up to the sailing clouds. Dan watched the birds that came with flurrying, dipping wings across the bottoms, and they seemed to join with the sailing clouds and the spreading down in giving him an impression of freedom and vastness which healed. Something like this the sea would feel if he were on it . . . for the first time his father's mad scheme had an attractive savor. . . . But, no—it was foolish to think of the sea; he was a landsman born—besides, he loved the land—and he loved pre-eminently two who lived on land, his mother and Belle Shackford. Neither of his loves seemed in a flourishing way: his mother thought of no one but her youngest boy, and he feared that Belle, in spite of what he had said to Ernie last night, was turning to him only because she wanted a contrast, wanted comfort. . . . Poor Belle! But that didn't make his loyalty any less. He owed his mother service even if she did not appreciate it; and if all Belle wanted was comfort, then he owed her that.

As he walked over the down's back, past the dew pond and Five Lords Bush, he wondered how many times he had taken that way on Ernie's errand. Often during the summer and continually during the autumn he had tramped to Batchelors—to inquire, to explain, to reconcile. He had carried notes in his pocket and messages in his head—he had had to bear the blame of Belle's freezing, with occasional rewards in the praise of her melting. He had seen her angry, sorrowful, relenting, glad, tender, obdurate, despairing. He knew all her moods, all the changes in her voice, all the changes in her eyes. Surely he had

never known a woman so well; and yet with all his knowledge he had come to love her—indeed, out of knowledge and with knowledge had grown his love. He had begun to love her before the autumn was well on its way—that is, some weeks before the final quarrel which, with one brief interval of reconciliation, had lasted over two months. And now he was free—loosed by Ernley—to go and see her on his own behalf. She had always a kind welcome for him, and he felt this could not have been unless she felt toward him pretty much as he guessed and said. He did not flatter himself that she loved him as she had loved Ernley—but then he did not expect that, would scarcely have wanted it. He had felt the distant scorch of that fire, and he knew it belonged to an order of things he did not understand.

Ernley was right—it was terrible to love like that. Love ought to be a warm, friendly, comfortable thing—a glowing hearth, not all the house on fire. Though of course, if you asked him, he knew well enough all the wickedness was due to that James Munk not letting them marry, and keeping Ernie out of the business so as he hadn't a penny he could call his own. If Ernie and Belle could have married and settled down there wouldn't have been all this flare-up. For he knew Belle, knew her sort, knew that all the trouble was because she wasn't a wife and had been made for nothing else. Of course Ernley was different—you couldn't say he was made for nothing but a husband. Still, old Ernie would have settled down if he'd been given a chance. Now it was too late—the house of love was burned, and those who had tried to keep house in it wandered separately, searching for a roof.

Batchelors Hall stands in the flat waste of fields between the Firle downland and the lower Dicker. Some hundred years ago Batchelors was still the Manor of the two Dickers, but during the last century it had crumbled from

manor to farmhouse. To-day it stood unprosperous and untidy, a mere tenant farm; beautiful perhaps to the inexperienced eye that can ignore fruitfulness run to waste as it feasts on lichened walls: great roof bossed with stone-crop, and those sharp sinister gables of pre-Tudor imagining—but tragic to those with knowledge to see it as it was, forlorn and rotten like one of the derelict trees beside the Cuckmere.

The Shackfords lived in what they called the “new part” of the building, that is to say, a wing which had been added disastrously in the Regency. Here they had high ceilings and high windows with soaring sashes instead of the low-beamed ceilings and casement windows that were to be found in the rest of the house.

The family consisted of a father, three daughters, and a son. Lucy was the eldest, a thin smart girl with a mass of carefully, elaborately dressed hair. All the Shackford girls had wonderful heads of hair; but Belle, the next sister, wore hers in untidy tumbling heaps like a stook of corn half blown over by the wind. Indeed it must be confessed that the whole appearance of Belle could have been described as untidy and tumbling. She was a big tall girl, extraordinarily well-developed for her twenty years, with more pretensions to beauty than her sisters, but fewer to elegance. Like all the Miss Shackfords, she was fond of clothes, and spent in finery most of the little money that came her way; but she was reckless in detail. The two younger children were a rowdy girl of fifteen and a sedate boy a year younger. They had nothing in common except their teens and their derision of those sop-headed males who came to court their sisters.

Daniel approached the house with some diffidence, being uncertain which member of the family he would encounter first. As it happened, he met their father. Fred Shackford was not a bad fellow, though all the neighborhood said he was a damn bad farmer.

"Hullo, sir," he cried cheerily from the doorstep. Come to tea with the girls? They're just starting."

Daniel came in, breathing hard.

The three Miss Shackfords and their brother were sitting round the table in the dining room with the black-and-white-striped wallpaper. Lucy sat at the head in her best silk blouse, with her hair done a new way. Belle sat on one side in her old woolen jersey, which gaped to display sky-blue silk beneath, and her hair was done in the old way. Daniel shook hands all round, even with hateful Tim and Nellie, and sat down at the table, squeezed between Fred Shackford and Belle.

The conversation was colorlessly polite. It consisted chiefly of remarks about the weather and the pressing of the visitor's appetite. Dan felt as sop-headed as he knew Tim and Nellie thought him. Belle always had this effect upon him—reducing him by her odd mixed pressure of floppy beauty and keen tragedy to the likeness of a deaf and dumb idiot.

"I'm dreading the lambing," said Lucy. "I know what it means, with old Gadgett getting past his work and all. I'll have perhaps half a dozen lambs in the kitchen. My, it's a life!"

"I like lambs in the kitchen," said Belle in her husky voice—"dear little mites!—it's a happiness to give them their bottles."

"Animals mean work," said Lucy—"especially when you're like us and can't afford a decent shepherd's pay. We wouldn't keep Gadgett another month if it wasn't that he takes eighteen bob a week, and all the young chaps belong to the Agricultural Laborers' Union and think they'll work from nine till four, as if a farm was the same as a factory—" She tossed her head to finish the sentence.

"Len's getting a bit down in the mouth over Brakey Bottom," ventured Dan.

"Oh, I don't pity a man—I don't see that there's any cause for a man to get

low because he has to work hard. But when it comes to girls, it's a shame. Six o'clock I got up yesterday and in bed at eleven, and to-day up at six again. I tell you my back's aching. And I want to go up to London next week and see my feonsay's people. Oh, I like London, I do."

"I don't," said Belle, with a sidelong glance through the window at the dark flow of the down against the sunset.

"Nor do I," said Shackford, "if it's going to fetch my girls away to theaters. Always gadding, these girls are, Mr. Sheather—always after theaters and pictures and shops. All except Belle, that's to say"—remembering his visitor's intentions—"she's more fond of the country like. But Lucy—she's sometimes in to Eastbourne twice a week for the shops."

The conversation was now showing signs of leaving those rarified levels on which Daniel could not breathe; but just as he was almost beginning to enjoy it, Miss Shackford swept it back on to the heights.

"If everyone's finished," she said icily, "I suggest we all go into the drawing-room and listen to the gramophone."

This adjournment was all according to the local rules of courtship, and Daniel had no sense of frustration as he and the Shackford family sat stiffly round the room on the "tapestry suite," while the ancient bell-mouth gramophone gave forth such strains as "The Ragtime Violin" and "Honolulu Lu." The family acknowledged his pretensions by thus surrounding him and entertaining him—he was a suitor publicly proclaimed. Belle alone seemed to have a certain affinity with her surroundings. It might have been because her love of the lights of Lewes, of cinemas and shops, was superficial rather than essential: that she had never craved for them except as means to an end—the end of love—seeking her romance in the lighted mouths of picture palaces and under the dazzle of street lamps, as her

grandmothers had sought it in the dark mouths of lanes and under the dazzle of the stars. Belle knew that love was slow-footed in the lanes but swift on the pavements in the light of the shops. It was up and down those golden pavements of Lewes, under the hanging nimbus of the town's night that she and Ernley Munk had first met and hunted each other. But she had been glad when the hunt passed out into the lanes and into the sheltered reedy places of the Cuckmere. And now when the hunt was over, when love had been caught and killed, she no longer wanted to go back into the town—she still preferred the quietness of the fields, the bareness of the downs, the darkness of the reedy places of the Cuckmere.

To-night when at last in a silence of the gramophone Daniel rose to make reluctant farewells, she surprised him by offering to walk a part of the way home with him up the down.

"You'd never want to go out now—it's growing dark," said Lucy.

"I've been stuck to the yard all day," said Belle, "and I want a stretch. Come on," she said to Daniel. "If I go now I can get a breath of air before it turns cold."

Daniel made polite farewells all round, during which Belle huddled into one of the men's overcoats hanging in the hall. Her hair was like a pale froth in the dusk as they walked through the yard and out into the farmhouse lane which led toward the down. Her face was dredged of color and her eyes no longer held the warm blue sky but the cold moon. Dan felt a little afraid of her, even though he was alone. He wondered whether perhaps she had come with him to give him a message for Ernley, to ask him to carry once more in his unwilling head words of submission and reconciliation.

But she did not speak of Ernley, though after a time they fell into a desultory conversation. It struck him that after all she might have come out with him only because she was tired of the

farm, tired of the yard with its endless small toils, tired of the kitchen and the parlor with their crowding and shrillness. She wanted quiet, she wanted coolness, she wanted rest, she wanted room. But she might have had these without his company . . . then perhaps after all she had favored him by coming with him. It seemed as if he too were a necessary part of her refreshment. He felt his cheeks glow, and he lost the thread of what she was saying—her voice beside him in the twilight was a song without words.

They came to the foot of the steep chalky path which ascends Firle and is known as the Bostal Way. In the entrance of it Belle paused.

"I won't go any farther—I'll turn back here."

She wasn't going to speak of Ernley after all. He reproached himself for having lost any of the sweetness of her company in doubts and surmises.

"Come up with me to the top of the hill—don't go now."

She shook her head till her hair was like swimming light.

"No, I must get back now. Lucy 'ull want me to help with the supper—we have the men staying for it, you know."

She was turning to leave him without handshake or formal farewell. Suddenly he knew he could not let her go till he had tried her.

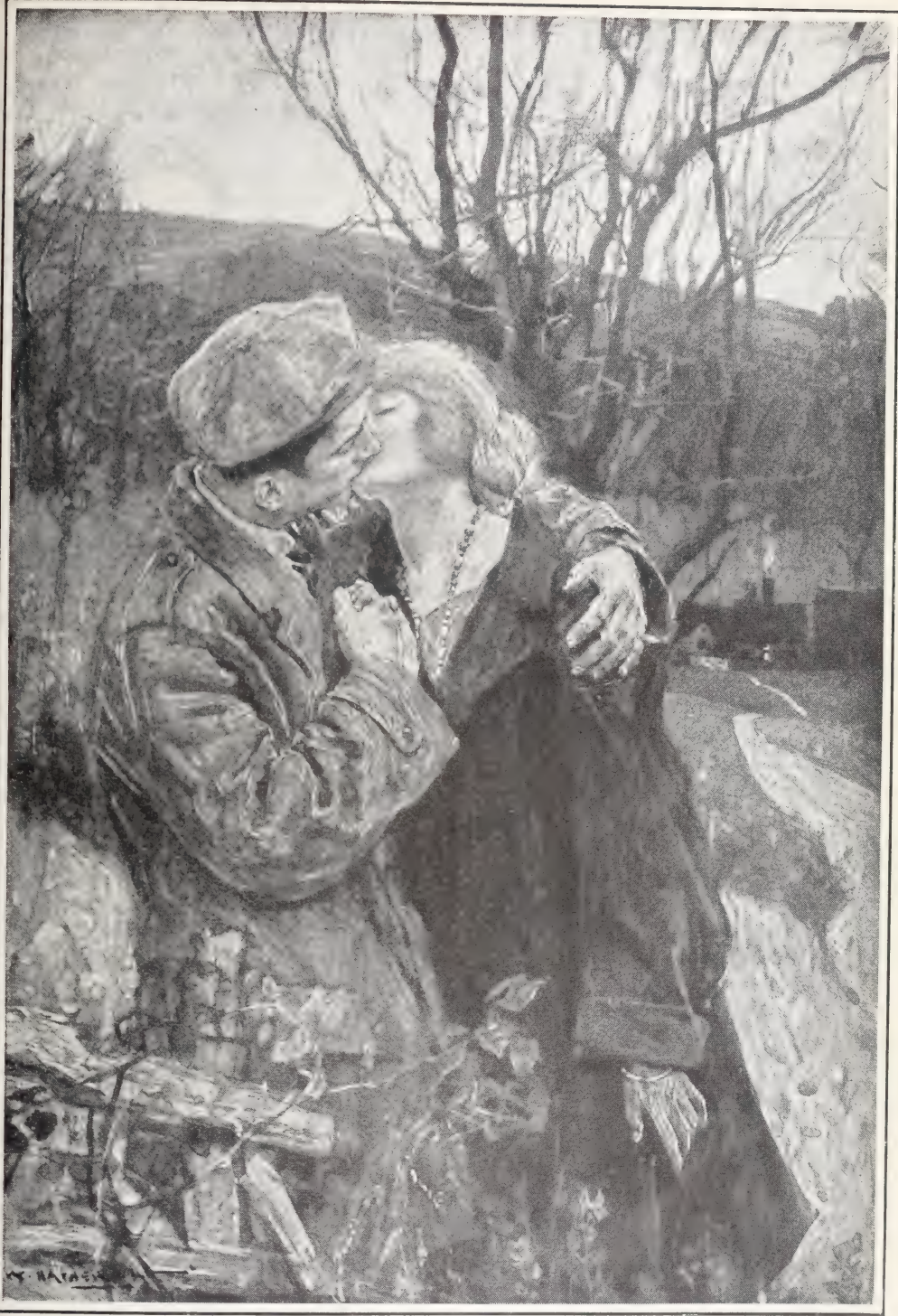
His hand shot out of the darkness and took hers. He felt it warm and heavy in his—he pulled her to him by it, and at first, taken by surprise, she came, then began to hold back.

"Belle . . . don't . . . I must."

"No, Dan—oh, no!"

But he had pulled her to him and was holding her against him. He did not dare kiss her but his body thrilled against hers, content merely to have it close, so that their hearts beat together.

Then suddenly her breathing thickened into a sob, she drooped toward him, seemed to melt into him, and the next thing he knew was that his mouth was holding hers—melting into it—the next



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

THE NEXT THING HE KNEW WAS THAT HIS MOUTH WAS HOLDING HERS

that they had suddenly gone separate ways, he uphill and she down.

CHAPTER III

All his way across the down Dan shivered with that kiss. It seemed to have given her to him, without promise, without words. Or rather, it had given him to her—he felt as if till now his courtship had been on wrong lines, as if he had merely sought to win her, and now instead he had given himself. He had given himself to her in that kiss—he belonged to her now, whatever she chose to do with him.

His emotional history was simple. He had never been in love before. During the three years he was in the army he had received a fair amount of attention from girls—he had taken out girls, as his fellow soldiers took them out; he had kissed them occasionally when they seemed to expect it—but he had never felt deeply nor roused deep feelings.

But now that kiss seemed to have reversed all his preconceived ideas of courtship, those ideas of the wooing, winning, possessing male. It had made him the servant of love. He saw his life given to Belle, whether she wanted his love or not. Hitherto he had rarely thought of rejection, and if he had thought of it could not have faced it. But that kiss had plunged him into an overwhelming humility.

If he had not been so humble he would have been triumphant, for he could not think that Belle had not had her full share in that pledge. He could not believe that her lips had been casual or merely affectionate. It was she who had caused their embrace, their motionless contact, to flame into a kiss. Without her leading he was not sure that he would have dared touch her lips—her cheek, perhaps, but not her lips—the paradise of her sad mouth. . . . In the depths of his humility there was no room for triumph, but there was a dwelling-place for hope.

He was not jealous of Ernley, any

more than a man is jealous of the guests who have been before him at an inn. For he knew that he did not come to Belle as the others had come (as even Ernley had come) as a guest to be entertained, but as the host—to keep the house. The strange thing was that Daniel knew all about the others, all that she had been to other men, and yet still hoped for what she could be to him. He knew that he wanted to be to her something that the others had never been, so was not afraid that she would be to him what she had been to others.

Daniel generally had supper once a week at Brakey Bottom. He was the representative of family intercourse, for Tom Sheather was too busy with his own tangled affairs to care to go much into the coil of his son's, and his wife disliked the long shingly road that wound over the barrenness of Bullock Down and Highdole to the final desert of Brakey Bottom.

Dan, on the contrary, loved mixing himself up with other people's affairs, and was equally ready to help Emmy with the housework or give Len advice about the farm.

Emmy was a cheery, buxom, overflowing soul with warm-colored cheeks and a mop of red hair. She gave her brother-in-law a hearty kiss, and told him to hold Ivy so that there might be some chance of her being properly dressed before it was time for her to take her clothes off.

"Wriggling like a little worm, she is, and not fit to be seen since she fell on that turkey's egg—quite spoiled the front of her dress."

"Poor Ivy," said Dan. "What luck."
"I don' mind," said Ivy.

She was a stolid child with a jammy countenance. Neither of Len's children could really be called attractive. Ivy had her mother's moon face without her animation, and Leslie had his father's inheritance of the *le Couteur* features with an added beadiness. But to Daniel they were both charming—he thought

them the prettiest, funniest kids he had ever seen, just as he thought Emmy, with her round face and peony cheeks, the prettiest woman—prettier than Belle, though he loved Belle the best. He took Ivy onto his knee and succeeded after a struggle in tying her pinafore strings, while Leslie tugged at his sleeve and whined for cigarette pictures. Then after he had searched his pockets for four penn'orth of bulls-eyes he had bought that morning in Lewes, and given two cigarette cards to the rapacious Leslie, they settled down to a game of Snakes and Ladders while supper was preparing—a game in which, after some preliminary contempt, the father was persuaded to join and in which he forgot his woes with surprising quickness.

"Now come to supper or the tea will be cold!" summoned Emmy.

It might not have struck anyone that Len's and Emmy's household was a particularly good advertisement for matrimony, but Daniel seldom left it without an earnest desire to get married and have an Ivy and Leslie of his own. At first this wish had been dim and general, a cloud that might settle anywhere, but now it had definitely fallen on Belle Shackford. He would like to see Belle sitting at his supper-table when he came home of an evening, he would like to see her undressing his children, as he had seen Emmy undress Ivy and Leslie tonight. Of course the domestic picture was a little spoiled by the fact that for the first years of married life he and Belle would have to live at the George and bear with its intrusions on their privacy and romance. Still, they would have their own room—two rooms perhaps. In his mind as he walked home was a picture of candlelight moving over low beams, Belle's face lifted into it, her hair streaming back into the darkness of the bed, as he stood looking down on her with the candle in his hand. . . . It was a marvelously clear picture, the only one his imagination held as yet of the intimate joys of marriage, and it

brought a strange fog of tears into his eyes.

CHAPTER IV

Daniel wanted badly both to tell his secret and keep it, to eat his cake and have it. He nearly told his mother when he unexpectedly met her going downstairs the next morning—he had a queer feeling of treachery toward her, as if she would have hated to see another woman set up in the place she had never attempted to fill.

He put his arms round her neck and kissed her.

"What's the matter with you, Dan?"

"I dunno."

"You're like a great baby."

"I'm only saying good-morning."

"That's a new way for you to say it."

"I'm sorry—I can't help it, Mum."

He took away his arms from her and went out.

It was his "early day" at the rectory. One of Mr. Marchbank's many peculiarities as a clergyman was his fondness for having services without any congregation. Every morning the little rasping bell of Bullockdean Church made a short clamor at seven, and the village priest stood before the village altar while the village yawned and pulled on its trousers and lighted its fires. Apparently the thing could not be done if Mr. Marchbanks was quite alone, so three or four of the local youth took turns to kneel beside him in the cold morning shadows and answer for Bullockdean. By a process of the survival of the fittest, three mornings out of the seven had fallen to Daniel's share: afterward he would have breakfast at the rectory and do one or two jobs about the place before going home.

To-day he was a little flurried over his duties. In church he stammered and gabbled, and forgot his "piece"—and at the parsonage he burned the boiled eggs which, as everybody knows, is an achievement usually beyond the reach of the worst cook. The lady who "helped" at the rectory was often late, and Daniel

was used to cooking the breakfast as well as eating it. He was, as he put it, "fond of messing about," and certainly did not as a rule produce a worse meal than Mrs. Ades herself. But this morning he was demoralized, and not only brought an incinerated breakfast to the table but ate it heedlessly, without comment or grimace. His friend could see that something was on his mind and very near his tongue.

"Mr. Marchbanks, have you ever been to Batchelors Hall?"

"No, never; but I've met Shackford on one or two occasions."

"Ever met the girls—Lucy and—er . . . Belle?"

"I met Belle once out walking with young Munk, and he introduced me. But I haven't seen her since."

"Oh, then you'd . . ." Dan's cheeks and tongue were burning—"I say . . ."

"Well?"

"What would you say if . . . I mean, how would you like to keep a pig?"

The clergyman looked startled. Was this the fruit of Dan's soul in travail?

"I shouldn't like it at all."

"I'd take care of him for you, and you could feed him on scraps and waste . . . or get a sow and mate her, and we'd make money out of the litters."

In spite of various efforts on Mr. Marchbank's side and several temptations on his own, he stuck to pigs till the end of breakfast.

Even by then the "help" had not arrived and Dan, who could never quite see where a man's work ended and a woman's began, proceeded to a frenzied washing up and an unceremonious making of the priest's bed by pulling down the blankets. He was smoothing the quilt over his handiwork when a ring came at the front doorbell.

Dan thundered downstairs to open it and found Jess Harman on the step with Doctor Penny's twins in a pushcart beside her.

"I've got a message for the rector from Mrs. Penny. She says 'May she put off the carving class from Tuesday

to Wednesday as her cook wants to change her night out?'—a veritable answer—'yes or no.'"

"I'll give it," said Dan, turning into the house—"and then maybe you'll come and help me with the work, since you're so smart."

"And what's to become of the kids? I'm hired to look after them."

"Bring them in, and we'll find something to keep 'em quiet. Let me help you with the pram."

Daniel had known Jess Harman all her life, which was a couple of years shorter than his. He and the two Harman's had gone to school together and had shared many secrets about frogs and toffee and the private life of Jess and Maudie's joint doll. He had never fancied himself in love with Jess, whose career had been a lowlier one in pantries and sculleries, but to-day he certainly did experience an overwhelming desire to tell her about Belle Shackford.

"Jess," he asked—"have you ever been in love?"

"Have you been following me round the house on purpose to ask me that?"

"Yes—oh, Jess, I'm in love myself."

She turned round and faced him, dustpan in hand.

"You! Daniel Sheather!—who with?"

"Belle Shackford," he said hoarsely.

"Well!"

Jess threw her hands in the air, unheeding of the avalanche that descended from the dustpan. "Well!"

"Well, why not?"

He was angry now. He had told his secret and wished he hadn't.

"Well, my boy, she's been engaged to Ernley Munk for two years—and anyhow she ain't the girl for you."

"How d'you mean?"

"She ain't your sort. She's fast. You want something quieter."

"She's quiet enough for me."

He thought of her for a moment as the pigeon in his breast.

"She's—oh, I don't want to miscall her, Danny, for I reckon she's had her troubles, but you know she's fast—you

snow the things that have been said about her as well as I do."

"I don't care."

"But you don't believe they ain't true?"

"I don't care if they're true or not."

"Then there's some hope for you. If you'd said to me that Belle was just like the female in 'be thou hard as ice and chaste as snow thou shalt not escape camomile,' then I'd think you were just a poor loon that had to be protected, but if you're going into things with your eyes open—"

"I am."

"And how far have you gone?"

"No way at all."

Since she was being so unsympathetic, he would not tell her about the kiss.

"Then don't go any farther."

"I've gone too far to turn back."

"You say you've gone no way at all and yet you've gone too far to turn back. You *are* a loon, after all, Daniel."

"There's no good talking to you about it," he said sulkily, "I'm sorry I told you."

She melted at once.

"Oh, don't say that, Dan. I didn't mean to be short with you—but I was sorry to think of you . . . well, never mind. I wish you happy, I'm sure, though I don't expect it."

"Why not?"

"Because—well, I've told you before,

and you didn't like it, so there's no sense telling you again. Besides, most likely if she's not the sort of girl for you, she'll see it herself and say 'no.' And don't think I shan't be sorry for you, though I say it'll be better if she does. I've nothing against her myself, but I shouldn't be acting friendly if I didn't tell you solemn that she's not the girl for you."

"Then who is she the girl for?"

"Oh, a mere dashing sort of chap—the kind that'll take her riding in the side-car of his motor-bike and give her tea at a hotel in Eastbourne, and 'ull dance with her sometimes, and buy her garters—a chap like Ernie Munk. All the Shackford girls are like that—fond of pleasure—'She that liveth for pleasure is dead while she liveth,' the Bible says."

"Now don't start preaching."

"I ain't. But there's no harm in you knowing what the Bible says about Belle Shackford."

"And about you, too. You go to the pictures every time you get a chance."

"Which is about once a year. Howsumever, I don't say I shouldn't go oftener if I could. Now, Daniel, you and me had better stop quarreling and go down and see if those kids haven't baked theirselves in the oven or cut theirselves open with the kitchen knives or otherways lost me my place."

(To be continued)

SHATTERING THE MYTH OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH'S ESCAPE

An Adventure in Journalism

BY WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

(The legend has long been current in the Southwest that the man who was shot by Boston Corbett at Garrett's farm and identified as the assassin of Abraham Lincoln was not John Wilkes Booth but that Booth escaped to Texas and Oklahoma. Evidence in support of the story has recently appeared in one of the State Historical Journals in the West, and a prominent churchman has for years lectured on the subject to thousands of people. This legend has proved so strangely persistent that HARPER'S MAGAZINE asked Mr. Shepherd to probe the evidence to a conclusive issue. The story which Mr. Shepherd has brought back after an extended investigation, involving two trips to Texas and Oklahoma, is a timely, interesting narrative of a remarkable adventure in journalism.—*Editor's Note.*)

IN twenty years of investigating and writing for newspapers and magazines I have never encountered a more absorbing story than the Enid legend of John Wilkes Booth. To meet the believers of this legend in the Oklahoma country, where it arose; to hear them explain their firm belief that John Wilkes Booth escaped and was never punished for the assassination of Lincoln, but lived and died among them; and to discover proofs that they were wrong—has been one of my most interesting experiences.

This legend is no mild rumor. It has penetrated the office of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, as well as others, many times during the past twenty years. It still finds its way occasionally into the columns of the daily newspapers. When H. H. Kohlsaat recently published in a magazine an account of how the family of John Wilkes Booth secured his body from the government at Washington and buried it in the family cemetery lot in Baltimore, he received many letters from various parts of the country announcing that John Wilkes Booth had never been captured. He received a front-page article in a prominent Western newspaper which in 1924 carried the

story of Booth's escape and of his death at Enid, Oklahoma. An officer in the American army sent him a book relating the Enid legend. Mr. Kohlsaat was called to account for not knowing that John Wilkes Booth was never punished. The Enid legend came to the front from everywhere. Therefore I was asked by the editors of HARPER'S MAGAZINE to put the Enid legend, if I could, through the sieve of fact and history.

Perhaps the most extraordinary feature of the whole legend is that to this day, unless it has been recently disposed of, the body of a man who claimed to be John Wilkes Booth lies mummified and unburied in the city of Memphis, Tennessee.

My sifting of the legend imposed upon me within the past year the unpleasant task of viewing this body. It was in a coffinlike pine box, lying in a garage in the rear of a home on a fine Memphis residential street. For twenty-one years it had been preserved by Finis L. Bates, an eminent citizen of Memphis, a lawyer well known throughout the South. Up to the day of his death, Thanksgiving Day of 1923, Mr. Bates believed that he was holding the body of John Wilkes Booth; and that

in time, for the "correction of history." he could prove to the United States government that John Wilkes Booth had escaped punishment.

It was in the evening after dinner and after the unsuspecting colored servants had retired to their quarters that I was escorted to the garage to see the mummy. There was the body of an old man, with bushy white hair, parted low, as young Booth parted his. If this were Booth's body, then Booth must have

lived to be sixty-five years old. My hostess, the widow of Mr. Bates, and her son pointed out to me the raised eyebrow. Booth's right eyebrow had been scarred in a stage duel. They called attention to the right thumb, which closely hugged the index finger. The lower joint of Booth's right thumb had been crushed in a stage curtain and he always carried his cane in such a manner that the handle would hide this injury.

Could I see a slight irregularity on the bone of the right ankle?

Booth broke his ankle when, in jumping from the President's box at Ford's Theater that April evening, his foot caught in the draping of an American flag.

It was difficult for me to see these distinctive marks. The skin of the mummy was like wrinkled parchment. But there was enough of a suggestion of such marks to prevent anyone from then and there declaring that this was not the body of John Wilkes Booth.

John Wilkes Booth had been a hand-

some man and the despair of lovely women. Could this long gray hair, still curling and plenteous, have been the adornment of that young man who mastered the stage of his day with his talent and his physical beauty? This poor old man, unburied yet after twenty-one years of death!—could he have been John Wilkes Booth? And if he could, what a fate it would be—more ghastly than any punishing judge could impose—that his body should not be laid

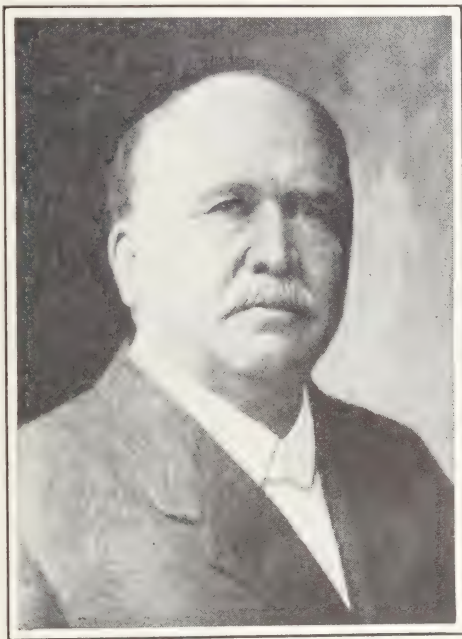
to rest. Strange thoughts to try to think out on a cold garage floor in the heart of the residence district of one of our fine cities, under the light of electric lamps, with a neighborhood radio concert beating in your ears and with two smiling, amiable hosts studying your bewilderment.

I was glad enough to go back into the warmth and light of the big house.

And from this house I went out through the South to different cities and towns to trail down, as best I

could, the legend that John Wilkes Booth was never captured and did not pay the penalty of his crime, but that he died a suicide in the city of Enid, Oklahoma, in January, 1903.

At the outset I must say there would have been no legend of Enid if the records of the War Department concerning the capture and burial of John Wilkes Booth had not been prepared in secrecy and if many of the facts about it had not been shrouded in wartime mystery. In haste, without public notice, without civilian identification, with few onlook-



FINIS L. BATES

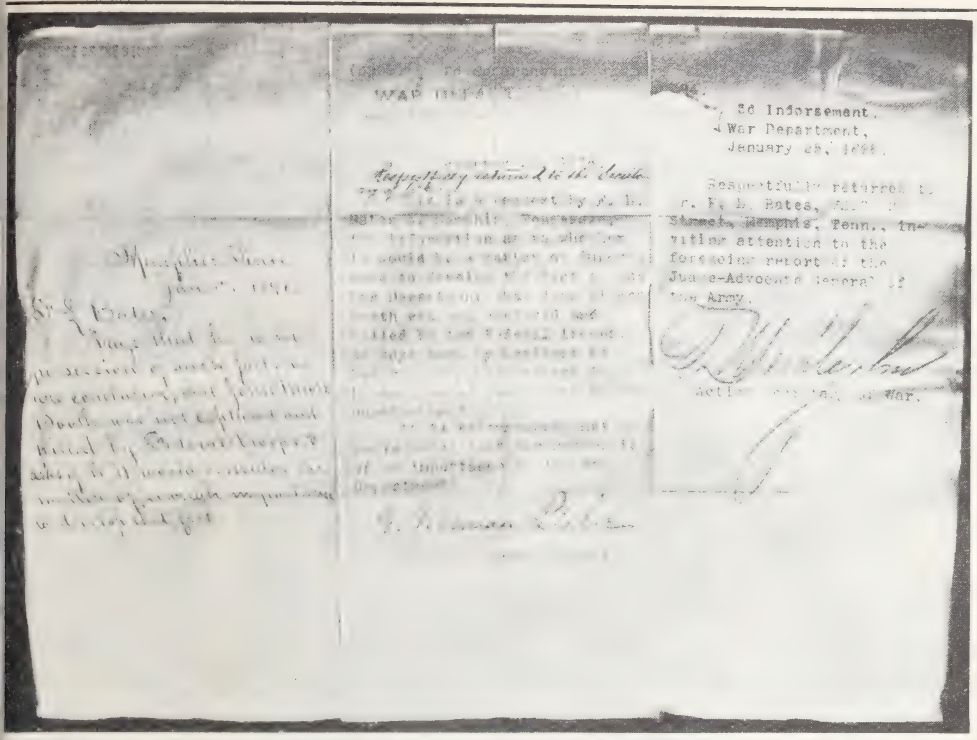
Who spent many years in trying to establish the truth of John Wilkes Booth's escape

ers, the body officially described as that of John Wilkes Booth was disposed of. In 1914, before the Great War, it would have been difficult to understand the haste and mystery which surrounded the burial of Booth's body; with the Great War fresh in our minds and with a lively appreciation of what little chance civilians have to know of official war-time doings, it is easier to comprehend the secret military methods which were followed in disposing of the remains of Lincoln's assassin. The secret service department of the army had charge of the Booth affair. Colonel L. C. Baker, a detective, was given sole responsibility for the capture of Booth by Secretary of War Stanton. Colonel Baker put his cousin, Lieutenant L. B. Baker, in charge of the field search. The two Bakers controlled subsequent events—one in Washington and the other along the highways of Maryland and Virginia. They held themselves accountable to no one except the Secretary of War. They even acted as their own censors in telling their story of the capture and death of Booth. A reporter for the *New York World*, at that time writing of the capture of Booth as it was related to him by the officials, practically told his readers that his story was being censored. He began, "A hard and grizzly face overlooks me as I write. This is the face of Lafayette Baker. I tell you the story of the capture of Booth as he told it to me." And he ends his story by throwing doubt on it all, by saying, in effect, "When Herrold, Booth's companion, came out of the burning barn, he said to the soldiers, 'Who is that man that was with me in there?' He told me his name was Boyd."

Even at the time there were those who doubted that the Bakers had captured John Wilkes Booth. And the two Bakers made no attempt to prove conclusively to the public that the body in their possession—that of the man shot in the Garrett barn ten days after Lincoln's assassination—was that of John Wilkes Booth. This body was brought

to Washington on the steamer *John I. Ide*. A group of military men viewed it on a monitor two days after the news had been flashed out to the world that Booth had been captured. A diary written by Booth had been found on the body. There were thousands of citizens in Washington who knew John Wilkes Booth by sight, but not one of them—not even one of his stage associates—was asked to identify the remains. The identification was entirely an official affair. The only civilian who was asked to view the remains was Dr. J. Frederick May, of Washington, who had once performed an operation on Booth's neck. Doctor May, on seeing the body, said, "I don't recognize that as Booth." In later years, however, Doctor May explained in a booklet entitled *The Mark of the Scalpel* that Colonel Baker, there on the boat in the presence of the body, explained to him that Booth had been a fugitive for almost two weeks and that he had suffered for want of food and drink and sleep; whereupon Doctor May reluctantly identified what seemed to be a scar on Booth's neck which might have been the mark of the operation, and expressed his amazement at the astonishing change which suffering had produced in the person of Booth.

Then suddenly one night the body disappeared from the boat. History is befuddled as to what was done with it. The story of the Bakers is that they placed it in a rowboat, having removed it from the deck in a blanket. They carried weights in the boat to give the impression that they intended to sink the body in the Potomac. Instead, they rowed through the darkness to where the penitentiary bordered the river, and through a hole which had been made in the penitentiary walls they thrust the body into a penitentiary cell and there buried it, by lantern light, under flagstones. Dr. George L. Porter, high in the medical service of the Union army, had charge of the Lincoln murderers and suspects. He says that he and four soldiers buried it one afternoon in a cell in



WAR DEPARTMENT CORRESPONDENCE (1898) IN REGARD TO BATES' CLAIM

the old arsenal where the War College now stands. For four years—indeed, not until the body was removed because of building operations and turned back to the Booth family—the public did not know what disposition had been made of the assassin's body.

In short, there was mystery enough about the capture and burial of Booth—due to justified caution, perhaps, in view of the wartime conditions and the fear that the Confederates would find the body and treat it as a hero's—to render it not unreasonable to entertain the Enid legend. Booth *might* have got away. There was a loophole for him. It is this loophole that made the Enid legend not entirely incredible.

With these facts in mind I sat through several long drowsy summer afternoons at a home in Memphis; listening to a burly white-haired Southern lawyer telling the strange story of what had befallen him in his very early days when

he went to Texas to get his start in life. His name was Finis L. Bates. His forebears and relatives had been eminent in civilian and in governmental life; he himself had been a state's attorney general. When he was a cub attorney of twenty-one in Texas he had had an amazing experience which shadowed and to a great extent molded his entire life. He became acquainted with a man whom he believed to be John Wilkes Booth, *eight years after* Booth had assassinated Abraham Lincoln. I could not doubt this man's sincerity or his utter sanity. I listened enthralled as he spun me his yarn, in soft Southern dialect, of those days in 1872 in Texas and of the years of time and thousands of dollars he had since expended in trying to establish in the public mind, "for the correction of history, sir," his belief that John Wilkes Booth had escaped punishment. The gist of his long story, which sent me trailing through the South and West, was this:

"When I was a young lawyer, in the early 'seventies, I went to the town of Grandberry, Texas, to seek my fortune. It was a small, wild town, with wild ways. One day a client of mine came to me and told me a story of trouble. In those days and in those parts of the country, grocery keepers and keepers of general stores used to sell whisky and other alcoholic drinks. They were required to take out government licenses. Bars were sometimes attached to the stores. Well, my client had recently sold his store at Glen Rose Mills near by to a stranger named John St. Helen, a man who came up from somewhere in Mexico. This John St. Helen had failed to take out a license for selling liquor, and my client had been indicted and summoned to court for this failure. Of course, a mistake had been made. It was John St. Helen who should have been arrested. The federal authorities, in a town two days distant from us by horse, did not know of the sale of the store.

"I sent word to this John St. Helen that I wanted to see him, and he came to my office within a day or two. I never in all my subsequent years and experiences saw such a man as this stranger. He was indescribably handsome. He had a poise and a carriage that commanded instant attention. His voice and his speech fascinated me as they fascinated all with whom he came in contact. He was strangely out of place

in this wild Western country. But in those days you did not ask a man in Texas about his past—you took him at his face value.

"When I told him that a warrant had been wrongly issued for the former owner of the store for selling whisky without a license, St. Helen admitted that whisky had been sold in his store

since he had purchased the place. But he had not known that it was necessary to secure a license; he showed an unfamiliarity with storekeeping which did not surprise me. He was no storekeeper.

"He asked me if he might retain me as his lawyer. When I agreed to this he said, 'I don't dare to go to a federal court. It's a matter of life and death with me. Can't you persuade the man who sold me the store to go to court and plead guilty? I will pay the fine and all expenses.'"

The upshot of this negotiation was that the former

storekeeper went on a two days' journey in a buggy with the young lawyer, Bates, and pleaded guilty. From a pocketbook containing a liberal supply of money which John St. Helen had given him, the boy lawyer paid the fine and all the expenses of the trip.

"John St. Helen met us when we drove into the main street of Grandberry and was delighted with the news. I returned him his pocketbook, not emptied by any means, and he put it into his pocket without counting



JOHN WILKES BOOTH

(with autograph)

e bills, and thanked both of us prosely.”

Not long after that, as the Fourth of July of the year 1872 approached, John St. Helen invited the young lawyer of Grandberry to come to Glen Rose Mills to deliver the Independence Day oration. Ranchers and cowboys came from many miles to the great barbecue. But on that day the leader of the occasion was not the promising young lawyer from Grandberry. It was John St. Helen—tender, flashing-eyed, golden voiced, and eloquent—who carried off the honors.

“As soon as he rose to introduce me,” my white-tinted host told me, “I knew that the oratorical honors were not to be mine. I knew I could never stir such emotions in that rough audience as he commanded. The crowd cheered and cheered, and demanded, later in the day, that he speak again. His name as an orator is fixed that day.”

“But after a time he sold his store at Glen Rose Mills and moved to Grandberry, where he set up another store. He noted that he did little actual store-keeping. He had a very able Mexican who did most of the work. He lived in a comfortably furnished little room in the store building. He and I used to spend many hours together every day. “He turned me to Shakespeare and to Roman history. He gave me innumerable lessons in oratory. He taught me what to do with my hands and feet

before an audience. He taught me gestures and voice inflection. His imitations of public speakers who made errors in platform manners were excruciatingly funny. Whenever a play came to town he was sure to see it. More than once he took young men who came to town as actors and gave them hours of lessons in the dramatic art.

They always knew instinctively that this strange man was a master worth listening to.

“He drank heavily. His drinking spells were followed, very often, by spells of illness.

“Once he became very ill; the doctor thought he could not live. St. Helen sent for me and I hurried to his little room at the store. I found him exceedingly weak. And he seemed very uncomfortable mentally. When the doctor had left he sent the boy out of the room and motioned to me to come to his bedside.

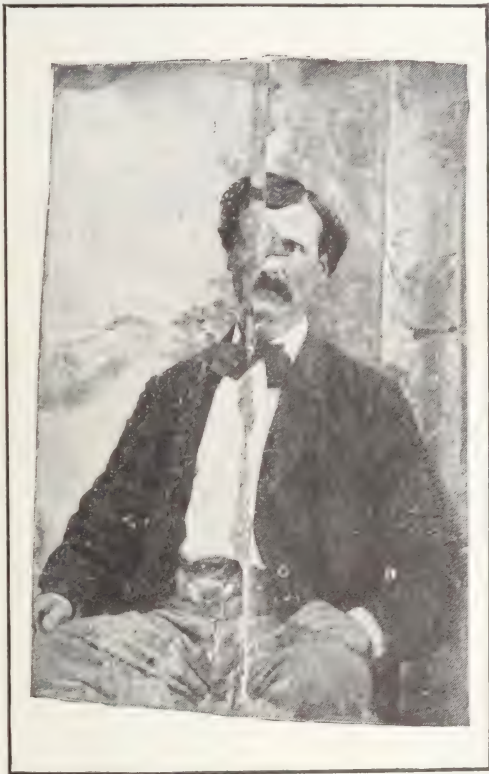
“‘I don’t believe I shall live,’ he told

me. ‘Reach under my pillow and take out a picture—you’ll find there,’ he said.

“I found a tintype under the pillow, a picture of him.

“‘If I don’t live,’ he told me, ‘I want you, as my lawyer, to send that picture to Edwin Booth, in New York City, and tell him the man in that picture is dead. Tell him how I died.’

“I promised him and then I called in the Mexican boy and told him to get some brandy. He and I turned in where the doctor had left off. We



JOHN ST. HELEN

The tintype given to Mr. Bates by St. Helen with the request that after his death it be sent to Edwin Booth

rubbed St. Helen with brandy from head to foot until we were almost exhausted. And we pulled him through. Though he was very weak the next day, the doctor found him better. Within a few weeks he was up and around again.

"At last, one day, he mentioned to me his strange request. 'Take a walk into the country,' he said. 'I want to tell you something.'"

Along the road leading from the little town, John St. Helen told the story which affected Finis L. Bates' entire life.

" 'I am John Wilkes Booth,' he said to me," continued Bates. " 'I am the man who killed the best man that ever lived, Abraham Lincoln.' "

Here was a client speaking to his attorney. For hours, Bates told me, he tried to disprove to St. Helen his own amazing claim; he thought he saw madness in his friend. Why, Booth had been killed at the Garrett home, in Virginia! Boston Corbett, a sergeant, had shot him in a burning corner. Booth's body had been taken to Washington and had been sunk in the Potomac thirteen years before. Booth's diary had been found on the body. Everybody in that plot against Lincoln and the government had been executed; they were all dead.

" 'Not I,' said St. Helen. 'I am John Wilkes Booth and I escaped.' "

They had other talks on the subject and then one day St. Helen (rather impatiently, I judged from Bates' tale) said, in substance:

" 'Look here! I'm going to tell you as a lawyer some things that only John Wilkes Booth himself and no other man on earth could know.' "

In the story that followed, John St. Helen put Finis L. Bates on the trail of historical or official facts that kept Bates busy all his life, that caused him to write a book entitled *The Escape and Suicide of John Wilkes Booth*, full of the mystery of what happened in the city of Washington on that indescribable

night of April 14, 1865, and that caused him, years afterward, to keep unburied a body which he believed to be that of John Wilkes Booth.

" 'How do you suppose Herrold and I got away from Washington that night without the help of men high in the government?' demanded St. Helen. 'I rode into Washington on the morning of that day, intending to take part in a plot to abduct President Lincoln and carry him to Richmond, Virginia. But at the bridge Herrold and I were told that Richmond had fallen. Then I knew the abduction plot had failed. The sentry had held us at the bridge because we had refused to give our names. But when I saw that with the fall of Richmond there could be no abduction, I told the sentry that I was John Wilkes Booth, the actor, and that Herrold was my friend, and they let us pass into the city.' "

In what follows I am not going to name a very high official who was designated to me by Bates. It is part of the Enid legend that a certain government official of great power and position planned the killing of Lincoln and helped Booth to escape. Let his name be Blank.

" 'That afternoon,' Bates quoted St. Helen, 'I met Mr. Blank.' " According to St. Helen's story Blank had been in the abduction plot, and he was greatly disappointed because it had failed.

" 'Are you too faint-hearted to kill him?' St. Helen said Mr. Blank asked him, over a glass of brandy. 'And then, St. Helen said, 'Blank told me how Lincoln was preparing to ruin and devastate the South. "I can arrange matters so that you can escape," he told me. "Lincoln is going to Ford's Theater this evening.' "

" 'Mr. Blank showed me that he could give Herrold and me the password at the bridge. He made it appear to me that I would be committing not an assassination but an act of war. And so I yielded. He gave me the password late in the day, and that night Herrold and I gave the password to two sentries at the



THE COTTAGE IN EL RENO WHICH DAVID E. GEORGE TRIED TO PAINT

idge and the sentries permitted us to through.”

This story did not convince Bates, he d me.

“What kept General Grant and his fe from going to the theater with ncoln that night?” Bates told me that hn St. Helen asked him. “If I were t John Wilkes Booth how could I ow what I’m going to tell you now? old Mr. Blank, who was urging me to l Lincoln, that it would be certain ath for me to go into Lincoln’s box th General Grant present. It had en announced in the afternoon papers at Grant would be there. Mr. Blank d me that he would arrange matters that Grant would not be there. And ant wasn’t there. Blank had only a v hours in which to act. I don’t know w he arranged it but he kept his word. ant was not there. Up to a late hour the afternoon, Grant intended appear- g in the box with Lincoln—his first blic appearance as the hero of the war. t a few hours later he was on a train vving Washington. I don’t know what ppened.” But Mr. Blank kept his rd to me.”

Mr. Bates dug out from among his pers a letter which he had received

years later from General Grant’s secre- tary. It said that something had hap- pened at the White House that after- noon to disturb Mrs. Grant: a rumor, something she had heard, some intuition of trouble. And she had persuaded General Grant to leave the city with her, foregoing the gala presentation with the President at Ford’s Theater.

“How could any man but Booth have known that?” Bates asked me.

“Well, then, if this John St. Helen told the truth, who was the man who was shot in the corner at the Garrett Farm?” I asked Bates. And Bates told me he had asked the same question of John St. Helen.

“It must have been a soldier named Ruddy,” St. Helen told Bates. “After the escape from Washington I had ridden in a negro’s wagon under a pile of furniture to a ferry. After I had crossed the ferry I discovered that my diary and some other papers had fallen out of my pocket. I asked this Con- federate soldier to go back on the ferry and catch up with the wagon and get my papers. When he returned he could find out where I should be hiding.

“I slept in a room of the Garrett

house that night, with Herrold. The next day Herrold went off to Bowling Green to get me a pair of shoes. On the afternoon of that day, while I was lying out on the Garrett lawn, I saw some Union soldiers riding past. I knew they were looking for me. I dropped my field glasses on the lawn and, without saying anything to the Garretts, I went out into the woods back of the house and got away. It must have been Ruddy, bringing back my papers, who was caught in the corner. Look up the records and see if my field glasses were not found on the lawn."

Finis Bates, in after years, did look up the records; the glasses *had* been found on the lawn.

Bates looked up many records; looking up records became part of his life work.

There *were* strange doings in Washington that day. It is a fact of record that all the sentries were removed from all the approaches to Washington on the afternoon and evening of the day of the assassination; all of the sentries except those at one bridge. And these sentries permitted Booth and Herrold to pass and held back an honest citizen—John Fletcher, a liveryman—who was trying to recover from Herrold his stolen horse.

Quietly and without ceremony or farewells, John St. Helen departed from Grandberry, Texas, as if sorry he had spoken to Bates, even in confidence.

Twenty-five years went by. The type remained in Bates' possession, but John St. Helen dropped from Bates' ken.

Finis L. Bates, however, challenged by St. Helen's story, began to delve into history. In a great mass of material which he accumulated during his lifetime were letters from one of the sentries who permitted Booth to cross the bridge from Lieutenant D. D. Dana, aide to the provost marshal of Washington; the time of the assassination; from Grant's secretary; from members of the Garrett family; and from many others who took part in the strange events of that time. Bates, as a lawyer, received in time enough confirmation of the story of John St. Helen to cause him to believe it. But John St. Helen had disappeared.

At last, by a stroke of luck, Bates found F. A. Demond, of Cavendish, Vermont, who had been one of the sentries at the bridge the night Booth escaped.

All of the mystery that John St. Helen put into his story was in the story of this sentry. Demond was eighteen years old in 1865; he was sixty-nine years old when he made his statement for Finis L. Bates. But through all the years Demond himself had been puzzled by the strange orders he and his fellow sentries received at the bridge that night: they were orders that gave freedom to the murderers of Lincoln and held back all others.

As Bates compared the story of the strange John St. Helen with the story told by Sentry Demond, it was amazing that he began to believe that John St. Helen must have been John Wilkes Booth?

"I was sent down to guard the end of the bridge from Washington to Uniontown, Maryland," Demond told Bates. "On the morning of April 14, as Private Drake and myself

IN WITNESS of all of which I hereunto subscribe my name this
17th day of June, A.D., 1900, in the presence of the witnesses whose
names are subscribed hereto.

DE George

*Guard to Girl Bond -
In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand
this 31st day of December 1902 -*

David E. George

SIGNATURES FROM THE TWO WILLS OF DAVID E. GEORGE

The upper one was made at El Reno in 1900, the lower at Enid in 1902. Compare the signatures with that of Booth on page 706.

No. *one*El Reno, Okla., *March 12/1902*

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Pay to the Order of

*C. A. Vanness**\$350**Three hundred and fifty* Dollars*D. E. George*

CHECK OF DAVID E. GEORGE TO C. A. VANNESS

Given in payment for the cottage in El Reno, Oklahoma

ere sitting on a timber by the side of
e road, two men came along. I asked
em where they were going. They
id, 'Only looking around.'

They refused to give their names.
hn St. Helen had told Bates that he
d not give his name until he heard that
chmond had fallen and had decided
at the kidnaping plot had failed.

"While talking with them a captain
me along on horseback; he was one of
e aides of General Augur, the provost
arshal. He wanted to know what the
ouble was. Booth took him aside and
lked with him. Then the captain said
at they were all right. But Drake and
said that we took orders only from
eutenant Dana, and the captain rode
f.

"About two o'clock an orderly came
om headquarters and told us to let the
en go. We did so. We thought it was
nny but we had to obey orders."

An hour later Booth, according to
story, was at the Kirkwood hotel in
ashington, trying to get in contact
ith the same official whom John St.
elen had named in his talk with
ates. Booth left a note for this official,
hich was later found by military de-
ctives.

The sentry's story of what happened
at black night on the bridge strength-
ied more than ever the belief of Bates
at no one but Booth could have
nown what St. Helen knew.

"At nine o'clock that night we shut
the gate and Drake went on guard,"
Demond told Bates.

"Just as we were getting ready for
guard duty, a little after ten o'clock,
Lieutenant Dana came to us and told us
not to let anyone through without a
password—'T.B.' with the countersign
'T.B. Road.'

*"We thought that strange, for it was the
first time that we ever had a password to
use since we were on that bridge."*

Almost at the very hour that Lincoln
was to be slain the sentries were given
orders which forced them to assist the
assassin to escape!

It was a day of mystery in Washing-
ton, that 14th day of April. John St.
Helen had told Bates that during the
afternoon of that day a government
official had promised to assist and pro-
tect him if he would kill Lincoln. And
here, in the evening, these sentries at
the bridge are puzzled by the order that
they are to permit no one to pass who
does not know that double watchword—
"T.B." and then "T.B. Road." John
St. Helen told Bates he was given these
passwords by Mr. Blank late in the
afternoon; now Bates has the story of
the sentry who was amazed at receiving
them.

Booth and Herrold, riding five minutes
apart, gave the proper passwords and
passed through into the South.

"But we were puzzled by what had

happened," Demond told Bates. "I said, 'It's funny what's going on here tonight.'"

At that very moment Washington, two miles away, was horror-stricken by the shooting of Lincoln and the attack on Secretary Seward.

The story of Private Demond convinced Bates that John St. Helen's story was true. The fact that he was unable to disprove the story of St. Helen preyed on his mind. Finally, twenty years after St. Helen had told him the story, Bates wrote a letter to the War Department in Washington suggesting that Booth had not been captured and that it might be possible to find him still alive. He received a reply, coldly official, which said merely that the War Department would not be interested in the project.

The date of this letter to the War Department (1898) is of the utmost importance in proving the sincerity of Finis L. Bates, for this letter was sent *five* years before the Enid legend arose. On the story of John St. Helen alone, Bates, after years of investigation, was willing to rest his case; was willing to declare that Booth had escaped punishment.

And then came the Enid legend.

While Finis L. Bates, in the city of Memphis, was carrying on his law practice and was from time to time journeying about the country to talk with those who might know something of the Booth case, or was trying by means of correspondence to discover the whereabouts of John St. Helen, there appeared in the little town of El Reno, in the spring of 1901, an elderly man who gave his name at the Anstien hotel, where he registered, as David E. George.

Oklahoma was then a territory. The federal government was preparing to give the land to the public and, though the land distribution was still many months away, thousands of land-buying citizens were thronging to El Reno, Enid, and other Oklahoma towns to select land which they hoped later to receive as gifts from the government. It was into

this turbulent and exciting atmosphere that this dignified man of mystery came.

I talked recently with Mrs. N. J. Anstien, whose husband was the proprietor of the hotel at El Reno where this strange man first appeared. There is no doubt in her mind, she told me, that David E. George was John Wilkes Booth.

"There were several little cottages in the yard behind the hotel and Mr. George took a room in one of these. He was a striking man. His hair was curly and jet black. He dyed it, of course. I imagined he was about sixty years old.

"He was a fascinating talker when he wanted to talk. He never spoke to us about his family. One day he told my husband that his trade was that of a house painter. My husband wouldn't believe him. His hands were not calloused or stained; his fingers were long and slender, like a woman's. I could not imagine that he had done a day's work in his life. Just for fun my husband gave him an order to paint the little cottage in which he lived. Mr. George puttered around for several days and made a terrible botch of things.

"I told you he was not a painter," my husband said to me.

"He used to get very sick from over-drinking," Mrs. Anstien continued. "He would get up out of bed and go out into the yard and pump a pitcher of water and take it back into his room to drink. I took care of him many times, carrying food to him. He was always extremely grateful. It was pleasant in those wild days to meet such a gentleman as he was. I was not surprised to hear afterward that he was John Wilkes Booth.

"I remember one day while he was sick in his cottage room, a father and mother brought their daughter to him. They insisted that he should marry her. They said the girl had fallen in love with him and that it was not her fault. They did not claim that he had wronged her, except mentally. They thought he had a great deal of money and that he was a

fine gentleman. I was out in the yard when he sent them away. He went into a tremendous fury and I heard him shout 'Madame, I have not wronged your daughter. She does not say I have wronged her. Out! Out! All of you. Begone!' He talked like an actor in a tragedy. When they had left I went into his room.

"'Me! Me!' he was saying. 'They challenge me!' And then he said to me, 'Why, they don't know who I am. Why, I killed the best man that ever lived.' I thought his talk was all part of his spell of fury and I did not know, until a year later when he was dead, what he meant."

This strange old man made an impression on men and women wherever he went. It was easy for me to trace his twenty-two-year-old trail through the town affairs of El Reno and Enid. He was a proud old man, vain of his appearance.

He was very careful about dyeing his hair and mustache; he purchased his dye of a druggist who remembers this customer.

"But I never thought he was John Wilkes Booth," the druggist tells you—(every elderly person in El Reno and in Enid, three hours away, either believes or does not believe that David E. George was John Wilkes Booth)—"he bought house paint from me and when he died he owed me forty dollars."

He read theatrical journals, sitting in a rocking chair in the little lobby of the Anstien hotel. He talked occasionally with guests of the hotel who seemed worth while, but not every Tom, Dick, or Harry could find him willing to converse.

Then one day he announced that he would buy himself a house in El Reno.



DAVID E. GEORGE'S HOME IN EL RENO

This four-room house was purchased with the check reproduced on page 711.

He told his host that he was no longer a young man and that it was time he settled down. The house he bought is standing in El Reno to-day. He bought it from a man named Vanness.

In everything that David E. George does, from now on, you will see a wandering, friendless, proud old man trying to protect himself from a friendless end; trying to make sure that there will be help and comfort and peace and friendliness about his bed when he dies.

He must have used all but his last dollar to make a payment of three hundred and fifty dollars for the simple little four-roomed house which he bought in El Reno. He found a man and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Simmons, who were willing to live in the house, rent free, and give him care, board, and lodging.

He drank in the town saloons, but even in his cups he seemed to be able to command the respect of his fellow-drinkers. He recited poetry and he was sentimental. Even among those who did not believe that David E. George was John Wilkes Booth I found a man who could remember George's barroom poetry. He was W. H. Ryan,

who in recent years has been mayor of Enid.

"I never thought he was Booth and I don't think so to-day," Mr. Ryan told me. "But he could recite. I can easily remember a verse I used to hear him repeat." And then Mr. Ryan quoted:

Come not when I am dead
To shed thy tears around my head.
Let the winds weep and the plover cry,
But, thou, oh foolish man, go by!

"But did he quote Shakespeare?" I asked.

"It may have sounded like Shakespeare to the men in the saloons who heard it," he answered, laughing. "But we didn't know much of Shakespeare in Oklahoma Territory in those days. He could recite very well, very impressively."

He made other friends, outside of barrooms. Guests in the home where he lived found him interesting; he entertained them with his conversation; to them he was fascinating, a man of mystery.

But in following his trail you discover that this strange person, even in this household, was carefully selecting those persons who might aid and be kind to an old man who might soon be dying.

One of these was Mrs. Anna Smith. In the courthouse at Enid, Oklahoma, I found a will which David E. George had made in favor of Anna K. Smith; it was dated June 17, 1902, a few months after he came to El Reno. He became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. George E. Smith and impressed them with the fact that he had considerable property. They befriended him—and he made a will which would leave to Mrs. Smith "all his property." He named her husband as the executor.

Another person to whom the old man tried to cling was Mrs. Ida Harper, wife of the Methodist clergyman of El Reno. She was among the visitors who called on the family with which he lived. A month after he had estab-

lished himself in the little house, and three months before he had made his will, he came into the house one afternoon, greeted Mrs. Simmons, Mrs. Harper, and another lady who was calling, and passed to his own room through the one where they were sitting. Within a short time the women heard him calling for help. They ran into the room and found him ill, lying on his bed. His eyes were dilated as though he had taken a drug.

"I'm very ill," he said. While the other two women ran out of the room to make strong coffee, George called Mrs. Harper to his bedside.

"I believe I'm going to die," he said. "I'm not an ordinary painter. I killed the best man that ever lived."

I give her story as she made oath to it when George was dead, almost a year later, and as it appeared in Bates' book.

"I asked him who it was he killed, and he said, 'Abraham Lincoln.' I could not believe it and thought he was out of his head, so I asked 'Who was Abraham Lincoln?' 'Is it possible you are so ignorant as not to know?' he answered. Then he took a pencil and paper and wrote, in a peculiar but legible hand, the name, *Abraham Lincoln*. 'Don't doubt me,' he said. 'I am John Wilkes Booth. I am dying now.'

"He told me he was well off; and he seemed to be perfectly rational. I really thought he was dying. He made me promise that I would keep his secret until he was dead. He said that if anyone should find out he was John Wilkes Booth, they would take him out and hang him and the people who loved him would despise him. He told me that people high in official life hated Lincoln and were implicated in his assassination. He said that Mrs. Surratt was innocent, and the thought that he was responsible for her death as well as of others stalked before him like a ghost. He said he was devoted to acting but that he had to give it up because of his rash deed, and the thought

that he had to run away from the stage when he loved so well the life of an actor made him restless and ill-tempered. He said he had plenty of money but had to play the role of workman to keep his mind occupied."

A doctor came in while George was talking to Mrs. Harper, and he drew the old man back to life. Mrs. Harper kept her secret for a time.

Just as St. Helen had disappeared from the knowledge of Finis L. Bates after telling his strange story, so David E. George, thirty years later, was suddenly lost to his acquaintance in El Reno. His over-drinking proved his undoing with the Simmons family; Mrs. Simmons told her husband she could not endure hearing the old man talk and rave to himself. So the Simmons family took over the house, giving a note to George for three hundred and fifty dollars, and the old man went away.

I could not find that he had said good-by to anyone, even to Mrs. Harper to whom he had told his strange story.

And now the old man is coming to the end of his trail. We pick it up at Enid, a few hours' train ride from El Reno. He registered at the Grand Avenue Hotel. It was a good hotel as hotels went in Enid in those days. The office was on the second floor; on the first floor was a store. Guests slept in cubby-holes separated by partitions that did not reach to the ceiling. One took no comfort in his room except while in bed. In the lobby were rocking chairs where guests did their reading, talking, and smoking. It was in early December that George registered here; the hotel is gone now and so is the register.

Drinking made up the few weeks of life that was left to the old man; drinking and days spent in bed in his miserable little room under the depression of alcoholism. I could not piece together exactly what happened to him in the Grand Avenue Hotel. But I found in the courthouse at Enid a will which he made. On the face of it, it is an ordinary

will. But as I delved into the facts, this piece of paper told of tragedy; a story of a weak, tired, helpless man at the end of his days, too hard pressed by the world.

First, in this will, he gave a seven-hundred-acre tract of land—which he did not possess—to a nephew, Willy George, who was never found.

Next, he bequeathed to "my friend," Isaac Bernstein, the money from a life-insurance policy for three thousand dollars, his watch, trunk, and all his wearing apparel. There was no such policy. Isaac Bernstein kept the saloon where George drank; when he made this will George had known him for less than a month.

Next, he bequeathed life insurance amounting to twenty-five hundred dollars "to my friend, George E. Smith, after he shall pay all the expenses of my illness and all funeral expenses." There was no last illness and though David E. George has been dead twenty-two years, there has been, at this writing, no funeral. And there was no life-insurance policy for twenty-five hundred dollars.

He left one hundred dollars to "my friend, S. S. Dumont." Mr. Dumont was the hotel proprietor, to whom the sad, helpless old man was indebted for food and lodging. He left another hundred dollars to "my friend, L. S. Houston," together with the Simmons note for three hundred and fifty dollars. The will does not say who Houston was, but I discovered that he was the lawyer who drew up the will. It is hardly possible that George, who had been in town only a few weeks, even knew him. But an aged man, penniless, must find some way (even if it be by bequest) to pay a lawyer who draws up his will. And then he gave the remainder of his property, though there was none, to the Roman Catholic Church of El Reno. He made Lawyer Houston his executor.

He made this will on the last day of the year 1902.

There is a man living, and I have talked with him, who signed this will as a witness. He is Charles S. Evans, one of

the leading druggists of the lively Enid of to-day.

"I remember signing the will," he told me. "I lived at the Grand Avenue Hotel then. I was a drug clerk. I knew the old man and used to talk with him in the hotel lobby. I've always sort of thought he might have been John Wilkes Booth. That forenoon the clerk of the hotel, R. B. Brown, came running in through the back door of the drug store, which was near the hotel, and told me that Mr. George was dying and that he was making his will; they wanted me to be a witness to it. I hurried over to the hotel. Dumont, the hotel proprietor, Charlie Wood, another drug clerk, and Lawyer Houston were in the room. George was lying in bed, looking very weak, with his eyes closed. There were three witnesses—Brown, Wood, and myself. They asked old man George to sign the will, and he opened his eyes and sat up. He took the pen in his hand, and I was surprised to see how strong he was. He put down his signature and then lay back on the bed again and closed his eyes while we put down our names."

These were creditors of the old man—Dumont and Houston and Bernstein the saloon keeper; and the old man had no money; he was at the end of his rope. In that sad will he promised to pay after he was dead. Did they ask him to make the will? Or did he call them in to make it? There is no way of knowing. But the harried old man got up from his sick bed, after a day or two, and opened the new year of 1903 with more drinking at Bernstein's. He had new credit there now; and he had new credit at the Grand Avenue Hotel. He would pay, if not sooner, at least when he was dead; and the payment he would make after death would be far greater than any debts his hotel keeper or his saloon keeper would permit him to assume; they had their hands on the old man's affairs; and Lawyer Houston, their friend, was the executor of the will.

Two weeks of drinking and illness, drinking and illness—and then what

happened? Did his credit again run low? And did his creditors again press him? An old man who cannot work, who is very proud and cannot beg, must still have his whisky if he has used it through long years; he must have his tobacco and his food and his bed.

Then he played a trick on everybody in Enid. He wrote a note and thrust it into his coat pocket. He went to the drug store where he knew the clerks and complained about a dog which had howled during the night. They too had heard the dog.

"Give me some poison and I'll kill him," he said.

A clerk gave him the poison, and in the forenoon of January 13, 1903, he took the poison and died. They had heard groans coming from over the partition of his cubicle. The clerk and guests had run to his "room." Doctor Field, who happened to be passing, had been called in. A clerk had climbed over the partition and had opened the door. Doctor Field had rushed in, but it had been too late. The poison bottle had stood there, empty.

Doctor Field is an old man now. I found him the other day in Enid, sitting in the room of the leading undertaker, W. H. Ryan. He remembered the incident clearly. So did Mr. Ryan. Mr. Ryan was an undertaker's assistant then, working for W. B. Penniman, the furniture man, at fifty-five dollars a month. Since then he has become wealthy and one of the city's leading business men. He has been mayor. Mr. Ryan remembered that he went for the body of the old man who had poisoned himself in the Grand Avenue Hotel and took it to a back room in the furniture store. They have remembered that day and its happenings.

The local newspapers told the story; a well-dressed man had killed himself with poison in the Grand Avenue Hotel; his name was David E. George. Mrs. Ida Harper heard the news.

"While I was fixing up the body," Mr. Ryan told me, "the Reverend Mr. Har-

per came into the room and looked at the corpse.

"He gave sort of a cry and then he said to me, 'Do you know who that is?' I said, 'Why, his name is George.' 'No, sir, it isn't,' said the Reverend Mr. Harper. 'You are embalming the body of John Wilkes Booth—the man who killed Abraham Lincoln.' And then he told me the story that George had told Mrs. Harper. Of course I took special pains with the body after that; I did the best job of embalming I've ever done. If it was Booth's body, I wanted to preserve it for the Washington officials when they came. But they never came,' he added. 'At least, not so far as I ever knew.'"

The newspapers printed Mrs. Harper's story and it reached Finis L. Bates in faraway Memphis—Bates who had known John St. Helen and had been floundering for twenty-five years with his unsolvable puzzle. Bates hurried to Enid. The town was in excitement. There was talk of burning the body if Mrs. Harper's story proved true; a pyre in the town square was suggested. Pen-niman, the furniture man who was also the undertaker, didn't want trouble. He knew that Bates was coming from Memphis to look at the body and he met the visitor at the train and advised him to keep silent.

"Don't let folks know who you are," he said. "If you identify that body as Booth's and the public hears about it, we'll have trouble."

It was two o'clock in the morning when Finis L. Bates was escorted into the rear room of the furniture store. Twenty-five years had passed since he had seen John St. Helen.

"My old friend! My old friend St. Helen!" Bates said, and then began to weep.

"I was watching his face," Mr. Pen-niman told me. "I've seen hundreds of identifications in my time and Bates' identification was genuine. He was sure that George was St. Helen."

Mr. Ryan, too, remembers the identification. Mr. Ryan does not believe

that David E. George was John Wilkes Booth.

"Bates didn't persuade me that night that it was John Wilkes Booth's body. I never have thought it was. Booth had black eyes, they say. Well, a hundred times in that back room I went to the corpse and raised the lids and looked at those eyes and they were dark blue. I pointed out the blue eyes to my friends. I've always said the eyes were blue; and Booth's eyes were black."

Excitement came thick and fast in Enid that January twenty-one years ago. When Bates' story became public knowledge there was no doubt in the public mind that here was the corpse of John Wilkes Booth. Men, women, and children thronged by the thousands to look at the body in the rear of the furniture store. Newspaper reporters *proved* in ingenious ways that the body was Booth's; the editors of both local newspapers said they believed that George was Booth. Newspapers in St. Louis and Kansas City carried stories to this effect, sent to them by the Enid correspondents. All comers were permitted to see the corpse. Any visitor could get his name into the paper by merely saying, "Why, I once saw Booth on the stage, and this man looks like Booth." The Booth they might have seen could not have been more than twenty-five years old; this old man had reached the sixties; but no one doubted such identifications.

"That back room was a queer place," Mr. Ryan told me. "Almost every day some visitor would find something new, and some new story would go out." It was in the midst of this atmosphere of excitement and rumor that Bates was trying to solve his life problem. For more than a quarter of a century he had been puzzling over John St. Helen's story; and now he was sure he had found St. Helen dead. He went about hearing the stories of all those who had known George. He was a lawyer and took depositions; people gave oath to the stories he wanted to put down. It was

these depositions that form the backbone of Bates' legend of Enid.

Bates carried into the back room the photograph which he had taken from under the pillow of John St. Helen. A number of people insisted that it was a picture of the dead man, though the dead man was in the sixties and the man of the photograph in the thirties.

There was no funeral, no burial. Penniman the undertaker could not see his way clear to put the body away if it was that of John Wilkes Booth—the government officials might want it. And there was still a standing reward (unpaid by the government, he was told) for the assassin of Lincoln. None of the local officials wanted to take the responsibility of insisting on burial; the government men might come some day and claim the body.

Days, weeks, months passed, and then the years went by. Enid became accustomed to having the mummy on display in the rear room of the furniture store; it was one of the sights of Enid. Town-folks brought visitors into the store and said, "We'd like to see the body of John Wilkes Booth." "Go right on back," the proprietor or a clerk would say.

No one claimed the body. So Finis L. Bates, with the permission of W. B. Penniman, the undertaker—who had been appointed administrator of the old man's effects and affairs—took the body back to his home in Memphis.

"There was a mystery about the old man, all right," the undertaker, W. B. Penniman, told me in his present home in Columbus, Ohio, a few days before I sat down to write this strange tale. "We handled hundreds of bodies taken from all sorts of places in those days; from haystacks and box cars, from fields and roads and hotel rooms. We never found a body that wasn't identified and claimed in due time and buried at the expense of relatives or friends—except one: that was the body of poor old George."

And there you have the Enid legend

of John Wilkes Booth. To prove it or disprove it had been my task.

Two pennies were in the old man's pockets when he died, and that was all, except a note. It was dated the day he died; it knocked into a cocked hat whatever financial hopes may have been entertained by Jack Bernstein, the saloon keeper, and the men who were in the gruesome gathering at the bedside of the old man that day in his hotel room. It read:

"I am informed that I made a will a few days ago and I am indistinct of having done it. I hereby recall every letter, syllable, and word of that will that I may have signed at Enid. I owe Jack Bernstein about ten dollars, but he has my watch in pawn for that amount. D. E. George."

What he left belonged to Anna K. Smith, one of the ladies who had been kind to him the time he had tried to settle down peacefully in the little house in El Reno. But what he left was nothing.

No one had claimed the effects of David E. George. Mr. Penniman, the undertaker, had taken charge of the few papers which were found in his room—so an old-time clerk in the office of the probate court at Enid told me. And so I went to the home of Mr. Penniman in Columbus, Ohio. From the basement he brought a musty old grip full of papers.

"I haven't looked at them for years," he told me.

Among them we found a canceled check. That check brought me to the end of my trail. There it had lain for years, unseen by Bates and unexamined by any of the leading believers and supporters of the Enid legend. It was in the handwriting of David E. George. It was the check for three hundred and fifty dollars he had made in payment for the little house in El Reno.

Within two days I held that check in my hand in an attic room in the War Department in Washington where are stored the dusty relics, archives, and exhibits in the case of John Wilkes Booth.

With permission of the War Department and in the presence of two guards, I had access to all the documents in the Booth case. In the other hand I held a little book, covered with red leather and lined with decaying silk—the diary of John Wilkes Booth, found on the body taken from the Garrett corner. It is such an important historical document that it is not kept with the rest of the papers but has special protection in a safe. In one of the pockets of the book were the photographs, carried by Booth through his flight, of four exquisitely beautiful women.

Putting the check and the diary side by side, I had my proof. Different hands wrote that check and that diary. One was the hand of a man who wrote laboriously; a man so unaccustomed to check-writing that he spelled out the number of his check, "One," instead of using the numeral, as if this were the first check he had ever made out in all his long life. The other was the hand of John Wilkes Booth. That afternoon in the War Department attic in Washington I ended, to my own satisfaction, the Enid legend. George was not John Wilkes Booth.

No mystery remains in my mind about the end of John Wilkes Booth. The signature on David E. George's check backs up evidence from another source which might perhaps be disputed, but now need not be. There is in the Booth family plot in a cemetery in Baltimore, an unmarked grave. In that grave, four years after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, was placed a body which had been turned over to Edwin Booth and the Booth family by the government at Washington on the order of President Andrew Johnson. The rough casket bore the name of John Wilkes Booth.

In that casket, according to contem-

porary accounts, was the body of a man dressed in the uniform of a Confederate soldier. It is said that a member of the Booth family identified it as that of John Wilkes Booth. On one foot, when the casket was opened at the time of the transfer, was found a riding boot. On the other foot was a soldier's heavy brogan. It had been slashed with a knife across the instep to ease a broken foot.

John St. Helen's messenger who, St. Helen said, was killed instead of Booth, would not have been lame as Booth was with a broken bone. John St. Helen's messenger, "Ruddy," who he said had been sent away by Booth to buy a pair of shoes for the fugitive, brought no shoes to the Garrett place. No new shoes were found there, but a crutch was found in the barn—the crutch on which Booth had hobbled away from the home of Doctor Mudd, who had dressed his broken shin.

The evidence against the Enid legend is overwhelming. But what a strange story it is! And into what times and places its trail leads! If John St. Helen and David E. George were one and the same man, what kind of man was he? The very name "John St. Helen," was one that John Wilkes Booth, with his delusions of grandeur, might have chosen. This man told a story which fitted so plausibly into the true and inner account of the movements and experiences of the assassin of Abraham Lincoln that, to this day, it throws into high relief the very elements of the official records which are mysterious and unprovable.

To my mind there is little wonder that Finis L. Bates, with the facts at his disposal, believed in the story of John St. Helen; there is little wonder that there are still those who, being only half-informed, still credit the strange Enid legend of John Wilkes Booth.

ORANGE BIRDS

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

I THINK perhaps after all
That I should like to be old.

I will paint little black lacquered boxes then
With orange birds
(No one will be doing it any more)
They will say, "Orange! How hideous!
They were done that way in her day."
And I shall nod benignly, and go on painting—
Painting futile orange birds for a present
To my young self
That had no time, because she had to be living.

I will read and make emphatic judgments on old essays,
And write little new ones, chiseling them
Very long, very meticulously, because then time won't count,
And nobody will read them after they are done, so why hurry?
I shall sentimentalize over my old friends and lovers
Very tenderly, very satisfyingly, because they will mostly be dead;
I shall wrap myself in how we loved each other, omitting how we failed each other,
Because I shall know then that even such things as that didn't matter,
Only the delicate painting of orange birds
And the delicate shaping of trivial perfect essays:
For time will not be a thing to use then,
But to get rid of.

The young people, tiptoeing around me,
Will pretend to me that I matter
And that the world still takes seriously what I do.
They will be kind, I think. So I shall not let them know
That I know I do not matter, and like the painlessness of it:
Nor even how wonderful it is
To be able to paint orange birds
That nobody wants
On little tin tea-boxes that I have lacquered black,
And not care whether people want them or not,
And to carve little ivory essays
About forgotten arguments and people,
Laughing to myself complacently over my own demoded humor.

I wish I were painting futile long-tailed orange birds
On little black tea-boxes.



THEY WENT BY LIKE MOUNTED FIGURES OUT OF AN ANTIQUE RUSTIC FRIEZE

LEGEND

Awarded First Prize in the Second Harper Short-Story Contest

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

THEY went by on the narrow sandy road like mounted figures out of an antique rustic frieze. Two tall, amazingly tall young women, in dark print dresses and men's straw hats, riding slowly, one after the other, on horses as exactly alike as they. Long black straps of loosened harness depended like decorations from shoulders and flanks, like brush strokes accenting the elongated lines of the riders, who sat sidewise, facing us, two-dimensional in the quiet evening light; and their dresses hung straight and full from their long fine waists to their feet. As they passed, deliberately, without haste, the measured effortless footfalls of their horses soundless on the yielding sand, the dark eyes of these women under the sun-burned down-turned brims of their iden-

tical hats rested upon us calmly, incuriously, turning evenly with their passage, impersonally, as the eyes of pictures seem to turn.

An illusion of figures coming from no imagined place, carried forward to no destination more real than the remote and inevitable termination of a myth.

They passed, but the moment endured, as if for their passage a single instant of time had prolonged itself.

Beside me, Martha on her knees before her tiny plot of flowers, so precious in that arid land, knelt upright and motionless as if she too were held by some strangeness in the air.

"Were they—" I asked, my voice rude on the stillness, "*were* they as tall as they seemed, or was it—the light?"

Martha smiled.

"No, it wasn't the light," she said. "They're just as tall as they looked."

That then, heightened as it surely was by some unnatural quality of the atmosphere, was my first impression of the two sisters known as "the Klinger girls." And I was never to see them afterward, passing as they sometimes did, not regularly but now and then on those magical windless evenings after the boisterous days, without a recurrence of that same sense of their unreality, of figures out of some heroic legend of which I knew neither the beginning nor the end. I was later to see them in other lights, at other times of day—and the illusion was still there.

Its persistence may have been partly due to the scarcity of the information I was able to elicit concerning them—a lack all the more striking in a community where the idiosyncrasies and activities of neighbors constituted almost the sole items of daily news. I had been half afraid of the commonplace details I should presently have through Martha in response to my questions about the two tall sisters. But there were no details. I had seen them pass twice, and returned to my questions a second time, before I had accumulated more than the simple facts of their name and that they lived "over on the river road."

Was it far? No, not far, but it was out of sight. You couldn't see it from here.

Was there a family? A father. Just a father and the two girls.

What was the father like?

"Like?"

Yes, was he like the daughters—tall? Yes, tall. All the Klingers were tall.

Farmer? (I don't know why I asked that in a country where no one did anything else.) Martha was going on with her work, and she answered me in the tone of the competent farmer's wife she was. Not much of a farmer, she guessed. He was away most of the time.

"Business?" I asked.

She didn't know whether you'd call

it business. He was supposed to be a kind of a horse trader, she thought.

Horse trader! Why was I glad? The daughters of a horse trader—I could never have thought of it, and it seemed so exactly right. I could venture further then.

"And the daughters," I asked, "do they work somewhere? Where are they coming from when we see them passing here?"

"They've a forty down below." She nodded toward the south.

"Below where?"

"Between our land and Pierson's."

"But I thought your places adjoined, yours and Pierson's," I said. We had passed that way often enough since I had come, on our way to the Colony store—a perfectly level stretch.

"No," said Martha, "Klinger's forty lays in between."

"Queer I never noticed it," I said.

"No house on it," said Martha. "Maybe that's why. Just a little old tool shed for the plows and things."

Plows. Did the Klinger girls plow? I remembered the black straps of work-harness thrown over the horses' backs.

Well, Martha didn't know as they *plowed*—but they cultivated some, she guessed. Guessed they wasn't much for housework; rather be out with the horses anyhow.

I asked what they grew on that vague forty, and Martha seemed not exactly to know. They'd started, like everybody else, with grapes, but they let them go. A little of one thing, a little of another now, she thought. Mostly feed for the horses. Guessed they just about made their feed. Not much on farming, any of them.

No animosity in all this. Just an absence of interest; not even interest enough, it seemed, to wonder at my curiosity. She answered my questions as if I had asked her the time of day. Nothing offered, nothing added beyond the facts. And her work took her just then to the cellar, where I presently heard her churning busily away.

At supper that evening, with Martha's husband in his neat blue jumper sitting across from me, I brought up the Klingers again. It occurred to me suddenly to ask the sisters' names.

"Their first names?" said Martha. She seemed to ponder a bit. "Why, I don't know 's I ever *heard*. Did you, Jim? Do you know their names?"

And Jim didn't know as *he'd* ever heard. "They're always together and I never heard 'em called anything but the Klinger girls."

The subject dropped. Not a word from either of them about it's being queer, their not knowing the names. Nor any curiosity as to what they were. For a moment I wondered if some scandal about the Klinger girls had produced this reticence. But that, I immediately told myself, would have produced the opposite of reticence. For scandals were rare enough in the Colony, where everybody had, as Martha said, "too much work to do to think of much devilment." It was one of those subdivisions of the vast worn-out wheat tracts of the Pacific slope, colonized some four or five years before by all those tired, disillusioned, or tragically hopeful souls to whom the promise of owning at last a few acres of land is as the believer's promise of Paradise—and so to be labored for unceasingly to the end of life.

Strangers from everywhere a few years ago, now bound together by the same problems, the same struggles, the same antagonists—the "Company," and the stubborn resentful land. All their differences, peculiarities, their most trivial activities known and familiarly discussed. Already I knew the histories of half a dozen families.

Yet the Klingers had come with the rest, from what direction no one seemed even to have asked.

I had known foreigners to be treated in this way in country communities. But here were Tony Fuergacci, the Italian, and Chris Pierson, the Swede, whose foreign ways furnished endless comment for my hosts. And the

Klingers were, so far as Martha could tell me, "just straight Americans," although, among those more stockily built sons of the soil, the Klingers with their exceptional height, their lean brown faces, and their dark bright eyes did have the look of belonging to a different race. A look also of those who live among people who speak an unknown tongue—that look of receiving impressions only through the eyes.

Perhaps somewhere, far back, there was gipsy blood. "Horse trader" suggested that. And their indifference to the land. Two forties, when the others dared but one. If they made the payments, well and good. Grazing for the horses. A spot to pitch a tent.

Indifference. That was it. Indifference to their neighbors' god. A god to be served, to be feared, to be propitiated with sacrifice. Did they follow, then, these strangers, some ritual and tradition of their own? Whatever god they served, it was a god that left them free, a god of few demands.

Weeks passed in which we saw no more of the Klinger girls. Disappeared out of our sight and our conversation—as if they didn't exist.

And then one noon at table I was recalled from some reverie into which my thoughts had strayed, to hear Jim across from me saying something about a heifer that had "broke through the fence again."

"That heifer seems to think a poke's put on her for a dare to go through the fence. Well, I'll have to get out and hunt her this afternoon. She travels, too. Keeps right on goin' once she's out. Wish I knew which way she went."

And Martha quietly said, "Better ask the Klinger girls."

I caught the edge of her dry little smile, waited an instant and asked, "Why the Klinger girls?"

Martha glanced at Jim, still with the dry little smile.

"They're spiritualists."

"Spiritualists!" I jumped at it.

"Well, they find things," she said. "Found Orville's horses for him; didn't they, Jim?"

"It's what Orville tells," said Jim.

"Found them—how do you mean?"

They told me the tale quite casually, that very casualness giving the most unusual touch.

Several summers ago, it seemed, three of Orville's horses had strayed. He had searched the better part of two days when, going down the river road, he passed the Klinger house. The sisters were carrying water from the well, and Orville pulled up and called:

"Seen any stray horses down this way?"

They set down their buckets. No, they said. Had he lost some horses? He told them three—a sorrel and two bays. They shook their heads; they hadn't seen anything of them, no.

Orville started on. The girls took up their buckets and started toward the house. Presently Orville heard them call; he stopped and turned in his saddle. The sisters had stopped again.

"Did you look down on the Company's lower hundred?" the nearest one called.

"No," Orville answered, he hadn't got down there yet.

"That's where they are," she said.

"Did you see 'em there?" asked Orville, astonished.

"No," she said, "but that's where they are. Right inside that big bar gate below the draw, eating the green grass. One of the bars is down."

Orville asked her some question about how she knew.

"If you go there, you'll find them," she said. And the two sisters went toward the house.

Orville didn't know why, but he turned his horse about and rode back to the corner, struck straight through to the other side of the Colony, and turned down the road that led to the "Company's lower hundred." He followed that road until he came to the draw and beyond it the big bar gate.

And there were his horses, the three of them, the sorrel and the two bays, eating the long, lush grass, just inside the gate. And one of the bars was down.

That was the story. They left it there. But I had to know what they thought.

"Well," I asked, "what about it? Did they ever find out?"

"Oh, guess it's true, all right," said Jim, and began to push back his chair. "Well, got to get along. Got to find that heifer before night."

I watched him while he reached for his hat where it hung inside the kitchen door. Then as he turned to go, "Are you going to see them?" I asked.

"Who?"

"Why, the Klinger girls."

He gave me over his shoulder his slow, good-natured grin—a grin which acknowledged my little joke. Then he clapped on his hat and was gone.

Martha was clearing the table but I sat on at my place.

"So they're spiritualists," I said when she came in from the kitchen again.

"I don't know as they claim to be, but I suppose you'd call it that." And then, as if merely to illustrate the point, she told me about the message they brought to Mrs. McAllister.

I knew the McAllisters. We had seen them only the day before at the Colony store. I knew they had lost a son.

"He used to work in the City," Martha said, "and one day, about half past nine in the morning it was, Mrs. McAllister was doing her morning work and she saw the Klinger girls coming down the road—on their horses, of course—she thought on their way to the store. But pretty soon she heard a knock and there they stood, both of them. You know they don't neighbor much, and Mrs. McAllister was surprised when she came to the door. 'Your son's in trouble,' they told her, 'we thought we ought to let you know.' Mrs. McAllister was excited, of course. She kept on asking what, and they said maybe she'd better telephone."

"That was all they'd say; wouldn't say anything more. And as soon as they'd left Mrs. McAllister run all the way to Pierson's to a telephone, and got them to call up the City for her. Well, it seems her son hadn't been very well for a couple of days, and he'd took worse the night before. They didn't tell her then, but he'd died that morning about seven o'clock. I guess that's what they meant, the Klinger girls."

"Did they say they knew it?"

"I don't know as they did. Of course Mrs. McAllister thinks he appeared to them, so they could let her know. You couldn't tell McAllisters anything else."

Martha took up her neglected stack of plates and disappeared through the kitchen door. When she came back again I said, "Why didn't you tell me all this before?"

"Why, I don't know," she said, "just never thought of it, I suppose."

Never thought of it! And all the trivial commonplace things she *had* thought of to tell about people I had never even seen! And why had none of the neighbor women happened to speak of it? Did they fear, perhaps, to be asked whether they believed it or not? Or had it really gone out of their minds? There was nothing self-conscious in Martha's lack of interest. It lay deeper, maybe, than consciousness. For beyond the remark that they were "supposed to talk to spirits," a statement for which she furnished no incident, I got no more from Martha about the Klinger girls. And again they faded out of our conversation, as if they didn't exist.

It was toward the end of the month that I went one day with Martha to register. The Company

had sent round a man to see that the women were voting as well as the men. The registration clerk was a Mrs. Nichols, a widow who lived in a small frame house near the Company store, and who managed to support herself by means of a Notary Public's commission and such odd employments as this.

It was cool in her little front room and I waited there, reading a book while Martha did her shopping at the store. It was the quiet time of the afternoon, quiet and hot outside, quiet and cool within. Mrs. Nichols was busy copying. I sat and read my book.

After a while an old man came. He planted his stick inside the door and heaved up his gnarled old body. He let himself heavily into a chair, knees apart, stick planted stoutly between, and faced Mrs. Nichols across the plain oak table with its open register. A man who had once been strong and proud of his strength, and now he was old, too old and rheumatic these many years to work. I had seen him often, sitting outside in the yard at a certain place we passed—always the same chair, the same spot under the tree. Yet there was still



THE HANDS THAT GRASPED THE STICK WERE STIFF WITH AGE



THEY HAD MET TWO HORSES GALLOPING UP FROM THE RIVER

strength in his voice when he answered the questions put to him:

"Name?"

"John Delavoy Todd."

"Age?"

"Eighty-six." A touch of challenge, a touch of pride.

"Occupation?"

"Laborer," out full and strong.

The pen paused a moment above the white page of the register, then wrote it down. Laborer. A brave and beautiful word. Yet the hands that grasped his stick were stiff with age and uselessness.

There were other questions, other replies, but I did not hear the rest. And then he went, with an old-fashioned "Good day, ma'am" for each of us, and a kind of loneliness in his eyes.

There was quiet again in the little front room. Mrs. Nichols went back to her copying, I to my book.

Ten minutes had passed, perhaps,

when a shadow darkened the door and I glanced quickly up.

One of the Klinger girls stood inside. Tall and quiet she stood, in her dark print dress, and regarded us silently from under the down-turned brim of her hat. Something disconcerting in the calm regard of those live dark eyes, like the eyes of a creature unused to spaces so small as this in which she suddenly found herself.

"You came to register?"

She nodded as if the question were superfluous.

"The full name, please." The widow dipped and poised her pen.

"Charlotte Klinger."

The voice was like her; I cannot say quite how. A gentle voice; I do know that. So much did it seem a part of her that I did not even think of it till afterward. As I did not, till afterward, think of her face. A lean brown face

hat only suggested to me how much like their father those daughters must look.

She made her answers deliberately, without hesitation, and yet with the slightest curious pause before each one, as if the question took that time to cross the space to her.

"Age?"

"Twenty-nine."

"Address?"

The pause. "Colony Station, R. F. D. 2."

She watched the pen moving on the white page of the register.

"Occupation?"

Again the pause; and then—

"Cartoonist," she calmly, astoundingly said.

There was a moment of utter silence in the little room. The widow's pen hung motionless above the page.

"You said—" she helplessly began.

"Cartoonist." No irony in the tone and no perverse intent. Instead, a kind of withdrawn self-possession and reserve. She had been asked. She told. And now repeated it.

Without even looking up or any



Hanson, 1911.

OVER THE DEAD MAN STOOD THE FATHER OF THE KLINGER GIRLS

further questioning, the widow wrote it down.

There came suddenly into my mind an advertisement I had seen in a magazine: "Be a Cartoonist! Can You Draw?" The name of a city, and post-office box. How many dreams had sprung to life at such chance words? How many saw themselves the thing they wished to be? Those muscular brown hands, so sure to guide a horse, might hold the feel of line—of form. "Cartoonist" though! Did some ironic humor lurk behind that grave exterior?

The routine questions and answers were going on, and one stood suddenly out. "Party affiliation," the question was. She waited a moment at that, and then, as one who seeks to comply with some request almost forgotten but now recalled, she said, "Democrat."

Only a shade less incongruous than "Cartoonist" it seemed from her. A shade *more* incongruous even it might have seemed in another place than this. "Cartoonist" and "Democrat," from the lips of surely as fearless and pagan a creature as ever walked the earth.

It was laughable. But we did not laugh. For there was somehow a touch of pathos in it too. Indeed when she had gone, taking her leave with as little ceremony as she had come, pausing an instant against the light for her laconic "good-by," we did not speak of her at all.

I do not know why I asked no questions of Mrs. Nichols—except that I felt she knew no more than I. And she ventured no comment of her own. "Cartoonist" — "laborer" — they called to each other in my mind—while I sat pretending to read my book.

And presently Martha came with a bevy of neighbor women to register. And the little front room was filled with their laughter and sociability.

That night I said nothing about the incident of the afternoon. I did not even mention seeing one of "the Klinger girls." Yet I should have thought it strange enough if Martha had withheld

that incident from me. Was I also to become a part of that conspiracy of reticence?

Never did I hear the word "Cartoonist" in connection with the Klinger girls. And never, from that day to this, has it been explained.

Yet I thought of it in the days that followed whenever I thought of them in that indefinite region where they lived "over on the river road"—a region inhabited only by those vague shapes with whom, so it was said, "they talked."

The summer passed and I went away, to return the following year. And when I came it was to find the Colony astir with a thing that had happened a week before.

A man had been killed, a murder done—and the Klingers were accused.

The Colony was astir as a forest is stirred, not by a breeze in the branches but when the roots have felt a tremor of the earth.

This was what was known. About four o'clock on an afternoon ten days before, two Company officials out on Colony business and driving down the river road, had noticed as they passed the Klinger place the sisters standing in the yard. Farther on they had met two horses galloping toward them, up from the river, to which the road leads down. The horses swerved and passed them, and they kept on.

As they entered the woods that line the river banks they had come upon a light wagon drawn off at the side of the road, the harness lying as if it had been hastily dropped. Grass was trampled, the underbrush disturbed. A few feet farther, where the trees were thickest, they had heard, or thought they heard, a sound; and sensing trouble, had left the car to investigate.

In an open space between two trees a poorly dressed old man, a stranger, lay dead on the ground, his skull crushed in—and over him stood the father of the Klinger girls.

He made no attempt to escape. But



THEY CALLED TO THEIR FATHER WHO HAD GONE TO MEND A FENCE

he stepped back when he saw them and said quietly, "He's dead."

They could see he was not armed, but near by on the ground lay a heavy stick, one end of it covered with blood. And there was blood on the horse trader's hands.

Questioned, his statements had become immediately conflicting and confused. Two strange men, he said, had killed the old man, robbed him, and got away. Asked if he had seen it, he said no, they had got away before he arrived. Asked how he knew they had robbed him, he said, "Because he had a roll of bills."

"Who was he?" they asked, and he said he didn't know: the man was unconscious when he got there, and he'd never seen him before.

At this they had told Klinger he had

better come with them to the authorities; and he went, willingly enough apparently. Once there he was immediately put under arrest. At first they had thought he was going to resist; but when they had snapped the handcuffs on his wrists he had calmed down at once and asked them to send for his daughters.

At the Klinger place the two horses that had been seen galloping up the river road, and that evidently belonged to the murdered man, were found in the corral. The girls did not deny having taken them up. And within two hours both father and daughters were in custody—all three protesting their innocence.

This was the story they told. This the horse trader's remarkable alibi. Between three and four o'clock that

afternoon; the sisters said, they had been together in the back part of the house. They had just finished washing dishes and were standing by the sink when they had "seen" (it was the word they used, although it would have been impossible for them really to have seen from there)—they had "seen" something happening down by the river. An old man driving a wagon was being attacked by two men who had suddenly appeared at the side of the road. They saw the wagon stop, saw the old man lean down to answer some question, saw one leap and seize him from behind while the other attempted to go through his pockets; saw the old man put up a fight, saw them drag him from his wagon, struggling; saw them drag him, still struggling, into the trees, and one hold him while the other found a club, a fallen limb of a tree; saw him come up from behind and fell the old man with a single blow; saw them take a roll of bills from his pocket and, leaving him bleeding on the ground, run back to the wagon, unhook the horses, fling down the harness, and ride away.

Seeing this, they said, they had run out and called to their father, who they thought was in the barn; but he had gone to the pasture to mend a fence. They had found him there, told him what they had seen, and he had hurried across the fields to the river the shortest way.

The father corroborated this story. His daughters had come to him in the field, told him what they had seen, and he had gone to be of help.

And they continued to stay by the story through repeated grillings, through the inquest, through the Grand Jury proceedings which resulted in the indictment of the father for murder, with the daughters held as material witnesses. Why not accomplices I could not quite see, since their story was naturally held to be valueless by the authorities. Perhaps they thought it wise to avoid arousing sympathy for the daughters, who were better known than their father in the community.

There were elaborations of the story, of course; details gathered from all sides. The sisters had furnished descriptions of the two men they claimed to have seen. One, they said, was short and thin and "wiry-like," the other one taller and heavier, with long arms. They both wore slouch felt hats and were roughly dressed, "like hoboes," they said, "like tramps." The short one was in his shirt sleeves with a vest, a "kind of striped shirt," and wore elastic sleeve-holders, brown, with nickel snaps. The other one wore a coat. They saw them plainly, they said, and would recognize them anywhere. But no pair answering their description could be found.

They had also said, in describing the fight, that the old man had "a kind of stiff knee." And this was later discovered to have been true, which supported of course the prosecution's theory that the murdered man was not unknown to them. The implications were plain: Klinger, the horse trader, in a quarrel with an old man whose horses he had determined to have—a sturdy team that would bring a good price in a district where good work horses were at a premium. Or the old man, who had appeared from nowhere apparently (so far as their tracings could find) might have been the victim of an ancient grudge. An itinerant trader himself, perhaps. That would account for his being unknown. No relatives claimed him, although the murder was published far and wide.

Two weeks went by before they found a clue. A man answering his description and who walked with a peculiar gait because of a stiffness of one knee had stayed, with his horses and wagon, the night preceding the tragedy at one of those "Feed Yard" hostelries that still exist unnoticed in the side streets of some towns, at the County Seat. But at such hostelries there is no register, and men are not required to tell their names. They buy feed, camp the night, and in the morning pass on.

But a chance word dropped that night

ed to the discovery that such a man had lived for a time in a certain isolated foothill district in the southern end of the state. He had occupied a small tenant farm, living alone in a little shack, and driven occasionally in to the village for groceries and supplies. Little was known of him except that he was supposed to have come from "the City," and that his name was Lee. About a month before he had left the community—it was supposed to return to the city again—but no one could be found to whom he had spoken of his plans. At any rate he had driven away with the wagon and team—immediately recognized by a neighbor, brought north for the purpose by the authorities, as the wagon and team of the murdered man. And the identification was complete. But there it stopped. They had discovered nothing but his name. Whatever past he had was lost in mystery.

The trial was set for the last week in July. No move was made by the defense for a delay—the lawyer employed by the Klingers deciding apparently to offer the story of his clients, however fantastic and irregular it seemed, relying perhaps upon that very quality for its effect. It was all that he could do, since his clients stood stubbornly by their story, refusing to consider a more reasonable defense. Not a word of corroboration had appeared. No trace of the two men the sisters claimed to have "seen."

The Colony talked but little. But the thing was there in their silences. When they talked at all it was casually, as if they were not too much concerned.

Jim, reading the news, would only shake his head and say, "Looks bad for 'em, pretty bad."

The time drew near and witnesses were summoned to appear.

Orville was summoned—Orville, whose horses the Klinger girls had "found." Mr. and Mrs. McAllister were called.

On the third day of the trial, held at the County Seat, I decided to go in. The State had presented its case with

telling brevity: merely established the crime, offered the testimony of the two Company officials as to the finding of the defendant on the scene of the murder with blood on his hands, the confusing statements he had made; as to their seeing the sisters standing in the yard, and as to the horses of the murdered man found in the Klinger corral; established the fact that the defendant spent much of his time away from home, and that he made frequent trips to the City, that same City from which the mysterious Lee was said to have come. Here the State had abruptly rested its case, at about half past two o'clock of the second day, leaving the defense to offer, if they chose, that unprovable and fantastic alibi. And that, with a kind of hopeless haste disguised as confidence, the attorney for the defense had proceeded at once to do. Immediately, without even consulting his clients, he had called one of the sisters to the witness-stand where she had told her story without a single deviation from its original details. Then, with a counter-thrust of brevity, he had turned the witness over for cross-examination by the State. But the State's attorney had merely smiled and said "No questions" with the easy tolerance of one who wastes no words upon the obvious.

The defendant himself had followed his daughter to the stand and was still being questioned when the session came to an end.

It was the next day, then, that I decided to go in. There was a train from the Colony station at twelve o'clock, and one back in the evening at four. I spoke of it at breakfast, and within an hour Martha and Jim had remembered some buying they had to do in the County Seat, and had decided to go along. They might, they said, step round to the trial themselves for a few minutes if they got through their buying in time. Still that necessity to pretend a casual interest!

A hot ride in the train, a hot walk through blistering unshaded streets, and

I reached the courthouse at two o'clock. It seemed almost dark in the dim corridors after the blinding glare outside. An eddy of movement, of interest, led me to the courtroom door.

Air seemed to stop at that door. Inside, pressed forward, packed to the very walls and standing up, the silent attentive crowd strained forward toward the farther end of that room. Green blinds shut out the sun but not the light. The stifling heat of a thicket on summer afternoons.

The quarry brought to cover. The hunt gathered in at the death. And above on his bench the Judge, white-haired and rubicund, the master of the hunt—with a flower in his buttonhole.

Below him with their counsel, the defendant and his daughters, side by side. The father, once as tall as his daughters, a little shrunken now. The three dark heads. The dark bright eyes. Now more than ever they looked like creatures brought to bay. Watchful, expectant, still. On the table before them, their three identical hats.

Some colloquy was going on between the State's attorney and the Judge. The Judge leaned down from his bench to hear. The State's attorney—thin, keen, immaculate—stepped back with an amused little smile on his lips and spoke in his sharp, incisive voice.

"Miss Klinger for re-cross." Then added in a lower tone, "Miss Charlotte Klinger, please, will you take the stand again."

She rose without haste and made her way past the counsel tables, mounted the two shallow steps to the witness-chair between the Jury and the Judge. The familiar dark print dress invested her now with a curious simple dignity. Her hat lay on her lap—her strong black hair brushed back and gathered in a knot, as women do their hair who always wear a hat. She was handsomer than I had thought, and just a little strange.

Her eyes went to her lawyer, busy shuffling papers and untangling his glasses from the black ribbon by which they

hung; then rested upon the attorney for the State.

"I believe, Miss Klinger," his tone was easy, conversational, "I believe you testified in your direct examination that you and your sister found the defendant, your father, mending fence in the pasture, and that he left you there to go to the scene of the tragedy?"

I noted again that odd effect of the question having to reach her first.

"Yes, sir," she said. And again her voice was like her, gentle but perfectly audible in the attentive stillness of that room.

"Were you not afraid—did you not think it might be dangerous for him to go alone to such a place?"

The pause. "Yes, sir, we didn't like to see him go alone."

"Then why did you and your sister not go along?"

"It was men's work," she said.

"I see." His voice was even softer now, more persuasively significant. "You didn't like him to go alone; you felt it might be dangerous. Why, then, did you not go for help when your father failed to return?"

Again the pause. "We would," she said, "but we saw the Company men go down and thought it was all right."

The State's attorney sent a look to the counsel for the defense—the look of a sportsman who cries "Good!" at his adversary's clever play.

Then he turned to the witness again. His tone was crisper now.

"About these men you claim to have seen. You have testified both on direct and cross examination that you saw, in some way saw, two unidentified men attack, kill, and rob the deceased. Will you kindly tell the Court what words, if any, passed between them during those events. Did you not also hear them *speak*?"

"We never hear," she calmly said, "we only see."

"Then see them *now*! Where are they *now*?"

"Objection!" cried the counsel for de-

ense. "No testimony has been offered as to the present whereabouts of these two men."

The Judge leaned forward across the bench. He silently lifted a book, and gently laid it down. Then he lifted another and laid it atop the first. Then slowly and judiciously he spoke.

"The Court has had occasion to admit to the record of this case certain—unusual evidence. The Court has been governed in this course by the highly peculiar nature of the defense here offered. Evidence has been offered concerning an alleged 'vision' claimed to have been had by this witness, and upon his evidence defendant seeks to base an alibi. The Court deems it therefore not only fair to afford this witness an opportunity to prove to this jury her alleged clairvoyant power. The Court therefore overrules the objection of the defendant, and requests the witness to state whether or not, since the alleged first vision of which she has testified, she has ever, clairvoyantly or otherwise, seen those two men again."

His eyes met those of the girl in the witness chair.

Slowly her eyes left his.

"No," her answer came, almost inaudibly.

He leaned toward her across his folded arms.

"Try—try to see them now."

The whole room held its breath.

And upon that stillness her gentle, despairing answer fell.

"We never *can* see when we try. We've *been* trying ever since."

It lay upon that stillness like the weightless hand of truth.

At last, as if from some vision he himself had seen, the Judge drew slowly back.

"Proceed," he said.

"No more questions," said the attorney for the State.

"No questions," echoed the counsel for defense.

"That's all," said the Judge.

The girl in the witness-chair rose.

"One moment!" The State's attor-

ney raised his hand. "One more question, please, just one."

He waited while she took the chair again. Waited then a moment before he spoke in that deliberately slow and careful voice.

"You and your sister are—very much devoted to your father, are you not?"

"Yes, sir," she said, and seemed to wait.

"That's all," said the attorney for the State.

She waited still until he said again, "That's all"—and then, bewildered, rose and made her way down from the witness stand, past the long counsel tables to her vacant chair.

"Next witness!" called the Judge, matter of fact, peremptory.

A stir ran through the court. It breathed again.

"Mrs. McAllister!" announced the counsel for the defense and stood to receive her as she came through the crowd, a nervous little figure in her Sunday best.

Nervous but determined, she took her place and faced the court. Led by the kindly questioning, her voice growing steadier as she gained confidence, she began to tell the story of the message brought to her by the Klinger girls.

The attorney for the State seemed bored. Presently he arose.

"I object, your Honor, to this testimony as incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial."

"What is the purpose of the testimony of this witness?" asked the Judge.

"The purpose, your Honor," said the counsel for defense, "assigned by the Court in overruling my objection a few moments ago."

Again the look of sportsmen passed between the lawyers—and the witness was allowed to proceed as before. She told her story simply, in homely poignant words that somehow touched the heart. And when she had finished and counsel said, "Take the witness," the State's attorney was kindness itself, as one who regrets a duty unavoidable.

"Tell me, Mrs. McAllister, have you any means of knowing that these young women did not receive some word of your son's death before they came to you?"

"Oh, no, but they didn't!" she cried.

"But have you any *means* of knowing it?"

"They couldn't have," she said.

He did not press the point but left it there.

"You say, Mrs. McAllister, that until your son went to the city he had lived with you in the Colony?"

She nodded, "Yes."

"Did he know the two young women called 'the Klinger girls'?"

She seemed to hesitate at that. "Why yes, sir, I suppose he did."

"Intimately?" The word picked out between two silences.

"Oh no, sir! I don't think he knew them much at all."

The prosecutor's brows went up. There showed upon his firm thin lips a faint, uncomfortable smile. He leaned a little forward now.

"What did your son die of, Mrs. McAllister?"

"Why," she said and wavered, then went on, "he just hadn't been feeling right for a couple of days, and all of a sudden that last night he took worse, and in the morning he died. It was his stomach, though—he must have eaten something, the doctor said."

"And before that, had he been well?"

"Oh yes, sir! He was a fine strong boy."

"Do you know whether or not during that week your son had received any visitors?"

"Visitors?"

"*Women* visitors, perhaps. . . ."

Something black had entered the court. Something black and malevolent. He, that cool and alert intelligence; he, the destroyer of visions—what were these but "visions" he himself produced! From what cold diabolical chamber had they sprung?

Through them came the voice of coun-

sel for the defense, booming his objections to the court. "No evidence has been offered here—no evidence has been offered!"

"Objection sustained!" said the court. But the "vision" was not exorcised.

"That's all," said the State's attorney.

"All," echoed counsel for the defense.

"You may go, Mrs. McAllister," said the Judge.

And the meager timid figure, brave in its Sunday best, also went bewildered from the stand.

Next came Orville, a knot of a man, who faced the questioner with sullen beligerence. For Orville had come against his will. "He'd be damned," Orville had said, "if he was goin' to be made a fool of in a court of law." But he was also afraid of lying in a "court of law." So he answered his questions in monosyllables. "Sure," he would answer, scratching his scraggly white mustache—"sure they told me where to look." And this with averted knowing eyes, as if he would have liked to add, "I s'pose they *put* 'em there." For here was a man who had told his story until he thought it was a lie, embarrassed now to have it proven true.

The State's attorney waited for him, smiling to himself.

At counsel's "Take the witness," I felt a touch upon my arm. Martha stood beside me, saying we must go if we were to catch the train.

I asked how long they had been here and she said they had just come in a few minutes ago. But I always wondered how long those "few minutes" might have been.

As we stepped from that long dim corridor out into the street, the blazing ball of the sun before us blinded us with light.

We talked little of the trial. I could only echo Jim's eloquent "Looks bad for 'em—pretty bad."

And so it did. And so it was, "bad for 'em" in the end.

The verdict came in Friday. "Guilty,"

s any sane jury would have said. Twenty years in prison for the father. The daughters let go free.

"They did their best to save him," everybody said.

"Twenty years!" said Martha, "That's as good as life."

And so it was, or so it would have been if there had not happened then the strangest thing of all. To me at least it seemed the strangest thing—and somehow strangely right.

For the horse trader did not go to prison after all. Oh, nothing supernatural—he was not spirited away. He took a cold, as you or I might do, in that overheated stuffy court and, within a week after the verdict, was dead of pneumonia.

The season of boisterous days and magical windless evenings after them had come again to the Colony. Again Martha tended her precious bed of flowers, and again in the quiet evening light I saw them coming, "the Klinger girls," exactly as I had seen them first—riding

their strong deliberate horses along the narrow sandy road. Sidewise, facing us, their dark print dresses hanging straight and full from their long fine waists to their feet. And as they passed, the measured effortless footfalls of their horses fell soundless on the yielding sand, their dark eyes rested upon us calmly, turning evenly with their passage as the eyes of pictures seem to turn.

"Good-by!" It was Martha's voice.

"Good-by!" They echoed in unison. And rode on.

Beside me, Martha on her knees was motionless, as if held by the strangeness of that good-by.

"They're going away," said Martha, her voice soft on the stillness.

"Away?"

She nodded. "They say *he* wants them to."

I could still see them a moment before they vanished in the quiet evening light. An illusion of figures carried forward to no destination more real than the remote and unimaginable termination of a myth.

LIFE, TOIL, AND LOVE

BY GEORGE STERLING

IN quiet, in the very silent night,
She woke, though none had called, from dreamlessness.

A clock ticked, and the hour she could but guess.

She lit her lamp, arose, and made some slight
Beginning on the morrow's work. Her sight

Fell for a moment on a well-loved head;

Softly she kissed it, bent above the bed,
Laid by her shawl, blew out the needless light.

She stared a moment on the dark, and heard
Only the certain clock's unhurried chime;

Dreamless again her broken sleep began,
And nothing in the hush about them stirred;

Yet all that was in that small space of time
Had been a symbol of the fate of man.

ARE WE OUR BROTHERS' KEEPERS?

How Our Country is Fighting the Drug Evil

BY CONSTANCE DREXEL

FOR the first time in history an evil which humanity faces is to be combated by the whole world as a unit, and by a general scrapping of "national sovereignty," used as an excuse for non-interference with questions affecting the entire human family.

Not only is the effort of the United States to stamp out the drug evil a momentous task in itself, but the method to be employed is an innovation of even more far-reaching consequences. It is distinctly an American problem. One-hundredth of our population, or more than a million of our people, are addicted to the use of narcotic drugs. This is not a surmise but is the expressed opinion, in a report dated April 15, 1919, of the special committee of investigation of traffic in narcotic drugs appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury. This means that among the acquaintances of everyone who reads this article one or more persons are so afflicted.

But it is an international as well as a national problem. The known annual consumption in the United States of seven grains of opium per capita, according to latest statistics, does not give a hint of the appalling truth, for it is estimated that ninety per cent of the supply of non-medical drug addicts is procured through unauthorized channels, and thus is non-figurant in official statistics. We have discovered that the enactment of state and national laws, even if successfully enforced, is of little use when, day after day, quantities of the fiendish stuff are smuggled into our seaports and across our borders.

Therefore, because of this smuggling from the opium-producing countries into the world's richest drug market, we

are face to face with the international aspects of the situation. To arrive at a solution we are about to co-operate with the League of Nations, mainly because that body was delegated by the Versailles Treaty to deal with the world traffic in narcotic drugs and because this government is a signatory of The Hague Opium Convention which in effect constitutes a part of the Versailles Treaty.

But there are gigantic difficulties in the way. We have discovered to our horror what had been known to the few—that races of the human family in Asia are being steeped in this vice through the consent and encouragement of European governments, which are frankly using the system of opium monopoly to obtain revenue and may be suspected of using this insidious power to retain their colonial empires intact. And another phase of the situation is that in India people not only smoke opium but eat it, and it is claimed that they like it. Mothers give it to their children to stop their crying. That is considered a "legitimate use" of opium there. His Highness the Maharajah Jam Saheb of Nawanagar summed it up to me at a dinner last September in Geneva, where he was a delegate to the Assembly of the League of Nations: "In my country we don't care for liquor; but suppose we tried to interfere in the liquor question in some other country, what would happen?"

That is the problem in a nutshell. What is the solution? The United States has taken the stand that the growth of the poppy and other drug-producing plants must and shall be curtailed strictly to the medicinal and scientific needs of the world, leaving no

surplus for smuggling into this country or for the drugging of Asiatic races. This is the interpretation which this government insists shall be made of the International Opium Convention signed at The Hague on January 23, 1912. And briefly, the representatives of this government who attended meetings in Geneva in May, and again in September, 1923, held under the League of Nations, succeeded in having this interpretation accepted as follows:

"1. If the purpose of the Hague Opium Convention is to be achieved according to its spirit and true intent, it must be recognized that the use of opium products for other than medical and scientific purposes is an abuse and not legitimate.

"2. In order to prevent the abuse of these products it is necessary to exercise the control of the production of raw opium in such a manner that there will be no surplus available for non-medical and non-scientific purposes."

But between having nations accept a thing "in principle" and actually being willing to put the thing into effect, especially in view of the delicate situation in the Far East, means a long, hard road to travel. And that is the task which the United States has assumed, the next step in the program being the participation of this government in two international opium conferences to be held in Geneva this November under the auspices of the League of Nations, at which time the representatives of the United States will make a determined stand for the actual carrying out of the principle that the growth of drug-producing plants must be controlled and curtailed throughout the world. In no other way can this vice be stamped out as a menace not alone to the peoples of the Far East but in European nations and in our own country as well.

The leadership of the United States in this world opium problem is nothing new. Secretary of State Hughes, in his letter of February 9, 1924, urging Congress to pass the joint resolution (H. J.

Res. 195) introduced by Congressman Porter, authorizing an appropriation of \$40,000 for the participation of the United States in the two opium conferences in Geneva, said:

"For nearly twenty years the United States has occupied a prominent position in urging international action in this regard and in carrying out the international obligations it has assumed for the control of the traffic, and I trust that Congress will authorize an appropriation that will permit the Government to continue in the future as it has in the past."

Indeed, some students of the question assert that but for the acquisition of the Philippine Islands by the United States, the drug evil might never have been curbed at all and might now be a graver menace to civilization than any plague of the Middle Ages, instead of a problem which is now in a position to be eliminated as a degradation to the human race, if the United States can carry out its program. It was on July 24, 1906, that the Right Reverend Charles H. Brent, then Bishop of the Philippines, wrote to President Roosevelt pointing to the fact that the United States had inherited the opium traffic in the Philippines, and suggesting that an international conference on the subject be called in the Far East. As a result, President Roosevelt on October 14, 1907, called an International Commission which met in Shanghai, China, in 1909, to make an investigation of the abuses growing out of the opium traffic and to suggest a means for their prevention; and thus the United States, as pointed out by President Wilson in his message to Congress on April 21, 1913, "initiated the world-wide movement toward" the abolition of the traffic in habit-forming narcotic drugs. On September 1, 1909, another International conference proposed by President Taft met at The Hague to give effect and sanction to the resolutions of the Shanghai Opium Commission, resulting in the adoption of The Hague Opium Conven-

tion of 1912, and a third conference at The Hague in the summer of 1914.

But there were many loopholes of escape in that convention. Progress in eradicating the great evil might not have been interrupted, however, but for the outbreak of the World War which caused the machinery of control of the traffic, notably in China, to break down. At the Peace Conference, realizing that something had to be done, this problem was one of the humanitarian questions "wished" upon the League of Nations, whose Covenant provides for a "Permanent Advisory Committee on the Traffic in Opium and other Narcotic Drugs."

The proud record of the United States in the Philippines proves that this government was ready to practice what it preached. By act of Congress of August 5, 1909, it was provided that:

"Importation or shipment into the Philippines of the following articles is prohibited: . . . (g) Opium in whatever form except by the government of the Philippines and pharmacists duly licensed and registered as such under the laws in force in said islands, and for strictly medicinal purposes only."

This legislation suppressed completely the traffic in opium and exploded the ages-old argument that the abusive use of opium in the Orient was a necessary evil. This is proved by the figures of the imports of opium by the Philippine Islands from 1900 to 1903, prior to the passage of the acts of Congress:

	Pounds
In 1900 there were imported	224,115
In 1901 there were imported	360,037
In 1902 there were imported	137,583
In 1903 there were imported	254,547

and the figures showing imports of opium from 1918 to 1921 subsequent to the passage of the acts of Congress:

	Pounds
In 1918 the import was approximately . . .	235
In 1919 the import was approximately . . .	237
In 1920 the import was approximately . . .	1,550
In 1921 the import was approximately . . .	192
Total	2,214

As a result, visitors to the Philippines very rarely, if ever, see the sunken eye, the emaciation, the pallor, the nervous-

ness, and, in many instances, the abscesses on the body from the use of the hypodermic syringe which are so common in certain other Oriental countries; and smoking of opium practically does not exist. We ourselves have proved by our action in the Philippines that the traffic in opium can be effectively suppressed and its use limited to strictly medicinal purposes. This is in flat contradiction to the assertion of European powers which have colonies and possessions in the Far East.

In the United States itself, this government has faithfully carried out all the provisions of its international obligations under the Hague Convention. Indeed, by means of the Harrison Narcotic Act of 1915 and the Jones-Miller Act of 1922, this country has gone farther than any other signatory of the Hague Opium Convention in the stringency of its national laws, thus reducing the per capita consumption annually to approximately seven grains, according to statistics presented in a recent report of the Federal Narcotics Control Board submitted to Federal Prohibition Commissioner R. A. Haynes. In addition, the United States also is the first country to stop the manufacture of heroin, as provided in the Porter bill (H. R. 7079) amending the Narcotic Drugs and Import Act. Yet in spite of all this, it is stated that ninety per cent of the habit-forming drugs used in this country enter through illicit channels, thus outside the control of our national laws, and thus bringing us face to face with the problem in its international aspects.

Early in the spring of 1923, after the problem had been slumbering for a number of years, the entire country was aroused by the sudden increase in smuggling of narcotic drugs, the growing number of addicts, and the appalling rise in crime which physicians and penal authorities laid directly to the door of habit-forming drugs. Congress took up the matter, and the problem is unusually well defined in the Porter joint resolution passed unanimously by both branches of

Congress, and approved March 2, 1923, wherein it is stated, in part, that:

"The annual production of opium is approximately one thousand five hundred tons, of which approximately one hundred tons, according to the best available information, is sufficient for the world's medicinal and scientific needs. . . . It is the imperative duty of the United States government to safeguard its people from the persistent ravages of habit-forming narcotic drugs."

It is to be noted that the resolution called upon the President to urge a proposal upon the governments of certain nations, but it was not many weeks before President Harding and the State Department decided that the more common-sense method would be to accept the invitation of the League of Nations to use that international machinery to obtain the desired ends. Accordingly, on May 9, 1923, Secretary Hughes wrote to Congressman Porter, Bishop Brent, and Dr. Rupert Blue, former Surgeon-General of the U. S. Public Health Service, ordering them to attend "on behalf of the United States and in a consultative capacity, a meeting of the Advisory Committee on Traffic in Opium of the League of Nations to be held on May 24, 1923, at Geneva." Mr. Porter was chairman of the delegation, which was augmented by Edwin Neville, of the State Department, as advisor. Another American also was present, Mrs. Hamilton Wright, of Washington, D. C., an "assessor" member of the above Advisory Committee, not as a representative of the United States but appointed by the League's Council.

The American delegation succeeded in obtaining the adoption of the American interpretation of the Hague Convention, as already quoted, by the Advisory Committee. But since the findings or report of this committee have to be discussed for adoption or rejection by the Council and the Assembly of the League, the American delegation was again ordered to make a determined stand at the discussion of the opium

question in September, which is done largely through the medium of what is known as the "fifth commission," composed of one of the delegates or alternates of each country represented in the Assembly. In addition to the adoption by the Committee and the Assembly of the American principle that the effective control of habit-forming drugs can be obtained only by limiting the production thereof to the quantity required for strictly medicinal and scientific purposes, a proposal to hold an international conference which would determine ways and means of putting this principle into effect also was adopted, though changed to the holding of two conferences, one immediately following the other. This was done at the insistence of the British delegation, which desired a separate conference of the governments owning possessions where opium is smoked or eaten. However, the United States may be represented at both, and moreover has authority in the first conference because the "Drafting Committee" is at present working on the agenda of both conferences. This "Drafting Committee" was appointed last December by the Council of the League of Nations, composed of a representative of each of the six most interested nations. The United States is represented by Edward Neville of the State Department, who has spent most of the last few months at work in Geneva, naturally under the direct orders of the State Department and of Congressman Porter, who will head the delegation to the November conferences.

What are the difficulties in the way? They are summarized in a statement written for this article by Mrs. Hamilton Wright, widow of Doctor Wright, appointed by President Roosevelt and by President Taft as one of America's delegates to the Shanghai and The Hague opium conferences. After his death in the influenza epidemic in Washington early in 1918, his widow, though left with four young children, determined to carry on his work. She was well

qualified, having accompanied her husband to Shanghai and to The Hague, besides having a political and international background, as her father was United States Senator from Minnesota and her uncle United States Ambassador to France. Realizing that the work of the Hague Opium Convention was at the point of being nullified as a result of the World War, Mrs. Wright went to Paris during the Peace Conference and was instrumental in having the opium problem referred to the League of Nations, and later was appointed on the League's opium committee. In 1920 she made a trip to the Far East to study the situation on the spot; since then she has traveled to Turkey and to Persia to make a survey of poppy-growing in those countries; she was present in Lausanne to urge the Turkish representatives to agree to ratification of The Hague Opium Convention, a provision included in the Lausanne treaty. All this was done on her own personal initiative, but now her experience is highly valued in Washington where, with Mr. Porter and Mr. Neville, she is one of a committee of three charged with this government's arrangements for the November conferences. All this constitutes a remarkable example of what a woman, single handed, may accomplish even in a question with such ramifications as the world-wide drug evil. At this point I cannot help recalling a conversation we had in Washington three years ago, when I sought her out after she had returned from a meeting in Geneva of the League's advisory opium committee:

"The only way to get rid of this evil is to limit the growing of the poppy and other narcotic plants strictly to medicinal and scientific needs." Well, that seemed a wild proposal at the time, but now, accepted by the American government, it has a chance of early fulfillment. All of which gives weight to Mrs. Wright's statement:

"It is not my purpose to go at length into the obsolete and untenable principle

which still holds sway in the Far Eastern colonies of European powers—namely that the welfare of a people can be based upon their physical and moral degradation. It is a paradox that men should live on their own death; yet to-day the largest percentage of revenues obtained in the Eastern colonies of the civilized countries of the West are based upon opium. Yet it cannot be ignored that to the producing poppy-growing nations it is also an economic question."

This "economic" phase of the problem is the rock upon which the ship is floundering. There are Governments engaged in the opium traffic which regret it, finding themselves caught in a snare set two centuries ago for unborn generations. It devolves upon them to extricate themselves from the sins of their fathers, so that future generations may be free from the shame of raising revenue gained from the exploitation of the weakness and vice of human beings.

The unvarnished truth is to be found, in America, in foreign government records on file in the Congressional Library in Washington, and in a recent book, *The Ethics of Opium*, by Miss Ellen N. La Motte, an authority on the opium question in the Far East. In a brief article it is impossible to give more than a cross section of the situation by citing a few official statistics as examples. In addition to the high grade of opium exported from Turkey and Persia, the countries to which the lower grade of Indian opium is exported are as follows, the quantities being given in chests each containing 140 pounds of opium, 16 chests or 2240 pounds making a ton.

	1917-18	1918-19	1919-20
England.....	3,051½	2,400	900
Ceylon (British)			
Government.....	0	0	60
Private merchants.....	60	70	0
Straits Settlements (British)			
Government.....	4,789	3,961	3,750
Private merchants.....	385	142	275
Hong Kong (British)			
Government.....	405	450	450
Private merchants.....	0	51	369
Macao (Portuguese)			
Private merchants.....	450	500	0
Japan			
Private merchants.....	971	1,930	980
Indo-China (French)			
Private merchants.....	3,050	3,490	995
Java Government (Dutch)	1,800	2,400	2,000

	1917-18	1918-19	1919-20
Siam			
Government.....	850	1,750	1,400
Private merchants.....	800	0	0
British North Borneo			
Government.....	20	140	144
Mauritius (British)			
Government.....	0	0	12
Private merchants.....	15	42	23
British West Indies			
Private merchants.....	1	0	0
New South Wales (British)			
Private merchants.....	5	0	0
Fiji Islands (British)			
Private merchants.....	1	0	1
Brazil			
Private merchants.....	0	2	0
Total number of chests exported:			
Private merchants.....	5,738	6,227	2,643
Colonial and other governments.....	7,864	8,701	7,816
Great Britain.....	3,051½	2,400	900
Grand total (chests)....	16,653½	17,328	11,359

In 1922 the Indian finances got in such a bad way that a special committee was sent out to investigate and to see what savings could be effected, so that the budget might balance. This committee was headed by Lord Inchcape, and its findings were published in the spring of 1923 by His Majesty's Stationery Office in London. The survey of the Opium Department ends with this recommendation:

"*Conclusion.* Having reviewed the expenditure under the opium head, we recommend that the possibility of reducing the price paid to cultivators for opium be carefully watched with a view to reduction. We are informed that there will be a reduction of about Rs. 20 lakhs in expenditure in 1923-24, and, in view of the importance of safeguarding this important source of revenue, we recommend no further reduction."

The charge that a large percentage of the revenue in the colonies and possessions of European powers in the Far East is derived from the sale of opium is substantiated by the following statistics from official documents:

The Budget for 1923, Government of Indo-China (French Possession) shows—

	Total Revenue piasters	Opium Revenue piasters	
1922	71,795,510	14,900,000,	or 20 per cent.
1923	70,353,610*	14,900,000,*	or 21 per cent.

*(Estimated)

In reply to Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, who asked in Parliament last session for details of the amount of revenue received

by various colonies from sales of opium, the Colonial Office supplied these figures:

	Proportion of revenue from opium per cent
Hong Kong.....	22.4
Straits Settlements.....	45.5
Federated Malay States.....	16.8
Sarawak.....	14.0
Ceylon.....	0.75
Johore.....	34.25
Kedah.....	38.3
Percis.....	44.3
Kelantan.....	23.5
Trengganu.....	37.7
Brunei.....	14.9
North Borneo.....	12.3

The Statistical Year Book of the Kingdom of Siam, p. 40, shows the amount of the opium revenue in *ticals*.

	Revenue	Opium Revenue	Percentage
1916-17	82,911,149	19,275,702	23
1917-18	86,494,066	21,179,721	24
1918-19	93,409,470	21,444,418	23
1919-20	96,066,960	*23,221,569	24

For Macao (Portuguese Possession) *Whitaker's Almanac* gives the revenue for 1920-21 as \$2,631,981. The population is 78,000. The minutes of the Fifth Session, Opium Committee, League of Nations, page 139, state that the average consumption of opium in this possession is 2266 grains per head.

For Netherlands East Indies (Dutch Possession) the *Statesman's Year Book* for 1923, p. 1171, shows that the estimated receipts from opium for 1923 are placed at 46,546,600 guilders, which is approximately 11 per cent of the total revenue of this possession.

There are a number of other possessions of European powers whose official documents show an opium revenue of from 25 to 60 per cent, but those from which we have quoted will serve to prove the contention.

It seems strange, does it not, that the European powers and Japan have stringent anti-narcotic laws to protect their own people, as have the self-governing dominions of the British Empire, but in the Far Eastern colonies and possessions of European powers the lid is off? As already explained, the United States has

clean hands in this matter. It refused to raise revenue out of opium in the Philippines and it protects its people there against the curse even more stringently than it does in the forty-eight states of the Union. To quote Bishop Brent from an address before the Opium Committee of the League of Nations in May, 1925:

"The earliest and greatest mandate we strong nations can assume, without which all other mandates will be ineffective, is the moral mandate by which we honestly protect the higher welfare of weak or small nations by demanding for, rather than conceding to, them the same safeguards and privileges that we demand for ourselves."

"Give us this day our daily bread interpreted for other nationals than our own can not read Give them this day their daily opium."

Another phase of the economic question to be faced is in Persia and in Turkey, where the highest grade poppy for drug manufacturers is best grown. Peasants and merchants make a good living out of the cultivation of the poppy, for which excellent prices are obtained from drugs marketed in the United States, Switzerland, Germany, and other countries. If this cultivation is suddenly unreasonably curtailed, what crop is to be substituted? Turkey and Persia have little share in the silk industry. Yet experiments have shown that the silk worm could flourish there. It is possible that the silk industry could take the place of a restricted cultivation of the poppy. Anyhow, this question will have to be taken under consideration if America's program is to gain headway.

China offers still another problem. According to information obtained by the China Society of America and furnished for this article through the courtesy of Professor Robert McElroy of Princeton University, Managing Director of the Society in New York, the situation in China is as follows:

"Increasing seizures of opium by Customs officials show that poppy culti-

vation is very profitable and that the area of planting has increased. This in spite of the fact that the Central Government forbids poppy cultivation. However, Peking has little control over the provinces and the Tuchuns (Provincial Governors) finding that the cultivation of poppy is a fruitful source of revenue for the support of their armies, have systematically encouraged and developed production within their respective areas. In some provinces they have actually forced cultivation by penalizing the farmer who neglects to grow poppy. In addition they tax the fields and also levy a toll on opium exported from the province.

"It is difficult to estimate the extent of increased production due to taxation but in view of the above situation it is evident that this factor has had an important bearing in the expansion of poppy areas. The recrudescence of poppy cultivation has resulted in heavy smuggling operations and in spite of the fact that Indian opium is officially excluded from fifteen provinces there is reason to believe that large supplies of the drug enter China clandestinely from this source."

But alas, the responsibility for this situation rests more upon European powers, and Japan, and to some extent the United States, than upon the Chinese themselves. Here is one example: in order to prevent the Chinese from building up their own factories and industries and commerce, and to protect that vast potential market for the business of other nations, China is prohibited from raising a duty or tariff of more than 5 per cent on imports, and she is prohibited from obtaining revenue from exports, so that other countries may have her goods cheaply. This whole tariff matter was thoroughly thrashed out in the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments in 1921, resulting in certain provisions of the Nine-Power Treaty which would allow China to increase her tariff revenue from 5 to 7½ per cent. This treaty

urther provided that within three months after the final ratification of the treaty an international commission of experts would be appointed to go to China to aid in re-organizing her tariff and revenue system. But this Nine-power Treaty signed in Washington has not been put into effect owing to the fact that France has not yet ratified the treaty.

However, China will not necessarily be a stumbling block in the principle of "limiting production of opium and other narcotic drugs to the strictly medicinal and scientific needs of the world," because it will be the policy of the American delegation to settle this matter regardless of China, or rather, to treat China as a separate entity.

And so it is a hard task that America has envisaged. But there is this much to be said about it. For the first time an American delegation goes into an

international conference backed by the legislative and executive departments of the government and with the cards all on the table. This statement applies to the participation of the United States in the opium discussions of the League of Nations in May and September of 1923, when the American program was accepted. But it applies still more to our participation in the two international opium conferences to be held in November, an act of Congress having authorized our delegates to take part, the same act unmistakably exposing America's terms in the conference.

America is watching, and therefore it is hardly an exaggeration to state that, upon the degree of success or failure of inducing the other nations to co-operate in this humanitarian undertaking, depends largely the future extent of America's participation in similar undertakings affecting the whole world.

TO THE GHOST OF JOHN MILTON

BY CARL SANDBURG

IF I should pamphleteer twenty years against royalists,
With rewards offered for my capture dead or alive,
And jails and scaffolds always near,

And then my wife should die and three ignorant daughters
Should talk about their father as a joke, and steal the
Earnings of books, and the poorhouse always reaching for me,

If I then lost my eyes and the world was all dark and I
Sat with only memories and talk—

I would write "Paradise Lost," I would marry a second wife
And on her dying I would marry a third pair of eyes to
Serve my blind eyes, I would write "Paradise Regained," I
Would write wild, foggy, smoky, wordy books—

I would sit by the fire and dream of hell and heaven,
Idiots and kings, women my eyes could never look on again,
And God Himself and the rebels God threw into hell.

A GREAT CLUB WOMAN

A Story

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

MRS. AUSTIN TAYLOR was concluding her speech before the district meeting of Federated Clubs. The beads on her new dark-blue georgette dress rose and fell a little more quickly over her ample bosom in this last moment of inspiration, and the trite words came freshly from her thought.

"And I feel, as I look over this splendid audience to-night, that we women are true guardians, divinely appointed perhaps, who will forever be faithful to our double trust: guarding the body of society which is the community and its soul which is the home."

She meant it deeply. She seemed to see a thousand grave and intelligent women turning from their kitchens and bed-sides to the meetings of city councils and competently turning back again. Her heart was warm and sweet as she looked over the faces of the seven hundred women in the hotel ballroom. They were tired faces of maturity, most of them, out of which the self-consciousness of sex had gone. They wore blunt hats and dark, serviceable, "best" dresses, and powdered badly or not at all. Faces in repose, not all happy, not all fine or noble, but at the moment all touched with the lift toward thought which blended them for a minute. Mrs. Taylor knew them. For fifteen years she had been through club exploits and battles with their cruelties and braveries. She knew how to parry a blow and how to be politic in the midst of suspicion or anger. But as she looked at her audience to-night she felt only its group-nobility.

They stood to sing the Star Spangled Banner in conclusion, their untrained

voices sinking and rising with great enjoyment, and they gave the song a certain intelligent savor in spite of their flat and dragging notes. Then the aisles were quickly blocked with groups of women as they left their seats, discussing and commenting and praising the success of the district meeting. Mrs. Taylor stepped down from the platform to mingle with the women. She had just been made president of the District Federation and her responsibility was sitting heavily upon her.

Coffee was to be served in the lounge of the hotel. The women all went downstairs from the auditorium, the country women admiring the magnificence of the hotel and enjoying silently their participation in it, hugging it to them to be enjoyed more fully when they were home again. Waiters dashed to and fro with plates of cakes and trays of coffee and the noise became immense and yet subdued, for there was no hint of riotousness.

That was what bewildered a few exquisitely dressed girls and their escorts who had dropped in at the "Palace" to have a few dances and see who was there. At half past ten the usual crowd was beginning to drift in for dancing in the "Palace" lounge. The girls stood in the doorway, surveying the uncustomary crowd with mingled disgust and amusement.

"What's this circus anyway?"

"Ladies' Clubs Convention," grinned the waiter as if he too were able to find something funny in the scene.

"They certainly look like club women," said one girl to her escort, inviting him to observe the full contrast of her beauty against these elder non-brilliant women.

"Aren't they ghastly? I think club women are terrible and it's a bit thick when they monopolize the 'Palace.' Let's go somewhere else, for Heaven's sake, before these old hags give me melancholia."

They drifted away and Mrs. Austin Taylor, seeing them go, noted them in her mind, thinking, "I wonder if we couldn't get a junior auxiliary for that kind of girl. They have so little opportunity. Nothing is offered them except amusement. I must take that up with my board. Maybe Janice could help."

But at the thought of Janice, her daughter, Mrs. Taylor hesitated. Janice didn't like club work.

Some one bustled up with congratulations, some one else offered a project for consideration. A plain, shabby woman with a splendidly experienced face under her old-time sailor hat came up to tell of some work she was trying to do among farm girls in her part of the state. She wanted Mrs. Taylor to come and talk to them.

"They need inspiration," she said, "some of them are farm girls who want to get away from home, and some have been away and want to go again. The cheapest habits of the city and a piece of silk underwear are all that they bring back when they do go. If you could talk to them—I'm not a good talker myself."

It was sweet to be the center of it all. The pleasant expansiveness of generous response fairly shone from the district president's face. Women asked her advice and her help and praised her speech. The compliments even grew a little stale, as if each one had been heard too often, and unconsciously Mrs. Taylor listened for the new phrase, the new form of laudation. An old lady coming up to shake her hand nodded at her sagely.

"I've been a club woman for thirty years," she said, "I belonged to Sorosis years and years ago. I've joined nearly a hundred clubs in my day! I'm a great club woman and I'm proud of it."

"We'd all be proud if we could be

great club women," answered Mrs. Taylor, putting fresh meaning into the commonplace swing of the words and smiling at the vigorous old lady who held her hand so tightly in her two thin blue-veined ones.

"You keep right on, my dear—you're on the right track," the old lady concluded and went off, cackling a little in her delight at having a hand in king-making. Presidents had come and gone in many clubs to which she had belonged, and she had greeted them on many a fine occasion.

Suddenly Mrs. Taylor looked at the old lady, the professional club woman, in somewhat the manner that the debutantes had looked at her. She didn't want to grow like that and she resented the presence of a person who caricatured the business of being a club woman, one to whom mere membership in clubs was in itself sufficient. Perhaps something like resentment had been back of the thought of the girls in the hotel who had felt that all these women caricatured feminine beauty and love and desire and all the delight of being a woman. As they had turned away, so Mrs. Taylor turned from the old club woman to her own group of efficient friends.

It was late that night when she went home. The Taylor family had no car, though Janice seldom went out except in one. They lived in a comfortable house, for Mrs. Taylor through all her activities maintained the machinery of her home and kept it running. She was glad to get home to-night. Tied up in a bundle in her mind were all sorts of things to think about and she wanted the privacy and safety of her own home and room so that she could think of them. Downstairs was darkened. A light in the hall still burned dimly—left for her. Janice, she supposed, was out, and Mr. Taylor no doubt had gone already to his room with his papers and his dyspepsia. It was part of Mrs. Taylor's creed that her husband should not be disturbed by her comings and goings.

She pulled the chain of the hall light

and looked at herself in the mirror as the light grew stronger. It was a competent face—she liked it and found it good to look at, was a little vain of its reflected sanity and wisdom. Then into the midst of her complacency she heard the faintest sound, a sound which she could not place at first. Not a creak or a flapping shutter, not her husband's familiar dull snore, surely not a mouse. It was so far from her imaginings that she had to listen again before it was defined to her hearing. It was a thick sob, sounding like one of many sobs, a tired sound as if the person had wept a long while after suppressing grief. It came from Janice's room. Mrs. Taylor went softly up the stairs and opened her daughter's door.

Janice's room was like Janice. If Janice had been born a decade before she would have had dotted muslin and a draped dressing table and photographs round her mirror and a bird's-eye maple "set." In her own generation she had, of course, painted furniture with a narrow bed-couch, covered with a taffeta spread bordered with an artificial ruffle and headed by a stiff bustlelike bolster. Pale green taffeta and tiny gold wreaths on the furniture marked the highly developed and sophisticated simplicity of her generation. Her dressing table had no host of photographs. Out of a hammered-silver frame a young man gazed with shadowed eyes at another young man with shadowed eyes on the other side. In between the gentlemen lay a tangle of brushes and mirrors and little boxes, each one expensive and charming.

Mrs. Taylor noticed none of this. Her eyes had gone straight to her daughter who sat at the absurd spinet-desk of enameled green, with her head on her arm, sobbing so desolately that even the opening of the door did not disturb her.

"What's the matter, Janice?"

Janice sprang up and turned. Her face was swollen and it was so unlike her that it startled Mrs. Taylor. Janice

never let herself look ugly. For that matter she never wept. That was what was so strange about this. Janice didn't weep for small things, for any things that her mother knew about.

"What's the matter, angel?"

It was an old fond name that Mrs. Taylor had used to use—and it somehow came unconsciously to her lips now. Janice's face was hostile. She started to refuse, to deny, and failed.

"Nothing—nothing," and suddenly she was sobbing again in the strange wild way.

Mrs. Taylor drew her daughter down beside her on the green-taffeta couch. She took up an absurd amount of it herself, and Janice half struggled away.

"Are you ill?"

But Janice sobbed again.

"Some trouble with the girls—some man?"

Janice's head was bent. Her thick, fine, honey-colored hair sprang away from the matched waves of the hair-dresser. At the nape of her neck it lay soft in the little hollow. Janice didn't let them clip it there, thought Mrs. Taylor irrelevantly, and it was much prettier so. How thin the child was!

"Can't you tell me?"

"You wouldn't want me to tell you. You'll never know," threatened Janice.

"Nonsense. Of course I must know what's troubling you like this. I don't want to force your confidence, angel—"

That had always been the theory. They had been close but Janice had been taught as much as was possible of life, shown good ideals, and trained to stand on her feet. Her confidence was not pried open.

"I want Janice to stand alone," Mrs. Taylor often said, and minded of that now, she went on.

"But I think it will do you good to tell me. There is no difficulty that cannot be solved, no hurt that remains very long. The sting goes out of everything after a few days, Janice. This is doubtless only a trifle."

Janice rubbed her face with a square



Drawn by Frances Rogers

JANICE SAT AT THE SPINET-DESK, SOBBING DESOLATELY

of orange linen which matched her one-piece dress.

"Trifle?" she said, "I suppose so. I'm just sort of up against it. I'll double and turn and get out. A girl's a damned fool to let herself in for anything—"

"Don't swear, Janice."

Janice shrugged.

"And tell me about it."

"It's a baby," said Janice, defiantly. "Is that a trifle? I don't know."

Something in Mrs. Taylor shrank and cowered and refused to listen, denied and hated what she heard. But she heard her voice go on as she had trained it to go during club meetings when there was dissension around her and she wished to calm it.

"I think you had better explain yourself a little further."

"There's no further. It's just that I'm going to have a baby. That is, I won't have it, of course. But it's too hideous—the whole business."

"But Janice—you know about such things. It wasn't surely—"

"Of course I knew. I . . . mother, you just don't know what girls get away with nowadays. There's nothing I don't know. It's such a mess. I'm no ingénue. But I don't know how to get out of it. Can you help me?"

Mrs. Taylor looked at her daughter. The swelling was almost gone from her face. Her lips had their usual contour, full and charming. She looked like a study of innocence. No ingénue, she said.

"Is it some one you're going to marry?" She hated to begin like that, for she had often urged that the regeneration of girls themselves was the solution of such a problem, not a forced marriage.

Janice did not answer. Her mother took her by the shoulder.

"You must tell me who it is," she said fiercely.

Janice drew away shaking her head. A color rose into her face, the blush of an ashamed embarrassed girl.

"I couldn't tell you that. I'm not the sort to talk over things like that."

"But you must."

Janice was silent with a stiff, frightening silence. She was silent against entreaties. Talk she would about some things but not about others, judging what was decent by a code of her own. Then suddenly she seemed to remember.

"This was the night of your big shebang, wasn't it, mother? I'm horribly sorry. What a thing to come home to! Don't you worry about this. It's strictly my business. I can look after it all right." She nodded sagely and never had she looked so young or so pathetic as in that moment of threatening to search into ugly mysteries. "You go to bed, mother, and forget about me."

"Janice—why did you—"

"Don't worry, mother. I'll fix it up somehow. Girls aren't what they used to be."

But Mrs. Taylor had heard enough. She closed Janice's door between them in a kind of panic. To her this cool, terrible talk from a child was like listening to blasphemy. She sought her own room and somehow undressed and lay in bed, hearing only the gentle snore of her husband. What would he think? Would he blame it on her? She felt responsible to her husband for the first time in fifteen years, with a responsibility tinged with fear of condemnation. He was very good to her and proud of her and gently adequate to their needs, but how would he face this? Was it her fault? Janice knew everything and admitted that this was trouble of her own making. It was not neglect. Mrs. Taylor's whole mind rose up to deny that she had ever neglected her daughter. She had made a study of her, rather—first the child-study classes, then the adolescent girl—her thoughts failed and then staggered on. This business would have to be suppressed. It would ruin her in club work if anyone ever knew. No one must know. Janice would see to that. She could rely on Janice. She could rely on Janice—once more she saw Janice standing in her pale-green room with her bold ugly words and her pale frightened face—it had been pale and frightened—and her courage!

Janice slipped back into short skirts, into child clothes—into baby dresses. That lovely baby to come to this—her beautiful baby whom people used to point at when she met them on the street and turn to admire! Janice's baby—the child of what in the club world they called a "delinquent girl." All the terms went topsy-turvy. Janice wasn't delinquent. Janice was ignorant, disclaim her ignorance as she might. Ignorant of the claims of society, the penances of society, the beauty of the things she was destroying. She was helpless in ignorance.

Mrs. Taylor rose from the bed, an awkward ghost in her thick muslin nightgown, and went back to the room where Janice lay with her arms behind her head. She sat down, crumpling the sheet in her hands.

"Were you fond of him, Janice?" she asked.

"I still am—terribly. He doesn't know anything about this. He just isn't here."

"Don't you want to send for him?"

"I can't. It's a mixup. Don't worry, mother. I was an awful fool to tell you."

"You must have the baby, dear," Mrs. Taylor told her gently.

The moon came in on Janice's face. She didn't stir or look at her mother.

"Funny," she answered quietly, "do you know I was just thinking about that, and that it would be a pity—"

"Hush," said her mother, "I'll be right with you."

The newspapers said simply that owing to the resignation of Mrs. Austin Taylor, Mrs. John Newton, the vice-president of the District Federation, would automatically succeed to the presidency. That was all that was printed. But everybody knew. One mouth gave the facts to the next and the word went around, an embroidered word. There were those who said caustically that Mrs. Taylor would have done better to do less club work and take better care of her own home; and some of these were women who only a month ago had urged her perfect home life as one of Mrs.

Taylor's greatest claims to distinction. There were those who were horrified and those who smiled a little, those who were deeply sorry and those who hinted that they had known all about it months ago. Many women were ready to call it a public scandal, and they all wondered and whispered and guessed at the unknown identity of the man. It was, of course, a savory morsel of news. Girls who get into moral difficulties were not rare, but those of a certain status in society are not infrequently shielded from public notice.

Various people suggested to Mrs. Taylor that this was quite possible. Mrs. Taylor, who had aged and thickened in four months, seemed impervious to suggestion. Even those women who had been close to her could not reach her. Mrs. Otterson, who had been chairman of the civic committee and who was fond of Mrs. Taylor, went straight to her. She found Mrs. Taylor sitting on the side porch of her house. The shadows were deep because of the woodbine lattice. It was a comfortable, untragic scene and Mrs. Otterson, who had keyed herself up to coming, felt relaxed. Mrs. Taylor plunged into discussion.

She was clearly hungry for news of the club activities. More than once she bit her lips, refraining from giving advice or suggestion which was not her right to give.

"We do need you," said Mrs. Otterson.

"I doubt it," replied Mrs. Taylor; "it's all going on well enough without me, Ella. That's clear enough. I'm glad it is. I'm lonesome for the work—but it doesn't need me."

"Couldn't—possibly—couldn't Janice go away for a year or so to some place where she would get well quickly?" asked Mrs. Otterson.

"She's better off here, Ella. You know what's wrong with Janice. Don't beat about the bush."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure." Mrs. Taylor sighed. "She's learning a great deal now and before she's through she'll see why things

are as they are—why society makes it uncomfortable for such cases and why it is better to conform. But that's the least of it. If she has her baby and loves it all the rules will be clear. More than the rules—the reasons. I don't want my daughter to be an outlaw, Ella. I've been telling about communities and homes for years. I don't want Janice barred just now—chased away."

"It is a very expensive object lesson," the other woman said dryly. "It takes you away from the work you are needed in and makes a recluse of you—all for a spoiled girl—"

The spoiled girl, the "delinquent," came round the corner of the porch. She carried a great bundle of cinnamon phlox against a white dress and her face was the face that masters love to paint.

The mailman was coming up the walk and she was watching him with curious held-in impatience. He did not turn in at the Taylor walk and the girl straightened almost imperceptibly as if meeting a daily blow.

"I suppose you wouldn't tell me who it is," asked Ella Otterson.

Mrs. Taylor shook her head.

"I don't know. That's one of the things that Janice doesn't want to tell. And her father feels as I do that it would be wrong to try to force her. We never have forced Janice's confidence," she added with a trace of her old pedantry.

Mrs. Otterson rose to go, nodding at Janice who was already out of earshot. "Well, dear, I'm terribly sorry. I just hate to see you wasted. Under the circumstances, with women what they are, of course you had to resign—but it's dreadful."

"Not dreadful at all. I miss the women terribly. I like to work with women. Yet after all, Ella, there's a good deal in understanding women. Janice is the girl who is going to make the generation after ours. You feel advanced when you begin to understand about her. I'm learning lots of things. About the—silk-underwear and shingled-hair points of view. I can't understand

that generation from the standpoint of high-necked muslin nightgowns. But I'm learning."

The visiting club woman went down the steps a little bewildered, and when she was out of sight Janice sauntered into view again, her eyes sharpened to hardness.

"Did she crucify you?" she asked.

"Why should she?"

"Oh, it is rotten," burst out Janice; "you liked your old clubs so and now the harpies camp on your trail and knife you because of me. I'm not your fault. I think I'll run away."

"You promised you wouldn't," answered her mother smoothly, "you said you'd stick it through and stay here with me. If you don't believe it's disgrace—and you say you don't—why run away?"

"It's not disgrace," said Janice, "it's strictly my own business, that's what it is."

"In that case, don't run away."

They had been over the same ground interminably in the last few months. The defiance which marked Janice now was an outgrowth of her loneliness and her mother knew it. But that she defied instead of sobbed showed strength which Mrs. Taylor welcomed and was proud of even as she pitied.

Mrs. Taylor was defiant too. This story was an old one to an experienced woman in civic and social work. She knew the rules and the arguments, the things one should try to impress on girls whom you wished to make over into useful members of society. But now, in the midst of the emotions which interfered with theories, she had to make new principles—build them out of living pity and fear and conscience.

The newspapers hurt. It was like living outside the world and getting news of it. The Federated Clubs were always active in this work and that—holding meetings, listening to talks, advocating civic reform. It was ironical that these were the six months during which the city should have been agitated by the

need for a new home for girls too young to enter the state reformatory. Mrs. Taylor had read a paper on that need not long ago. Now she sat at home and read the birth announcements in the papers, and envied young girls walking up and down with baby carriages, and went over the old ground again and again as to whether there were any justice in the terrific penalties put on girls who overstepped the rules. In the background was her husband. He had retreated into a philosophy which kept him safe. To his daughter he was uniformly kind and considerate. It struck Mrs. Taylor once that his attitude toward Janice was much as his attitude toward her club work had been. He gave her plenty of room and kept out of the way. Yet she noticed now and then that he would sit for a long time lapsed in thought and his face would be both wise and weary.

It rained on the night Janice's child was born—fierce, cold, winter rain. Outside the house sheets of water struck against the windows constantly, angrily. But within no one paid any attention. It occurred once or twice to Mrs. Taylor in the midst of her vigil that she had been a stupid woman. How much time she had spent in worry in the last months over non-essentials. The only thing that mattered was the lives upstairs. Janice had known that all along. Janice was right. New life was bigger than any argument about its legality. There had been times in the past months when secretly she had felt that if by some chance the child did not live it would be easier for Janice to come back. Another city and a year or two in some university would make Janice forget. But now, in the midst of the driving rain outside and the driving pain within, Mrs. Taylor had no time for such meditations. The baby was tremendously important, as important as Janice. When she and her husband finally sat down to a cup of coffee in the kitchen, with the house stilled upstairs, they looked at each other in happy and vast relief.

"We must do the best we can for Janice now, Austin. She's going to need a lot of help. Oh, isn't it too bad she hasn't anyone but us just now when she has a right to have a husband; we must make it up to her."

"There is such a thing as a law of compensation," answered her husband, "I don't know whether you have ever heard much about it, my dear, but it means among other things that a person can build up compensation within himself for what he loses. I've found it so. So far, Janice hasn't failed herself."

Six days later Janice turned on her pillows and called her mother. The nurse had gone out and Mrs. Taylor was sitting by the window sewing.

"Listen, mother," she said calmly, "I guess you'd better write Alec. It's been rather rotten to keep all this from him. He certainly ought to have a chance to see his baby."

"Alec?"

"He's her father—Alec Blackmorr."

Mrs. Taylor let her work fall in her lap. She had never thought of Alec Blackmorr when she had let her mind dwell on the possible man. That shy, sweet-faced boy of twenty-one or so, with the vast fortune and the dominant mother.

"You see, he didn't know anything about it. He's so rich I couldn't go after him, could I? Besides, that wasn't the idea. We were just crazy about each other. And then we had a fight. But I've been thinking he might like to see her. You can write him. But you must not beg him to come. He's been abroad all summer but I saw in the paper that they've landed in New York."

Mrs. Taylor began twelve letters. There was a condemnatory letter, a pathetic letter, a cruel letter, a letter which dwelt on responsibilities to society, and others. Finally, with a wastebasket full, she wrote the one she mailed. It was only seven lines long and it said exactly what Janice had wanted her to say: "You must only come if you want to come. She asks nothing from you and

only offers you a chance which she feels it is wrong to deny you."

When she had mailed it she wondered what some of her club friends would have said if they had seen that letter which transcended all the rules and all the restrictions and commands of society and went back simply to personal feeling, refusing to build on anything else. She felt very free and very independent all that day and the next, and then, when there was no telegram, no message, and she knew her letter must have reached New York, bitterness began to grow in her.

"Did you hear from him?" asked Janice.

"Not yet, dear."

"Oh, how stupid of him," said Janice slowly. And then—"Mother, you've been wonderful not to preach at me these last months. I think I'd have gone crazy if you had." The weariness showed now in her lovely face. "It's better to stick by the rules. I've never been much on this civic stuff, but I know that you couldn't have a lot of people like me around. You can't play it alone. If it hadn't been for you I couldn't have got through, you know, and when I think of the girls who haven't any support it makes me sick."

"Don't excite yourself, angel."

"I'm not. I'm just sorry—not particularly for myself. I'll get on all right. But for the baby and you—and father."

She turned away with a weariness which frightened her mother. One white hand lay very limp on the bed cover. All the sophistication which had trimmed her manner had been ripped off. She was only a tired, abandoned girl. And though the things she had said would have pleased her mother in their thought, Mrs. Taylor did not think of the vindication of society coming from the young scoffer. She only thought, rather horribly, that Janice might die and that she must be roused somehow to interest in living. She pushed the bassinet close to the bed and went downstairs to telephone the doctor.

It was at that moment that a pale young man who had forgotten to pay for his taxi came up the steps of the Taylor house and rang the bell as he reached the top step. When Mrs. Taylor let him in he stood looking at her wildly for a minute and fumbled among words that refused to come.

"I didn't know," he broke out, "I thought she hated me. I've been desperate for her and keeping away."

"She's upstairs," said Mrs. Taylor briefly, "go up alone."

But she herself turned blindly away and wept, alone in her living-room. The path was clear now. There was no mistaking the feeling of that young man. And the wheels of the world would be oiled with the Blackmorr money. In a month it would be recounted as a society escapade and, after the young people had gone away for a year or two, it would be forgotten. Janice was safe enough.

She went to the door of her daughter's room and saw what had been lacking to the last few weeks, the man in her room who belonged there, and the ecstatic rhapsody in which they were forgetting parents and society.

Mrs. Taylor was right. They chose Europe for a year. When Janice sailed from New York and stood on the upper deck waving to her mother, she was dressed more beautifully than ever before and looked so radiant that people left off gazing at their own friends and watched Janice with her husband on one side and on the other a nurse who held the baby for a last glimpse of the grandmother. Janice had not forgotten. She was cool and imperturbable in her usual way, but Mrs. Taylor remembered what she had said as she kissed her good-by. "It's turned out all right for me but it's put an awful crimp in you, mother. I'm not going to forget that, or that it might not have turned out for me any better than for a lot of others."

The shadow of the "others" so close in her danger would always be in the back of Janice's mind, directing her thought, playing guard to escapade. As

for Mrs. Taylor, she knew well enough that if it had been a rascal or a poor young man or a married man, the conclusion would have been vastly different. It was that conclusion she was trying to figure out in her own mind and whose difficulties she kept trying to solve.

When she came back from that New York trip she looked at herself in the hall mirror as she had done on the night when she came home from the Federated Club meeting after having been made president. That was only fifteen months ago. The face that had reflected sanity and wisdom then was different now. Doubt was hammered into it. The eyes were quicker and the face sagged from the mouth. Under her neat blunt hat, a club-woman's hat, her hair was quite gray.

Mrs. Otterson came to see her a few weeks later.

"I do hope now that Janice is in Europe you'll be able to get back into club work," she said as she rocked. "They certainly need you. The organization is simply going to pieces. It needs you pretty badly. I think that if you'll run for district president there wouldn't be a bit of opposition."

"After all this, Ella?"

"Well, this turned out pretty well," said Mrs. Otterson, and Mrs. Taylor could hear the echoes of a thousand opinions in composite. "Janice was a foolish child, but girls aren't what they used to be. You straightened her out and it's to your credit. Besides, of course, she's done very well."

"She did very well—yes," answered Mrs. Taylor. "Especially before her marriage."

"And it's nice for you to have her so well settled," went on Mrs. Otterson. "You ought to be able to get Mrs. Blackmorr interested in club work. Some one said the other day that she might lease that old office building of hers to us for a woman's club. What do you think?"

"Let them ask her."

Mrs. Otterson dropped that.

"I'd like to tell them, just informally, that you'll run for president. The district needs to be put on its feet. If you do your best with your possibilities, we might have a state president from here soon. It's about time one came from this part of the state."

Mrs. Taylor shook her head. She had a vision of herself as district president, state president. But it had no appeal. The old enthusiasm, the old desire to lead had been somehow shaken out of her. There had been in her too poignant a struggle for her to regain the calm and detachment of leadership. She was trained to comradeship in trouble.

"It will never be me, Ella."

"You're not going to give up your work, are you, Mary?"

"I'm not sure what my work is," said Mrs. Taylor.

"Well, you mustn't get bitter. Doubtless some people were nasty, but that's the way the world is, Mary."

Mrs. Taylor nodded quietly. But she was obdurate. No hint would she give that she would ever consider high club office. When her visitor had gone she sat looking peacefully after her, wondering at her own stoppage. She held no bitterness or resentment. But the thing didn't call her. To form women into little bands, to talk to them about theories of home life and community life didn't seem vital any more.

The postman came up the steps with a couple of letters. One was from Janice—a letter of short, smart phrases, full of the excitements she was having, the fun, the observation of people. Janice was rebuilt, thought Mrs. Taylor, and built on rock this time.

She opened the other letter. It was on blue-lined paper and the signature remained unfamiliar until after she had read it twice. Then she had memory of a woman with a splendid face under an old blue sailor hat, talking to her in the Palace Hotel about her work with country girls. Evidently this woman had not heard the gossip about the Taylor family, for she wrote freely:

"I have formed a club now and girls come to it from all over the district. They are not school girls and some of them are pretty hard. They have sometimes had experiences which make them so, though I always hate to call such girls wayward or delinquent. I wish you would come and talk to them. These girls need to be invigorated, shown how to be women by some one who they will feel not is trying to reform them. I know how busy you must be and that

you are not district president any longer, but if you could come—make them feel the dignity of being women and the need of some social responsibility—as you made me feel it once."

The light was in Mrs. Taylor's eyes again. She went into the house and almost unconsciously to her desk, one side of which was still piled with neatly folded club folders, and drew toward her a sheet of note paper.

"I shall be glad to come—" she wrote.

FRUIT OF THE FLOWER

BY COUNTÉE P. CULLEN

MY father is a quiet man
With sober, steady ways;
For simile, a folded fan;
His nights are like his days.

My mother's life is puritan,
No hint of cavalier,
A pool so calm you're sure it can
Have little depth to fear.

And yet my father's eyes can boast
How full his life has been;
There haunts them yet the languid ghost
Of some still sacred sin.

And though my mother chants of God
And of the mystic river,
I've seen a bit of checkered sod
Set all her flesh aquiver.

Why should he deem it pure mischance
A son of his is fain
To do a naked tribal dance
Each time he hears the rain?

Why should she think it devil's art
That all my songs should be
Of love and lovers, broken heart,
And wild sweet agony?

Who plants a seed begets a bud
Extract of that same root;
Why marvel at the hectic blood
That flushes this wild fruit?

THE PRESIDENTS WE DESERVE

BY ELMER DAVIS

WHENEVER somebody more than usually atrocious is elected to high public office, we serious thinkers are apt to console ourselves with the reflection that under a democratic system a people gets the government it deserves. It is time to get rid of this facile optimism. In a few days some twenty-five or fifty million of us will go to the polls and express our choice between Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Davis, and Mr. La Follette. It is not the contention of this article that any one of these three gentlemen is a superman. None of them incites comparison with Washington, Napoleon, or St. Augustine. Nevertheless, whichever one of the three is elected will be a better President than the American people deserve, or would have acquired by their own efforts. In fact, of the seven Presidents of the past generation not more than one or two have been as bad as we deserved.

Voluntas populi suprema lex. The will of the people in public affairs is generally to let somebody else do it. If George does it I retain the privilege of criticism and can complain bitterly about the mess George has made of it, but if I do it I shall not only have to postpone the cultivation of my own interests and devote valuable time and attention to the public welfare, but shall be deprived of my sacred right to abuse the conduct of the government. The electoral-college provision of the constitution doubtless has its origin in distrust of the popular intelligence, but it could have been supported far more soundly by the argument of public indifference. The electoral college amounts to nothing because of the unexpected rise of the party system, but

there is substantially an operating electoral-college system in the nominating conventions which pick the candidates among whom the voters must choose.

The chief difference lies in the fact that our nominating colleges, instead of being composed of the wisest citizens, as the Founding Fathers expected, are composed mainly of those who want the job badly enough to work for it and to spend their own money on railroad fare and hotel bills. This might have been foreseen by the Constitutional Convention if its members had gone behind the returns in the history of past republics, and had given less attention to the machinery of government and more to how it was worked. Every form of government in every country has been run by the people who wanted to govern, who wanted it badly enough to spend all their efforts toward that end. Anybody who cares enough about politics to give it the greater part of his attention can achieve a considerable participation in the business of government, even if he attains only a nuisance value. The once prevalent doctrine that practical politics requires a certain astuteness can hardly survive a contemplation of the men who are at present engaged in practical politics in the United States. The average politician is even more incompetent than the average golfer, but he has the advantage of practicing an art in which the factor of luck is considerably larger, and he has a better alibi for his score.

It can hardly be denied that in the United States to-day there are twenty first-rate minds in the profession of engineering, say, for every one in the

profession of politics. Henry Cabot Lodge is considerably more astute than the average politician; and, in his own autobiography, with admirable frankness he has preserved Henry Adams's approval of young Lodge's intention of entering the profession of literature, which, said Adams, offered more opportunity than almost any other to a man of moderate attainments. But it didn't take Lodge long to discover that politics, even more than letters, was the happy hunting ground of mediocrity which in that field would stand out like genius itself.

It was not always so, of course. The reasons for the decline in the average, if not the modal, intelligence of our public men have been much debated, and not very conclusively. The fact, however, is obvious to anybody who knows any large number of politicians or who even reads much about them. The great intelligent electorate leaves the selection of its rulers to men who are interested in politics, and politics has generally ceased to interest first-rate men. The direct primary has only confirmed the restriction of public life to men who are willing to spend their own time and their own money in seeking office, for themselves or others. It gives us all a chance to take part in the selection of our rulers, and in nine primaries out of ten nobody votes except people whose direct and immediate personal interests are connected not only with voting but with being seen voting right.

Ex nihilo nihil fit. The general run of the men who manage the parties and select the candidates being inferior, their ideas are inferior, and they naturally incline to prefer inferiority in others because that is all they can understand. And here is the genesis of that synthetic monster which overshadows American politics—the Available Man. Availability as the average politician understands it is a purely negative thing because the average politician is so nearly negative. The Avail-

able Candidate is one who has no enemies, against whom nothing can be said, to whom nothing need be forgiven because he has done nothing. The idea of nominating a man to whom much may be forgiven because he hath done much is incomprehensible to politicians whose own characters are so feeble, whose own records of achievement are so blank that they have nothing positive to offset anything which might be charged against them. You don't get grapes from thorns, figs from thistles, or great nominees from petty nominators.

No doubt this is very deplorable, but the unpolitical citizen who fumes about it ought to search his own heart and recall if, at the last election, he didn't vote for A because his opponent X was a Catholic (or not a Catholic, as the case may be); if he didn't prefer the negative Y to the capable B because B held unorthodox views on the liquor question; and if he didn't allow C's outspoken views in favor of (or against) the League of Nations to drive him into voting for Z, who never had views, or if he did never spoke them out, on any subject. We often have luck with our candidates, due to the operation of blind chance or an all-wise Providence, but we do get the party organizations and the nominating conventions we deserve.

Hence the Available Man. Availability, of course, as it is understood in American politics, means availability during the campaign only. It means a good candidate, not a good official. In the searchings of heart, the intriguing combinations, and the bitter quarrels that make up the operation of a truly unbossed nominating convention, about seventy-five per cent of the mental effort exerted goes to the seeking of a man who can get the requisite majority in the convention, about twenty-three per cent to the chances of the various aspirants for getting a majority in the electoral college, and not more than two

per cent at the outside to the aspirants' respective qualification for the presidency.

You would think that it would be plain enough for the understanding of even the average politician that a man who can successfully discharge the duties of the presidency is apt to be re-elected, and that it will serve even the immediate personal interests of the politician better to get a man who will have patronage at his disposal for eight years rather than four years. You would think so, but it is not. During the sixteen days of the late Democratic hostilities at Madison Square Garden several billion words were uttered, not more than a few dozen of which—outside of the nominating speeches to which nobody listened—were concerned with the capacity of the various candidates for the discharge of the duties of the office to which they all aspired. Obviously a man cannot be re-elected unless he has been elected the first time, and he can't be elected the first time until he has been nominated. So far the politician can see, and as a rule no farther.

A man who has been elected President but hasn't yet begun his term is somewhat in the position of a contender for a prize-fighting championship. To have become President is honorable and profitable; likewise to have become the logical contender, who gets his picture in the movie news reels all over the world and draws down a large sum of money, win or lose. To be a good President and to win the championship are pretty hard. Many are called but few are chosen. Nevertheless, most fighters' managers would rather have a man who can win the championship than one who merely rises high enough to fight the champion. Fighters' managers are not the most intelligent class of the body politic, yet we find plenty of candidates' managers who seem to be perfectly satisfied if their candidate is elected to office—if he becomes a contender. Whether or not he can hold

down his job is a secondary consideration, if it is considered at all.

Deplorable? Certainly. Stupid? Well, not so certainly. Politics is an uncertain game, much more uncertain than the fight-game. Politics knows all the subterfuges and irregularities of the fight-game; fixed elections are not so common as fixed fights, but they probably would be if it were as easy to throw down a candidate as to persuade a fighter to do what is known among fans as "taking the tank." For you never can tell quite what the great intelligent electorate is going to do. There is more in it for the politicians if their candidate is elected twice than if he is elected once, but there is some sense in the average politician's determination to concentrate on a man who can be elected the first time, without worrying about what happens to him afterward. Very bad Presidents have been re-elected and very good Presidents have been beaten for re-election. It is a painful thought, but true, that virtuous conduct in office arouses only moderate interest in the great intelligent electorate. The turn of the weather is apt to influence more votes in a presidential election than the record of the candidate and his competitors.

So the politician who doesn't worry about what his candidate will do in office, so long as he gets there, is not so stupid as he may seem. He takes no thought for the morrow, for he knows not what a day may bring forth. If he doesn't try very hard to give us a good President, it is because we have shown that we are not particularly eager to have good Presidents. If he concentrates on the available candidate against whom nothing can be said, he has some reason.

Yet, even so, the zeal of the average politician in his search for an irreproachable mediocrity is rather surprising. You seldom see team work between two strong men in politics. If the backer is a man of brains, the candidate is generally a stuffed shirt. If the

candidate is a man of brains he may be supported by other men of brains, but he is apt to keep them very definitely in their place, and a low place at that. The partnership of complementary talents which has been so brilliantly exemplified in the sporting world by Dempsey and Kearns, by Billy and Ma Sunday, is without parallel in politics. The nearest approach to it, and that remote enough, is perhaps the case of Ma Ferguson and her ex-governor husband. Big men like to promote the candidacy of little men because little men are easy to manage; little men prefer little men as candidates because they are incapable of understanding big men. The rule is broken only when a big man, like Cleveland, Roosevelt, or Wilson, has shown the small men that he is the party's best asset; that he can win where smaller men would lose. Until somebody has proven his vote-getting ability, the small men who do the nominating naturally seek smallness in their nominee. They concentrate on the available man.

The *locus classicus* in the study of availability is the Republican National Convention of 1920, an assemblage of politicians who had an absolutely free hand in the selection of a candidate because they were reasonably sure of being able to elect anybody. We have Mr. Harding's own word for it that he got the nomination because nobody had anything against him. There were cogent reasons for many voters to oppose Leonard Wood or Hiram Johnson, and still more cogent reasons for the then ruling oligarchy of the Republican party to dislike these more or less self-willed persons. But there was no particular reason for any voter to be dissatisfied with Mr. Harding because he was comparatively unknown outside of Ohio. His disastrous effort to carry the Indiana primaries was rightly interpreted by the party leaders; Hoosier Republicans had not voted against Harding, they had merely voted for

Wood, Johnson, and Lowden. With these three out of the way, they would all vote for Harding; and they did.

No doubt the decisive factor in bringing about Harding's nomination was the knowledge of his character which had been obtained by his colleagues in the Senate; he wouldn't have been nominated, for all that, if there had been anything against him in the political sense. But there was nothing against him except the fact, patent to anybody who studied his record and read his campaign speeches, that he was not big enough for the office. The politicians rightly judged that this was no objection at all—not only Republican politicians, but Democratic politicians who, in despair of finding any argument against him that would appeal to the voters, had recourse to a crude and stupid personal slander which did Mr. Harding far more good than harm.

In 1920, then, we got exactly the President we deserved. We deserved it because we permit nominations to be made by the sort of men who sat in that Chicago convention, and because we ratify those nominations in November. In 1920 any Republican would have beaten any Democrat. As to Mr. Harding's administration, it is sufficient to remark that his running mate and successor is asking for re-election largely on the strength of his diligence in trying to send his predecessor's friends and assistants to jail. If Harding had lived, he would probably have suffered for aspiring to a job too big for him, but the party that put him there because it knew that the job was too big for him might not have suffered even then:

Now we have a choice between three candidates, all of whom are better than we deserve. The Republican convention that met at Cleveland took Mr. Coolidge with about as much enthusiasm as it would have taken a dose of ipecac. It took him because it had to—not because we, the great intelligent electorate, constrained it to virtue, but because

Mr. Coolidge's own political insight had enabled him to identify himself with whatever assets the Republican party had left after the disaster of the previous winter. The only happy man at Cleveland was William M. Butler, and so far as could be judged from external observation he rejoiced in the maximization of his own ego rather than in the nomination of Coolidge. The convention took Coolidge because it knew that it had a fair chance to hold on to the national administration, and the accompanying emoluments and perquisites, if it nominated him—and that it had virtually no chance at all if it nominated anybody else.

Mr. Coolidge, in the opinion of this writer, is not the most brilliant representative even of the extreme conservatism with which he is identified. He has done a good deal to make conservatism ridiculous. Nevertheless he has the rare virtue of regarding money as something to be saved rather than something to be spent—not only private money but public money. That quality is badly needed in a President just now, but it hardly seems probable that we should have the wisdom to select that kind of President if left to ourselves. And certainly the sort of men who make up our nominating conventions would never of their own accord recognize an inclination to economy as a virtue at all.

Mr. John W. Davis is, or was, perhaps a more admirable type of conservative. The past tense is necessary because he has been recommending himself during the campaign as a liberal and progressive. Yet he was an afterthought, the first and spontaneous choice neither of the party nor of the delegates. With all allowance for Al Smith's brilliant record as Governor of New York and extraordinary knowledge of the business of state administration, as well as for Mr. McAdoo's talent for arousing a devotion like that given to the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, one must feel that Davis or Underwood or Glass or Walsh would be a better President than either of

them. Yet Davis and Walsh and Underwood were not seriously considered till Smith and McAdoo were out of the way, and Glass was never seriously considered at all.

Mr. La Follette certainly was the unanimous and apparently spontaneous choice of the members of the second Cleveland convention, but that convention was selected largely by La Follette himself and composed either of people who were known to be for him or of groups like the Socialist party which were known to feel that he was practically the best they could get. Mr. La Follette, like Mr. Coolidge, nominated himself; and like Mr. Coolidge he reinforced his genuine popular strength with a great deal of political skill. La Follette remembers Thurlow Weed's doctrine that the first axiom of politics is to be able to carry your own precinct. Wisconsin is always his. When things are going badly he can retire behind his intrenchments, like Ludendorff in Flanders, or Wellington at Torres Vedras, ready for an offensive when the prospect is better. And if he should by any chance be elected, it may be predicted that before his first year is out most of his supporters will feel that he is anything but the sort of President they deserve.

It is not La Follette's fault that his party is largely ragtag and bobtail; most of the talented men prefer their steady jobs with the old-established going concerns, the Democratic and Republican parties. If La Follette is elected this will be changed. King David's convention that assembled in the Cave of Adullam was also largely ragtag and bobtail. But when David got into office he set the example which most radical leaders have followed ever since, and took over as much of the conservatives' policy as seemed useful. Naturally he took over many conservatives too, since everybody loves a winner, and the lunatic fringe of Adullam presently found itself out in the cold. So would it be with La Follette. Prophecy is notoriously a gratuitous form of error, but it is no

bad guess that if La Follette were President most of the complaints against him would come from the Left Wing rather than the Right.

In the thirty years before the Harding administration we had three strong Presidents and two weak Presidents. Grover Cleveland was loved for the enemies he had made, but not by the majority of the men who nominated him three times and elected him twice. Like all politicians, they were afraid of him because he had made enemies; they nominated him because they had discovered that he could be elected. Yet he could not have been elected in 1892 if he hadn't been elected in 1884, and he couldn't have been elected in 1884 but for two or three lucky breaks.

McKinley was no brilliant President but he was good enough for the time. The McKinley administration had little to do with the wave of prosperity that came in at the end of the century, but at least it did not hinder it as a Bryan administration would have done. But McKinley was Mark Hanna's personal gift to the nation. Roosevelt was an accident to begin with and his own creation thereafter. The blameless Mr. Taft, sentenced to the White House as a sort of penal servitude, at least gave the

public an object lesson in the futility of good intentions. Those who accepted him at Roosevelt's hands would have accepted anyone else as readily. We might easily have fared worse.

As for Mr. Wilson, he owed his nomination to the accident of the two-thirds rule, his election to the accident of Republican division, and his re-election to the ineptitude of Mr. Hughes. Champ Clark was the President we deserved in 1912, and even Republicans will probably feel that the country was better off in Wilson's hands during the War years. When the great intelligent electorate is least dominated by powerful individuals, when it is most itself and its party delegates can function most in harmony with the popular thought, we get somebody like Harding or Franklin Pierce. That is the sort of President we deserve. The fact that despite the frequency of weak Presidents we have usually had the luck to have able Presidents when we needed them lends support to the view that Divine Providence gives special attention to the welfare of the American people. Some of us may feel, however, that even if we have this vast deposit of mercy subject to check, we have come dangerously near over-drawing our account.

OTHERS

BY FLORENCE KEADY

THEY are good folk to kindly know
And of them I will speak no evil,
Just as my ancestors long ago,
Would word no ill of the fay people.

But hist! bend low while the peat fire's lit—

“They know more ugliness than the Good Folks’ spite

“For O, they only need to talk a bit . . .

“And the loveliest things are in blight.”



HE WENT BY, DRIVING LIKE MAD TO THE DOCTOR'S

THE ULTIMATE FROG

A Story

BY ROY DICKINSON

The stars were out. A moonlit cedar grove moved in the light breeze. There was a whippoorwill in the meadow below the camp. Four men who should have been asleep hours ago, choked between city walls, sat instead around a wood fire near a waterfall in the Ramapo Hills, and talked. It seemed to one of the men as though he could hear Nature taking long, deep breaths. He felt close to truth there among the ferns. The talk had turned as it sometimes does to religion, and Nicoll, like all men who feel the truth and then try to explain the infinite in copy-book catchwords—the only tools we have—was a little incoherent.

After Conan Doyle had been put in his place by one of the hard-faced ones from downtown, and a jobber in radio supplies had told why he didn't go to church, Nicoll said, "Whatever it is, it's here around us. Truth is inside each of us. I can't prove it by logic but I know. God is inside all of us.

He is power, just waiting to be drawn out. There's only one mind in the universe. It's in you and it's in that waterfall and that grove in the hill. It's all the same thing. It's here now. We all go back to it some day. Sometimes I think Buddha Gautama had the right idea."

"When did *you* get religion, Nicoll?" asked Thompson the broker.

"There's a striving in us all," said Nicoll, ignoring the interruption, "and we like to kid about it. It's a hunger that we run away from to Mah Jong and bridge and the Follies—to orange juice and gin. Our little parades to church each Sunday are like the glycerine tears of a movie star. We want something real; we want to know where the blue begins, like poor little Gissing when he ran toward the dawn all hot and discouraged. We feel if we could only reach the far horizon we'd find what our souls hunger for. Yet it's a fact that every man who searches for

the ultimate is always a tragic figure. Sir Galahad searched far for the Holy Grail. The Maid of Orleans heard the voice of St. Catharine in an apple tree. It sent her on a long quest. Swedenborg talked to certain people on Christmas Eve in 1745, and a shoemaker of Goerlitz called Jacob Boehme looked into the soul of a pewter dish on a summer day in 1600. Men in all ages have groped toward the ultimate. They are driven by a hunger. You'll find this hunger all over the world now. If you'll read Ouspensky you'll find it there. It's in St. Paul, if you have a Bible.

"There's a hunger and a puzzled yearning in all of us that we can't satisfy. All over the world different people are groping in different ways and a blind desire is shaking the veins of the world like swamp fever. We're all surrounded by subdued voices and little whispers which tell us to do something, and we don't know what they are or what the something is, but it's all the same thing. The outcome is always the same when we listen to the little voices—the voices Mahomet heard and Swedenborg and Copernicus and Old Man Sanders, only Old Man Sanders lowered his range from the stars to the housetops. He tried to organize a frog quartet. Listen."

From away down the valley came that sound which Nicoll had long been hearing. It had reminded him of an old gray man and his striving for an ideal. It was the throbbing, resonant, deep-pitched cry of one who looked up from the mud toward the distant stars.

"You mean that noisy old bullfrog down in the swamp?" asked Thompson.

"I mean that voice of the silence crying aloud in the night," said Nicoll. "Let me tell you about Old Man Sanders." And save for occasional interruptions which had to do with Camels and pipe tobacco, the rest of the story is his.

I met Old Man Sanders one night out coon hunting. He was sitting on a log up back of my cabin on Malvern Brook.

I'd heard of him often and how he lived with his daughter on the very top of Hogback Mountain in an old stone house, Dutch-Colonial. Everybody wondered how they ever built it way up there.

I spoke to the old man and sat down there on the log with him. The dogs went off through the woods. It was about two in the morning—the time everything stirs in the woods and a rooster wakes up long enough to crow once and then goes back to sleep. Sanders was a fine old fellow, friendly and normal, and he knew the woods. We talked about them a minute, then I asked him how his daughter was. I'd seen him go by my house that morning at breakfast time, driving the old flivver like mad, and Doc Grimes later in the morning at the post office told me she didn't have a chance. They took her to the hospital over at the county seat and operated in a last-minute attempt to save her life. So I was almost afraid to ask him.

"She's going to come through all right," he told me. He said it with absolute certainty and I told him I was mighty glad to hear it. I asked him in a minute what time he'd 'phoned over that evening.

"I didn't 'phone," he said.

Then he looked at me a minute and I thought—well, anyway he looked a little queer as he said:

"I heard it a few minutes ago on this log and I'm sure. I sat here praying for hours and then suddenly I knew it was all right. God told me. He knows it. He knows all those things. He knows them in me. Just when I came to the end of my rope and stopped because I couldn't go any further, He started in me, and it's all right."

Then he told me some more things along the lines I mentioned before, and I had an unusual experience. I knew he knew. I knew he had what I'd been groping for. I knew he'd had a moment of vision. Something had whispered to his spirit and I had felt a touch of its



"THERE'S ANOTHER WORLD, AND SOMEBODY HAS CLOSED THE DOOR"

wings. It was weird but it was fine and I felt different somehow. We talked a little more, then he asked me to come up to see him sometime. I called the dogs then and went on. He told me before he left that he suddenly saw when he received his message, plain and clear, the whole plan of divine wisdom. He was a practical old cuss and I knew he had something.

I didn't get up to his cabin for two

weeks. Then one day I walked up. He took me in and showed me his daughter still in bed, but almost ready to get up. Doc Grimes had told me she didn't have one chance in nine hundred when they took her away.

We walked out in the shadows back of the house and I tried to get him to tell me some more about his message. But I could see he had lost it. A little remained. But just like those sudden

insights into the scheme of things you get sometimes under laughing gas, the great certainty he had was almost gone. Just as the truth fades out at the very moment of coming out of the anæsthetic, he told me he'd forgotten things that no one could remember and keep sane.

But he had kept two things. His absolute certainty that for an instant he had been one with God and all else in the world, and an intense desire to be of some service, to give something of his inner self. His close relation to God had started to fade out but he kept the knowledge that he should be the means of God's revealing something, of achieving something great and big, but he didn't know what it was or just how to go about it.

Like the Indian in his yoga I've read about, the old man had come face to face with facts no reason could ever know. He'd come out of his samadhi with his character changed, his life illumined, but he couldn't quite get back to where he'd been on the log when I first saw him. His experience checked up closely with several flashes I had had at intervals all through my own life, and I wanted to talk more about them. But he had come back to his practical relationship with the world. He was afraid of the other. Afraid he'd go too far with it. So we talked of practical things like the radio. He had listened-in the first time the night before down at Pete Lodge's house in the village. All the local stations had signed off, and then Pete, who had invited the old man in to show him the new toy, by some freak of chance picked up Chicago on a one-tube set.

Old Man Sanders was full of the wonder of it. They had picked up a male quartet out of the air. Probably four song-pluggers with patent-leather hair on the top of a Chicago office building. To him, though, those singers had some connection with the music of the spheres.

"Right through the walls their voices came, all the way from Chicago," he said.

That is how he came to get the idea that he had to make music. This sickness of heart, this desire to act as a means of revelation for something he had to get back, ever since he caught a glimpse of it out there on the log, made him want to put his vague desire into music. It was sort of pitiful, his attempts to get harmony out of a saxophone he bought from an advertisement in a farm publication. I'd often hear him when I was out with the dogs at night. I would go over and find him sitting on the same old log. He was in the presence of unforgettable things, but he couldn't attain them. He couldn't get back to the vision.

He told me one night after I had come over, attracted by the inharmonious grunts and cries of the saxophone giving out haphazard sounds under clumsy, earnest fingers. "It's no use, Mr. Nicoll, "I've been trying to find my way back, but I can't. There's another world right around me here and I can't get back in. Somebody has closed the door. But I could make it I know if I could get harmony out of this. I wander around and I try to play. But it's no use. Where have they gone—those things I saw, the friends that told me all I wanted to know?" So he gave the saxophone to Pete Lodge, who still plays it in the local band.

The speaker paused and remained for a time looking into the fire.

"Everybody has had *some* queer experience," said Thompson; "what happened to the old man then?"

Again an old bullfrog from the edge of the pond below uttered his deep-toned "Better go Round" and repeated his song three times.

When the bullfrog finished the speaker continued.

"Sometimes it's the chirp of a cricket in the wood of an old house, sometimes it's the sound of a pattering rain on the tree leaves, sometimes the song of a bullfrog that heralds to a man the con-

sciousness of the nearness of God. Everybody has some one call. The sound of a steamboat whistle at night away off, the moan of a light wind in the cedars, the bay of a distant hound, the toll of a church bell, or the night cry of a hoot owl—there is a sound for all of us.

It was two or three months after he gave away the saxophone that I saw Old Man Sanders again out on his log. I often talked about politics and the weather to him at the post office. But this night the bullfrogs were looking up from the mud of the ponds and singing to the clear, far stars.

He hungered to talk, it seems.

"It's warm here and dark to-night," he said, "and it's here I'll sit and think awhile and talk if you'll let me and not think I'm entirely queer. When it's like this and no light except the blinkin' stars, I hear them sing. It's like the voices of multitudes that won't make harmony. There's one now sings low; there's one, ye hear him way off, sings higher like. It's the voice of the world. Each singer there in the swamp is calling out to another. Like people they

are, all over the world wantin' and hungerin' for the same thing they all crave. They squat there in the muck land and they look up and outside and beyond

somewhere just past the stars they see, and they call to it. If they could just sing together now it would make a harmony, wouldn't it, Mr. Nicoll? But there they are, each in his own little mud hole, makin' each his own sound. There's no harmony. Each one sings his little chord. They can't see it's the same. They can't chime together to make God's real hymn."

"Sort of a frog quartet you'd like to start?" I asked him.

"That's it," he jumped right back at me, eager as a kid, "a quartet each singing his own part, the best he knows it. All together in harmony."

"That's a good tenor down there by the lily pond," I said.

We sat there a few minutes more in silence. He seemed to be lis-

tening to the voices all around us that kept whispering in the grass. I felt the sense of loneliness we all get at times and saw an old owl go flapping lazily over the trees near us, a dim



SOME LADIES HAD CALLED AND SHE HAD SHOWN THEM THE DOOR

form that momentarily shut off the stars.

I started as I heard the old man say, "I'll do it. It's the thing I have to hear."

I looked at his face in the dim light. He looked like a man who had set his heart on a great ideal, not like a man who was going to train animals. If I were talking to a gathering of mystics instead of a bunch of practical business morons round a camp fire, I'd tell you just what he did look like.

It was the expression of a man who has seen a thing he must do, though he die for it. It was, in a word, the look of a man who sees an ideal, who starts on the impossible quest, the far journey. We successful business men compromise with our ideals. That's why we are successful.

The man who can't compromise is doomed. He gets crucified. We know how well *we* do with far less than perfection. We'll never even try for the other. The people who do try we don't consider respectable or regular. We help crucify them. I thought these things again that night as I saw Old Man Sanders start down the slope after the first tenor for his frog quartet.

The troubadours of the meadow and pond sing the folk songs of the little people. Each is an individualist and makes vocal his longing for the places beyond this gray world. He who would blend the many voices of humanity or of nature has a mighty task.

Or as Nicoll put it, "Old Man Sanders had a hell of a time with those frogs." He caught the first tenor. A peeper this frog was. No one knows when a peeper sleeps. If you were little enough and could sneak up like a brownie, you'd see him sitting by a lily pad at the pond's shore with his throat puffed out, hitting a note as high as the highest C on a violin. This first tenor caused three nights of hard work for the old man and finally was caught and put in the little pond just back of the cabin. He

was the start of the Great Frog Quartet. The next came harder yet. Away off the old man would hear him—some old green frog by a swampy stump singing to the stars his mellow madrigal, "Getta Jug o' Rum! Getta Jug o' Rum!"

"There's my second bass now," the old man would say with his ear cocked and that eager look in his eyes, and he'd start off over bog and fen and ditch and dyke in the direction of the far voice. It was on his search for the second bass he ran foul of Mortimer Pardee, the big lawyer. Pardee has a place up the valley. This frog with the mellow bass was in the duck pond near his house. I can imagine Old Man Sanders slipping up on the singer inch by inch and Pardee watching him from the dark of his top window. When Sanders crawled under the fence, the lawyer ordered him off the place. He told me later how the old man looked up at his window, crawled along on his stomach a yard or so, and then made a leap into the mud at the edge of the pond. Pardee ran down with a shotgun and, convinced a lunatic was trying to attack his home, fired a load of bird shot at a tall figure dripping mud and running down the hill. Old Man Sanders had secured the second bass for his quartet at the expense of a load of shot whistling by his ears and the belief of a neighbor that he had been visited by a lunatic.

There was a change going on in Old Man Sanders like that in any person's soul who tries for the ultimate, who won't compromise with his ideal. He said to me soon after the shooting episode: "I'm beginning to feel that maybe the vision that come to me there on the log is the true state, and that the dream is feeding the cattle and plowing the fields and the other motions we go through to get enough to eat and wear. Out there I think is the real world. It's the one here that's the dream. Heaven is here inside me. I can hear it sing sometimes."

He must have told something like that to Pete Lodge. I saw Pete one

evening and he told me he was getting worried about the old man.

"Used to talk regular," said Pete, "but he's been gettin' wild lately. Allows he's sort of a Joan of Arc or something. He had a story in the magazine section of the *Journal* with him last night at the house. One of those picture-stories about a young musician. Took gas because he couldn't compose some sort of a symphony he felt swelling or welling or fermenting up within him, the paper said. The old man told me he knew just how this fellow felt. You know about him getting his feet all wet chasin' frogs around the swamp. It ain't right. I spoke to the doctor about it. Cracked, that's what he is. Going to make a frog quartet to give harmony at night. Doggone it, why didn't he speak to me about it? I'd 'a' taught him to play the harmonica and make all the music he wanted. But he's got his mind set on this frog thing, and ye can't get his mind off it."

For his first bass Old Man Sanders needed a green frog. On a summer night he is the singer you hear hitting about an octave below middle C. During the time he searched for him he spent some time out on his old log. He was being hounded then. Pardee and Pete Lodge and the others had compared notes and the neighbors had done the rest. The old man who had set his heart on an ideal was "cracked."

The ladies had talked it over at the Dorcas Society meeting and considered the horror of the daughter up there on Hog Back in the cabin with an insane father. Something had to be done about it. He wasn't fit to be at large or run the farm. The girl would be neglected.

I went up one night to the cabin. He was out. "Looking for a specimen," his daughter Kate told me. I asked her about it and when she found I was sympathetic she talked. Some ladies had called and she had shown them the door.

"If dad wants to get some frogs,



"YE HAD NO RIGHT TO TRESPASS, CAL"

whose business is it?" she said. "City people come up here and gather mushrooms and butterflies. Dad has a right to collect, and he's a lot more serious than they are about it. He won't quit. They'd better stop bothering him. He's getting right put out about it."

We talked for some time. She seemed to be altered. She had water colors up there and was working with them. She talked about "trying to be what she knew she had it in her to be." Unlike most of these mountain people, she seemed to have a purpose and a desire. I felt in my heart it had something to do with the old man and the log and his search for the frogs. Two new people seemed to have moved into the cabin. The change was evident everywhere.

At about nine o'clock the old man came out from the woods into the clearing. We were sitting on the porch and his two frogs were croaking, one high, one low. Once in a while they'd sing at the same time. He was excited as he called me. He had a bag in his hand. He reached in and pulled out a big green frog. "I've hunted four nights for this one," he said, and dropped it with a plunk into the little pond. Then we went back on the porch and listened.

It sounded like real music. The philosophy of song and the woods was there. There was the mysticism of creation in the harmony. The deep note of the old bull, the higher one of the green frog, and the shrill tenor of the peeper blended in a melody like an old folk song. I began to think of the "Ode to a Grecian Urn." It was the true harmony of the almost, the perfection of the nearly perfect. There was melody in the music as of a world striving to be articulate at some point beyond the light of the morning star.

"Now if I just had that pickerel frog. If we only had a second tenor here we'd have a perfect quartet," the old man said. He wasn't satisfied with the almost. I was.

Just then four men stepped up to the porch from nowhere.

"Could we speak to you a minute, Cal?" said one.

He left us and they all walked off a few steps. Their voices, low at first, rose a little, and I recognized Pete Lodge and the Constable Jeff Myers.

"Ye had no right to trespass, Cal," I heard one say.

"Well, ye better come along down for a few days," were the next words. At the flash of a pair of handcuffs something in the old man broke. The things his daughter had told him—the bird-shot, the ridicule, the queer looks of the loafers at Jackson's store—all seemed to converge in that moment on the pair of handcuffs and the man who was trying to put them on his wrists. He stepped back and reached into a farm wagon. Then, as Jeff Myers leaped after him, the old man brought a heavy wagon spoke down on his head as hard as he could hit. The man fell and rolled over on his face. The handcuffs clanged on the rock. Sanders ran across the clearing. Somebody cried, "Stop or I'll shoot." A shot rang out. The daughter screamed. The old man ran on.

Then I helped carry the other man into the house. He was limp and his head was bleeding badly. The doctor came later and ordered him to the hospital. He stayed there nine weeks with a fractured skull, and just pulled through. Of course there was a real feud from then on. The old man and his daughter disappeared. I found out later that several complaints had been lodged and the constables had gone up that night with a doctor to bring the old man down to the village for observation. The flash of the handcuffs led to the blow with the wagon spoke, and it wasn't the old man's fault the constable didn't die.

You can't almost kill a constable with impunity even up here in the mountains, and the state police went out after the old man. He took a pot shot at one of them from behind a crag and from then on he was a hunted outlaw. They surrounded him once but he slipped through the lines. No one knew the woods better

nd he managed always to keep out of
neir way.

It was several weeks later that I went
in the car to look at some hounds in a
mountain village about twelve miles
orth of here. I stayed all night with a
rapper I knew in a cabin above the
village. We were
out late, talking
ver old times.
Suddenly I heard
hem. The first
enor, the second
pass, and the first
pass. Somewhere
rom away off over
he trees along the
waterways the
hythm of their har-
mony came to me
clear as an organ
peal. Those frogs
were inspiring.
They surely were
the same ones. I
couldn't mistake
that clear first tenor
anywhere. We
walked over in their
direction, the trap-
per and I. The
nearer we came the
surer I was that
there were the
frogs of Old Man
Sanders.

I asked Bill Mc-
Kinney—that was
the trapper's name
—if he had heard
about the trouble
over our way.

“Did you hear
how Old Man
Sanders almost killed a constable a while
back?” I asked him.

Bill gave me a queer smile and said
nothing, so I knew he knew just where
Old Man Sanders was hiding up there
in the mountains and that it *was* his
three frogs I'd heard. After we came
in I went out again later and located the

little pond about three miles away from
Bill's cabin. I sat on a rock and lis-
tened to their harmony for some time,
hoping I might meet the old man, but
he didn't show up. Near dawn I came
back again.

I said no more about the old man that
day, but just before
I left for home Mc-
Kinney said to me,
“Old Man Sanders
is still lookin' all
over the country
around here for that
last frog, but you
needn't say nothin'
to the troopers
about it. That old
man is crazy—like
a fox. If they ever
get him they'll be a
damn sight smarter
than any trooper
I've met yet.”

But they did find
him after all. It
happened this way:

We were down at
Jackson's store
waiting for him to
distribute the mail.
It was just after
dusk. You must
have read about it.
They put it on an
inside page in the
city papers. It was
a sensation here.
Just happened
about six weeks
ago. A quiet night,
some talk in the
store about politics
and oil and the new

road. Then suddenly a shot from up the
road. In a minute Jackson's boy ran
in, white around the gills. ¶

“They got Old Man Sanders,” he
said.

I was one of the first there. The old
man was sitting on a gray stone with his
back to a tree. He looked as if he'd



FROM THEN ON HE WAS A
HUNTED OUTLAW

just fallen asleep there. He had been able to get as far as the rock after the shot hit him. He was dead. The rotten thing was that the troopers had seen him and ordered him to stop. But it wasn't any stranger who shot him. It was his own neighbor, Pete Lodge, who fired his fox gun at him as he started to skip up the side of the hill above Malvern Brook. The Coroner's Jury pronounced the old man criminally insane and all that. Lodge was exonerated officially, but they called him an assassin in the neighborhood till he finally got out.

The old man looked peaceful there on the rock. I was for lynching the man who fired the shot. I stayed there while the rest went for the sheriff. There was a little white box lying a few feet away from the rock. I was there alone with the dead man. The moon was dim. The brook sang. It was lonesome. Suddenly I felt that queer prickling of the scalp which comes even to brave men, one of which I am not, in the presence of something they can't explain. The little white box had started to move and there was no wind!

Then I heard a sound like the soft scuffle of a moth against the screen at night. I picked up the box and put it in my pocket just before the rest of the people came back.

In my cabin I opened the box and looked into the unblinking eyes of the ultimate frog—the final member of the poor old man's quartet, the one which had cost him his life.

He was a true pickerel frog. When I put him out in the pond in a little cage I fixed up, he hit middle C as true as a good 'cellist.

There was a moment of silence and then from the darkness beyond the embers some one asked an obvious question.

"Of course I did," said Nicoll. "I went up there with the second tenor two nights after the funeral. There are always people like me who try to pick up and carry on for a man who won't be satisfied with anything short of perfection. But it always seems to work out the same way."

The other three frogs had disappeared.

WINTER SOLSTICE

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

NOW is the time when Day's vast chariot-wheel
 Makes shortest loops in journeying through the sphere,
 And so we reach dark solstice of the year,
 Where there is set on Beauty's tomb a seal.
 Yet, in our dreams, Prometheus-wise, we steal
 A gleam beyond the close-barr'd portal drear,
 And walk by running waters flashing clear,
 Or in green fields to pluck the violet kneel.

For longest nights can have but one-night stands!
 Our dreams are right; soon back the sun must climb . . .
 What though I sink into those dreaded hands
 Awaiting all? My dreams reveal that, past
 The outpost of my longest Night of Time,
 I shall step lightly into Spring at last.



MILK-WHITE HERONS DRIFTING UP FROM THE TROPICAL COUNTRIES

SEA-ISLAND MAGIC

The Feathered Folk of the Carolina Marshes

BY HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

AFTER the rigors of winter, spring comes with especial exquisiteness to the long narrow barrier islands stretching up and down the Low Country coast between the marshes and the sea. She comes most exquisitely of all in the form of flocks of milk-white herons drifting up from the tropical countries like gleaming wisps of wind-blown snowy cloud. These flocks come in March and April, and when the white heron-clouds are seen floating airily up from the southward above the clean palm-fringed beaches, the fleets of blue-bill ducks, dotting the ocean waters all along the coast just outside the farthest line of breakers, know that it is time to move.

Squadron after squadron, they rise on the water and take to wing. Sometimes

they travel many miles before they alight again, keeping always just outside the surf; sometimes they fly only a few hundred yards, spending the rest of the day floating on the warm water like little ships at anchor; and, as each squadron moves on, its place is taken by another coming from farther south. So, through early April, the procession continues, a seemingly endless multitude of ducks, in regiments and battalions, journeying northward by easy stages along the barrier-island beaches, with many halts and much idling, playing, and gossiping by the way. And at frequent intervals these bluebill fleets, riding the waves outside the breakers, look up and see drifting over them under the vivid blue sky another little white cloud of herons, bringing the summer up from

the hot regions where summer never ends.

Now this is no springtime idyl: but this coming of spring to the Low Country sea islands—riding up from the tropics on the shining, sunlit, rhythmic wings of the white-heron flocks—is a miraculously beautiful thing, and one must write of it reverently. It is typical of the sea-islands' magic; but many other things, great and small, tangible and intangible, contribute to the making of that magic. In the evening, as we sit listening to the roar of the surf on the barrier beach a half-mile away across the marshes and to the music of the wind in the palmettos and pines encircling our little camp, six long-legged, loop-necked birds, looming black and monstrous in the moonlight, sail slowly over our heads in single file, barely topping the summits of the pines—great blue herons, like cranes in a Japanese print, coming in to the woods to roost. In the dead of the night chuck-wills-widows, big brown cousins of the whippoorwill, sing eerily in the blackness, and at crack of dawn the red-berried evergreen cassena thickets ring with the loud joyful songs of cardinals and Carolina wrens. Then, when day has come, we hear the songs of the willets—shrill yet sweet and flute-like songs, coming from near and far, borne to us on the breeze that sweeps in from the sea across the wilderness of marsh.

Through this marsh winds a tidal creek which will bring us, after many meanderings, from our camp amid the palmettos to the back beach of the long low barrier-isle fronting the sea. It is a creek of many memories, though it lacks the distinction of another marsh waterway where, not long ago, a great devilfish was seen forging slowly downstream, his vast batlike bulk stretching half-way from shore to shore. Perhaps the pirates knew this little river in the old buccaneer days, for a tortuous channel joins it to a deep wide inlet which was once a favorite pirate haunt. Undoubtedly, in the palmy time of the great sea-

island planters, these quiet waters often saw the long boats and swift barges, rowed by stalwart singing negroes, in which the planters navigated the numberless creeks and rivers that wind in and out through the sea-island region and make it a sort of rural Venice.

All along this creek of ours are places to which we have given names of our own making. There is Porpoise Point, for instance, where, one autumn day, a herd of charging dolphins, racing round the point in pursuit of a school of mullet, nearly ran over us as we lay at anchor in a little bateau, fishing for whiting, croaker, and other small fry. To the left is Ibis Sound, an open space in the marsh covered with water at high tide, where in late summer we sometimes see long-shanked, fantastic, black-and-white wood ibises. To the right are the Haunted Sands where, it is said, the planters settled their affairs of honor in the old dueling days—sands where, if the legend be true, gentlemen of the old plantations, dead and buried these many years, still walk at night.

I am not so sure about the ghosts of the old planters. If they come they leave no tracks visible to mortal eyes. But there are other wanderers of the night whose visits are a matter of record, for in the morning the record may be read in the sands, and always it is an interesting tale.

In the wide open spaces about the inlets, in the sandy mud of the back beaches along the edges of the marsh, in the loose white soil of the front beaches above high-water mark, on the smooth slopes of the little valleys winding amid the lonely dunes, the wild creatures of the barrier-island jungles write fascinating stories.

Comparatively few wild four-foots inhabit the cultivated well-settled islands between the barrier islands and the mainland; but the dense semi-tropical woods clothing the interiors of most of the barrier isles are natural sanctuaries, and at night the wild things which live in them roam widely and inscribe in



Drawn by Charles Livingston Bull

THE BLACK-AND-WHITE IBIS IS A STRIKING FIGURE OF THE SALT MARSHES

the sands the story of their wanderings. These writings, too, are part of the sea-islands' magic, telling true tales of raccoons and minks in almost incredible numbers, of bay lynxes or wildcats, of swamp rabbits and cottontails, of slim does and lusty bucks of the island race of deer, differing in certain respects from the deer of the mainland from which they are cut off by the wide areas of marsh that lie between.

These trails of the four-footed island dwellers are everywhere, but one seldom catches a glimpse of the creatures that make them. This is part of their charm—this mystery which invests them. It is otherwise with the sea-island birds—herons of seven species and rails and ibises, eagles and vultures and hawks, gulls and terns and skimmers, willets and curlews and oyster-catchers, loons and cormorants and ducks, pelicans and gannets, plovers and sandpipers of many kinds, and various smaller feathered folk. Of them all—excepting only the bald eagle—I set most store by the wood ibises. They are birds upon which the mind loves to dwell and they stand out tall and grotesque and fascinating among the recollections of boyhood.

Late in the afternoon of a hot summer day I looked out across a broad tidal river near its mouth and saw above the woods on the opposite bank a straight black line drawn against the sky. A second glance showed that it was a line of birds, a feathered army strung out in a long column, stretching perhaps two miles from end to end. The river with its marshes was nearly a mile wide, but the black line was sharply etched against the glowing background of a brilliant sunset, and I could see that the birds were of great size. At that distance their wings appeared motionless, so that all that host of many thousands seemed to be suspended rigid and immovable in the air. I thought of whistling swans and of sandhill cranes, splendid birds which I had never seen and for which I was always on the watch. But it mattered little at the moment what these

big birds of the sunset were: the wildness and strangeness of the scene, its magical poetry, were sufficient in themselves and filled the mind to the exclusion of every other thought. When afterward I concluded that the birds were almost certainly wood ibises, a species scarcely known to me then, the ibis became at once a creature of irresistible allurements.

So it has been ever since. Better acquaintance with the ibis has not broken the spell. I had rather see it than any other bird of the sea-island marshes. Not even the herons and egrets recall so vividly the lonely beauty of those wide salt-prairies, green in summer, golden-brown or olive-brown in winter, behind the barrier beaches. Nor was the charm diminished when I found that on certain marshes the wood ibis was not rare but common and that it might be seen there in flocks of hundreds, especially at low tide when the shallow sounds went partly dry, leaving large areas of soft black mud uncovered.

Only occasionally was I able to visit these places to which the ibises resorted in large numbers. They were always rather rare in the marshes which I knew fairly well and were generally seen in groups of three or four, or sometimes in squadrons of twenty or twenty-five; nor was I able to find their secret breeding places in the swamps of the mainland and study the great birds at home, brooding over their eggs in big nests in the cypresses or feeding their gawky young with fish or frogs brought in their long stout bills from the marsh creeks or the swamp lagoons. Thus familiarity never bred contempt: the mystery and fascination of these tall denizens of the open marshes and the island woods remained and have never worn away; and though I have seen many ibises since the passage of that first ibis army across the sky, the bird still possesses for me the attraction of the strange and little known, a creature observed at fairly frequent intervals but still hiding its secrets.

One thing which enhanced this sense of mystery was the fact that I never saw the ibis feeding. So far as my observation went, the bird lived on air. Doubtless this was due mainly to the fact that the ibises fed at low tide in the small marsh creeks and gullies where the tall grass hid them from view. There I could neither see nor hear them; but their senses were keener than mine.

Long before I came within gunshot, they rose with slow, powerful beats of their wide wings; and it was always a fine sight to see a squadron of a score or more of the big birds fly off across the marshes, alternately flapping their wings and sailing—and a still finer sight to see them climb, as they sometimes did, in wide spirals high into the air and then, at a great height, swing round and round in circles, soaring beautifully with only an occasional movement of their pinions. At such a time one forgot altogether the grotesqueness and awkwardness of the heavy, ungainly, rather sluggish-looking ibis of the mud-flats and saw instead a stately and buoyant creature of the heavens, a soarer second only to the soaring eagle himself and even more striking in the high air than the King of Birds because somehow the long neck and legs of the ibis gave the picture just the touch that was needed, while the sharply contrasting black and white plumage stood out with pleasing distinctness against the blue of the sky.

Since those days—heaven be praised—the ibis flocks of summer and early fall have dwindled very little if, indeed, they have dwindled at all. One day last June I traveled for fifty miles along the narrow serpentine creeks and rivers that wind through the vast green plains of marsh, five miles or more in width, lying between the wooded mainland (the swamp country of “Marion and his Men”) and the barrier islands stretching southward along the ocean from Cape Romain—islands almost as wild and lonely now as when Stede Bonnet’s pirates knew them or Edgar Allan Poe walked their beaches or rested under



SOARING BEAUTIFULLY WITH ONLY AN OCCASIONAL MOVEMENT OF THEIR PINIONS

their palms. Up from the marsh, close to our boat, rose suddenly a large flock of ibises, hidden from us until that moment by the tall marsh grass and caught napping for once—a cloud of great long-necked birds, fifty-two of them in all, as big as geese and far more beautiful despite their grotesque naked heads and heavy bills, so close at hand that we could hear the swish of their white, black-tipped wings. Up and up they went, with slow, strong wing-beats, until they were well beyond gunshot range. Then, for a while, they drifted about in the air above us, some flying in one direction, some in another, passing and repassing, flapping their wings oc-

casionally, but for the most part sailing like airplanes to and fro.

That was only the first flock of many, for these are probably the best ibis marshes along the whole Low Country coast. Thenceforward, for forty miles or so, there was scarcely a minute when there were no ibises in sight, either resting in closely bunched flocks on little mounds in the marshes or floating about on motionless wings at varying heights, sometimes so high in the air that they seemed to be just under the white cumulus clouds moving slowly across the bright blue June sky. Probably there is no other region in America where one could see in a month as many wood ibises as we saw that day; for nearly everywhere else on this continent these great storks are rare birds now. And the ibis flocks were not all that we found.

We saw also on the marshes scores of American egrets, gaining in numbers now that the plume hunters have been compelled to quit their bloody trade; and we saw many hundreds of the indescribably graceful least terns or sea swallows, nearly extinct a few years ago, and found them breeding in strong colonies in sandy spaces about the sea-island inlets and on sand banks or keys in the inlet mouths. On one small key the eggs of the great royal tern were so abundant that in places we could scarcely walk without stepping on them; and by the shore of a certain inlet hundreds of black skimmers had scooped out their shallow nests in the sand and had begun to lay their creamy-white, brown-spotted eggs.

Everywhere on the marshes we saw the commoner herons—the great blue, the little blue, and the graceful Louisiana heron or “Lady of the Waters,” perhaps the most abundant and certainly one of the most beautiful of all; and in one place, at the very edge of the sea, we found a large breeding colony of Louisianas with a few little blues among them, a colony over which a lighthouse keeper, who is a lover of birds, has kept careful watch for years. Here

the young herons are reared in safety, looking out from their seaside nests amid the myrtles and cassenas at the white surf breaking within a few yards of them, watching the fork-tailed royal terns wheeling overhead, gazing across the water at regiments of brown pelicans ranged in long ranks on the sand banks at the inlet's mouth, perhaps listening on still nights in June and July to the sighing of the big sea turtles coming up out of the breakers in the moonlight to lay their eggs in the sands at the edge of the heron town.

Of the birds of the sand bars and beaches the pelicans are the largest and in many ways the best. They are common summer residents of the sea islands, breeding in hundreds on certain low sandbanks and flying ponderously up and down the coast, often wandering many miles away from their breeding places in search of the best fishing grounds. They are neither beautiful nor graceful, but there is something attractive about them, nevertheless.

One day in June, after a summer storm, a friend of mine, Captain Clarence Magwood, who lives on one of the islands, rescued a young pelican from one of a number of nests which had been flooded by the tide. Captain Magwood took good care of the youngster and fed him plenty of fish, and in time he grew into a fine big pelican, as dignified and pompous as the most impressive of the pelican patriarchs of the Bull's Bay colony. He became very tame and spent most of his time in the vicinity of Captain Magwood's house and wharf. When motor boats came to the inlet to fish, the tame pelican would often take wing and fly out over the water to greet the visitors, sometimes lighting on the boats and accepting eagerly any tidbits in the form of mullet or other fish that might be offered him.

As the autumn drew near, Captain Magwood began to wonder whether his tame pelican would follow the custom of the pelican tribe in general and migrate southward for the winter. The

question was soon decided. In October, probably at about the same time that the wild pelicans left for the south, this pelican disappeared. The instinct of migration had asserted itself and he had departed for those warmer climes where the pelicans spend the cold season.

Then the question arose whether or not he would return in the spring, and whether, in case he did return, he would remember his old friends at Captain Magwood's house and again become their pet. Early the following May these questions, too, were answered. The pelican reappeared, at about the same time that the wild pelicans came up from the south; but, although the bird was not as wild as the others, for a time it would not permit Captain Magwood to approach it, nor did it return at first to the house or to the landing. After some days, however, it seemed to get over its fear. It came boldly in and waited on the shell pile at the landing, which had been one of its favorite haunts, until Captain Magwood appeared, and it showed no more fear of him then than during the previous summer when it had seemed to regard him as its friend and protector.

But it soon became evident that there was a sad reason for this change of demeanor. The pelican was ill. Captain Magwood took his cast-net and caught some mullet for the bird, but it refused to eat. Shortly thereafter it died. An examination showed a small mark on its body which was probably the mark of a shot. The bird had come back at last to its human protector, perhaps hoping—if birds can hope—that he could put an end to the pain which was slowly sapping its life.

The pelicans, ibises, and herons are ingredients of the sea-islands' summer magic. A few herons may be seen in winter on the marshes or about little sheltered fresh-water ponds hidden in the dense island woods close to the sea, but in the main they are birds of the warm weather. Yet the islands have their winter magic too. Early one December morning as mild as June, we were fishing in the surf on one of the barrier beaches. It was not the season "full of sweet days and roses," but, none the less, this was one of those miraculous mornings which Victor Hugo had in mind when he said, "There is always one



THE GRACEFUL LOUISIANA HERON OR "LADY OF THE WATERS"

day when the valleys laugh and sing more gloriously and when the hills are more joyful together before the Lord." Except the sand dunes and swales behind us, there were no hills or valleys within many miles of where we stood in the surf; but sea and sky, palm-fringed beach, white dunes and marshes clad in their winter robe of soft brown flecked with gold, laughed and sang after their fashion and were joyful together.

We had made an early start from the little fishing shack amid the palmettos. Before dawn our lines, baited with fingerling mullet, were in the water; and although as yet the surf bass had given no sign, it had delighted us both to stand in the white breakers on that beach where there was no visible trace of man or his works and watch the marvel of the sunrise, a marvel all the more strange and splendid on the sea islands because there the rising sun seems to climb up out of the ocean. I have seen him, from the island beaches, come up like a ship on fire below the horizon, when I could have sworn that I could distinguish leaping flames, sparks, and even smoke; but that morning he came with a straight red shaft piercing the gloom above him like a long fiery sword, and when the light had grown strong enough, he showed us an ocean which seemed a plane of pale-green translucent glass, an ocean dotted with birds.

Every object on that perfectly smooth surface within a radius of several miles was clearly discernible. The big black loons, extraordinarily abundant that day, stood out most sharply of all, but even the little Bonaparte gulls, resting in hundreds on the glassy water, could be distinguished without difficulty at a great distance. Many gulls and two or three of the loons were floating within a hundred yards of the beach, but the squadrons of scaup ducks cruised farther out from the shore. Presently two great white-headed eagles came out of the jungly woods on the island beyond the inlet and, spiraling upward, circled far above us, mounting higher and higher,

until at last they grew weary of watching us and sailed on set rigid wings straight out to sea.

When they had vanished in the sky mists, a herd of dolphins engrossed our attention as we stood knee-deep in the water, holding our rods at rest. They were close in shore, closer than they usually come, and they were having the time of their lives. They were not fishing but playing, darting here and there at high speed, throwing their tails above the surface, coming up from the depths with such a rush that more than once they rose completely clear of the water as they turned to plunge down again. Gradually they moved in nearer, exploring the beach slues which the high tide had flooded, until some of them actually passed over our lines; and once one big fellow, who looked fully ten feet long, turned sharply when he was directly in front of me and came straight toward me through the water.

For a fraction of a second I felt a trifle nervous about his intentions, but in a moment he turned parallel with the beach again, and I saw at once what his purpose was. He had entered one of the billows of the surf, and now he was racing down the length of it, his whole big body suspended and plainly visible in the wall of clear green water raised up above the surrounding sea. He had scarcely passed when there came a sharp pull at my line, and a few moments later a five-pound surf bass flapping on the sand was evidence that these fish, which are supposed by some fishermen to stand in deadly terror of dolphins, or porpoises as we know them hereabouts, can be found and caught in the midst of a porpoise pack.

Thereafter, for about an hour and a half, the strikes came in fairly swift succession until, by the time the tide had passed its crest, we had landed twelve bass, brave fighters all, though none was of more than medium size. When a glance at the surface of the inlet to our left showed that the ebb tide was running fast, we laid our rods on the sand



PELICANS FLY PONDEROUSLY UP AND DOWN THE COAST

and walked back to the edge of the dunes for a bit of breakfast and a rest. There was need of both. We had a greater weight of good fish than we could carry easily, and we faced rather ruefully the task of floating them in the surf to the other inlet where we had left the boat.

There is no occupation more conducive to daydreams than surf fishing in spring or early fall on the lonely beautiful sea-island beaches. When the bass are not biting there is nothing for the fisherman to do except stand quietly in the surf and wait for whatever members of the finny tribes come swimming along the green lanes under the breakers. Then, with the music of the surf in his ears, he often sinks into a pleasant mental doze and dreams his daydreams as the graceful terns circle and swerve in front of him, and perhaps now and then an osprey sweeps over, or a squadron of pelicans, flying in single file, pass down the shore beyond the breakers, so close to the surface of the ocean that often an intervening roller hides them from sight. At such times the mind, though almost torpid so far as concerns the

affairs of the busy world which seems so infinitely remote from these quiet beaches, is often singularly sensitive to the sights and sounds of the moment. These sights and sounds shape the angler's dreams.

Thus, without moving out of my tracks in the surf, I have made some long voyages with the pelicans—not to distant countries but into past centuries. These deliberate feathered patriarchs, with their great heavy bills lying along their chests like long pointed beards, are the most pompous and dignified of all birds. Over and over again they have reminded me of bearded Spanish grandees, so that sometimes while watching them I have indulged in the fancy that here were the Spaniards come back once more to the islands.

It is long, as we reckon time, since these beaches last saw them. More than two centuries and a quarter ago they swooped down in two galleys upon the coast—a hundred Dons with an auxiliary force of Indians and blacks—sacked the Edisto plantations, then turned southward to Port Royal and utterly de-

stroyed the Scotch settlement there. Yet this is only one of the bloody chapters in sea-island history. There are many others, from the earliest days of the white man in America, down through the Indian wars and the Revolution, to the end of the War between the States; and, if we can trust tradition, one of the bloodiest of them all was the chapter written at Bloody Point, as it was afterward known, when the white man took a leaf from the Indian's book and proved that when the spirit moved him he could kill as relentlessly as any Redskin.

The seaside settlements had been harried beyond endurance. The next time a war party came, burning and pillaging and finally carrying their plunder in heavily laden canoes across Broad River and farther south through the marsh waterways, the settlers banded together and followed. At Hilton Head, according to the story, friendly Indians told them that the raiders had gone on towards Dawfuskie, and there in due time the whites saw the smoke of the savages' camp fires. The Redskins, believing themselves safe from pursuit, had taken their canoes a little way up the river, to avoid the surf breaking upon

the point at the end of the island, and the white men, advancing cautiously, soon had their enemies in a trap. "The surprise was complete," says an old chronicler, "the massacre dreadful—the white sand was crimsoned with blood—some escaped by swimming, but nearly the whole of the party was destroyed. It was literally a bloody point to them."

More than a little history has been written in the sands of the sea islands; much of it literally written in the sands, for many stories which are now no more than tragic or romantic legends must have had facts for their foundation, though no one knows what the facts were. A book could be made out of sea-island history and tradition: but it is pleasanter to look for wood ibises and egrets on the marshes, to watch the terns and the skimmers and the bluebill fleets along the beaches, and to listen to the wild music of the curlews and the willets while, as Hervey Allen recorded it in his "Carolina Spring Song":

. . . . all a mist-streaked, sunny day
The long sea islands lean to hear
A water harp that shallows play
To lull the beaches' fluted ear.

OLD WINDS

BY MILTON OFFUTT

HE that is born to dream as well as die,
He that is doomed to love as well as lust,
Who may discern the gleam beneath the dust
And know that truth is but an older lie;
Who from his cradle claimed the starry sky,
Learning with years to mock the god called just;
He whom all women find it good to trust,
But none to love, and few to wonder why—

Let him remember old winds, and a gull's cry.
There is a jade more fickle, more unjust,
Never less winning while she broods a thrust,
Ever more faithful in her treachery.
Let him remember old ships that furl and fly
Out of the storm to sunshine, salt, and rust.

MAGELLAN CROSSES THE PACIFIC

The Final Chapter of a Great Adventure

BY ARTHUR STURGES HILDEBRAND

(In Mr. Hildebrand's two previous articles he told how Magellan organized his fleet for the historic circumnavigation of the globe and how, despite mutiny and disaster, he discovered and threaded the strait which is named for him and brought his fleet into the Pacific Ocean. This last article takes up the narrative at the point where the fleet, terribly depleted, set sail from Cape Dezeado on the western coast of South America to cross the Pacific for the first time, bound for the Spice Islands which lay no man knew how far ahead. It is one of the most thrilling chapters of all history and Mr. Hildebrand, basing his account on the diary of Antonio Pigafetta, makes it read like a romance.—*Editor's Note.*)

THE course northward from Cape Dezeado and the Strait was like a flight. Literally the ships ran for their lives. Where they were going, what difficulty lay before them and how they were to meet it, what was the aim and object of the whole voyage—these were overwhelmed and forgotten in the one desire to escape from Patagonian weather. The Captain General, indeed, did not lose sight of the main chance, but he deliberately put it from his mind and devoted himself to the attainment of the immediate object. That starvation threatened them all was a thought which could not be long absent from his mind; that his invalid ships were laboring in waters where any ship would be in danger was an urgent anxiety; the voyage was long, and it grew in his imagination as he considered it. But these things could wait their turn for attention. He was in the South Sea, bound for the Spice Islands. The sea which was the road to the Spice Islands could not be like this for long.

Indeed, summer lay before them; with every mile the signs of it rose up round them like a blessing. The men's spirits rose, and they began to look about them with a returning interest in life. Hour after hour they stood at the rail to watch the flying fish. In the cabin of the flag-

ship Señor Pigafetta was busy doing what he could toward making the Patagonian language intelligible to those at home who would some day read of it. When he arranged his paper on the table and dipped his pen in the ink, Paulo the giant Patagonian, who had been taken on board, roused himself from his melancholy and said his lesson. He recited the names for the parts of his body which he touched, or of the objects round him in so far as he could have names for them, or for the actions which he would imitate. Señor Pigafetta took up the crucifix and kissed it, looking inquiringly at Paulo, who immediately understood, and cried "*Setebos!*" But as the weather grew warmer Paulo's health declined and he died, and the Patagonian vocabulary remained unfinished.

As the troubles of the past were thus fading into mere dim recollections, new troubles forced themselves upon their attention. Certainly, a door was closed behind them. The men knew their Captain General by now, and knew he would not turn back. Even if he should be willing, every man in the fleet would rather die where he was, without ever seeing Spain again, than face the Straits. They were embarked on the Pacific, come what might, for better or for worse. And they had utterly no idea of its ex-

tent. They did not know how much remained for them to do. It helped not at all to measure each day's run; there was no "total distance" in the calculation. If it should require three weeks they might perhaps endure it; if three months, they had not the faintest fighting chance. But perhaps the Captain General knew.

The Captain General could think of nothing else. In those old days in the Moluccas—days which seemed so remote and yet had incredibly and vaguely come near again—he remembered the aspect of that sea filled with islands. The peaks of mountains had been continually rising over the horizon, and it had never been more than a few days' sail to inhabited land; boats had passed continually—canoes merely, unfit for open water, making quick dashes in pleasant weather across inconsiderable reaches of sea. No, no; there must be islands . . . soon. "Must be" indeed; for certainly they needed them.

The food was almost gone. The water was yellow, thick, and stringy with unhealthy slime. They ate what they called biscuit; it was no more, really, than a disgusting powder wriggling with worms and stinking of the urine of rats. It was spread out on a board so that the worms could be picked out, and then scraped together into little heaps. . . . But it could not be far to land now.

Then came the scurvy. The causes of this disease, if set in a list, would be a list of the conditions in which Magallanes' men had been living for ten months. Each day found more men who saw in themselves the horrid symptoms they had been observing in their companions. They asked one another if it was thus and thus that it began, and knew the truth before they heard the answer.

There were hardly enough well men left in any watch to handle the ship. The strong did what they could, with the weak to help them. The helmsmen steered, unable from dizziness and fatigue to see what they were doing;

unable from utter indifference to make it seem important. They worked at the pumps from time to time, and groaned from the deadly boredom of it as they slammed the handles up and down, and wondered dazedly why they took this trouble to keep the ship afloat. When an order was given to trim sail they stumbled to the sheets and hauled pitifully; the blood ran from the sick men's mouths and they sank down; the rope escaped from the hands of the rest, and they struggled up and hauled again. They stared at one another's white faces, and looked away, and did not speak. They dropped to the deck and lay like torpid reptiles, feeling each heartbeat a suffocating obstruction in the throat. They slunk away into corners and prayed for death—and only one in twenty died.

The lookout at the masthead was on his knees on the floor of the top, clutching the railing in deadly terror of falling, trying to raise his head to watch the horizon. He reeled under a reeling sky. He could not think how he was ever to get down—and did not care. He straightened up weakly and looked ahead; he leaned over the railing of the top and shut his eyes, and in a thin, choked, trembling voice cried, "Land Ho!"

It was on the twenty-fourth of January, 1521, sixty-seven days from Cape Dezeado, in latitude 16° 15' South by the ship's account. A little island with trees! The wind blew over it and the surf rolled in upon it and the sea birds wheeled and screamed in the haze above the breakers. There was no other sign of life. The ships rounded up under the lee and sounded, and got no bottom. It was not possible to anchor, nor would there have been any reason to do so. The men looked across at one another and then at the island again; they could hear the trade wind in the trees above the roll of surf, but some evil spirit of unreality had touched the place and made it useless. The flagships wore



NATIVES OF THE LADRONES

An engraving by DeBry, the famous Flemish engraver (1590), showing the ships of Thomas Cavendish surrounded by natives in canoes. Cavendish's visit to the Ladrone took place in 1588, sixty-seven years after Magellan's, and his reception by the natives is said to have been strikingly similar.

around and steered the course again. The men looked back, feeling that they watched the fading of a last chance.

On the fourth of February land was sighted again. During the intervening days the men had been lifted an imperceptible degree by this increasing definiteness of possibilities. And the Captain General had before him always the picture of the ocean as he conceived it, with his three ships drawing their track across the chart. He had imagined a broad expanse of empty ocean lying to the westward of the continent—it was broader, to be sure, than he or any other man had guessed. And beyond that—scattered widely at first, but then with increasing frequency—the South Sea Islands! Now he was coming to them; one had been found; here was another.

But this second isle was no better for starving men than the first. It was as small and as barren, and except for the sharks that swarmed about it, as void of life. He named it Shark Island, "de los Tiburones." The first had been called "San Pablo," since it had had a certain importance; but for this one any name would do. He grouped the two together and called them the Unfortunate Isles.

The Moluccas were shown on the chart before him—a chart quite inadequate, badly warped as to longitude, filled with conjectural bearings and distances, and fading into blank parchment on its eastern edge. He spread it on the table and studied the position. The fleet was now in the latitude of the Moluccas. Due west, over the curve of the world ahead, lay the Spice Islands.

It seemed incredible. Yet there were other considerations: it was not the shortest way to the Moluccas that must be thought of; it was the shortest way to useful land. It would be more prudent to go farther north, in search of some nearer and surer land. China, perhaps. Or some new country.

Nothing was more important than that the men should have rest. Somewhere on the fringes of the Eastern World he must find a quiet island where the monsoon in the palm trees and the eternal surf on the curving beach made life a progress of timeless days. He wanted no great nation of the East, no proud monarch of pomp and pageantry, but simple, friendly, savage people for whom life meant food and sleep and laughter . . . they would come out in their canoes to meet the ships. . . . The men did not know. But he knew; he had been in the Islands. He kept on, west by northwest, and on the twelfth of February the fleet crossed the Equator.

The men were doing nothing more than enduring existence; they never thought of themselves as explorers now, or of any achievement that could give a meaning to their presence there; they kept on just as time kept on, and asked God for no more than that each day should pass. The sun rose blazing behind them like a pursuing fire and moved across the glaring sky in a long day of agonizing brightness; it went down into rolling waves of flame ahead and left the sea in grateful darkness under the friendly stars. The world was very wonderful and beautiful—and life was a curse. Up ahead, leading the way forever and forever, as steadfast as a star was the yellow gleam of the flagship's swaying lantern. Perhaps the Captain General knew.

There was no food now. They cut up planks in small pieces and ate the sawdust. They ate boots, and bits of leather from the armor, and straps from swords and shields. They took the chafing gear from the yards and soaked it

in the sea and broiled it on the coals and ate it. They ate rats; a man would pay half a ducat for a rat. A grotesque, fantastic sort of tragedy: men crawled in the holds hunting for rats and brought them up with a ferocious kind of exultation, and watched with glistening eyes the steam that rose from the pot. But the rats too were starving, and there were never enough of them to go round. . . . The water always growled beside the ships with the same sound and the spreading bow wave always repeated the same shapes of tumbling foam. That the Trades blew steadily was their only blessing; if they had been called upon to shorten sail they could not have done it, and a gale of wind would have killed them.

On the sixth of March, in latitude 16° North by the ship's account, the *Trinidad* fired a gun. Land was in sight on the starboard bow. Soon afterward two other islands appeared to port. The sick men did not move or speak. Land! That was good.

As they drew nearer the islands took shape; they could see surf on yellow beaches and the forms of dark trees, and many boats with brown sails skimming along the shore, and houses, and then people—naked, black, shading their eyes with their hands, talking excitedly together, running back and forth in and out of the huts and between the trees. Some of the boats stood off to meet them. The black men stared up at the ships and chattered; the Spaniards shouted to them but they did not understand, they only laughed and showed their white teeth.

The ships ran into the bay and anchored in front of the huts. They were ninety-eight days from Cape Dezeado.

The natives climbed aboard at once and ran about the decks like mischievous monkeys. The Captain General ordered a boat to be launched, and the men set about it with an eagerness of spirit which far outran their strength; they

managed to get it up onto the rail and then dropped it overboard among the clustering canoes. Then, painfully and very slowly, though they tried to hurry, they set about taking in sail. Ropes which had not been lifted from their pins for months were cast off and let go with a run; every well man and some of the sick tailed on the buntlines and clewed up the courses; the topsails dropped and hung in great billowing bags; a few of the bravest ventured out to furl the spritsails. They tramped wearily from rope to rope, looking up often at the green warm shore as if to assure themselves that it had not vanished, brushing through the natives who crowded close about them to see what was going on, pausing at every turn to take back some trifle that the blacks had seized and were carrying off—buckets, planks, knives, oars, odd coils of rope, rags of clothing, belaying pins—every-

thing that was not actually fastened to the ship. Everyone was in a panic of haste, cursing at his own fumbling slowness, impatient at the interruptions, heartsick to get ashore. At last they were ready. The painter had been cut and the boat was gone!

Nothing mattered then. A broadside was fired point-blank in the faces of the crowd on the beach. Before the rolling echoes died the canoes had scattered like frightened birds and the deep woods were filled with yelling, running natives. Another boat was gotten over and the men went ashore.

They stepped out on the sand into a complete and stagnant silence. They went from one to another of the deserted huts, cautiously raising the mats that hung in the doorways, peering into the dark interiors. They found bananas and ate them, though they had never seen them before and thought them figs.



ARRIVAL AT AN ISLAND OF THE EAST

A DeBry engraving showing an Island King greeting sixteenth-century Dutch navigators. In such style, doubtless, Magellan was greeted by the native king at Samar.

They came upon large stores of coconuts and gnawed ravenously as they went about the work of loading the boats. Seven of the inhabitants came back to the village; they were killed out-of-hand by anyone who happened to be nearest, and the search for food was hardly interrupted. The stolen boat was recovered and several loads of coconuts and bananas and sugar cane and dried flying fish were taken aboard each ship. A pig was found asleep in the dust, and they took it with them in great contentment. Then fifty houses were set afire and the fleet sailed at once. The group was named the Robbers' Isles, the "Ladrones." In the morning they were out of sight and it was long before any explorer visited them again.

Now that the needs of mere existence had been satisfied, some of the requirements of life which had been crushed down beyond survival once more made themselves felt. The men began to sit up more bravely, to speak with a certain pride and assurance, and to assert by their demeanor that they had something to do in the world. Indeed, they had already done more than other men. The dangers through which they had lived were not unique, nor had they endured them in a manner all their own; but their cause, their aim and their achievement were different—for the voyage that lay behind them was the longest in all history. The importance, the significance of their purpose lay in the fact that they had effected it.

The Captain General stood at the doorway of victory. He had come to the other side of the world and was within his chosen field. Soon he would raise land—new land, almost certainly—and there he would rest his men and set to work.

Just before sunrise on Saturday, the sixteenth of March, the land appeared. It was very high and extended over a wide angle of the horizon; accustomed as they were to minute specks of earth in boundless seas, it seemed to be of con-

tinental proportions. It was a perfect confirmation of their hopes. But when a small island, obviously uninhabited, appeared to starboard they steered for it and anchored in a quiet cove. An odor of spices came from the land and the pleasant noise of rustling leaves; the sound of the surf on the windward shore was only a faint dull roar, like a background of monotony which made more keen the silence and the peace. This was the very place.

The high land was Samar, one of the Philippines.

On the beach two tents were built of sails and palm trunks, and the sick men, brought carefully ashore, stretched themselves gratefully on the sand in a cool and breezy shade. The rest explored the island and found good water. That night the pig from the Ladrones was killed.

On Monday, the twenty-fifth of March, the sick men being somewhat recovered, the tents were taken down and the ships got under way. They sailed southwest between the islands. On Wednesday night a fire was seen on the shore off to the westward, and in the morning, seeing further signs of settlement, they stood in to the coast and anchored. A canoe with eight men came out to meet them and lay idly floating, watching the ships furl their sails.

The Captain General suddenly remembered his slave, Henrique de Malacca—"Malacca Henry"—and called him and told him to speak to the men in Malay. Henrique did so. The men understood and answered. A few words of Malay understood! The connotations, the logical inferences of this trifling fact were tremendous.

On Friday morning Henrique was sent ashore to the King to say that the Spaniards came in friendship, and seeking friendship; that they needed food and hoped for his Majesty's permission to purchase it. The King took an escort of eight men and came aboard the *Trinidad* at once.

He embraced the Captain General.



FIGHTERS AND WOMEN OF THE MOLUCCAS

As fancifully represented by DeBry. This and others of his engravings in these pages are reproduced from originals in the possession of the New York Public Library.

Then he ordered his presents to be brought forward: three large porcelain jars of rice, a quantity of dried fish, and other things. The Captain General gave him a robe of red and yellow made in the Turkish fashion, exceedingly becoming, and a very fine red hat; he gave mirrors and knives to the King's men. Out of consideration for the Captain General's message, the King had brought refreshments with him; the meal was served in the native fashion and the two partook of it together. Magallanes renewed his assurance of friendship and said that he wished the King to consider him as a brother. The King replied that this was his wish also, and the impressive ceremony of *casi-casi* was duly performed: each pricked his flesh and tasted the blood of the other.

Magallanes then told of Europe. Henrique as interpreter hardly needed prompting on this subject; he had been eight years in Spain, and in his own way—well knowing what would be impressive to the King—he set forth something of the external aspects of European civilization as he had seen it. He told of the marvelous and great city of Seville, and of the houses as high as the hills, which no fire could harm; of the impressive dignity of the Bishop of Burgos, who wore robes of magic and sat in a throne which creaked when he moved; of the dazzling, the unbelievable splendor of the Court of Don Carlos—King, by the Grace of God, of Spain. He told how the ships had sailed along the path which led to the sun; and of the vastness of the sea, which was like

the linking of long generations of men; and of the fortitude and endurance of men who had sailed through a world that was like the depths of the ocean; he tried to explain snow and gave it up, and made a simple gesture of praise toward his Lord and Master, the Captain General, who sat gravely watching him while he spoke.

Then Magallanes ordered a man to dress in complete armor and stand out on deck while three others attacked him with swords and daggers; the man made no effort to defend himself, and allowed the keen steel to rattle harmlessly about him until the word was given to stop; then he raised his visor and showed himself unhurt and smiling. The King was mightily impressed. Magallanes pointed out to him that one such invulnerable man was worth a round hundred of the King's own warriors, and the King was obliged to confess that it was true. Then they went to the quarter-deck, where Magallanes explained the properties and uses of the compass and traced on the chart the course of his fleet in its voyage from Spain. The King was astonished at the size of the Pacific and the number of days, without any land at all, which had passed while the ships were crossing it.

On Sunday, the thirty-first of March, the Captain General sent a priest ashore to prepare a place in which Mass might be said, and sent Henrique to the King to inform him that this day, which was called Easter among them, was sacred, and that they would perform the ceremonies appropriate to the occasion at which the pleasure of the King's presence was requested. The King replied that he would come with great pleasure and, very naturally, he sent a gift of two pigs.

Fifty men landed from the fleet, fully armed and dressed with particular care, and as the boats touched the sand six bombards fired a salute. The King of Masua and his brother, who was visiting him—he was a very good-looking man, elaborately dressed, and with three spots

of gold in each of his teeth—embraced the Captain General and placed themselves on either side of him. In marching order they proceeded to the consecrated spot; the Captain General sprinkled the two Kings with musk water and led them forward.

With bared heads the men knelt on the sand. The straight brown trunks of the palm trees stood around like the columns of a choir; through the dark leaves the yellow sunlight fell in moving splashes on the vestments of the priest. The two Kings advanced to kiss the Cross, and remained kneeling with clasped hands before the altar. The people of the village stood at a respectful distance, watching breathlessly, their eyes bright with excitement. There was no sound but the voice of the priest; not a leaf stirred in the green forest. When the Host was elevated an arquebus was fired as a signal, and the three ships in the anchorage discharged a rolling broadside that shook the sky.

Magallanes told the King that he could not remain longer; he spoke again of his lack of supplies, and asked where, in the archipelago, he had best go. The King mentioned Cebu as the likeliest place, and the fleet got under way, with the King in his canoe leading them northwesterly among the islands. On the seventh of April they arrived at Cebu, and Henrique was sent ashore with a message. He went straight to the King's house where, surrounded by his men, the King was engaged in conversation with a foreigner; Henrique recognized the foreigner at once as a trader from Siam, and eyed him narrowly. The King was first to speak: who was this who came with so much noise, and whence and why? The Captain General of the greatest King in the world, Henrique answered, bound for the Moluccas: he had had good reports of Cebu and had come to pay his respects and to buy food.

The trader of Siam stepped forward. "O King, be watchful!" he said. "These

are the same men who have conquered Calicut, and Malacca, and the whole of India. If they are treated well they will give good treatment; if they are treated ill, they give ill and worse, as they have done to Calicut and to Malacca."

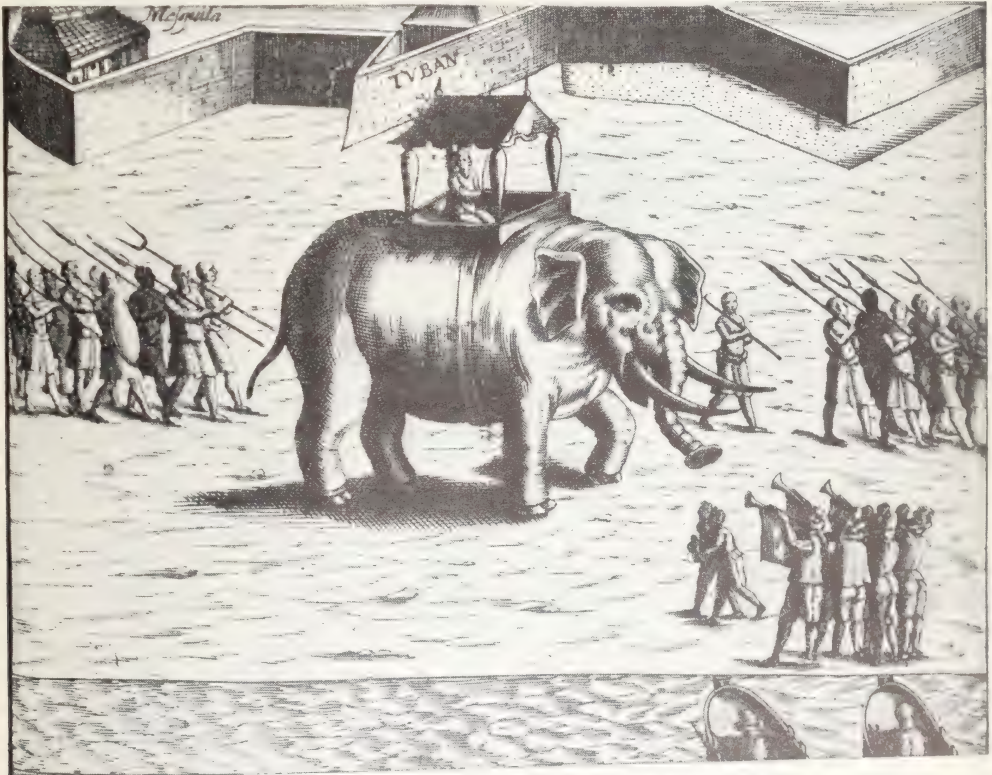
Fortunately, this was said in Malay. Henrique replied. He said that the men to whom the trader of Siam was referring were Portuguese, not Spaniards; his Captain General was from Spain, and his King, Don Carlos, was the King of all Christian men everywhere.

The trader of Siam could say nothing, never having heard of Spain. The King of Cebu said that he would consult with his men and give the Captain General an answer on the following day. Refreshments were offered Henrique and he withdrew.

The following day there arrived on board the flagship the Prince of Cebu,

who was the King's nephew; also the Governor, the Head Constable, the trader of Siam, and eight chiefs. Magallanes brought chairs for the important men and mats for the chiefs. He himself, wearing the insignia of the Order of Santiago, sat in a chair of crimson velvet; his officers stood about him; his men were drawn up in military array: the bright sun glinting on their helmets, the royal standard floating above them.

Magallanes asked if it was the custom among them to arrive at covenants openly or in secret, and if they who had come were empowered to make peace for the King. They answered that their covenants were made openly and that they were fully empowered; the Prince was the heir to the throne and—his parents being old and hardly worthy of honor—he was the first man among them, save their King. The Captain



THE POMP OF A MOLUCCAN KING

The King of Tuban, most powerful of the kings of the Moluccas, riding an elephant in a formal state procession in honor of his Dutch visitors.

General prayed to God to hear and confirm the covenant between them. The Prince said that he had never before heard such beautiful words and that he took great pleasure in them.

The Captain General then told them, through the interpretation of Henrique, that it was one of the commands of their God that they honor their parents, the more so when they had become old. Their first parents were Adam and Eve, whom God had created; God had created the earth and the heavens and the sea, and had given to men an immortal spirit. If the men of Cebu wished to become Christians they could be baptized at once; but they must not become Christians through fear, or through any wish to please him, but of their own free will; he would never harm any man who retained the faith of his fathers, though his relations with men who were not Christians would, of course, be less friendly. If the King of Cebu should become a Christian he would give him a suit of armor.

The men of Cebu answered that they could not adequately reply to these beautiful words nor express their love for him, but that they were convinced that whatever he told them to do was right for them to do, and they placed themselves in his hands.

The Captain General then rose and took the hands of the Prince between his own. "By my faith in God and to my Sovereign Don Carlos, and by this habit which I wear, I promise you, now and forever, peace with Spain." The Prince of Cebu made a similar declaration for himself.

During the following days the King consulted with his chiefs in respect to Christianity. They had all been deeply moved by the sincerity and enthusiasm of the Captain General, and by the inspiration which he had given them in what he had said, as well as in the ceremonies which they had witnessed. They agreed—with the exception of one chief—that they themselves and all their people should be baptized, and this de-

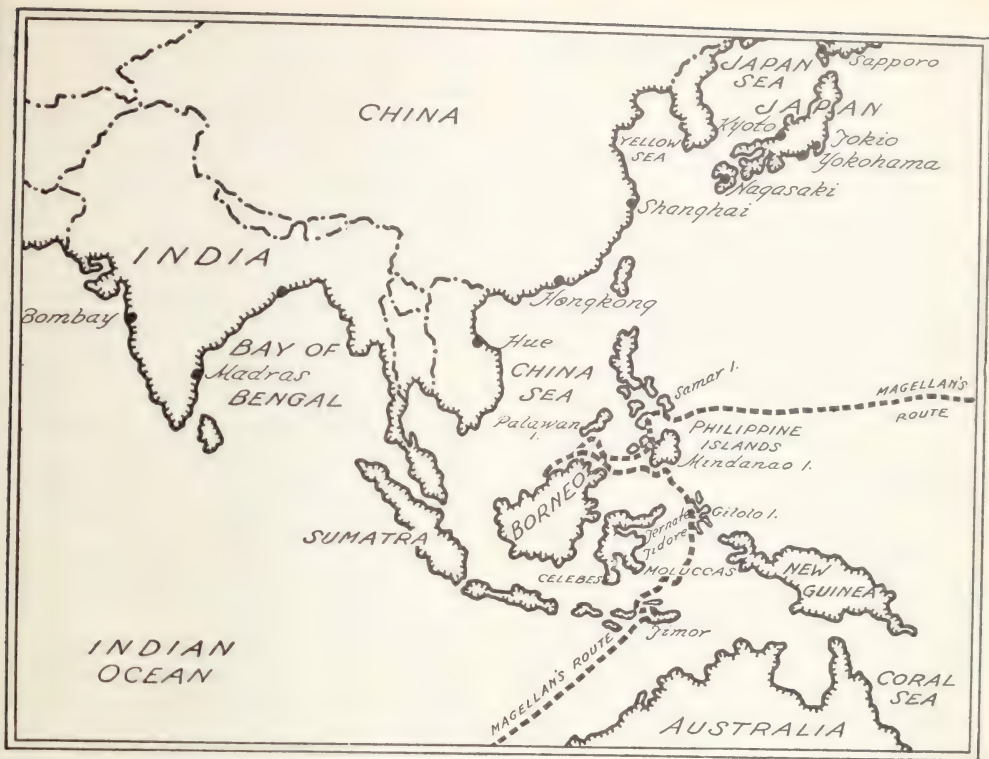
cision they communicated to the Captain General.

He asked about the exception. The King replied that Chilapulapu, Chief of the people of a small island near Cebu, would have none of the new idea, and had refused to let his people become Christians. Magallanes asked if this was a result of a discussion or if Chilapulapu had refused to obey a command. The King replied that he had refused to obey a command. The Captain General promptly sent men to burn the village, and a Cross was set in the ruins.

A platform was built in the open space in the center of the town, hung with curtains and adorned with palm leaves. The Captain General sent word that all who obeyed their King would be baptized.

On Sunday, the fourteenth of April, the boats came in from the fleet, and as the men stepped out on the beach the ships fired a salute; two men completely armed marched ahead, guarding the royal standard; the Captain General was clothed all in white. The entire population of the town followed in an excited mob of men, women, and children. The King was waiting in the square. He embraced the Captain General and together they went to the platform, where two chairs of red-and-violet velvet had been placed for them. The Captain General then gave thanks to God for the King's conversion. A Cross was set up in the square, facing the platform, and the people were instructed to destroy all their idols and to come each hour of the day to pray, with clasped hands, before the Cross. The King asked again that two men might be left to instruct his people, and Magallanes promised them and requested permission to take back to Spain with him two children, so that they might learn the language and return for better service to their people.

He showed them how to make the sign of the Cross, and bade them kneel. The King of Cebu was baptized "Don Carlos"; the Prince followed; then all the chiefs save that one who had dis-



THE ROUTE THROUGH THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO

after finding its way among the Philippines and retracing its path north of Borneo, the *Vitoria* reached the Moluccas and finally entered the Indian Ocean for the home stretch round the Cape of Good Hope.

obeyed. Enthusiasm spread through the crowd like fire; at first singly, then by twos and threes, and then in groups they flung themselves forward on their knees, begging for baptism and a Christian name. More than thirteen hundred people were baptized on that first day, and during the succeeding week they came by thousands, even from the remotest parts of the island, until the entire population of Cebu had accepted the Christian faith.

On Friday, the twenty-sixth of April, there came to the flagship a man from Mactan. He was the son of one of the minor chiefs who ruled precariously under Chilapulapu. This chief, whose village had been burned, was still rebellious; he defied the King of Cebu, and promised himself to destroy all those who would become Christians. If the Captain General would help the King, if he would send one boat of fighting men

that night, he did not doubt that he could break the rebellion and restore unanimous tranquillity. He pledged his loyalty; he could not stay.

The officers, and Señor Pigafetta, begged the Captain General not to go. "But he, like a good shepherd, refused to abandon his flock." The King of Cebu was his friend whom he had promised to help, and his promises were not mere empty words. He would not leave behind him a rebellion which he himself, by bringing Christianity, had begun. That would be leaving Cebu worse than he had found it. Choose sixty men.

At midnight sixty men, armed, wearing helmets and corslets, set out in three boats. The King of Cebu was with them, the Prince, the trader of Siam, and about a thousand men in thirty canoes. They paddled quietly to Mactan and arrived three hours before dawn.

The Captain General sent the trader of Siam with a message to Chilapulapu: if he would submit to his King and to Spain they might be friends. The answer was a quick defiance, "We also have spears."

A barrier reef ran along the shore and the boats could not come near the land. The Captain General ordered the King of Cebu to remain in his canoes with his men; he had no need of them; they would see how Spaniards could fight. Then just at dawn the boats pulled in to the reef. The King, feeling now a splendid confidence and now a fearful apprehension, looked on.

Chilapulapu had fifteen hundred men, split into three divisions. They caught sight of the little group coming boldly up from the shore, and advanced in a long, straggling half-circle. They yelled as they came, brandishing their spears.

The crossbowmen fired at long range; their arrows made a flying hedge in the air and kept the enemy back. But from the Mactan ranks now one and now another, in impatience and growing daring, burst forth within range. The arrows stuck in the wooden shields and hung as if caught in flight. The line swayed forward, shouting. The Captain General shouted "Cease firing!" again and again; he saw that he must let them come close and fight them hand to hand. But something like panic had taken the Spaniards—the long bristling line was before them on three sides and the sea was at their backs. They ignored the command and fired incessantly, unable to think of anything but immediate defense; they stood in two groups, facing obliquely outward, standing almost back to back in the center of a great ring. Across the encircling open space the spears and arrows flew in showers: spears tipped with steel, bamboo arrows with sharks' teeth heads, stakes sharpened and hardened in fire; stones, mud, clods. They flung everything their whirling fingers clutched. They leaped about, so that it was impossible to hit any one man; they dodged arrows with

wild agility, flinging up their long shields to catch the spears, screaming in insane rage, and always closing in.

The Captain General was hit in the leg with a poisoned arrow; he struck it out with his hand. A spear knocked off his helmet; he stooped and caught it up again. The men around him wavered; a sudden wave of indecision stayed their hands; their fire slackened. It was hopeless. He gave the order to retire.

A well-ordered and careful retreat would have saved every man. But they turned and fled with a rush, floundering through the water, looking back only to see that they were not pursued, flinging away the weapons that impeded them, thinking only to escape. Six men stood by the Captain General alone. And the men of Mactan charged.

The ranks closed in as the circle narrowed; the men in the rear struggled for places in the front rank, jumping over, crawling through, circling in. They snatched up the same spears and hurled them again and again; the air was thick with missiles, caught up and hurled madly without aim; the swarming line exploded in a seething tumult, spouting forth weapons like a bursting fire. Seven men were in the center of it. They bowed their heads and held up their shields before their faces and fought blindly. They drew closer together and fell back and waded into the water behind them.

A spear took off the Captain General's helmet again; he snatched it up before it sank and whirled a quick glance over his shoulder to see if the men had reached the boats. A naked warrior rushed at him and flung a spear in his face; he lunged with his own lance and left it in the man's chest. He tried to draw his sword but his right arm was useless from a wound, and the blade stuck in the scabbard. They leaped upon him, seeing him defenseless. They forgot the others, and themselves; they flung forward in a wild tangle, twenty at a time, on one man alone. One of them struck him in the leg with a scimitar, and he fell.

Señor Pigafetta tried to catch him in his arms as he went down, but failed. The savages stabbed down through the riled water with spears and swords.

The rest gave up and made their way to the boats as best they could.

This was on Saturday, April 27, 1521.

The game had been played out and was over. Nothing positive remained to be accomplished. Whatever was done now could have no object but escape.

After Magallanes' death Juan Serrano and Duarte Barbosa were chosen commanders. The King of Cebu, in a puzzled and vacillating manner, watched for some sign of strength in the fleet and saw none; and he began to regret the idols which had been destroyed.

Henrique de Malacca went to the King and told him that he had but to act quickly and with boldness to make his own the three ships and all that they contained; as for the great power that lay in the shadowy background—well,

Spain would never know what had happened and would soon forget. The King acted on this advice.

He sent word that the gifts which he had prepared were ready and asked that as many men as possible be sent ashore for a ceremony of presentation and a feast, as was becoming to friends and brothers on such occasions. The two commanders, with twenty-seven others, rowed in with certain vestiges of pomp and the King met them on the beach. Gonzalo Gomez de Espinosa and Juan Lopez Caraballo felt danger in the air, and turned back as inconspicuously as possible to the boats. These two were the only ones who escaped alive.

Caraballo took charge. He hove up, fired a broadside into the town, and made sail. On the beach Serrano appeared, bleeding from a dozen wounds, his hands bound behind him, a crowd of natives dragging him to the water's edge. He shouted to Caraballo to cease firing; they would kill him. He watched



EASTERN ASIA AND THE EASTERN ARCHIPELAGO

Facsimile of a map now in the British Museum, made about 1588 by Diego Homem, showing the Moluccas, which at that time were the best-known and most important trading centers of the Malay archipelago.

the ships swing slowly and head out of the bay; in God's name, he asked, was he to be left alone there? Caraballo asked if they were all killed; yes, Serrano shouted, they were all dead except Henrique de Malacca. Caraballo blazed away and kept setting more sail. "May God Almighty ask you for my soul!" cried Serrano, and the natives closed in around him. The firing gradually ceased as the ships rounded the point and found the wind and began to make more rapid way, and silence settled over Cebu.

All hands were mustered. They were one hundred and fifteen men. On the beach at Bohol the *Concepcion* was burned, and the more valuable portions of her cargo and equipment transferred to the other two ships. Juan Caraballo took command; Gonzalo Espinosa was put in charge of the *Trinidad*. They steered vaguely south for the Moluccas, looking toward what might come.

Chance brought the coast of Borneo across their path. Thence they sailed to Palawan, and thence to Tidore, where they bought cloves, and where the *Trinidad*, loaded beyond her failing strength, began to leak in a rushing stream, and was left behind to refit. On the twenty-first of December the *Vitoria*, under command of Juan Sebastian El Cano, with sixty men—thirteen of whom were natives—said good-by to Tidore at last, and got under way for Spain.

The old ship was bulging with cargo and seemed sagged out of all resemblance to her original shape; she pitched soggily and leaked like a basket; food was scarce; scurvy broke out; she ran into heavy weather off the African coast and lost her fore topmast; she was nine weeks fighting head winds round the cape. Nearly a third of the Europeans died, and nine of the thirteen natives. On the sixteenth of May she rounded the corner and ran for home; on the eighth of June she crossed the Equator;

on the ninth of July—worn out, preferring even to face the hostility of the Portuguese—she anchored in Santiago in the Cape Verdes. On Monday, September 8, 1522, having been away twelve days short of three years, they rounded up beside the old quay at Sevilla and discharged all their artillery.

These were the men: Juan Sebastian el Cano, Captain; Francisco Albo, Pilot; Miguel Rodas, Master; Juan de Acurio, Martin de Yudicibus, Hernando de Bustamante, Aries the Gunner, Diogo Gallego, Nicolao de Napoles, Miguel Sanchez de Rodas, Francisco Rodriguez, Juan Rodriguez de Huelva, Anton Hernandez Colmenero, Juan de Arratia, Juan de Santander, Vasco Gomez Gallego, Juan de Zubileta the ship's boy, and Antonio Pigafetta.

Subsequently the thirteen men who had been left at the Cape Verdes reached Sevilla, and after years of wandering, four men arrived from the *Trinidad*. The *Trinidad* had come very near falling to pieces in the middle of the ocean and had gone back to Tidore.

The *Vitoria's* cloves were sold and they brought a price which realized a profit of about a thousand dollars over the expenses of the entire expedition.

Alvora de la Mezquita was in prison, waiting for the truth to be told in regard to the mutiny at Port San Julian. Doña Beatriz was dead, having learned of the loss of the Captain General; her son Rodrigo was dead; her second child had died at birth. At Sabrosa, near Chaves, in the province of Traz-os-Montes in Portugal, the coat-of-arms of Magalhães had been torn down from its place above the door, by order of Dom Manoel. The world went on. The voyage fitted into history. But the Captain General lay on the shores of a little island in the Pacific, on the other side of the world, under an Eastern sky.

Dios vos salve, Señor Capitan General, é buena compañía!

PORTRAIT OF MADAME FAVART

BY FRANÇOIS HUBERT DROUAIS

(Reproduced on the cover of this Magazine)

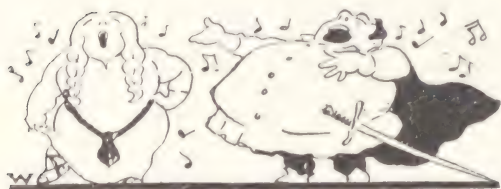
LIKE Sir Thomas Lawrence in popularity, but differing from that precocious painter in every other way, François Hubert Drouais is lightly considered one of those who dictated elegance to the Eighteenth century in France. His father, an assistant to Nattier and Largillière, might have taught him the stylish formula. Born in 1727, François was a contemporary of the polite Duplessis and the sentimental Roslin. After the death of Nattier he rose to royal favor and, what was more important, became the painter to the aging Madame de Pompadour and to the young Madame du Barry. Official honors came along with this social approval. And long before his death in 1775, even Diderot, that suspicious critic and gossip, had to admire in Drouais "a knowledge of light quite rare and delicate"—a significant admiration, showing how slight was his hold on popularity.

The famous portrait of Marie Antoinette as Hebe likewise bears out this supposition of stylish art. Pale-yellow drapery, rose ribbons, lilac scarf, gold cup, and light blue cloud . . . one can almost taste the melting colors and luscious paint. But fortunately for Drouais' reputation to-day, that is not the sum of his career. It seems merely a compromise to the wishes of his patrons. A study for the portrait of Marie Antoinette shows Drouais in another character, as a realist and a thoughtful observer. The young Queen is delicately pretty, a little arrogant and empty headed; the richness of her dress is strongly and carefully recorded, without that flattery which the Eighteenth century extended even to clothing. Drouais indeed had a simpler ideal, the opposite to artificiality. Mythological accessories had all but overwhelmed portraiture; the demand was imperious. Yet Drouais saw the future and painted, as Rousseau wrote, with respect for naturalness and simplicity. He was the first portrait painter to join the "nature-lovers," visualizing a family group as enjoying its own music in a garden, or children playing there with the gardener's tools, or selling flowers like poor children. The ideal which this represents was to become the plaything of the wealthy, and Marie Antoinette herself was to wear a special petticoat embroidered with wheelbarrows and rakes while she walked in the gardens at Versailles. But Drouais was himself too plain a man to admit sophistication. Realism was his aim; Chardin, the "painter of servants," his co-worker.

A good comment on François Hubert's character can be found in the records of his finances. As quickly as he made money he invested it; he kept accounts and dunned royalty for back pay. He left everything in order when he died. So sensible and hard working, he seems to have been one of those "self-made" Frenchmen whose logic is slow but evident and whose worldly success comes to him as surely as patience. Was this man only a stylist? He was deeper than that. His former reputation as a "pretty painter" needs revision.

ALAN BURROUGHS.

THE LION'S MOUTH



TRIPPINGLY ON THE EAR

BY CHARLES S. BROOKS

IT is my habit to listen to music in much the same manner as I eat. If the food be clean, wholesome, and of happy flavor a diffuse and indeterminate delight absorbs my grateful sense; but, when I have swept away the crumbs, I am unable to fasten on particulars and tell whether it were flesh or fish that had engrossed me. On any challenge I poke vainly at the wreckage of my plate to learn by what path I journeyed from my soup; for a gastronomical Nirvana has possessed me wherein memory is scattered to oblivion. A certain hostess of my acquaintance, knowing my weakness in these matters of the fork, shamed me once as I was picking at my salad by asking me to name that meat that had gone before. I was wrong of course, and she threatens me next time with horse. Mine, I repeat, is a pure emotion of the digestive tract—a pleasing titillation of trap and passage divorced from conscious intellect.

And so it is with music. If the tune be more than an easy tinkle I am lost in fantasy and, when the orchestra be stopped, I cannot set my foot on the trail that has led me through the pleasant wilderness. I have but a common ear. These twin appendages of mine are of cheap contrivance devised chiefly for better symmetry. Like an idle Gothic decoration, they do but mark my

maker's vagrant whim and humor. They ring an ignorant bell within my heart, but run no wire to sound upon my sluggish brain.

And yet a common ear may no longer be despised. A few nights since I dined with a friend—mushroom soup (upon my oath), a crown of excellent beef, and a meringue to quit! This friend gives his evenings to the radio, and he introduced a concert for my entertainment. It was the first radio that I had heard, and I sat open-mouthed in wonder. But as music it was naught because of much scratching of the wire. Nor was my host content, through a restless zeal for further contact, to let the tune be played until its end. No sooner had a one-step come among us from the Biltmore and been smoothed of interference than he tried the mountains for a waltz. When he had managed this and I was sunk in a dreamy moonlit melody from the Catskills, suddenly he threw the switch to New Orleans for a rasping jazz. And then the Davenport School of Chiropractic burst upon us—a jolly tune that shakes my faith in allopathic pills. I am still to be informed whether this band plays among the patients during the manipulation of a stubborn cartilage—perhaps in public clinic—or whether it does but advertise the school to show the outside world how merrily a bone is cracked.

But all this abrupt change is a jolt to a sedentary ear that sits in slippers. Thirty bands in the street-procession of a holiday—rising, intermingling, and fading to a sharper blast—could not stir up such confusion. And yet it was amazing how so simple a contrivance—it seemed but a battery and a lamp or

two—could tap the sounds of night and fetch a waltz across a thousand miles!

It is the radio that has brought to the ear its proper legacy, delayed so long in the endless chancery of ignorance. Since time began, the eye has traveled in the dark without a leash, while the ear like a housewife has been kept at home. When first the hills were new it was the eye that caught the fire smoldering in the Pleiades and trafficked on endless journey in the cloudless night. The mind itself can hardly take so quick a leap. But now at last our household drudge is also given boots to wear and may tread in an instant around the world. It may yet hear a tune from Mars or listen to the broadcast of the whirling stars. The music of the spheres once heard in ancient Greece is but a prophecy of our larger time.

An ingenious friend informs me that sound is imperishable and that it radiates forever from our noisy world. The uproar of ancient Babylon, he says, may this minute be sounding on far-off Antares; and it is only necessary to bend back the waves on a hairpin turn under geometric formula in order that we may catch the jovial night-life of its forgotten kings. With this bender perfected and cleared of interference from the Biltmore, we may yet listen to the falling walls of Rome and hear the harsh commands of Goth and Vandal. These sounds, returned from their lonesome journey—keen for the welcome of an ear (it was only in Mars they got a hearing)—these sounds, I say, will instruct us in the noises of prehistoric times. We shall catch the roar of lions in Daniel's den and listen to the fog-horn of Noah's ark. I pray to God that the racket will not be on compulsion to wreck my quiet evenings.

But I digress. I choose to write of the ear more narrowly as it tilts itself without miracle to music.

For these many years I have trained my awkward ears by exposure to opera and concert. At the symphony I am a moderate student, and if the harmony

rolls up to a sharp excitement it throws my thoughts into a pleasant meditation that quite destroys the building and its cluttered audience and sends me on a glittering path. In the mesh of sound, although I understand it not in detail, I am quick to lay a plot and hear the far-off voice of tragedy and love.

Among those who profess more music than they possess, the ear too often is a prude and it withholds its careful skirt from vulgar contact. Such persons are slow to praise a tune that starts from common company, and they shiver at a menial sound. I can recall no more wholesome sight than that of my friend Davy S—, who has attained an honorable name in music, as he led on one secular occasion a jazz band in a fine fever of excitement. Before he took the stand there had been some inclination to throw biscuits and bits of bread inside the tuba—did it not offer an open quivering trunk like a hungry elephant?—but Davy checked the rowdies. He was none of your lukewarm conductors. He bullied the players with threatening baton until horn and drum were hot; and I wish that these prudish critics might have heard him.

And so, warmed by his example, I confess that I am often moved by coarser melodies. A street organ, if one listens with enfranchised ear, sends forth a robust harmony that marks the spring more surely than a daffodil; and I have seen a line of Monday's wash—dull underpants and skirts devoid of ear—which have leaped at its invitation in the breeze. In not such quick excitement does Pan arouse the creatures of a woodland stream. Were breeches of quicker wit to take a partner, the dance would have been at its height by noon. In a restaurant of cheaper music, also, as I trifle at my soup I wander through an exalted land and clutch at my absurd ambitions. Were the gift of measure mine I would hew a poem of love and moonlight or lay the footings of a sonnet.

But usually I find opera silly, espe-

cially of the German sort. I am offended by the mighty stature of the lovers. A waist that is overfed on sweets beyond the easy girdle of an arm is not a fit companion in an exchange of love. With a dozen comely Valkyries standing idle, how can Siegfried devote himself to the bouncing Brünnhilde? These buckwheat duets—sugared stomach panting close to stomach—are much too gross. Nor is Siegfried himself entirely a hero in every one of his fifty circumambient inches. He labors with his pillowy burden among the encircling flames. With blown and jaded trot he climbs the mountain's canvas slope. Romeo may have a ringing voice to upper C, but he bulks fat in the soft Italian moonlight. Ophelia humps too large beneath her shroud. These things vex me. The bellows at my hearth have better concealment of their art. I like the music without these padded puppets who have sat too long at beer. The song of the dying Tristan is sweeter in my ears if it is carried only by the strings and is but an echo of passion that has vanished from the earth. It is then that the tempest quite blows me from my moorings and I sail beyond the pillars of the world.

And, except it be a bass or heavier tenor, I care little for a solo on the stage unless my eye be tricked by beauty. A bass by his robustious tone can hold the tune alone, but shrill tenors and sopranos are too frail to go without assistance. And the gentleman behind me, even if he has the piece by heart, must not hum too loud and beat the time against my chair. I demand, also, that the solo of the stage be in occasional concord with the orchestra and not wander always by itself in separate trill. I have sometimes wondered if it were not loose on an impromptu with tune forgotten, so perversely does it avoid what I am pleased to think is melody. I like opera best at the falling of a curtain when the whole village of linked lovers gathers for a final effort.

But music in its essence craves free-

dom and should not be cooped indoors. A Valkyre would sound best hallooming to the echo of the hills, and a moderate voice that lifts itself on the silent water of a summer night is worth more than a shriller note imprisoned in a hall. There are tunes from the Grand Canal in Venice, from the August twilight of the English lakes, from Como set with glistening stars—tunes once broadcast into space which return in memory to tease my heart with fragile loveliness.



OUR PASSION FOR HASTE

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

THERE is a shorthand appearing among the American "go-getters" which sends a shudder down the spine of anyone who cares for the right word rightly used. The fundamental decencies and niceties of our language are utterly ignored by a new riff-raff who have taken complete possession of the publicity field; and just as when Latin went out of certain college curriculums a fresh evidence of carelessness and rush appeared in our national consciousness, so an added menace is seen in electric signs which announce that "vodvil" is given twice daily at this or that theater. We are confronted, not with the old and reliable word "restaurant," but with a hideous counterpart of it—"eats." Into the rubbish heap has gone the picturesque "frankfurters," and in its place has come—"franks." Real-estate dealers are no longer content to be just that; they must be known as "realtors." And conversely, with a sort of roguish superiority the good old undertakers, in California particularly, prefer nowadays to call themselves grandiloquently "morticians." A motor trip through the countryside, with advertisements of "hot dogs," will reveal from day to

lay—yes, even from hour to hour—scandalous abbreviations or flowery perversions of words which make it almost necessary for the average American to learn a new language. Our column conductors are partly responsible for this. "Colyum" is no doubt now in the dictionary, though I have not had the courage to look and see. We have acquired a new "slanguage," someone will brightly tell us; and alas! it is only too true.

Note, too, the careless punctuation in many a book which purports to come from the presses of old established houses. The semicolon is almost forgotten among modern proof readers. As for the colon, few writers, even of eminence, know where to place it. "I can always hire a college professor to go over my proofs," a well-known author told me recently in utter seriousness. "Besides, I never did know much about punctuation and paragraphing." Yet punctuation is as much a part of good writing as the words themselves.

No one reads aloud any more. We have become a nation of listeners-in, with no time for thought and contemplation, and less for sound study. We want results—swift, sure results, no matter how we may gain them. We slip through life, or go furtively around it, in our desire to arrive—nowhere. We are not concerned with manners, despite our numerous etiquette books, and not at all with the aristocratic preservation of the best of the classics. Our national motto, in a single word, might be "Blah!"; or, in four words, "Let George Do It." We smile at the mention of standards, for these are old-fashioned; we use "don't" for "doesn't," even when we pretend to be educated; and not one college graduate out of a hundred, I venture to say, could use correctly the word "only." We count it a salutary thing that our colloquialisms are becoming a part of our written literature. We have books written "in American"—whatever that may be—by little upstarts who probably have no knowledge

of the great English essayists: those men and women who cared ardently for the safeguarding of words, and who marshalled them as a general might marshal his troops, in orderly array.

Recently I read a "blurb" in a so-called popular magazine, in which someone who made no claim to a dignified reputation, but who doubtless had millions in the bank, stated that at last he had discovered why he was bored by the writing of Anatole France. It was because he had learned that this great master actually rewrites his sentences, often thirty times, before he ventures to send his manuscript to press. And the editor backed up this ingenuous criticism by stating that "material for this magazine is accepted, not for the manner, but the matter"—or words to that effect.

It is of little moment, it would seem, in these rushing days, how a thought is expressed. Yet listen to the Irish stylist, James Stephens. I quote this paragraph, which is a prose-poem, from *The Crock of Gold*, which no doubt our self-appointed critic has never read:

A thought is a real thing and words are only its raiment, but a thought is as shy as a virgin; unless it is fittingly apparelled we may not look on its shadowy nakedness: it will fly from us and only return again in the darkness crying in a thin, childish voice which we may not comprehend until, with aching minds, listening and divining, we at last fashion for it those symbols which are its protection and its banner.

How long did it take Stephens to write that beautiful sentence? He may have dashed it off; yet I doubt it. It reveals the painstaking artist, struggling for mastery over his craft, yet hiding the struggle, as all artistic endeavor should be hidden. It is only the final result which matters; how a perfect passage is accomplished is of no concern to the reader. That is the artist's business; and to dislike an author because one chanced to discover his method is a state of mind which has no place in the

company of true criticism. Yeats has told us that the act of composition has always been painful to him—as the act of physical reproduction is painful to a mother. He can never write more than seven or eight lines a day. Are we to despise his seemingly spontaneous ballads and songs because of a knowledge of the way in which he works?

The truth is that any bit of art is seldom achieved in haste. "Easy writing makes hard reading" is an old, proved truth. There is no short cut to artistic fame. Even silver-tongued orators write and rewrite and then memorize their speeches. There can be no capture of perfection and beauty—except in moments of high inspiration—through processes of speed. Wordsworth has said that "Poetry is emotion remembered in tranquillity." The base purveyors of penny-dreadful fiction may have their little hour—and their big bank accounts; but they will have no place at all in the memories of future generations.



HOW TO BEHAVE IN SOCIETY

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

ETIQUETTE is coming down. For several years now we have had books of etiquette available for students of correct behavior at three dollars or two dollars, but to-day I bought one for twenty-five cents. It is only a little one, and perhaps it doesn't cover all the subtler problems, but still the price is encouraging. Some Henry Ford of etiquette was bound to come along sooner or later and reduce the cost of good form. You and I have always been able to go into a restaurant and order a grapefruit, yet until now it has been a pretty expensive matter to find out whether to eat it with a spoon or a

fork, and those of us with growing families to provide for and mortgages to pay off on the little old home have been tempted, I am afraid, to hold fast to our dollars and use the first implement that came to hand. But now that the new era has come, the whole scale of values is different. Twenty-five cents for the grapefruit, twenty-five cents for an authoritative verdict in favor of the spoon. And yet some people talk about the good old days!

It is a wonderful little book. There is no time wasted in getting down to brass tacks. The very first sentence is full of meat. "In street, ferry, restaurant, or theater, a well-bred person will conduct himself so as to draw no attention to himself," it says. "Loud voices, noticeable gesticulation, conversation in which absent friends are called by name in tones easily overheard by bystanders, all these are marks of those who 'don't belong.'"

Here at the very start is food for profitable thought. "In street, ferry, restaurant, or theater"—notice those words. You and I perhaps are already aware that in the street, or in a restaurant or theater, we should conduct ourselves so as to draw no attention to ourselves. Only yesterday, as I was walking along Fifth Avenue, my mind turned, as it will, to the good times I had been having at the seashore over the week-end, and I recalled how I had turned handsprings on the beach; and just for a moment I thought, "I could turn just as good handsprings right here in Fifth Avenue," but the very next instant I said to myself, "No, that might draw attention to myself," and in a jiffy the temptation was past. I already knew how to behave on the street. *But suppose I had been on a ferry?* I should have turned the handsprings and thereby marked myself as one who doesn't belong.

Now, however, all is changed. For twenty-five cents I have learned that the same rules apply on a ferry as elsewhere. If it weren't for this book I

might go on for years behaving all wrong on ferries, calling absent friends by names in tones easily overheard by bystanders, gesticulating noticeably, and doing other terrible things. Now I shall know enough to look carefully about the ferry before calling my friends by name and if they are absent I shall lower my voice to a whisper, and people will know that I belong. Isn't that a valuable thing to have learned from the very first paragraph of a twenty-five-cent book?

And it continues just as usefully. Let me give you the second paragraph: "In a crowd, never hail a friend by calling his name, if he is some distance away, for it is not necessary that you should thus inform those who block the way of your friend's identity. Either you must contrive to pass and join him, or else catch his eye and bow."

There now! isn't that sensible? Naturally you would think offhand that it would be necessary to inform the crowd of your friend's identity, but when you stop to think the matter over, you can see that it isn't necessary at all. If your friend is anxious to have the crowd know his name, he can announce it himself in loud tones. There isn't the slightest obligation on you to assist him. In fact, in case he is wanted by the police, he may thank you not to.

On the next page are some helpful hints about lifting the hat. This should be done, we learn, when a lady on the street drops some object—handkerchief, package, or the like—from her hands, and the gentleman restores it to her, and she says "Thank you." It should also be done when offering a seat to a lady on a crowded street car, when speaking to strangers, and when either a lady or a gentleman with whom you are walking bows to a friend. "Other occasions for removing the hat," concludes the paragraph, "are for the national flag, the national anthem; in an apartment- or hotel-elevator when ladies are present; and when waiting for a funeral to pass."

The value of this book, you will

notice, is not merely in what is said right out but also in what is suggested. That last phrase about the funeral is rich in suggestion. For suppose you fail to memorize accurately the list of occasions for hat-lifting, and find yourself removing your headgear without proper cause, and somebody says, "Why raise the hat now? No lady has dropped an object from her hands; you are not on a street car or in an elevator; and I fail to hear the national anthem. Have you no knowledge of etiquette at all? I fear you do not belong." Instantly you can reply, "I am waiting for a funeral to pass. It may not come by for hours, or even for days, but that's a perfectly good reason, isn't it, and who's a smarty?"

A little later, however, there comes a passage which perplexes me. Speaking of the formal call, the author says, "A gentleman leaves his hat and gloves, his stick and rubbers, in the hall, but only after having been told his hostess is at home." That is a bit of advice which I shall take to heart; when I go calling this winter, after handing over my card (a gentleman's card, $2\frac{1}{8}$ to $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches long by $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{5}{8}$ high) I shall remember to say to myself, "Keep your rubbers on till you're told she's at home." But what if I am wearing rubber boots? Or what if, as occasionally happens, there has been a prolonged stretch of fine weather and I have ventured out *without any rubbers at all*? Should I purchase a pair before calling, for the sake of form, so that any member of my hostess's family who chances to pass through the hall while I am in the house may see them with my hat, gloves, and stick, and know that I am of the rubbered elect? I wish the book would be more explicit on this point.

But after all, we cannot expect everything in the world for twenty-five cents. Perhaps the more expensive books of etiquette go more fully into the rubber problem, and some day you and I may be able to save up enough money to complete our social education.



THE POPULATION PROBLEM

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

HOWEVER the election goes, there will still be unsolved problems in contemporary life which at times we shall have to think about. Consider one of them—the problem of increase in population. In this country we are not yet losing much sleep over it. Still it is discussed. Professor Fairchild in an address the other day at Williamstown reminded us that in the last century or so the population of the world had increased from 700,000,000 to 1,700,000,000. That is really a considerable increase and brings Malthus out of retirement and provides for a rediscussion of his theories about the propensity of human life to outrun its means of support. When Admiral Rodgers said, also at Williamstown, that we must take care that when the population of the United States reaches 200,000,000 we shall have the means—that is, the armed strength—to go out and take away from some one as much more land as our increasing family requires, most readers were horrified at the suggestion; for since the late War the idea of extending territorial boundaries by force and arms has not been popular. But to illustrate how some people feel about the increasing numbers on earth, Admiral Rodgers' explosion serves well.

But, of course, we of the United States are not going to start a new season of land-grabbing merely because our population has outrun our acreage. Oh, no! We know better how to manage than that. When there are so many of us that the lines of motor cars on the roads make

going too tedious (as they do at present on Sundays near the cities) and factories have intruded more than is expedient on the countryside, what shall we do? Why, it is easy. We have only to do what we are in the habit of doing—amend the Constitution and either forbid altogether for a time the propagation of the species, or limit all families to two or three children, or frame a regulation by the rules of which newcomers may be born only by permission of the constituted authorities. Of course such an amendment would make some trouble. The Catholics, for example, might not like it and might refuse to obey the law, and we might have discussion about the duty of citizens to obey the Constitution no matter what, and of the duty of other citizens to see that they did obey it, just as we have now about rum. And, of course, if the Catholics objected to the limitation of families, that would be the opportunity of the Klan, and political conventions and candidates for office would have to turn more flip-flops than they do now. All that, however, would be just in the day's work. We can be confident that if the business interests once concluded that too many people were being born they would stop it.

As for other countries where the elimination of old habits has not been so systematically worked out, the old remedies of war, pestilence, and sudden death—made vastly more effective by modern improvements—might have to be used for a while. We can only guess about it.

There are China and India swarming already with surplus people and patient under it, and leaning on starvation for relief. Truth is we do not know what is going to happen to us more than a few weeks or months ahead. This prospect of vast increase in population is based on present facts. The facts seem to be true, but how soon they will give way to other facts we cannot tell. The figures of Malthus were good enough figures but they did not work out because living conditions changed. New lands were opened; transportation was improved enormously; new methods of agriculture produced more food and vast tracts of far-away land began to feed Europe.

A philosopher of Jamaica, describing herself as an old woman, writes to the Easy Chair that the reproduction of the species is the great iniquity of all, and that it is going out of fashion. Maybe so, but who is going to believe it? We cannot count on anything like that. The American standard of living nowadays is so complicated and so very high that already it makes among prudent or timid people for very small families; but it is not the prudent or timid people that are looked to for the prospective rises in population, but the bold, the reckless, and the improvident, who easily shift their family responsibilities upon the churches, the charitable institutions, and the taxpayers. Family life seems to find the road rather more rocky than it used to be, but it has not disappeared yet. What is being done outside of it in our time for children and the young is marvelous. How far it is good for parents to be relieved from responsibility is debatable, but it is thought to be good for many of the children or it would not be done. One thing, however, seems plain enough: that the harder it becomes to raise families, the smaller the families of responsible parents incline to be and the larger the proportion of the population born to assisted families. The people of the old American stock were expected to take care of themselves and their children, and in the main they

did so, but our imported brothers nowadays, especially in the cities, get a lot of help with their offspring and avail themselves of it abundantly, and very much to their children's profit. The upshot of all that effort and expenditure has been to encourage the multiplication of newly imported stocks and to discourage the increase of the older stocks in competition with them. That is so obvious that no doubt it has been one of the strong motives for the restriction of immigration.

The country and its schools and its hospitals and its colleges can doubtless handle the population it now has and its increase, and a moderate addition by immigration, for a long time to come. Now again as to the increase which confronts us in the course of time. On the present basis it is likely enough that we shall run up to 200,000,000 in the course of the present century, but what is there besides amendments to the Constitution to keep us from overrunning the country's capacity? There is, of course, a possible increase of capacity from better agriculture and increased power over nature which nobody can measure; but such things would only defer the evil day, for heretofore population always has kept up with the means of subsistence. If it is desirable to keep it within definite bounds, it will have to be done as the result of the exercise of the personal intelligence of parents. It does seem to happen that as the standard of living rises and the complexity of life increases, families grow smaller. Is it desirable in itself that a vast number of people should be born? Is there any great problem the solution of which is aided by immense increase in population? It is important that there should be people enough in any country to develop it. How many is enough we do not know. How much mere gross population does for civilization we cannot estimate with accuracy. It provides competition for one thing, and that is necessary to progress. It used to be that great numbers of hands were necessary to the accomplishment of great public works such as the

pyramids in Egypt and many other great works of construction and building done in the world before modern times. Yet even that assertion has to be qualified, for some of the most beautiful things in the world were made in countries where populations were small. The pyramids, to be sure, doubtless employed crowds, but it did not take great hordes of people to adorn the Acropolis in Athens nor yet to build the Gothic cathedrals. The important thing about building is not the great mass of construction but the directing intelligence that shapes its forms. In our time we see powerful and ingenious machines doing more and more the physical work which used to be done by the hands of man. That means that the work of the world is going to be done at less and less cost of physical labor by animate beings, and more and more by machines. That argues rather for diminishing populations than the contrary—a competition of brains with brawn in which brains will win. Forecasters like H. G. Wells, who see wonderful exploits of civilization ahead, see them also achieved and managed by fewer people. Among human beings as in everything else the important thing is quality. The great office of quantity is to provide against waste so that enough quality will survive to do what is intended. The great remedy against over-population is intelligence, the raising and training of superior people, superior especially in morality, spirituality, and self-control. People of that grade will not crowd themselves off the planet by over-breeding.

Just over the edge of what we know now lies the vast region of what we do not yet know. Human knowledge has gone some distance. Man is already a powerful creature, but the mass of knowledge has been only scratched and man has hardly begun his career. He will know presently a great deal more than he knows now. His powers and ability are being definitely increased so that he can handle matters which now seem too difficult for him. The population ques-

tion is one of those matters. Its final solution, if it ever has one, will come not by violence and possibly not as above suggested by legislation, but naturally as the fruit of the spiritual and mental development of man. We flounder along through this life doing what we can as we can, but conscious all the time that if we knew more, and especially if we knew ourselves and our neighbors better and had a clearer understanding of what the goal of life really was, we could do vastly better than we do now. Consider the most urgent problems of the world to-day—the international problems of Europe. Are they insoluble? Of course not! What has made them so difficult? The passions of men; confusion in the human mind of what is important with what is not so important; the grip of tradition and prejudice on the human heart. The problems are difficult because man is what he is. Make him better and they fade away. The very weight of them, the difficulties of international life, the complexities of Europe, the great problems of that vast district between the western boundary of Russia and the Pacific Ocean, teeming with populations, agitated nowadays with new emotions and aspirations, all crowd on the attention of rulers and thinkers the compelling necessity of increasing the intelligence and improving the morality of the human race. We have got to do better and to be better in order to get along, and as we very much prefer to get along and not to be wiped off the earth, we shall probably give increased attention to the necessities of our condition.

There is a story about the time when the Millerite excitement was raging and an agitated Millerite met Emerson in the streets of Boston and said to him, "Mr. Emerson, do you know that the world is coming to an end next month?" But Emerson only smiled and said, "Is it, really? Well, I have no doubt we shall get along just as well without it." That is a spirit of hopefulness proper to these times. When we get down to brass tacks with General Dawes we face the conclu-

sion that if we cannot make this world work so that it is comfortable and interesting to live in, at least we can get along without it. Everybody now on it will have to get along without it presently, and whether sooner or later may make less difference than we are used to think. An appreciation of that may relieve us of some anxieties and give us an attitude of mind more suitable to world-improvement. But undoubtedly we do not want to get along without this world until our term here has fairly run out, and we do believe, most of us, that our job here is to make it as comfortable and as interesting as we can.

Let us not be frightened then by the bugaboo of over-population or by any other bugaboo whatever. The outlook is not really bad. It has extraordinary problems in it, but the increase of knowledge is also extraordinary, marvelously rapid, and of unprecedented importance. We can be good if we know how. We can do a great deal to make others good and the problems of the world are not too difficult for us if we tackle them in the proper spirit. We have no excess-of-population problem in these States now. We shall not need to settle it until it comes. When it does come, if ever, we shall meet it, not with what we know to-day, but with such increased understanding and control of human affairs as we shall have acquired by that time. It is a stream we do not have to cross till we get to it. China is much nearer to it than we are, and we may learn something from her, though for many centuries her remedy for all evils has been overmuch to go on living. India is overcrowded. So much of the Western industrial system as has reached her has vastly increased her numbers, but she sees no final cure in it for her embarrassments, and seems bent nowadays on working out a salvation for herself on Eastern lines. Japan too is crowded and thinking hard about it, and as for Europe—Italy, Germany, and England all have millions of people to spare, and they wonder how long they can feed them. The great ex-

ample of a nation whose population's increase is not crowding it is France, and curious to remark, France is the most anxious country of all Europe. With two million men lost in the War, her population for the moment is not even holding its own; and fearing that her man-power will be insufficient for defense, she reaches out everywhere for allies and defenders.

But putting France aside, it may be we shall learn by observation of the overcrowded countries how the excess-of-population problem is to be handled. If we can so learn before the pinch comes home to ourselves, so much the better for us. But meanwhile we may learn from France that excess of mouths to be fed is not the only thing which may give a nation anxious thoughts. For aught we know, a troubled world may be drifting toward an Armageddon in which numbers may count for something in defense. That is a possibility that should make us patient with the pains of increase.

Surely the purpose of this curious life on earth is the development of intelligence, and especially spiritual intelligence, since that is what helps folks most of all to harmonious living. Doubtless we are being trained for something our earthly vision does not reach to, but while we are here our problems are those of our own day. The power of our successors to deal with affairs a generation or two hence will depend on how we deal now with the matters of our own generation. Nobody can tell us what life in the United States will be like in the year 2000. That belongs to the incalculable. Imaginative persons find pleasure in guessing at it. Pessimists see terrors ahead, optimists gain confidence from the Scriptured assurance—"Dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed," but none of us knows, and the only way to find out is to live on and see. Meanwhile it may be worth remarking that we are living under the ministrations of a President who comes from one of the three States in the Union whose population has been falling off.

1850



1925

1925: A Forecast

by the Editors of

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

*A
Serial
by a
Great
Novelist*

*Uncon-
ventional
Biography*

IT is with especial pleasure that we announce to our friends the program of *Harper's Magazine* for 1925, for we are confident that during the coming year—the seventy-fifth of its distinguished history—the Magazine will be more brilliant, more modern, and more richly varied in interest than ever before.

To begin with, we are fortunate to have secured the right to publish as a serial SHEILA KAYE-SMITH'S new novel, "The George and the Crown," which begins in this issue. Miss Kaye-Smith has been ranked by critics on both sides of the water as the ablest woman novelist in England; and those who have read her masterpiece, "Joanna Godden," realize that she is unquestionably one of the very few living novelists, in England or America, whose work is likely to endure. "The George and the Crown" is the first novel from her pen which any American magazine has been permitted to publish serially. It is a pleasure to be able to present a story by a novelist of such acknowledged greatness.

To ride a runaway pony with Abraham Lincoln and Ulysses S. Grant in hot pursuit—would you believe that any living man could have had such a fantastic experience? Yet this is only one of scores of actual happenings vividly described in the boyhood recollections of JESSE GRANT, the great General's son, which will appear in *Harper's* during the coming year. How as a little boy he once huddled for twenty minutes in a bomb-proof shelter with President Lincoln, how General Grant narrowly escaped death on the awful day of the assassination, what life in the White House was like in the 'seventies, and what General Grant thought of Sumner and other associates—all these Mr. Grant tells as no one else could. His articles are not only vastly entertaining; they are a contribution to American history.

Another man whose life has been rich in human interest will open the storehouse of his memory for *Harper* readers. JEROME K. JEROME, the author of "Three Men in a Boat" and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back"—each a classic in its field—will contribute chapters of reminiscence full of anecdote, wisdom, and humor. Mr. Jerome has known everybody worth knowing in the London of two generations—and he tells an uncommonly good story. It will be a treat to listen to him.

Whenever any critic takes upon himself the task of selecting the best short stories of the year, the fiction of *Harper's* is always ranked with the best. The prospect for 1925 is especially alluring, for the 1924 Short Story Contest has not yet ended, and for many months to come *Harper* readers will find in every issue a Prize Story, selected from among thousands of manuscripts submitted. Fiction-lovers may count on a notable year.

Here is a group of prospective articles—notice the wide range of subjects—which will surely stir discussion: "The Creative Spirit and the Church," a constructive indictment by ROLLO W. BROWN; "England's First Year Under the Labor Government," by the British publicist, A. G. GARDINER; "Charting the Seas of Business," by CARL SNYDER of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York; "American Sportsmanship," by HEYWOOD BROWN; "The Art of Being a Jew," by LUDWIG LEWISOHN, who wrote "Up Stream"; "The Alienist in Court," a plain-spoken article by DR. JOSEPH COLLINS, the author of "The Doctor Looks at Literature"; and two papers by REBECCA WEST, one contrasting English and American men, and the other, English and American women. Every one of these contributions promises to be provocative—and something besides.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD has a new and highly original project for 1925. He will turn to the portrayal of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, Mrs. James G. Blaine, Theodosia Burr, Mrs. Benedict Arnold, and other American women associated with men who were either great or "damaged." A fascinating group of subjects for Mr. Bradford.

*Short
Stories—
and the
Prize
Contest*

*For
Alert-Minded
Readers*

*The
Souls of
American
Women*

*Adventures
on the
Frontiers
of Science*

One of the greatest events in the whole history of medicine took place only the other day—the conquest of scarlet fever by Dr. and Mrs. Dick of Chicago. Yet how many people outside the profession are aware of what has happened? In an early issue ERNEST GRUENING will tell the romantic story of this momentous achievement and will show what it promises in the saving of child life. This vitally significant article is characteristic of *Harper* scientific papers: technically sound, and yet so written that any intelligent layman can clearly comprehend it. Among the other writers who will illuminate the various fields of research are SIR WILLIAM BRAGG, Nobel prize-winner in physics; BENJAMIN HARROW of Columbia University; and HARLOW SHAPLEY, the man who measured the universe.

*To the Ends
of the
Earth and
Back
Again*

As for travel and exploration, consider the following: WILLIAM MCFEE will escort *Harper* readers on a remarkable journey through the "New Granada" of South America; MAJOR ALEXANDER POWELL will narrate his adventures as the first American to follow Stanley's trail across Africa; CHRISTOPHER MORLEY will share the humors and delights of "Travels with a Family" in Brittany; and to come nearer home, KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD—has anyone a keener wit?—has promised us more of her penetrating studies of the cities of our own West. Beautiful illustrations will enliven these and other accounts of travel and exploration the world over.

*A
New
Guide for
Cultivated
Readers*

What are the books which every man and woman of cultivation should read? Outlines of literature and a hazy memory of school and college reading are not enough for those whose minds did not die when they were handed their diplomas. In a series of articles reassessing English literature from Shakespeare to Hardy, ERNEST BOYD, the eminent critic, will advise *Harper* readers what masterpieces of their language they should surely make a part of their mental equipment. We expect this series to be of value and importance to all of us who are vaguely aware that modern criticism has upset many an old idol and set up many a new one, but who would welcome the frank judgment of an expert.

The old masterpieces printed in full color on the cover of *Harper's* each month during the past year have been so universally popular that we have decided to follow them during 1925 with a series of modern masterpieces, reproduced with all the perfection of which the art of engraving is capable. They will lend the Magazine dignity and beauty. *Harper's* will continue to be bound so as to open flat like a book—easy to hold and easy to read; and every month it will be lavishly illustrated.

Other good things we may confidently promise: poetry of a high order; delightful humor in the pages of the always-popular *Lion's Mouth* and elsewhere; some new detective stories by G. K. CHESTERTON; and the friendly wisdom of EDWARD S. MARTIN, who will talk to us each month from the depths of the Editor's Easy Chair on matters of timely concern.

What sort of a magazine, then, do we hope and expect that *Harper's* will be in 1925?

First, it will be edited—as always—not for Babbitts or morons or faddists, but for the cultured minority.

Second, it will be modern: not forgetting that wisdom was not born yesterday, but, on the other hand, constantly looking for new writers, presenting new and unconventional opinions, opening up new fields of thought.

Third, it will be infinitely varied. One magazine may be sought for its fiction; another, for its articles on public affairs; another, for its tales of travel; others for their humor, their stimulating essays, their keen criticism of the arts or sciences, or for their fine illustrations. *Harper's* can be counted on for all of these good things—and many more. It seeks to satisfy every sort of civilized taste.

Fourth, it will endeavor—as always—to give enduring satisfaction; to present articles not only arresting, but authoritative, and fiction not only entertaining, but distinguished—in short, to be genuine.

But, you will say, this is really a description of the ideal magazine.

That is what we intend to give you during 1925.

*Modern
Masterpieces
for
Cover
Decorations*

Etcetera

*A
Final
Word to
Our
Friends*

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Sheila Kaye-Smith is already known to the readers of this Magazine, which has published several of her short stories. HARPER's now has the privilege of presenting the first of her novels to be serialized in America, *The George and the Crown*, which begins in this issue. Miss Kaye-Smith has written several novels of marked distinction which have brought her to the forefront of English writers. *Sussex Gorse*, *Green Apple Harvest*, *Joanna Godden*, *The End of the House of Alard* are the best-known of her books.

Miss Kaye-Smith lives in St. Leonards-on-Sea. Her novels have dealt with rustic life in East Sussex within a radius of fifteen miles from her home. The yeomanry of the marsh country and the spirit of the Weald she has made her own literary possession, as Hardy has done with Wessex.

Of her best-known book, *Joanna Godden*, Zona Gale has said: "For me it stands quite alone among the novels of years—a great study in a distinguished style." Hugh Walpole declares that Miss Kaye-Smith is, "with May Sinclair, Edith Wharton, and Ethel Sidgwick, one of the four best women novelists we have. Indeed, I am not at all sure whether just now she is not our best woman novelist." Mr. H. S. Canby, editor of the *Saturday Review*, says: "If some intellectual earthquake should topple down the reputations of living English novelists, Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's would be among the last to fall."

William G. Shepherd presents in this issue an article based on investigations covering two years, and which he says is the most extraordinary story of his journalistic career. It will be remembered that Mr. Shepherd has had a wide and varied experience as a special correspondent in every part of the world. During the War he visited every front of both the Germans and the Allies. The myth regarding the escape of

John Wilkes Booth after the assassination of Lincoln has for years persisted widely in the South and West because of the extraordinary circumstantial evidence which Mr. Shepherd's article sets forth.

Fleta Campbell Springer has been awarded First Prize in the second Short Story Contest, and the prize-story, "Legend," appears in this issue. For a number of years HARPER's has ranked Mrs. Springer among its most distinguished short-story writers, and the Editors feel that the present award is a confirmation of their personal judgment, since the Judges of the Contest—Bliss Perry, Zona Gale, and Meredith Nicholson—awarded the prizes without knowledge of the authorship of the stories submitted to them.

Constance Drexel has made for herself a distinguished position in the field of journalism. For some time she represented the *Philadelphia Ledger* as its Washington correspondent, and later her interest in the cause of women and feminist activities abroad took her to the various conferences which were being held in Europe and brought her into personal contact with practically all of the leaders of advanced thought among women of the Continent. Her paper in this issue, "Are We Our Brothers' Keepers?" deals with a subject which will be engaging the attention of the League of Nations in Geneva about the time that the Magazine reaches our readers, when the question of opium traffic will be a theme of international discussion.

Elmer Davis is a special writer on the staff of *The New York Times*. He contributed to the October issue an article entitled "Politics—a Two-Handed Game." He is the author of two books, *Times Have Changed*, and *I'll Show You the Town*.

Roy Dickinson is one of the new authors drawn to the Magazine by the Short Story Contests. The Editors hope that "The

Ultimate Frog," which appears in this issue, will be followed by other stories from Mr. Dickinson of equal originality, humor, and satiric philosophy. Mr. Dickinson makes his home in East Orange, and is a member of the editorial staff of *Printers' Ink*.

Herbert Ravenel Sass resides at Charleston, South Carolina, where he is engaged in editorial newspaper work. A companion paper to the delightful account of wild-life in the salt marshes off the Carolina coast which we publish this month will be found in the January, 1923, issue, entitled "Adventures in Green Places."

Arthur Sturges Hildebrand brings to a close his articles on Magellan's daring undertaking to circumnavigate the world. The voyage across the hitherto unexplored South Seas, the encounters with the strange island-people, and the navigator's tragic death in the Philippines remain one of the world's great classics of human adventure. Mr. Hildebrand's narrative will appear in book form this fall. He is also the author of a unique travel volume, *Blue Water*, portions of which were published in this Magazine.

The "Lion's Mouth" contributors this month include **Frederick L. Allen**, whose humorous essays appear frequently in these pages; **Charles Hanson Towne**, poet, novelist, and essayist, whose latest novel, *The Gay Ones*, is among the publications of the season; and **Charles S. Brooks**, of Cleveland, Ohio, a new name in HARPER'S. Mr. Brooks is the author of *There's Pippins and Cheese to Come*, *Journeys to Bagdad*, and *Chimney-Pot Papers*.



Through the kindness of Miss Lenox E. Chase of Amesbury, Massachusetts, we are

able to reproduce on this page a quaint "paper doll" which evidently dates from the early fifties. We regret that the black and white half-tone can give no idea of the delicate pink dotting of the dress or the rich green upholstery of the chair. Miss Chase writes that "it was found among a collection of paper dolls painted for a little girl who lived in the Province of Quebec. As the little girl was born in 1841, the paper doll was probably made sometime about 1850. Evidently her family were familiar with HARPER'S MAGAZINE at that time. [HAR-



A PAPER DOLL OF THREE
GENERATIONS AGO

PER'S MAGAZINE began publication in 1850.—*Editor's Note.*] Some of the other dolls in this collection," Miss Chase adds, "are very interesting, showing women at work at old-fashioned processes, such as wool-carding, churning butter, etc." The Editors infer that this specimen from the collection portrays the popular feminine recreation of that polite, distant era.



A month or two ago we printed in these pages a letter from an old subscriber who

contrasted our August, 1888, issue with the current number of HARPER'S. Mr. Clark in a friendly way lamented the low estate into which the modern magazine seems to have fallen.

Various readers have written in to register dissent. Here is one subscriber's diagnosis of the trouble, based on his own experience;

New York City.

Dear Harper's—

Please don't mind what Mr. Clark says about the superiority of the old HARPER'S. It is just a jaded appetite. I've noticed that in my own case so much of late, and realize it is the result of

many years' incessant reading; but I have not yet reached the point where I don't wake up a bit over the Shaw-Henderson dialogues, and the better-than-Howells (to me) editorials. And I believe no magazine of this or any other age has had anything to compare with Basil King's present series.

Mental dyspepsia is at the root of criticism in many cases. I recognize it, because I see it as one of my own ailments.

Sincerely,

L. W. BARRETT.



In answer to repeated inquiries, we are glad to inform our readers that Basil King's recent series of articles, "The Bible and Common Sense," are to appear in book form this fall. These articles seem to have made a particularly profound appeal to all classes of readers in all parts of the world. We append a letter from South Africa:

*Remblers Club,
Bloemfontein.*

Gentlemen—

I have just finished reading the article by Basil King (in your July number), "The Bible and Common Sense." Please allow me to congratulate you on publishing such a beautiful article, and most heartily do I thank Mr. Basil King for having written it. Needless to say, I am looking forward to your next month's issue. It was only by accident I came across your magazine and I feel so indebted to you that I have given orders to my news agents to send along your magazine regularly.

Wishing you continued success with the cleanest and finest monthly publication I know, believe me,

Cordially yours,

A. S. M. FOSTER.



The following letter has reference to "The Substance of Things Hoped For," a story by Edgar Valentine Smith, which all Harper readers must remember, as well as "Pre-lude," by the same author, which was awarded the O. Henry First Prize for 1923.

Jacksonville, Florida.

Dear Harper's—

My negro cook came to me today and said, "Please, 'm, I'm done my work an' ifen you don't mind I'd like to read that 'magamzine.'" She pointed to Harper's. "Certainly," I said, "but why that one?"

"Well, y' see, mam, a good while ago I was reading such a sweet story in it, all about the ole woman and the prodigal son and all. Y' see I got to reading the magazines when you'd put them away. I likes it. Y' see, Miss Harriett, I teachd myself to read from the Bible, and that Harper's (she calls it Hahpahs) Book is as nice reading as the Bible!"

Dear Harper's, greater praise hath no man than this from your black reader.

HARRIETT CHRISTIAN BEALS.



London.

Dear Harper's—

I have just seen with much pleasure my story, "Trumpery," appearing in your August number. At the back, under the heading "Personal and Otherwise," I read a very charming and flattering little notice about myself and about "Madame Claire" which also gave me pleasure. But I feel I must draw your attention to the fact that I'm not really an Englishwoman at all, in spite of the fact that I live in London and write stories of English life. I was born in England, but I am of American parentage (both parents American), which makes me, according to American law, American. I use an American passport also, which seems to settle this vexed question of nationality. I believe that according to British law I am British, having been born on British soil, but, owing to some strange oversight, I can find no record of my birth in existence. So, on the whole, I consider myself American, and think I should be eligible—shouldn't I?—for your prize awards. I am perfectly willing, however, to accept your decision in the matter. I have such a love of both countries that I myself find the question a difficult one.

Yours very sincerely,

SUSAN ERTZ.



Constance Drexel, whose article on the international problem of opium appears in this issue, has been spending the summer in France and Spain. She writes:

I had a lovely three weeks in Biarritz and in Spain, being the guest at San Sebastian of Ambassador Moore and his niece. We motored a thousand miles, stopping during the trip for luncheon at the royal summer palace at Santander. As I was the only American woman present, I sat at the right of the King, with the Queen and Ambassador Moore opposite us, and other notable people present. My authorized interview with the King will be published throughout North and South America, and in the British Isles.

